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# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Index

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# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

SIMÓN BOLÍVAR - - - - -	FRANCISCO GARCÍA CALDERÓN	3
<i>Reproducción, San José, Costa Rica, July 30, 1921</i>		
EMILIA PARDO BAZÁN - - - - -	MANUEL GÁLVEZ	9
<i>Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, May, 1921</i>		
OPTIMISM, IDEALISM, PATRIOTISM - - -	MAX HENRÍQUEZ UREÑA	14
<i>Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, November, 1920</i>		
THE DISMEMBERMENT OF GREATER COLOMBIA	GABRIEL PORRAS TROCONIS	19
<i>Cultura Venezolana, Caracas, Venezuela, November, 1920</i>		
THE EXTINGUISHMENT OF YELLOW FEVER IN GUAYAQUIL - - -		24
<i>Fray Mocho, Buenos Aires, Argentina, May 10, 1921</i>		
A CENTRAL AMERICAN JOAN OF ARC	RICARDO FERNÁNDEZ GUARDIA	25
<i>From the volume entitled Crónicas coloniales, San José, Costa Rica, 1921</i>		
THE NEED OF A NEW CONCEPTION OF LAW -	ALEJANDRO ÁLVAREZ	30
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July, 1921</i>		
THE COVENANT OF THE FEDERATION OF CENTRAL AMERICA -		38
<i>Revista de la Universidad, Tegucigalpa, Honduras, February 15, 1921</i>		
DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND: A STORY (Conclusion)	JUAN MANUEL POLAR	44
<i>Mercurio Peruano, Lima, Perú, February and May, 1921</i>		
MIRANDA AS A PHILOSOPHER AND SCHOLAR	MANUEL SEGUNDO SÁNCHEZ	61
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, August, 1921</i>		

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

FRANCISCO GARCÍA CALDERÓN, a son of the eminent Peruvian statesman, educator and former president of Perú, Francisco García Calderón, and one of four brothers—the others were Ventura, Juan and José (José was killed while fighting under the French colors over Verdun, May 5, 1916, at the age of twenty-eight)—was born in Lima about 1884; he was educated at Lima (at La Recoleta and at the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos); he has spent most of his life in France; he is a man of letters, historian, journalist and diplomat, being at present the minister of Perú at the Hague; among his works may be mentioned *América latina* (translated into English with the title *Latin America: Its Rise and Progress*) and *La creación de un continente*; for another article by him, see "The Crisis in Neutrality," INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 176.

MANUEL GÁLVEZ: see INTER-AMERICA for August, 1921, Biographical Data, page 336.

MAX HENRÍQUEZ UREÑA was born in Santo Domingo, República Dominicana, November 16, 1885, but he became a citizen of Cuba some years ago; he has spent a number of years in the United States, Cuba and México; he is a doctor of laws of the Universidad de la Habana, a man of letters, a journalist and an educator; he has served as secretary to the presidency of the República Dominicana; he founded the Sociedad de Conferencias de la Habana and the magazine *Cuba Literaria*; he has edited *La Discusión*, *El Figaro* and *La Lucha*, of Cuba, *El Diario*, of the city of México, and *La Gaceta*, of Guadalajara; for some years he has been the director of the Escuela Normal de Santiago, Cuba; he is the author of many books, articles and published addresses, among which may be mentioned the following works: "Whistler y Rodin" (address); *Anforas* (poems); *Tres poetas de la música*; *La combinación diplomática: juguete cómico*; *Rodó y Rubén Darío*; and "El ocaso del dogmatismo literario,"

an article published with the title "The Decline of Literary Dogmatism" in INTER-AMERICA for February, 1920, page 178.

GABRIEL PORRAS TROCONIS is a Colombian historian, man of letters, journalist and educator; he was born in Cartagena de Indias; he has edited la *Revista Contemporánea* of Cartagena; he is professor of history in the Universidad de Cartagena, and a member of the academies of history of Cartagena, Bogotá and Caracas.

ALEJANDRO ÁLVAREZ was born in La Serena, on the coast of Chile north of Santiago, fifty-two years ago; he studied in the Liceo de La Serena, and he received his degree in laws at the Universidad de Chile, in Santiago; he has spent much time in the United States and in Europe, and he writes in Spanish, French and English; he has been a professor of international law in the Universidad de Chile and legal counselor of the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores; he was a member of the permanent court of arbitration at the Hague from 1917 until 1918, he was a delegate to the Second Pan American Scientific Congress, held at Washington, December-January, 1915-1916, and he has represented his country in many international bodies; he is the author of many important works on international law and relations.

JUAN MANUEL POLAR: see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1921, Biographical Data.

MANUEL SEGUNDO SÁNCHEZ was born in Caracas, Venezuela, about fifty years ago, and for many years he has been the director of the Biblioteca Nacional at Caracas; he is a member of the Academia Nacional de la Historia de Venezuela, and of other learned bodies; he is the author of *Bibliografía venezolanista*; *Apuntes para la iconografía del Libertador*, and many other works and articles on bibliography and history.

# SIMÓN BOLÍVAR

BY

FRANCISCO GARCÍA CALDERÓN

At the moment when our northern world is giving particular attention to the great southern Liberator, we have had the good fortune to come upon the following article, written by a son of Perú, long resident in Europe, whose point of view, experience, literary ability and enthusiasm make his utterances particularly interesting and instructive, although the thoughtful reader will, as in every such case, question the propriety and utility of so broad a comparison as that which is established between Bolívar, San Martín and Washington, as when the author says of the Liberator that "he was greater than San Martín and greater than Washington."—THE EDITOR.

**B**OLÍVAR was the greatest of the American liberators: he was the Liberator. He excelled some in ambition, others in heroism, all in manifold activity, in prophetic gift, in dominance. In the midst of glorious generals and hostile leaders, he was Carlyle's "hero:"

a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.<sup>1</sup>

All powers gave way before him. "At times," wrote his adversary General Santander, "I approach Bolívar filled with a desire for vengeance, and merely by looking at him and hearing him I have been disarmed and have gone away filled with admiration. The people, with infallible instinct, deifies him, understands his heroic mission. The clergy exalts him, and in the mass of the Catholic churches the glory of Bolívar is sung between the epistle and the gospel."

He was a statesman and a warrior; he criticised Olmedo's<sup>2</sup> ode on the battle of Junín; he determined the form of a newspaper; he traced plans of battle; he organized legions; he drafted statutes; he gave counsels in diplomacy; he directed great campaigns; his genius was as rich, as diverse, as that of Napoleon. The five nations that he liberated from the Spanish

power seemed to him too narrow a stage for his magnificent action: he conceived a vast plan for a continental confederation. He gathered at Panamá the ambassadors of ten republics<sup>3</sup> and he dreamed already of an amphictyonic league of these democracies that should influence the destinies of the world.

Simón Bolívar was born at Caracas, July 24, 1783, of a noble Basque family. He traveled in his youth through Europe with his teacher Simón Rodríguez, an austere mentor; he read the Latin classics, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Holbach, Spinoza and the encyclopedists; he swore on the Aventine in Rome, in the presence of that teacher, like Hannibal of ancient days, to consecrate his life to the liberation of his country. His country was America.

He was characterized by nervousness, impetuosity, sensuality: traits of the American creole; he was active and constant in his enterprises, as a descendant of the tenacious Basques; generous, to the point of prodigality; valiant, to the point of madness. He had the attitude and the physiognomy of the leader: a high forehead, a slender neck, a luminous glance that impressed friends and enemies, a resolute walk, an elegant gesture. His was an individuality fashioned for action, without shilly-shallies or fickleness; the figure and genius of an *imperator*. After his long journeys he fulfilled the oath of Rome. From 1812 until 1830 he fought against Spaniards and against his own generals, being indefatigable in his work of liberation. Two terrible

<sup>1</sup>*On Heroes, Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History*: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898, page 2.—We have taken the quotation from the English original rather than translate back from the author's Spanish version.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>José Joaquín de Olmedo: *La victoria de Junín: canto a Bolívar*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>The countries actually represented were Colombia, Central America (then a federation) Mexico and Perú.—THE EDITOR.

Spanish leaders—Boves and Morillo—carried “war to the death” to Venezuela. Bolívar combated them, aided by Bermúdez, Arismendi, Piar, Ribas, Mariño, Páez, et cetera, lieutenants alternately docile and rebellious toward his martial activity. He was accompanied likewise, after 1818, by a legion of six or eight thousand British—officers and men—the most of whom disappeared during the war. From the Antilles he made up several expeditions; they appointed him supreme leader, provisional president, director of the campaign; his generals doubted him, envied him his prestige, conspired against his autocracy. Bolívar continued the war in the midst of Colombian anarchy; he beat the Spaniards on the Orinoco, and he captured Angostura (1817), which he erected into a temporary capital; at Boyacá (1819), and he occupied Bogotá; at Carabobo (1821), and he entered Caracas victoriously; at Bomboná and Pichincha (1822), and he conquered Ecuador and entered Quito.

Perú summoned the Liberator, the “great Bolívar, the hero of America.” Impelled by his genius, he harkened to the Peruvian entreaty. The Colombian leader was not unaware of the dangers of this enterprise: the Spanish troops were veterans; they had been victorious for fourteen years; they had the resources of the sierra; and the Colombian and Peruvian allies were inferior to them in experience of the locality and in cohesiveness. “The business of the war in Perú requires immense concentration and inexhaustible resources,” wrote the Liberator to Sucre. Nor did he forget that the “loss of Perú would necessarily involve that of all southern Colombia.” The congress of Lima bestowed upon him “the supreme military authority in all the territory of the republic.” Two great battles—Junín and Ayacucho (1824)—destroyed the Spanish power and secured the independence of all America. At Junín, Bolívar commanded a charge of cavalry that decided the victory. There took place a hand to hand struggle, a sonorous clash of sabers, without a shot.

Sucre was the hero of Ayacucho: he worked out an admirable plan of battle. There were six thousand patriots and nine thousand royalists; the Spanish artillery

was superior to that of the allies. The fire of the enemies, who descended from the hills, began, and the lines of battle approached each other. Night brought a truce to the combatants; the officers of the two armies conversed in fraternal groups before the next battle. On the morning of December 6, a charge of cavalry by General Córdoba, “at the gait of conquerors,” dispersed the royalist battalions. The Spanish reserve then took part, flanking the left of the patriots. The Peruvian line being reanimated, the victory became complete. The Spanish army capitulated; fourteen generals surrendered; Perú was abandoned by her ancient dominators. America was free!

Bolívar praised the heroism of Sucre, “the father of Ayacucho, the redeemer of the children of the sun.” Lima deified the Liberator, declaring him the father and savior of Perú and president in perpetuity. After this victory, several secondary actions in Alto Perú,<sup>4</sup> the capture of Potosí, the overthrow and death of General Olañeta at Tumuslla, the surrender of the fort of Callao, where the penates of Spain were preserved, and the mastery of the Pacific completed the great military work of Bolívar. This military undertaking was, for extent, for importance and for the difficulties overcome, one of the greatest achievements ever accomplished by any soldier.

Bolívar's last years were melancholy, like the brief twilight of the tropics; obscure royalist leaders of guerrillas, who had passed over to the patriots, rose in insurrection; Córdoba rebelled; Páez and Santander conspired against his power; the first magistracy was successively intrusted to him and snatched from him; he was offered a crown, and his autocracy was rejected.

The Liberator died at Santa Marta, abandoned and tragic, on the deserted Colombian coast, facing the sea, like Napoleon on the bare Saxon island, at the age of forty-seven years, December 17, 1830.

Bolívar was a general and a statesman; he was as great in congresses as in battles.

<sup>4</sup>Upper Perú, now Bolivia.—THE EDITOR.

He was superior to all the leaders as a politician. He was a tribune. He was the thinker of the revolution: he drafted constitutions, analyzed the social state of the democracies he freed and announced the future with the precision of a seer.

He was the enemy of the ideologues, like the first consul; idealistic, romantic, ambitious for synthesis in ideas and in politics, he did not forget the rude conditions that beset his activity. His Latin dream seems to have been tempered by a Saxon realism. As an offset to anarchical democracy he restlessly sought a moral force. In 1823 he held: "The sovereignty of the people is unlimited; justice is its foundation and perfect utility sets bounds upon it." He was a republican: "since Napoleon [whom he so much admired] was a king," he said, "his glory seems to me to have been the glare of hell." He did not wish to be a Napoleon, nor, much less, an *Itúrbide*, in spite of the servile enthusiasm of his friends. He disdained imperial glories, that he might be a soldier of independence. He thoroughly analyzed the defects of a future monarchy in the former Spanish colonies.

In the conference of Guayaquil (1822), San Martín represented the monarchical tendencies: Bolívar, the republican principle. Their opposition was irreconcilable, said an Argentine historian, because one of them sought Argentine hegemony; the other, Colombian hegemony; San Martín represented the individuality of each people, and only by exception admitted interference; Bolívar undertook to unite different peoples, "according to an absorptive and monocratic plan." This antagonism demanded a superior term of agreement, a synthesis, because the Colombian doctrine caused, as a reaction, the premature formation of insecure democracies; and the Argentine theory favored indifference, selfishness and the isolation of nations united by race, tradition and history.

The genius, the aristocratic pride, the ambition of Bolívar drove him to autocracy. He exercised dictatorship, he believed in the benefits of a life presidency. "In the republic," he taught, "the executive must be the stronger, because everything conspires against him; while in monarchies the legislative branch ought to be the stronger,

because everything conspires in favor of the monarch. These same advantages are those that ought to confirm the necessity of attributing to a republican magistrate a larger sum of authority than that which is possessed by a constitutional prince." He did not forget the dangers of an authoritarian presidency. He was disquieted by anarchy, which grew "as the ferocious hydra of discordant anarchy," like a noxious vegetation, choking his triumphant labors.

He contemplated with terror the contradictions of American life: disorder brings dictatorship, and dictatorship is the enemy of democracy. "The continuance of authority in the same individual," wrote the Liberator, "has frequently brought democratic governments to an end;" but also: "Indefinite liberty, absolute democracy, are the reefs on which all republican hopes have been dashed to pieces." Liberty without license, authority without tyranny: these were the ideals of Bolívar. In vain he struggled for them, amid ambitious generals and disorderly peoples.

He understood, before he died, the futility of his efforts. "Those that have served the revolution," he exclaimed, "have plowed in the sea. . . . If it were possible for one part of the world to return to primitive chaos, this would be the last period of America." He denounced the moral poverty of these new republics with the harshness of the Hebrew prophets: "There is no such thing as good faith in America, either between men or between nations. Treaties are scraps of paper; constitutions, books; elections, fights; liberty is anarchy; and life, a torment."

This pessimism, which was the creed of his maturity, was based on an implacable analysis of American defects. He comprehended the originality and the vices of the new continent. "We are," he said, "a small human genus; we possess a world apart, surrounded by broad seas; new in almost all the arts and sciences, although, in a certain way, old in the usages of civil society. I consider the present state of America like that which existed when, after the overthrow of the Roman empire, each dismembered part formed a political system, according to its interests, situation or corporations. . . . "Neither we

nor the generation that is to succeed us," he said in 1822, "will see the splendor of the America we are founding. I consider America to be in the chrysalis stage; there will be a metamorphosis in the physical existence of her inhabitants; at length there will be a new caste of all the races, which will produce the homogeneity of the peoples."

While the doctors were building utopias, imitating in improvised statutes the federal constitution of the United States, legislating for an ideal democracy, Bolívar was studying the social conditions of America. "We are not Europeans," he wrote, "we are not Indians, but a species half-way between the aborigines and the Spaniards; Americans by birth and Europeans by law, we find ourselves in the conflict of disputing with the natives over titles of possession and of maintaining ourselves in the country that witnessed our birth, against the opposition of invaders; so our case is the most extraordinary and complicated." "Let us bear in mind," he added, "that our peoples are neither Europeans nor North Americans; that they are rather a compound of Africa and America, with an emanation of Europe; for even Spain herself is not European, because of her African (Arab) blood, her institutions and her character."

The Liberator proposed new political forms adequate to a continent, unique in territory, race and history. He defined titular authority: "The American states require the care of paternal governments that shall cure the sores and the wounds of despotism and war." He execrated federalism and the division of the executive power. "*Let us abandon federal forms, for they do not suit us,*" he said. "Such a social form is regulated anarchy, or, rather, the law that prescribes implicitly the duty of disassociation and the destruction of the state, with all its members. . . . Let us abandon the triumvirate in the executive power and let us concentrate it in the president by bestowing upon him sufficient authority to enable him to maintain himself while struggling against the difficulties inherent to our recent situation."

He gave noble lessons in political wisdom:

In order to form a stable government, there is required a foundation of national spirit that shall have as its object a uniform inclination toward two capital points: the moderation of the general will and the limitation of public authority. The blood of our citizens is diverse: let us mix it in order to unite it; our constitution has divided authority: let us join it together in order to unite it. . . . The immigration of people from Europe and North America must be fostered in order that they may establish themselves here, bringing with them their arts and their sciences. These advantages—an independent government, free schools, and marriages with Europeans and Anglo-Americans—would change the whole character of the people and render them cultured and prosperous. . . . We lack mechanics and cultivators of the soil, who are what the country needs for its advancement and prosperity.

In the writings of Bolívar is to be found the best program of political and social reforms for America. He was the first sociologist of the romantic democracies.

His epopee is composed of some five hundred martial actions, engaged in by himself or by his lieutenants and aids: Taguanes, Araure, 1813; first Carabobo, San Mateo, 1814; Angostura, 1817; Calabozo, 1818; Pantano de Vargas, Boyacá, 1819; Carabobo, 1821; Bomboná, 1822; Ibarra, 1823; and Junín, 1824, were his great military victories. The letter from Jamaica, 1815, the constitutional project of Angostura, 1819, the statute of Bolivia, 1825, and the congress of Panamá, 1826, are his admirable accomplishments in the political world. To gather the divided nations of America in a permanent assembly; to oppose America to Europe, and the Latin power of the south—a factor necessary to the preservation of the continental equilibrium—to the Saxon power of the north; to labor for unity and synthesis, was the plan of the fruitless assembly of Panamá.

The letter from Jamaica is a prophecy fulfilled by the modest reality of the last century.

"Because of the nature of the localities, wealth, population and character of the Mexicans," said the Liberator, "I imagine they will undertake at the beginning to establish a representative republic in which great power will be given to the executive,

it being concentrated in one individual, who, if he discharges his functions with wisdom and justice, will almost naturally retain a life authority. If the preponderant party is military or aristocratic, it will probably demand a monarchy, which at the beginning will be limited and constitutional, and later will necessarily degenerate into absolutism." The presidency of Porfirio Díaz, the empires of Iturbide and Maximilian, supported by the monarchical party, the dictatorship of Juárez itself and the power that the Mexican constitutions conferred on the head of the state confirmed the predictions of Bolívar.

To the Liberator, Panamá was the center of the universe:

Its canals will reduce the distances of the world; they will draw more closely together the conventional bonds of Europe, America and Asia, and they will bring to this happy region the tributes of the four quarters of the globe. Perhaps only there can one day be established the capital of the earth, as Constantine held Byzantium to be that of the old hemisphere.

Nueva Granada will unite with Venezuela, if they are able to agree to form a central republic, whose capital will be Maracaibo; or a new city with the name of Las Casas, in honor of the hero of philanthropy, will be formed between the frontiers of the two countries, upon the superb port of Bahía Honda.

Bolívar kept Nueva Granada and Venezuela united until 1830; the new leaders desired to reestablish that federation; and to-day it is the longing of the peoples of Ecuador, Venezuela and Colombia.

In Buenos Aires there will be a central government in which the soldiers will occupy the first place, as a consequence of internal divisions and external wars.

The history of Argentina, until the advent of Rosas, was a struggle of leaders, the anarchy of 1820. "This constitution will necessarily degenerate into an *oligarchy* or a *monocracy*." In truth, a plutocratic group dominated in Buenos Aires, and on partizan leadership was erected the *monocracy* of Rosas.

Chile is destined, by her situation, the innocent customs of her virtuous inhabitants, the

example of her neighbors, the fierce republicans of Arauco, to enjoy the blessings that spring from the just and humane laws of a republic. If any republic endures for a long time in America, I am inclined to think it will be the Chilean. . . . She will not alter her laws, her uses and her practices; she will maintain her uniformity in political and religious opinions.

The long stability of the Chilean nation, the homogeneity of her population, the efficacious duration of her political charter, the conservative character of her institutions, her firm and slow development, until the war of the Pacific and the revolution of 1891, fulfilled completely the predictions of Bolívar.

Perú contains

two elements inimical to a just and liberal régime: *gold* and *slaves*. The former corrupts everything; the latter is corrupt in itself. The soul of the slave rarely succeeds in appreciating wholesome liberty. It becomes furious in tumults and humble in chains. Although these rules would be applicable to all America, I think they apply more justly to Lima. The rich do not tolerate democracy there; nor slaves and freedmen, aristocracy; the former would prefer the tyranny of a single person in order not to suffer from tumultuary persecutions and to establish at least a peaceful order.

The evolution of Perú has demonstrated the insight of this prophecy: saltpeter and guano created, through scandalous monopolies, sterile private fortunes that corrupted and enervated the ruling class. An indefinite cross-breeding maintained anarchy. The oligarchy accepted military doctrines that protected property and brought peace. After 1815, when America was a Spanish dominion, Bolívar, intent on the spectacle of social forces in conflict, announced not only the impending struggles, but the secular development of ten nations. He was a great prophet! To-day, after a century, the continent fulfils his predictions, as if he had been a divining conjurer.

At Angostura, the Liberator delivered to the consideration of the Colombians the plan of a constitution. The bases of it were republican government, the sovereignty of the people, the division of authority, civil liberty, the proscription of slavery and of privileges. In that noble



effort were consolidated the theories of Montesquieu, Rousseau and Bentham: English realism and the democratic enthusiasm of France. The legislative power was to consist of two chambers: the first to be chosen by popular election; the senate was to be hereditary, in harmony with the Saxon tradition, and composed of the liberators, who would found the aristocracy of America. The president was to be in the nature of a constitutional king, and his ministers, being responsible, were to govern. The judicial power would acquire stability and independence.

A new authority, *moral power*, was to complete this political picture. It was—in the republic of the Liberator—an original combination of the Athenian Areopagus and the Roman censors; it was to be intrusted with education, morality and the enforcement of law; “it would chastise vices with opprobrium and infamy, and reward public virtues with honors and glories.” Bolívar tended to intellectual and moral despotism: this tribunal would impose good habits. Later, the Liberator, obliged by the terrible reality of the environment, condemned the texts of Bentham in the universities of Colombia and accepted Catholicism as an instrument of government. The second article of the plan of Angostura held that “ingratitude, the disobedience of parents, of husbands, of the aged, of citizens of recognized and declared virtues; the failure to keep one’s word in any matter whatsoever, insensibility toward political misfortunes or toward friends or near relatives, were to be placed especially under the vigilance of the *moral power*,” which might punish them “even for a single act.”

It was paternal tyranny over sentiments, conduct and passions.

Bolívar created from provinces of Argentina and Perú a republic—Alto Perú—which was to be called Bolivia, in memory of its founder; he gave to it a political statute, the Bolivian constitution, which he desired in vain to impose upon Perú and Colombia. It was a development of the idea set forth in the attempt of Angostura, and it defined his ideal of a republic. It was almost a monarchy, in which authority was not hereditary. The president was to be for life and irresponsible, “because

in systems without hierarchy is needed, more than in any others, a fixed point, around which may revolve magistrates and citizens, men and things:” against anarchy, a life chief; against tyranny, independent authorities: the judiciary, elected by the congress from among those designated by the electoral colleges; the legislative, composed of three chambers: tribunes, senators and censors. The first were to hold office for four years; the second, for eight; the last were elected for life: “they exercised a political and moral power,” they were to constitute the *moral power*.

By this original system the Liberator sought to prevent political anarchy, the disintegrating ambition of the *caudillos*;<sup>5</sup> to constitute two stable forces in uncertain democracies: the censors and a life president; and to adapt to the republic unity and permanency the characteristics of the constitutional monarchy.

The generals soon realized that this constitution would be a menace to their ambition, and they rose against it in Bolivia, Perú and Colombia.

However, above rivals, leaders and lieutenants, rose—an oak among lesser trees, according to the classic image—Bolívar, the Liberator of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Perú and Bolivia: the founder, in short, of South American independence. “The continent was liberated by him,” said Mitre himself, an historian that was so adverse to Bolívar.

He was the genius of the American revolution: the creator, captain and prophet. He felt within him “the demon of war.” Like the great tormented souls—from Socrates down—he obeyed, in his impetuous campaigns, an inner divinity. In his acts and in his discourses, in his restlessness, in his dignity and in his faith, there was unique grandeur. He built for eternity; he accumulated dreams and utopias; he conquered the hostile land and anarchical men; he was the superman of Nietzsche, the representative person of Emerson. He belonged to the ideal family of Napoleon and Cæsar; the sublime creator of nations, he was greater than San Martín and greater than Washington.

<sup>5</sup>Partizan leaders, petty chiefs.—THE EDITOR.

# EMILIA PARDO BAZAN

BY

MANUEL GÁLVEZ

Although doña Emilia Pardo Bazán was not an American, this article comes well within the scope of INTER-AMERICA, we think, both because this distinguished writer exerted a great influence on the America of Spanish speech, and because the article itself is the product of an American, written from an essentially American point of view. It is particularly illuminating in its treatment of the countess in her aspects as narrator, prose writer and critic. The author's remarks regarding what he conceives to be the defects of Spanish literature, as a whole; the essence of criticism; doña Emilia's broadening influence on her countrymen; and the Hispanic-American attitude toward even the best novelists of the peninsula, are significant and interesting.—THE EDITOR.

DOÑA EMILIA PARDO BAZÁN has died at the age of sixty-eight years. Her work, although enormous, was not completed. She leaves unfinished and unpublished one of her most important works—*La literatura francesa moderna*—in which she got only as far as naturalism; and unquestionably to the three volumes she could have added two others, which should treat of symbolism and modern literature; for the writer was in the enjoyment of her full intellectual powers, and no indication could be noted of a diminution of her talent.

In the writings of doña Emilia Pardo Bazán, which consist of forty-two volumes—not counting many uncollected pages and many books not included in her complete works—three essential aspects may be differentiated: those of the narrator, the prose writer and the critic.

In the narrator we ought to consider the novelist and the writer of stories. The señora Pardo Bazán gave the world fifteen novels. She has been judged principally as a novelist; nevertheless, this is not the literary activity in which she excelled most. I prefer her as a story-writer, and, in respect of the literature of her country, as a critic.

As a novelist, the señora Pardo Bazán was inferior to Pereda, Galdós and Palacio Valdés. She was not a creator of great characters, and her conceptions, although never vulgar, are lacking in genius. Her true talent consisted in her ability to evoke environment, above all, that of the regional picture. It is impossible to forget *Los pazos de Ulloa*, a vigorous novel comparable to Pereda's *Peñas arriba*. Nor did she

reveal aptitude for analysis, although I do not say she was wanting in it. She possessed an essentially realistic temperament, and she expressed reality in a synthetic, concentrated manner.

No one in Spain was better endowed to comprehend naturalism, and she did comprehend it. Nevertheless, in the prologue to one of her first novels—*Un viaje de novios*—she rejected rather than defended it; but *Un viaje de novios* is not exactly a naturalistic book. The naturalism of doña Emilia Pardo Bazán, timid in *Pascual López*, in *Un viaje de novios* and even in *La tribuna*, is revealed in its sincerity and force only in that magnificent novel I have mentioned, doubtless her best, and which bears as a title: *Los pazos de Ulloa*.

Passing over for the present her theoretical interpretation of naturalism, I think she never achieved it in fact. Her naturalism is far removed, not only from that of Zola, but also from that of Flaubert and that of the Goncourts. I do not say this because of the sense of life that characterized these writers, nor much less because the Spanish novelist did not carry the note of crudity to the extreme. There is another reason. Naturalism not only attaches to material things an exceptional importance and gives them an exceptional place—higher than, or at least equal to, souls—but it considers souls, characters, temperaments, as products of the environment, both physical and moral. In Flaubert, the true creator of naturalism, in the Goncourts, in Zola, in Maupassant, the disciple and continuator of these masters, the lives of personages are "determined" by all that precedes them and surrounds them. In the novels

of the señora Pardo Bazán the environment usually occupies a considerable space, but it does not "determine" the personages.

There is, besides, in this difference between the naturalists and the Spanish writer a question of literary procedure. Naturalism is, in the main, an affair of technic, and the señora Pardo Bazán never practised or attempted to practise the naturalistic technic. Her novels are composed "in the Spanish manner," I should say. For us Americans, educated on French literature, they are hardly to be distinguished from those of Pereda, and we see in them nothing similar to those of Zola. Her admiration of the Goncourts was not translated into a profound influence of these writers on her work.

Possessing a vital mind, impregnated with modern literature and tendencies, doña Emilia Pardo Bazán soon abandoned her regional realism and wrote idealistic novels, almost mystical: *La quimera*; *Dulce dueño*; and *La sirena negra*. She revealed in these books the ductility of her talent, but she did not succeed in accomplishing anything that approaches *La madre naturaleza*, nor much less *Los pazos de Ulloa*. Here we have demonstrated the error of those that believe that authors ought to follow at all hazards the currents of their times. Doña Emilia, desiring to make herself modern, wrote *Dulce dueño*, and, nevertheless, more modern is *Los pazos de Ulloa*, in which she described an environment like that of the Galician novels of Valle Inclán.

Very superior to the novelist seems to me the author of *Cuentos de Marineda*—Marineda is La Coruña—of *Cuentos sacroprofanos* and of some ten other volumes, in all of which are to be found many small masterpieces. In all Spanish and Hispano-American literature, I am acquainted with no two volumes of short narratives comparable to the two just mentioned. One is surprised by the variety of imagination and subjects, the sobriety, the grace and the sentiment.

Although in these lines no attempt is made at a complete judgment of the novelistic work of doña Emilia Pardo Bazán, I think I ought not to forget one of its most

interesting characteristics, that is, its femininity. Perhaps for the first time in Spanish literature a woman has spoken as a woman. In her novels appears with frankness and audacity the feminine point of view in love and sensuality; but I do not need to add anything more on this point, since all that could be said has already been written by Gregorio Martínez Sierra in certain very beautiful and perspicacious pages included in his book *Motivos*.

We shall now speak, however, of what an admirable prose writer doña Emilia Pardo Bazán was. After Pereda, no one has written with so much vigor as she. Her vocabulary was of a vastness that is startling to such writers as we, who are American and not a little Frenchified. Most of the American prose writers, the writers of good prose—Rodó, Ricardo Rojas, Enrique Larreta, Manuel Díaz Rodríguez—make use of a meager language; the merit of their style resides in elegance of phrase and in rhythm. If any one—Lugones, for example—uses a considerable vocabulary, we readily become aware of effort in his prose. Anybody can see that Lugones, in *La guerra gaucha*, for instance, has scoured the dictionary for rare words, in order to incorporate them, by hook or by crook, in the pages of that work. In the prose of doña Emilia Pardo Bazán everything is spontaneous. That language, which at times might be said to be of stone, that quantity of stones, that enormous wealth of expression, came to her simply, as something that was within her, something that was natural to her literary temperament.

A Spanish critic that at times has true insight—Andrés González Blanco—considers the señora Pardo Bazán the precursor of artistic prose in Spain; and so authoritative a writer as "Clarín" has compared her with the Goncourts. "Of all the novelists of naturalism," said "Clarín," "the Goncourts are those that paint the most and are the most enamoured of color. The señora Pardo Bazán is, of all the novelists of Spain the one that paints the most; in her novel it may be seen that she is enamoured of color, and that she knows how to spread upon the canvas splashes of clarity." Claudio Lorena.

More than of the Goncourts, however, the señora Pardo Bazán reminds me of Fromentin, the first to apply to literature the pictorial process. In the Goncourts there is a fineness of color, a keen sense of shades, that is lacking in the Spanish writer. In the Goncourts, words are as if "spiritualized," I should say, that they may serve as the vehicle of sensation. In the Galician novelist the color is crude, thick, and sensation is barely achieved. Her prose—too rich, too varied in turns, too heavily burdened with words, and with words excessively strong, stony, highly colored—hinders sensation. In that prose the word is the essential. In that of the Goncourts, sensation is the essential, and the word is a means of producing it.

An interesting comparison, and one that would carry us deeply into the characteristics of the prose of doña Emilia Pardo Bazán, would be one that might be made between her prose and that of Valle Inclán. Lacking time for a work of this nature, I shall limit myself to recalling that page of *Los pazos de Ulloa* in which the Pazo de Limioso, in complete ruin and decomposition, is described. It is a very beautiful page. It approaches modern artistic prose in an extraordinary manner, and, nevertheless, we do not have a deep vision, a penetrating sensation, of that ruined palace. Let us compare this page—so rich in vocabulary, so strong, so virile—with those pages, saturated with melancholy, of the *Sonata de otoño*, in which Valle Inclán evokes the old palace of Brandeso.

Doña Emilia's prose prejudices her novels: the story, the descriptions of landscapes, the sensations, the analysis, even the dialogue. It is a great prose, but not the one that suits a novelist. Anatole France has written that a novelist ought not to write too well; and he is right, above all, if we are to understand "writing well" in the sense of writing with artifice. Novelistic prose ought not to be excessively literary. It ought to be bare, simple, with the necessary color—never with an excess of color—and with the necessary music, but never with the rhythm of oratory. It is doubtless because of her prose that the novels of the Galician writer do not move us. To us Americans that noise of words is wearisome

and displeasing, and for the same reason Pereda, unquestionably a great writer and a vigorous novelist, is unbearable to us. Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán, both because of her literary ideas and her style, was a precursor of modernism. This was recognized by Valle Inclán, one of the initiators of Spanish modernism, in a lecture that he gave here in Buenos Aires; and I recall having heard him say that he learned to write by reading the books of doña Emilia.

There remains the critic. Of course, doña Emilia Pardo Bazán was not an extraordinarily profound critic. She rarely judged a writer or doctrine in a new manner. If, however, criticism is a true mastership, are original points of view so important? Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán did not see very far into things, like Brunetière in another time and like Pierre Las-serre now; but it seems to me indubitable that she saw everything. There was nothing essential in an author or a doctrine that escaped her, and thus she succeeded in giving us an objective, impartial and complete opinion. Her studies of Zola, the Goncourts, Barbey d'Aurevilly and some others have impressed me as definitive, as if, in respect of critical judgment, there would never be anything to change in them. It might be said to be the permanent and enduring opinion, the opinion of common sense and sound judgment.

I have written elsewhere, speaking of this great writer:

If the essential quality of the critic is this—comprehension—it seems unquestionable to me that she possessed it to an unlimited degree; and because she understood everything she could be impartial; but her comprehension was not that of the skeptic, that of one who has lost the ability to become impassioned. Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán understood doctrines in a vital manner. If she set them forth, no one did so with such exactitude; and if she refuted them, her arguments, presented with a rarely intelligent honesty, were of an unanswerable power.

I add here that she also possessed other qualities indispensable to the critic: serenity of spirit and a perfect sense of justice. It is curious to observe how, at the height of the discussion of naturalism, amid the

general malevolence, stupidity and ignorance, she never lost her serenity and her sense of justice. She explained the new doctrine with a perspicacity, sobriety and impartiality truly notable. In none of the pages of the masterpiece that bears the title of *La cuestión palpitante*, and with which all cultivated minds ought to be acquainted, did she demonstrate either indignation or sectarianism, or even excessive enthusiasm. She fought alone, it may be said, and with all Spain against her: the aristocratic society to which she belonged, the clergy, the great writers and the press, which, as occurs in such cases, had to exhibit grossness, lack of comprehension and ignorance. She judged doctrine as if she were an outsider and not a disciple, pointing out its merits and its errors. The same is true of her chapters on Zola and the other masters of naturalism. She caused to stand out the determinism of the giant of Medan—which was to her a great defect—and she defended him against all those that accused him of not being an artist. To her Zola was refined, even to quintessence; and among other probatory examples of his mind as an artist, she cited the case—very eloquent indeed—of the novel *Une page d'amour*, in which he described a city five times, at different hours of the day, a display that may be compared with that of Claude Monet, when, with a bit of the cathedral of Rouen as a theme, he made seventeen different pictures.

Impartiality, serenity, the admirable critical spirit of doña Emilia Pardo Bazán, induced her to modify the opinions she expressed in *La cuestión palpitante* regarding the naturalists, although these modifications were not fundamental, for this would be impossible in a writer of her learning, her solidity of judgment and her doctrine. Some one has considered the señora Pardo Bazán a divulger rather than a critic; but this opinion is unjust. So, if we observe that book of hers that might be considered a work of divulgation—*La revolución y la novela en Rusia*—we find that, if, indeed, there is in it much, very much, of Vogué's beautiful book *Le roman russe*, there are also interesting personal opinions, as would be inevitable.

Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán was a living

soul: in proportion as she lived, her work adapted itself to the times. Her sensibility, her style, her sense of life, underwent incessant transformation. She wrote:

Whatever be the judgment that the present and future generations shall pronounce regarding the new forms of art, the mind is drawn to the study of them by the powerful attraction of that which lives, that which breathes: the present, in fine. The passing hour may or may not be the most beautiful of the day; it may not bring us solar heat or the tender light of the moon; but, after all, it is the hour in which we live.

These words seem to me suggestive and important in a country where many writers, some of the first rank, look only toward the past, imitating the past, thinking of the past.

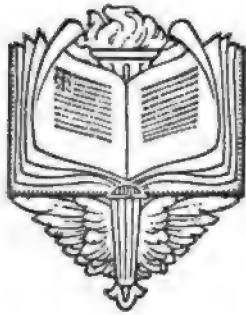
Not only did doña Emilia belong to her times, but she was also a European writer. The greatest defect of Spanish literature, taken as a whole, is its "provincialism!" Few are the Spanish writers that conciliate what is Spanish with what is universal. There is in them an excessive liking for the regional that repels foreigners. Although they do not say so, they reveal a contempt for what is foreign, a baseless pride, a sort of "non-conformity" with civilization and modernity. Pereda is unbearable to us, and we can hardly read Valera. Spanish writers, because of their lack of internationality, are untranslatable. No one understands them outside of Spain. Galdós himself, although so great, is excessively regional; and if not always so in his subjects, he is so in his manner of seeing, feeling and composing.

It occurs to me now that in literature, and in view of the great differences in customs and sentiments between the peoples of the earth, the universal consists not in the commonness of customs and sentiments, but in the manner of treating them and does not this manner of treating them consist of a series of literary standards that spring from the great literatures, from those that dominate the world and circulate everywhere: English literature and, above all, French literature? The most universal writers—the French—are they not so precisely because they write for the whole

world? The truth is that in Spain the only universal writers, that are translated successfully into French, English, German and other languages, are those that have received a powerful English or French influence: Palacio Valdés, Valle Inclán, Blasco Ibáñez, Emilia Pardo Bazán, Jacinto Benavente. It is true that the best novels of the great Galician writer are regional; but it is also true that there are in them certain French influences, if not in respect of subjects or characters or environment, at least in respect of the manner of selecting them, distributing the materials and setting them forth. The extreme purists, who think they are praising themselves by calling themselves very Spanish and old-fashioned, condemn doña Emilia Pardo Bazán for her universal curiosity, her Europeanizing spirit, her admiration of

French literature, so superior, nevertheless, so infinitely superior, to Spanish.

To terminate these hasty lines, written merely to oblige the directors of *Nosotros*, who honor me by using them to render homage to the glorious author of so many beautiful books, I desire to recall that, Galdós being dead, the Countess de Pardo Bazán was the first literary figure of contemporary Spain. She was such because of the vastness, the solidity and the transcendence of her work; because of her ceaseless contribution to the modernization of Spanish prose; because of her great talent and her immense learning; because of the influence that she exercised upon the writers of the generation that has followed her; and even because of her work of culture, by means of which Spain acquired a knowledge of the best minds of the great European nations.





# OPTIMISM, IDEALISM, PATRIOTISM<sup>1</sup>

BY

MAX HENRÍQUEZ UREÑA

A baccalaureate address by one of the leading Cuban educators, in which he develops his theme with rare discernment, perception of the difficulties that lie in the path of the teacher, and intensity of feeling, all tempered by justness of vision and moderation, with the natural and inevitable outcropping of sensitiveness and apprehension in the presence of the overshadowing menace of the not always rightly understood, but not usually wholly misapprehended, United States.—THE EDITOR.

THE event that we celebrate to-day is, beyond doubt, very great. For the first time in the history of this normal school, after the completion of the four years of your regular studies, and after satisfactorily complying with all the requirements demanded by the law, you, a not inconsiderable group of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, have just received the diplomas that entitle you to exercise the arduous profession of teaching. After much work and the burning of the midnight oil, you are able to attain and to experience, as a tangible reality, the ideal realm that was once the remote horizon of your ambitions. You are face to face with a new outlook; you are face to face with life. Until yesterday, the future alone was yours; to-day the present claims you.

You are entering upon life—for youth is but a lighted portal that admits you to a labyrinth of darkness—with a smile of triumph depicted on your lips. Spring is yours. The surrounding world, it might be said, quivers and sings as you pass, for your hearts are filled with hope and enthusiasm.

For us who have had the happiness to be your mentors and friends, and who have already experienced more than once the aridities of the road upon which you are entering to-day, you are also a refflorescence of enthusiasm and hope. You are the legatees of our ideals and our longings, and therefore we behold in you a prolongation of ourselves. In the torch races of ancient Greece, the lamp-bearer that lighted his brand at the altar of Minerva and dashed

away to deliver it to his next successor, never looked back: his gaze, fascinated by the light that receded from him, followed with growing anxiety the progress of the race, and all his being quivered with fear lest the torch should go out before reaching the hands of a new runner, who in turn was to continue the mad flight and deliver it to another lamp-bearer from among those that formed the endless chain along which was to pass, from hand to hand, the sacred flame. One after another, they all followed with anxious gaze the flashing of the hieratic torch, whose light must not be extinguished.

Be not surprised therefore by the emotion that stirs us when we behold you entering the path to the future, whose shadow you are to fill with splendor by means of the sacred torch we have placed in your hands.

In your hands the torch will not be quenched. Your hands are pure and uncontaminated, and the fire of enthusiasm that burns in your young hearts will feed the flickerng flame whensoever the rebellious breezes, in complicity with darkness, seek to rob you of it. Yield not to adversity until you shall have delivered the torch into safe hands, and afterward continue to bestow upon it from afar the warmth of hope with the fire of your eyes.

The path you are to tread is intricate. Pardon us if hitherto we have only let you feel once in a while, as you gathered the flowers of the garden of Minerva, the slight prick of a rose thorn. You have not felt your flesh torn by the bramble brier that you will encounter as you press onward. Alas! perhaps there will be rude hands that will weave you a crown from them. If this should be your lot, do not bow your fore-

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered by the director of the Escuela Normal de Oriente, Santiago, Cuba, at the graduation of the first normal school-teachers graduated at this school, October 1, 1920.

heads before the weight that oppresses them; raise them with stoicism; for in them you hold your redemption.

You are in the first moment of your Via Crucis, as Hostos<sup>2</sup> said on a similar occasion. You come from the ideal; you go toward the real. You have been dreaming like Kant, that life is beauty; you will awake and understand that it is duty.

Life has its categorical imperatives, it is true; but in duty there is also beauty. An harmonious and fruitful life is always beautiful. Your mission as educators is not to be any longer merely to feel beauty, but to create it by the harmonious example of your life and your teaching. To make life beautiful by molding characters and consciences: this is to be your work.

What I would say to you is that your first mission is not to instruct, but to educate; and that above the didactic purpose of teaching, you ought always to set the ethical and esthetic purpose, which is the one that makes the work of the teacher luminous and imperishable.

Do not hesitate therefore to impart to your teaching the essence of the purest idealism. The only religion of the laical republic is the religion of the ideal: "that human religion," as Balzac called it. It is, after all, the only religion that has not fallen into bankruptcy in the presence of the energetic postulates of contemporary science.

In the name of science, teach how to seek truth; but never reject, in the name of science, the idealism necessary to life. Peoples without ideals are peoples that are

committing suicide. Men without ideals are men that debase themselves.

The teacher that affirms that man does not need ideals, because he is no more than a toy that spins, at the impulse of blind causes, amid the darkneses of instinct, does but calumniate science and deny the indefinite persistence of the work of education. In this way he succeeds merely in forming generations of skeptics, for whom human acts will have no moral value and for whom life will possess no finality. To what end is the longing for perfection, to what end educative effort, if this effort is to be shattered against the tyranny of the laws of fate? To what end is the regal faculty of self-determination, if will be nothing more than an illusion of our minds? To what end is the resolve to do right, if life is a struggle, and in the struggle for existence pity is a hindrance and only the strongest is to triumph?

What a tremendous moral shock for those that emerge to conscious life filled with generous enthusiasm! In the name of what or of whom may the hearts of the new generations be thus envenomed? In the name of truth? Who possesses it, where is it to be found, since humanity has debated it for thousands of years, without any one's being able to touch, if you will, the hem of its garment? "Give me the truth," cried Hostos, "and I shall give you the world."

"We know not whence we come, nor whither we go." "We know," as said our great Varona, "that man is not free, in the metaphysical sense. Yet we know also that he is able, he wishes and he ought to free himself from the yoke of low passions by the contemplation, the practice and the love of the higher sentiments, of which the one of most social importance, the moral one therefore, is duty."

To doubt that education may be a determining force in social dynamics is to deny the importance of social forces over the individual; to affirm that man is blind to such a degree that he is unable, by progressively inhibitory acts, to use his intelligence, in order to follow a definite course, is to deny, at the very least, the psychological fact of a conflict of motives and the process of deliberation; to consider the moral sense of right as an abstraction with-

<sup>2</sup>Eugenio María de Hostos y Bonilla, a noted philosopher, moralist, sociologist, writer on constitutional and penal law and the law of nations, and man of letters: he was born in Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, January 11, 1839, and he died in 1903; he spent much of his early life in Cuba and he became interested in Cuban independence, later traveling in behalf of it through most of the American countries, lecturing, appealing for money and moral support and scattering brilliant and kindly thoughts. Among his major works may be mentioned: *La peregrinación de Bayoán*; his analysis of *Hamlet*, said to have been plagiarized by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in his work *Thoughts and Afterthoughts*; *Tratado de sociología*; *Comentarios de derecho constitucional*; and, in lighter vein, his comedies: *¿Quién preside?* *El cumpleaños*; *La enfermita*; and *El naranjo*. For an interesting and suggestive sketch of him, see Rufino Blanco Fombona's sketch, *Eugenio María de Hostos*, in his volume *Grandes escritores de América*, Madrid, 1917, pages 173-221.—THE EDITOR.

out foundation, reduced to dust by the law that governs the struggle for existence, is to be ignorant of the very essence of social phenomena, which can be based only on the support of solidarity that imposes standards of conduct upon the individual.

However, even if it were not so, goodness is a pleasure. The most complete happiness can be attained only by doing right. All the pleasures pass, vanish, are the patrimony of the moment; what alone subsists, to inundate the human consciousness with light and placid well-being, is the satisfaction of doing right. Therefore Martí said:

When 'neath the weight of the cross  
Man to die makes resolution,  
Forth he fares to do the right, does it and returns  
As if from a very bath of light.

The ideal of goodness: behold the supreme aspiration of man! The idealists, from Jesus Christ to José Martí, have been the only ones that have wrought a redemptive work in the world.

We are in need of just this idealism. We say with regret, but with energy: In Cuba we are passing through an historic moment that is characterized by the subversion of all the moral values.

It might be said that we are groping along a road beset with pitfalls. Any uncertain step may precipitate us into the abyss, and, nevertheless, we dare to attempt at every step a somersault in space.

However, the example of other peoples—painful and to be avoided—is before us for our instruction. Our problems are the same as theirs: the external circumstances alone are different. The exceptional geographical position of Cuba, the marvelous development of her wealth, her preponderating importance in the production of one of the most necessary articles of consumption: all the circumstances, in short, that constitute the foundation of national greatness in the material realm and that ought to be powerful weapons of defense, if patriotism and wisdom always reigned in our public life, are being converted into accomplices of the fatality that threatens us.

However, what does it matter whether it be so, if there are those that unconsciously

or blindly cry out for foreign interference on our soil; or if there are those—without thinking perhaps of what they are saying—that raise a clamor for the sinking of the republic rather than that their political adversaries should be victorious. The former, carried away by the vertigo of their passions, and the latter, intoxicated by the dance of their millions or anxious to preserve an ephemeral wealth, which they suppose with studied calculation would be better guaranteed under the wing of a preponderating military power, will not see the danger that is involved in the progressive interference of the great friendly nation—the United States—in affairs that pertain to national sovereignty. The fatality of history may perhaps bring Cuba some day face to face with the frightful dilemma of servitude or death. This would be a catastrophe that we ought to try to prevent, but for which we should not be to blame; but let us not ourselves surrender, gradually and stupidly, little by little, the attributes of that sovereignty. Let me say it clearly and without lingering of deceit—because it seems that we are ill of avarice and falsehood—this is the work of the shameful annexation that, unfortunately, exists in Cuba, and this road leads straight toward submission and abjectness.

Enrique José Varona, whom I am pleased to quote as one of our most precious moral reserves, has described the picture with a master hand in his celebrated address entitled *El poeta anónimo de Polonia*:

The tyranny of a man, although he be called Cæsar, although he be called Napoleon, is fleeting; domestic tyranny, that which one fraction of the community exercises over another, is subject to inevitable changes; the hope of entering into power, although uncertain, makes it bearable; the extreme of tyranny is that of one people over another; it is visible and invisible, it surrounds us everywhere and we can not seize it; the center of its enormous pressure is everywhere and it is nowhere, it is not incarnated in a man; for men come and go and they die, and it remains; the functionary that represents it is a mere symbol: proconsul, viceroy, governor; what matters the title? What characterizes it is that its motive, its strength, its object, are all alien to the oppressed people, which is reduced to being a mere instrument of foreign greatness and power.

I am well aware that there are a few who, either skeptics or cowards and nostalgic for the colonial fetters, desire to have done with the mistakes of our free, republican life by substituting for them the tyranny of a foreign power. I am well aware that often the imprecative apostrophe of the one that clamors for the hastening of the catastrophe is like the blasphemy of the one that thinks his God is not going to take it into account. The truth is, however, that, however small the number of those that think or act thus, they exert a baleful and hurtful influence on the public mind.

It will be the lot of you that are intrusted with the training of new citizens to provoke a reaction by making use of the formative influence of education upon the social environment. The teacher's highest mission is that of developing a sense of patriotism; and in Cuba it is urgent to stick to this task every day. You must inculcate in the minds of the generations that are confided to your care the full consciousness and the complete meaning of the far-seeing thought of Saco, our great seer: "I would have Cuba remain always Cuban."

You will doubtless find the soil already fertilized for your work. Whenever the deafening clamor of political strife, in which men, but not ideals, are discussed, fills my mind with apprehension—always preoccupied as I am over the harbingers of the future—I turn my gaze downward. On the surface of the sea, as we contemplate it from the shore, some day when it is in commotion, we see patches of rubbish floating on the crest of the waves; but if we descended to the depths, we should behold the clean, still water reposing on a bed of sand, shells, sea-weed, and at times of pearls and coral. Something similar to this takes place in political life: above may often be found the yeast, that which weighs least, that which, having no strength of its own, avails itself of the fury of storm to rise upward; below, as in a sacred urn, are preserved in silence the traditional virtues, the patriotic romanticisms, the quiet unselfishness, which at times we believe to be buried in the tomb of the heroes and evangelists of freedom, and which, nevertheless, are here in the hearts of the people, the good, plain people, who have not been

reached by the corruption that is generated above and that only awaits a voice that shall stir it to action.

Our own popular song-book, so ingenuous and so tender, is the best evidence of it. Has it ever occurred to you to go on horseback through some mountain recess, and listen to a lusty voice that rises from the neighboring plantation, singing with sturdy melancholy:

Martí should never have died.

So, the generations that are being formed, although they have in plain view the sad picture of the present subversion of moral values in our public life, possess, on the other hand, in the home, as a counterpoise, the influence of those traditional virtues that are cherished in the maternal bosom and are transmitted with the cradle-song. The Cuban child, whose psychological characteristics you must study, has traits of nobility and goodness, as well as of energy, that must be skilfully stimulated; he is usually malicious, because in his social environment no great effort is made to conceal from him inevitable truths, but also because his instinct for observation is quite keen; and he only needs to have his intuition guided to the highest spheres of reasoning, instead of choking and atrophying that instinct by cramming his memory with empirical notions that are not the result of his own conclusions.

In this way you can fashion useful men, you can build up character, you can create citizens, perhaps you can produce heroes and evangelists; you can, in fine, lay the foundations of the new patria. Yours will be the work and yours the glory. I do not hold out to you immortality, at least the immortality that is expressed in odes and statues. You will have the anonymous immortality of those that discharge the most important of all social functions, that is, coöperation. Some day, when the Cuban patria shall have attained to a higher level of civilization, when human life shall have taken on the direction of a broader civism, when the collective welfare and economic potency shall have centupled—thanks to her own effort, her effort from within, that which springs from her own soil

—there may be those that will forget that, without the continuous and persistent labors of the teacher, the people can accomplish nothing solid and enduring. What does it signify, however? Immortality, in so far as you are concerned, consists in making your work imperishable. Your names will perhaps disappear; your work will subsist and you will live—confused with the mass and unknown—like the impalpable but eternal atoms of the radiant splendors of the sun that is to illuminate the patria of the future.

Go forth then to make a country. If the injustices of the world shall sometimes cause you to quiver with anguish, remember your professors, us, who have contributed to the development of your intelligence and to the formation of your characters, and who desire to continue from afar to be your mayor stay. Always think of the Escuela Normal as a prolongation of your family: here you have found the warmth of home. Such has been the desire of all of us that have deposited in you so many idealities and so many hopes.

As for myself, I can say—and excuse me for concluding with a personal allusion—that I have placed in your hands, and in those of the future schoolmasters and schoolmistresses that have already begun to be trained here and that are to follow in your footsteps during the years to come, all my treasures of enthusiasm and faith. I have sought to infuse into you my optimism; I have tried to impart to you my idealism; I have aspired, above everything, to intensify in you the sense of nationality, without which there can be neither public conscience nor citizens. You are well

aware that I was not born in Cuba, but the Cuban ideal is mingled with the sweetest memories of my childhood, since it was bound up with the home of my ancestors, and from my tender years I recited the verses of Martí and learned to love Cuba as a prolongation of my native land. This is the reason why—although I have not forgotten for a single moment my obligations to the land of my birth—I have been able to think in Cuban, and I have a better right to the title of Cuban than some that by chance or mistake first saw the light of day upon this soil. Do we perhaps forget, however, the voice of Martí, which told us that they are one and the same thing? After all, granted the reciprocal ties of nationalism of the peoples that from the “greater patria” proclaimed by Rodó, is not thinking in Cuban the same as thinking in Antillian? as thinking in Hispano-American?

I take leave of you with the serene conscience of one that has fulfilled his duty. I shall find satisfaction and honor in recalling at all times the coöperation I have been able to lend to the work that is incarnate in you, the present and future normal school-teachers.

Perhaps to-morrow I shall have to leave you. Enterprises still more arduous claim my mind and strength. It is my hour. Remember always that wheresoever destiny may carry me, I bear the Cuban ideal in my heart; that whatever the cause I may defend, it will always be the cause of Cuba; and that I aspire to no greater glory than that of standing side by side with you as a coöperator in the enterprises of national aggrandizement.



# THE DISMEMBERMENT OF GREATER COLOMBIA

BY

GABRIEL PORRAS TROCONIS

A sketch of the causes that led to the breaking up of the historic Gran Colombia, founded by Bolívar—composed of Nueva Granada, Venezuela and Quito—which will interest students of history. The author, after pointing out the different elements of discord, concludes that the dismemberment was inevitable from the very beginning, but he also holds that the peoples of the modern Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador cherished, even after the dissolution, a sentimental regard for Colombia the great, the brilliant, creation of the Liberator, and that they “continued to invoke the name Colombia as an ideal bond that they did not dare to break, because in it could be discerned an immemorial past; and it was as if their aspirations for the future were directed toward the now chimerical ideal of the recovery of a lost power and force.”—THE EDITOR.

WHAT were the forces that drove against the superb edifice raised by the hand of the Athlete until it was hurled into the dark abyss of dismemberment and annihilation? They were many and very varied in nature and character; but, in spite of their diversity, they may be reduced to a single and principal cause: Nueva Granada, Venezuela and Quito had come, in the course of their colonial existence, to constitute three great, distinct centers of population, with well marked, differentiating characteristics, each of them with an individual, and at times even a different and original, social structure. The necessity of uniting their efforts for the common defense during the war of independence and the centralizing genius of Bolívar brought together in a single whole the wills of the three groups, in the effort to overthrow Spanish rule in Hispanic America. When, however, the common danger had disappeared, the individualistic and particularistic spirit prevailed over regard for and love of the unity of the glories won, and the disassimilation of the component elements followed as a natural and even logical phenomenon. We shall try to demonstrate this thesis, while glancing hastily, but with a discerning eye, over the pages of the common history.

From the first steps of the conquest began to be outlined the differentiation that manifested itself in time between the character and customs of the peoples of the captaincy-general of Venezuela, the vice-

royalty of Nueva Granada and the presidency of Quito. The first of these regions did not become the resort of great captains such as Jiménez de Quesada, Belalcázar, Heredia or Balboa, rivals of the Pizarros and Cortés in respect of the extension of their conquests, the magnitude of their deeds or the strength of the empires it fell to their lot to subjugate; but it did attract a multitude of captains, although of lesser name and fame, with less success in their fortunes and at times with greater unhappiness in their last days, with a manly daring that bordered on madness and an individualism so characteristic that it might be said that every conqueror of these lands bore within himself his army, the laws of his state and the empire of which he dreamed. “Fighting without truce; the constant sight of danger and death; the tenacious hope of discovering El Dorado, which vanished every evening beyond a horizon of unknown solitudes; vigils in unwholesome camps; the absence of women of their own race, who would have sweetened the temper of those souls wherein dwelt, side by side with heroic valor, avarice and scorn, anger and vengeance—with almost no distractions save ephemeral and sensual amours with native Indian women, or the picaresque stories related on nights of repose by some soldier poet”—constituted the life of the conquerors of Venezuela, according to the felicitous description of a great contemporary historian.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>José Gil Fortoul; *Historia constitucional de Venezuela*, book II, chapter I.



In Nueva Granada, under the protecting ægis of the illustrious and powerful captains whose names already ennoble this article, sprang up cities and then more cities, governed very soon by written laws and legitimately constituted authorities, which afforded stimulus to the tranquil enjoyment of a civic and peaceful life that was chivalresque, as the spirit of the period demanded; learned and cultured, according to the time granted by good government for the improvement of minds; abounding in legends of love and hatred, sorrow and joy, virtue and vice, but always stamped with the distinctive characteristics of the Castilian spirit—noble, generous, magnanimous and great, even in crime.

In the presidency of Quito, the conquest was a prolongation in greatness of the effort of the Iberian conquerors of Tierra Firme, and in the regions that were in contact with the absolute power of the Incas, there was very soon established an excessively harsh administration, destructive of the native element, which fostered the birth of a new race, mongrel of skin and soul, with sedentary and tranquil habits, scattered in towns pitched upon the summits of the Andes, and which only the abuse of the peninsular rulers could arouse, three centuries later, from the stupor in which they dwelt, to stimulate them to demand their unrecognized and downtrodden rights.

The organization given to the colonial government, centralized in the three most important capitals of the vast region—Santa Fe, Caracas and Quito—causing to converge upon them alone the gaze and hopes of the inhabitants, contributed in a powerful manner to strengthen the nascent characteristics that distinguished the inhabitants. Nature, by placing between them distressing distances, impassable abysses and mountains that penetrate the clouds; by affording, here plains where on the vision loses itself as on horizons of the sea, there, profound valleys, pleasant, smiling plateaus or stark peaks; yonder, colossal mountains clad with perpetual snow and a coast opening now toward the east, now toward the north, now toward the west, swept by divers winds: hot, with all the heat of the black continent; or cool, with all the sweetness of the temperate zone

or refreshed by the powerful, saline bosom of the great ocean, ended by causing a demarcation that had already been indicated by the caprice of the Spanish monarchs and the hazard of the conquest. Three long centuries of colonial life accustomed those of Venezuela, Nueva Granada and Quito to regard themselves as people of different nationality; but, indeed, never antagonistic in their aspirations. The future republics of Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador already existed in the mysterious bosom of the past.

The revolutionary upheaval caused social and political dissimilarities to be forgotten for a moment, and it unified all America in a common desire for autonomy, first, and, later, independence; and hence we see that the generous attempt of Gual y España in Venezuela corresponded to the audacious apostolate of Nariño in the viceroyalty; the unsuccessful enterprise of Miranda was followed by the unhappy revolution of August in Quito and the brief revolt of Hidalgo at Dolores; the doctrines regarding the concept of sovereignty upheld in 1808 by the privileged genius of Juan Francisco Azcárate y Lezama in the *cabildo* of México coincided with those that were defended the following year by Camilo Torres at Santa Fe; and to the frank attitude of Caracas on July 5 replied Cartagena de Indias in 1811, Santa Fe, on July 16, and the congress of Chilpancingo, on September 13, 1813.

However, this convergence of ideas toward the same political finality did not occasion, in the first days of the struggle for the preparation of the peoples, any effective drawing together, even in the territory that later constituted Greater Colombia, other than the treaty of June, 1811, made between Venezuela and the state of Cundinamarca.

Lack of experience in affairs of government, the puerile ingenuousness of the founders of the "patria boba"<sup>2</sup> and the

<sup>2</sup>Literally, "silly patria:" a popular name applied somewhat vaguely to the first months of the period of Venezuelan independent government under Miranda, which extended from the declaration of independence, April 19, 1810, until the capitulation of Miranda, July 22, 1811. The phrase "patria boba" was applied to the first period both because of the inaptitude of the inexperienced patriotic leaders and because during

first republic of Venezuela, who fancied that the work of emancipation was completed by the enactment of laws and constitutions, without backing up these acts by force of arms and victory on the field of battle, and unbridled individualism, characteristic of the Iberian race, which culminated in an itching for federations, and brought on successive and isolated disasters in Quito, Venezuela and Nueva Granada. Afterward the wave of pacification swept over our cities and towns, drowning the earth in blood and depriving the cause of liberty of the goodliest paladins by death or dispersion. Morillo, after the manner of Tarquinius Superbus, cut down the tallest anemones in the precious garden which, in an evil hour for Spain and the cause of civilization, the inaptitude and pride of an absolutist and oppressive government confided to him.

Yet from the very bosom of that somber cloud flashed the lightning that illuminated the American world with an inextinguishable light: Bolívar, with a head of prodigies and a tongue of marvels, as he has been called by an illustrious writer, after a long and stormy peregrination through distant lands, organized the legions of victory, vitalized the moribund wills of the people, pointed out a single goal for all efforts, and united in a close fagot activities that had been spent thitherto in marching in opposite and even contrary directions, to achieve victory on the fair fields of Boyacá, Carabobo, Bombaná, Pichincha, Junín and distant Ayacucho. As a reward for his services, as a tribute to his longings, as a humble assent to his inflexible will, the congress of Angostura decreed, after the first decisive victory achieved by the hero, the creation of the republic of Colombia, an immense state that was the terror of monarchical and absolutist Europe, the pride of the New World, the hope of the oppressed and the splendid reflection of the glory won by the Liberator. Her vast territory contained an area of a hundred thousand square

it both the patriots and the Spaniards, with the thought, or at least the hope, that reconciliation and adjustment might be effected, treated each other with some degree of consideration; after the first year of struggle, Morillo, the Spanish commander, and Bolívar began the bloody "war to the death," which was at least logical and hence not "boba."—THE EDITOR.

leagues, rivers that vied with seas in length and breadth, mountains that were lost in the clouds, the suffocating heat of the equator and the bitter cold of the polar regions, plains and mountains, tidal lakes and glaciers, men of crisp hair and dark skin, those of languid glance and bronze complexion, side by side with dolichocephalic blonds, natives of the Cantabrian coasts, and brachycephalic brunettes whose foreheads had been caressed in childhood by the soft breezes of the Mediterranean.

Could that great whole endure, however, when against it wrought nature, the social and ethnic warp, customs and the disintegrating ambitions of the generals of the war of independence? No; the work of a genius who, by the weight of his hand, could rule wills for victory, when it was once achieved and the powerful energy of that prodigy was destroyed by illness and moral disillusionments, absolute disintegration supervened, necessarily, inevitably, fatally; for beneath the imposing pomp of military power and political organization disorganizing principles continued their work of disassimilation, until they made an end of that majestic republic, which had been the admiration of the world and the satisfaction of the liberators.

Venezuela, individualistic, pugnacious and restless, against or with Páez, raised the first cry of dissolution; Nueva Granada, civilian, peaceful and clinging to the constitution as to a saving anchor, beheld without displeasure the sundering of a tie that she had no desire to maintain; and Quito, desiring the autonomy she had not yet enjoyed, followed the white plume of the gallant foreigner, who offered her as a flattering prospect the independence of her dreams.

Let us observe the principal events of the process of segregation:

After December 29, 1821, the municipality of Caracas hastened to declare that, in January following, it would take the oath of allegiance to the constitution put forth by the congress of Cúcuta, in order not to have go abroad "an idea of division among the peoples that had been bound together by unanimity of sentiments, interests and reciprocal esteem; but that this charter should not impose upon the people of that

province and the *departamento* of Quito the duty of strict and unalterable obedience, since they had taken no part in its formation, and because some of their provisions were inapplicable to the territory." This act, it may be said, had already announced the separation on the very day that the union was effected. In the years 1823 and 1824 there occurred new collisions between the intendant of the *departamento* of Venezuela and the supreme chief of the three eastern *departamentos*, between the first of these authorities and the municipality of Caracas, whose origin and causes have been attributed by eminent Venezuelan historians to autonomist and separatist tendencies, "which never gave ground in Venezuela, either before the constitution of Cúcuta, the central government of Bogotá or the supreme authority of Bolívar."

Vice-President Santander, an expert and far-seeing politician, told the president of the senate in 1825 "that events at Caracas indicated a profound ill-being that might occasion disastrous consequences and that proved the existence there of a party, which from 1821, discredited the constitution and attempted to separate Venezuela and Nueva Granada, and, in short, to stir up the hatred of the masses of the people against institutions, laws, the congress, the executive and all kinds of authorities."

The tendencies of this party manifested themselves once more in opposition to the decree regarding conspirators, issued by Santander, March 17, 1825, and the enforcement of which was resisted by the municipality of Caracas; and the people of the city continued on several successive occasions to manifest the desire that existed there, of freeing themselves from allegiance to the government of Bogotá.

All these causes impelled Páez, who was then a decided upholder of the union, to address to Bolívar the famous letter of October 1, 1825, which he denied later, and which proposed the formation of an empire presided over by the Liberator. Bolívar replied on March 6 of the following year with those lapidary phrases that reveal his intense love for democracy:

Neither is Colombia France, nor am I Napoleon.  
 . . . There is nothing of the sort here: I am

not a Napoleon, and I do not wish to be one; nor do I desire to imitate Cæsar, much less Itúrbide! Such examples seem to me unworthy of my glory. The title of Liberator is superior to all titles that have been conferred on human pride; therefore it is impossible to augment it.

The lion of Apure,<sup>3</sup> alarmed over the purposes of those he was later to call "turbulent Goths," sought the salvation of Colombia by the constitution of an empire with Bolívar at its head; but the eminently republican spirit of the Liberator, enamoured of other ideals, preferred the dissolution of the work he had achieved with so much love to securing its permanence by setting up in America—that he might occupy it himself—"the four boards covered with scarlet that they call a throne."

A new and greater event occurred at the beginning of the year 1826: Páez, obeying the decree regarding military conscription issued by Santander in 1824, ordered to be billeted forcibly in the city of Caracas, on January 6 of this year, all the men capable of bearing arms, thus occasioning protests and accusations from the municipality and the intendant, addressed to the chamber of representatives and the chief executive of the nation. By another curious political phenomenon suspension from employment caused by these accusations drove Páez into the arms of the separatist factions that had lodged complaints regarding his previous conduct, and on April 30 of the same year, 1826, against what had been voted by the senate and decreed by the executive, the terrible plainsman was again recognized as the military commander of Venezuela.

As when a powerful dike is broken the waters that have been held back for a long time inundate the lowlands and drown them out and cause havoc, so the *pronunciamiento* of Valencia gave loose reins to latent hatred of the central government, and even insignificant towns declared through mandates their intention of seconding the decision of the municipality of Valencia.

To those fatal events corresponded others in the presidency of Quito no less disastrous in their intent, although different in form: the municipalities of Guayaquil and Quito, in successive acts, in the months of July,

<sup>3</sup>Páez.—THE EDITOR

August and September, 1826, demanded the amendment of the constitution, and of Bolívar that he assume the dictatorship, in order to prevent the evils that beset the republic. This proceeding was no less an attack upon the integrity of Colombia and the majesty of the nation than the subversive movement of Valencia and Caracas.

Bolívar—from Perú, where he still was, engaged in strengthening by the organization of these states the foundation of American liberty, and setting on foot the great Hispanic-American confederation that was to safeguard in the future the nations created by the strength of his arm—heard the moans of his favorite daughter in the throes of death, and, abandoning everything, he hastened to her succor. When he trod the Colombian soil anew, he exclaimed, filled with intense love:

I bring you a common kiss and two arms to draw you to my bosom: into it will enter, even to the depths of my heart, Granadans and Venezuelans, the just and the unjust: all, of the army of freedom, all, citizens of the great republic.

The magic presence of the hero caused to be sheathed swords that were already beginning to gleam in a threatening attitude, and even the terrible Páez, whose roars infused terror into the heart of the republic, said, as the father and founder of Colombia approached Caracas:

The most illustrious son of the land of glory, Venezuela, the first hero because of his deeds on the battle-field, again sees with the purest love his old companions in arms, and the places where stand monuments to his glory.

Venezuela became incorporated anew into the republic, but the new union was precarious and transitory. Throughout all the regions of the immense territory of Colombia men were clamoring, asking for constitutional reform; complaints were lodged against public administration; longing was felt for social peace and quiet, threatened by the innumerable bands of robbers that infested the highways; and, in the restless eagerness that sought a change in institutions, some desired the continuance of the republic, others were bent on a monocratico-republican government with

Bolívar at its head; and others, finally, demanded that a monarchy be set up, in order firmly to establish the bases of the state, which they believed still insecure. No one knew where was to be found the goal of security, and, in the doubt, vacillation and fear, some turned against Bolívar and his work, and others, against the constitution and its practices, because they deemed it the source of all the evils from which the nation was suffering. The convention that met in Ocaña—which proclaimed, at the opening of its sessions, that “in the temple of the patria altars were not to be erected, but, rather, sepulchers for discord”—ended its tasks by attributing to the fatal goddess the most ignominious worship and by destroying even the most remote hope for the salvation of the republic. The dictatorship of Bolívar, to which the nation had recourse in the throes of terror, and the danger of war to which the threatening attitude of the Peruvian president, Lamar, seemed to be leading, postponed for a moment the hour of dismemberment that was approaching, and caused the laurels of the splendid epopee to flourish again, in the immortal defile of the Portete de Tarqui. When, however, that last gust of the wind of glory had passed, and when the Liberator had returned to the capital with his health undermined by physical diseases and his soul torn by the ingratitude of his fellow-citizens, the work of dissolution took its course without stay. On November 26, 1829, the municipality of Caracas accused Bolívar of the ills from which Venezuela was suffering and announced her separation from Colombia, acclaiming Páez the head of the new republic. In the very center of moribund Colombia many Granadans declared they could not forget their quality as such, which was equivalent to putting the interests of the lesser patria above those of the greater patria; and a few months later, Quito, Guayaquil and Azuay, a *departamento* of the south, followed the disintegrating example of the regions of the north. On March 31, Juan José Flores convoked a constitutional congress of the new republic of Ecuador to meet in the city of Riobamba.

Bolívar—his mind embittered by the

contemplation of the immediate ruin of his work, and physically and morally beaten—took the bitter road to a voluntary exile; but death, merciful toward Colombia and America, prevented its consummation by stopping for ever the beats of that magnanimous heart, on December 17, 1830, exactly ten full years after the congress of Angostura had decreed the constitution of the greater republic that had just been dismembered. Artifice and its work were extinguished for the world on the same day and at the same hour that announced the apogee of his glory.

Of Colombia the great, of the brilliant

creation of the Liberator, there hardly remained the name: the name to which was continued to be paid for some time longer the homage that is offered to the things in which human effort seems to be interpenetrated with the divine will. Nueva Granada, Ecuador and Colombia, when they set themselves up as individual states, continued to invoke the name Colombia as an ideal bond that they did not dare to break, because in it could be discerned an immemorial past; and it was as if their aspirations for the future were directed toward the now chimerical ideal of the recovery of lost power and force.

## THE EXTINGUISHMENT OF YELLOW FEVER IN GUAYAQUIL

**A**FTER yellow fever was extinguished in Panamá, there remained only Guayaquil, on all the American coast of the Pacific, that was subject to the scourge of this epidemic. It is believed, with good reason, that yellow fever was carried to Ecuador from Panamá about the year 1740, a date from which the disease was endemic there until May, 1919, when it was wholly banished.

Guayaquil has a population of a hundred thousand. The supply of water for the city is scarce, and only for two hours each day can it be obtained fresh: the reason why tanks and other receptacles are used in all the houses to hold water. There are seven thousand tanks and fifty thousand receptacles of other kinds that are constantly in use to maintain the water supply, which, thus accumulated, has been the focus for the propagation of the *Stegomyia* mosquito, the bite of which infects man with yellow fever.

The battle against yellow fever is simply a battle against the mosquito. When the Rockefeller Foundation undertook to combat and to extinguish yellow fever in Ecuador, it intrusted to the famous hygienist Michael E. Connor the task of organiz-

ing the campaign against the destructive mosquito. Doctor Connor's work can be described in a word: he extinguished yellow fever in Ecuador; he came, he saw, he conquered.

What this work signifies can only be appreciated by those that know that the yellow-fever mosquito—like the bubonic-fever rat, like all the miasmas, like all the pests—is protected by the spirit of inertia, of indolence, which is inherent in the human race. The conquest of the mosquito, in itself, was not so difficult a task. What was truly difficult was to inculcate new habits in the ignorant quarters of the city; to war against human opposition, Doctor Connor himself being a foreigner and a representative of a people against whom are still felt so many unjustified prejudices. This was a task that required a tact, a *savoir faire*, quite unusual; but Doctor Connor accomplished it, to the everlasting misfortune of the *Stegomyia* mosquito, the everlasting health of Ecuador and the everlasting glory of the United States.

At present, Doctor Connor is at work in México, where he has gone to banish yellow fever from what he considers to be the original center of infection.—*Fray Mocho*, Buenos Aires, Argentina, May 10, 1921.

# A CENTRAL AMERICAN JOAN OF ARC

BY

RICARDO FERNÁNDEZ GUARDIA

The story of a martial and heroic girl, who might well be given a place with Molly Stark, Barbara Frietchie and other legendary women of the north in the annals of American patriotism, when we outgrow our national trait of mental provinciality and extend our horizon until at least the western hemisphere shall be included within the range of our intellectual vision.—THE EDITOR.

THE señor don Carlos III, of grateful memory, hated the English, who had humiliated him while he was king of Naples; and no sooner had he assumed the crown of Spain, through the death of his brother Fernando VI, than he made ready to avenge the insult, by becoming involved in the meshes of the family compact and by declaring war upon Great Britain, in the hope of reconquering the rock of Gibraltar. Fate was not kind to him, and in 1762 the British squadrons took possession of several of the lesser Antilles, of Habana and even of Manila. The island of Jamaica, which from 1655 had been in the hands of England and was in times of peace a hotbed of pirates and smugglers, served in this and other wars as a base of operations for the English vessels that attacked the Spanish colonies of the Caribbean sea.

England had inherited from the buccanniers and filibusters a vehement desire to take possession of an interoceanic highway through Central America, and, although men as daring as Mansfield and Morgan had failed in this difficult enterprise, it might be supposed that it would not be too great for his Britannic majesty. The governor of Jamaica, William Henry Littleton, who deemed the moment favorable for the accomplishment of the plan, despatched several war vessels and two thousand men against Nicaragua, which, as said a Spanish functionary with prophetic vision in 1790, was "the key to the three kingdoms that were persistently coveted by the English, as they would perhaps be later by the recently separated Americans also." The British forces reached the mouth of the San Juan, and, guided by Indians of La Mosquitia, they

began the ascent of the river in no less than fifty sloops and other small craft, with a view to attacking the Castillo de la Purísima Concepción, to-day Castillo Viejo. A hundred years before, General don Fernando Francisco de Escobelo had constructed this castle, locating it on the right bank of the river, upon a rocky hill, above the Raudal de la Santa Cruz, previously called the Raudal del Diablo. It was of very modest proportions, but it was strong enough to defend the passage, what with its thirty-six pieces of artillery, its walls, its four bulwarks and solid embankment, the moat and the stockades that surrounded it on the land side, besides a fortin at the water's edge. In order to prevent surprises, it was defended by an outpost battery on an islet situated a short distance away. Hence there was reason to suppose that in case of attack it would meet a better fate than that of San Carlos de Austria, destroyed in 1670 by the filibuster Gallardillo, who was thus able to surprise and sack the city of Granada; although it is true that this great calamity occurred because the castellan, Gonzalo de Noguera Rebolledo, surrendered to the enemy that fortification, erected with so much toil and care by don Juan Fernández de Salinas, *adelantado*<sup>1</sup> of Costa Rica in 1666.

When the English fleet appeared on the river San Juan, in the month of August, 1762, there was no reason to fear a new treachery like that of the infamous Noguera. The castle was in good hands.

<sup>1</sup>A word without exact equivalent in English: often used in the early days of the Spanish colonies to designate sometimes the military and civil governor of a frontier province and at others the president or chief justice of a certain kingdom, province or district, in time of peace, and the captain-general, in time of war.—THE EDITOR

Its defense had been intrusted by the king to the captain of artillery, don José de Herrera y Sotomayor, a veteran soldier and one of tried valor, who had rendered excellent service, especially in Cartagena de Indias, during the siege of that place in 1740 by the British admiral Vernon; but the garrison, composed wholly of negroes and mulattos, did not inspire equal confidence.

Don José de Herrera was accompanied in his exile—for not otherwise could that remote castellany be called—by his wife, doña Felipa de Udiarte, and his daughter, doña Rafaela, who was thirteen years of age. The old soldier felt for this child, the only inheritor of his name, a love that reached to his depths. He was grieved to see her condemned to live secluded in the solitary castle, where the days were all equally dull and where the tedium of an existence of exasperating uniformity was not broken by any pleasure. On all sides the virgin forest bounded the horizon, somber and monotonous as the murmurs of the waters of the San Juan. The castellan had employed all the means suggested to him by his affection to distract his daughter; but boat trips and fishing excursions on the river pleased her less and less. She preferred—although she already knew it by heart—the story of the terrible battles that her father had fought against the Englishmen under Vernon, and that of the prowess of her grandfather, the brigadier and director general of engineers, don Juan de Herrera, who for more than sixty years had served the king in Europe and America, fighting gallantly against all kinds of enemies.

Whenever he evoked these and other glories of the Herreras, the captain could not keep from lamenting that God had not given him, instead of that daughter, a son capable of continuing the traditions of the family with his sword at his belt, and to whom he might transmit his knowledge of the art of war; but this regret he smothered in the depths of his heart for fear of wounding his idolized daughter. One night, after the frugal meal, when the conversation reverted, as it had on so many other occasions, to the city of Cartagena de Indias, the captain chanced to relate how he had

mounted the artillery on the Cerro de San Lázaro, by order of the viceroy, don Sebastián de Eslava. With a wealth of details and tracing imaginary lines on the table he indicated the plan of the defenses and the emplacements of the cannon. The girl listened to him with the greatest attention; not so doña Felipa, however, who ended by falling asleep in her easy chair of leather. Noting it, don José interrupted his description and said with a certain bitterness:

"I see that I am wearying you."

"Not me, father. I delight in stories of war."

"Dost thou mean it?"

"Yes; and God knows that I wish I were a man in order that I also might serve the king."

"Ah! if only thou wert, how many things I could teach thee!"

"It is not necessary for me to be so in order to learn."

"It is true; but what would be the use of thy learning to manage a cannon?"

"At least to while away the time."

The captain's countenance became overcast with a veil of sadness when he heard the reply that revealed the boredom of the girl.

"My poor little child," he murmured to himself; and then, suddenly arising, he added in a loud voice: "let us go to bed, for it is late."

That night, however, he passed long hours before he succeeded in wooing sleep. He tossed on his couch, seeking a remedy for his Rafaela's weariness, but he could think of none, except the one he himself had suggested, and which he considered foolish. To undertake to give instruction in artillery to a slip of a girl that was still playing with dolls: what nonsense! and he continued to rack his brains in vain. Nevertheless, on the following morning, don José de Herrera began to instruct his daughter in the manipulation of cannon, convinced that she would soon tire of this new pastime also; but it was not so, and the child showed such application that at the end of a few months she could compete with the best artillerymen of the castle. The soldiers of the castle did not weary of admiring her dexterity and her accurate

marksmanship. The captain enjoyed seeing her bustle about, smiling and happy; only doña Felipa was wont to protest against an exercise so inappropriate for a well born woman, but she did so weakly, fearing that her daughter's sadness, now entirely vanished, might reappear. Besides, another reason occurred to the good señora for being tolerant. She tried in every way to avoid crossing her husband, whose ill health was for her an object of constant anxiety. For some time the captain's strength had been visibly declining, and in his emaciated face could be discerned the progress of the disease that was sapping it. One morning he was not able to rise at the sound of the reveille, as was his custom. The remedies that were offered him were useless, and after forty-eight hours he expired, consumed with fever. The two women, after piously shrouding the body of the man that had loved them so much, knelt about the mortuary couch to give free expression to their immense sorrow. In the castle reigned a majestic silence. All deplored the death of the good commander, and still more the orphanhood of doña Rafaela.

Into the bedroom suddenly hastened the sergeant under whose command the castle had been left for want of a commissioned officer. His aspect revealed great consternation.

"Señora," he said in an excited voice, addressing doña Felipa, "a soldier has just arrived from the lookout with the news that the English are coming up the river in boats."

Doña Felipa continued to look at the sergeant with eyes of terror, without uttering a word. The girl sprang up with a bound:

"We must strengthen the lookout immediately!" she exclaimed.

"I have already ordered the boats to be made ready and I am going to despatch them," replied the sergeant, withdrawing rapidly.

A few minutes afterward came the sound of distant cannon fire and discharges of musketry. The sergeant returned, almost breathless, to say that the lookout had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and that a boat could be seen approaching with a white flag.

"They are sending us the bearer of a white flag to demand surrender," replied doña Rafaela. As she said this, she dropped upon the inert body of her father, bursting into great sobs. Doña Felipa wrung her hands, imploring the aid of all the celestial court. After the passing of some moments of supreme anguish, the girl straightened up. She was transfigured. The natural softness of her face had disappeared, and in her large gray eyes shone the piercing and resolute glance that flashed from those of the captain when he was alive. Her voice became sharp, imperative:

"I shall speak with the Englishman. Go to your post and make ready for defense."

The sergeant unhesitatingly obeyed. Suddenly, and to the surprise of doña Felipa, who watched her in silence, Rafaela removed the traces of her grief, re-touched her hair and put on her best clothes. Shortly afterward the sergeant returned to inform her that an English officer sought speech with the commander. Doña Rafaela went forth with a firm step, and from the wall she interpellated the messenger, who was on the other side of the moat in front of the drawbridge:

"What brings you here?"

"I desire to hold parley with the commander," replied the officer in good Spanish.

"It is impossible at present, but I can serve in his stead."

"With whom have I the honor to speak?"

"With doña Rafaela de Herrera. I am the castellan's daughter."

The Englishman bared his head courteously.

"Señorita, I beg of you to tell your father that I come to demand the keys of the castle, in the name of his Britannic majesty."

"Are you unaware, perhaps, that the castles of his Catholic majesty are taken only by force of arms?"

"This is wont to be the rule when there are those to defend them."

"And who has told you that the Castillo de la Purísima Concepción is defenseless?"

"The prisoners that we have taken in the lookout."



"They have lied to you."

The officer smiled maliciously, saying: "They have also told us that don José de Herrera is gravely ill."

"And if it were true?"

"We know that there is no other commissioned officer in the castle."

"None is necessary."

"We are two thousand strong."

"I thought there might be more of you, since you dare to suggest surrender."

"Resistance will be useless."

"It remains to be seen."

"Is this your last word?"

"The last."

"We shall soon be here."

"You will be well received."

The Englishman saluted, while at the same time murmuring between his teeth: "Always the incorrigible Spanish haughtiness," but in his own mind he praised the courage of the girl through whose mouth had spoken several generations of doughty warriors.

Doña Rafaela, assuming from that moment the command of the castle, ordered her father's body to be buried with the honors prescribed by the regulations. As the ceremony was concluding, the hostile craft appeared. With insolent daring, the Englishmen leaped ashore, setting up their tents within cannon range; and, certain, as they were, that the fort would capitulate before their threats, they began a series of skirmishes that were in truth sufficient to awe the garrison, demoralized, as it was, by the death of its leader. Seeing that the negroes and mulattos were making a move to surrender, doña Rafaela felt the noble blood that ran in her veins boil with impetuous force, and she rebuked them, painting their conduct in glaring colors. Had they forgotten, perhaps, the oath that they swore to the king, to die in defense of the castle? What of the duties imposed on them by military honor? Were they going to permit such an affront to be offered to Spanish arms? Were they going to surrender basely the fortress, the stronghold of the province of Nicaragua and of their families, as well as the wife and the daughter of their commander? Oh, if don José de Herrera could arise, how quickly would he force the

Englishmen to reembark, as in Cartagena de Indias! The soldiers, respectful and crestfallen, listened to the girl's ardent words; but on the faces of all was painted the most profound discouragement. Then doña Rafaela, with a sublime impetuosity, ascended alone the tower of San Fernando, charged a cannon and opened fire on the camp of the enemy. She did so with such good fortune that at the third discharge she succeeded in planting a ball in the commander's tent, killing him.

Infuriated by the death of their leader, the English began a fierce attack upon the castle; but now the garrison, filled with enthusiasm by the girl's heroism, offered them an energetic and courageous resistance, causing them heavy losses in men and boats. Under cover of the darkness of the night, they renewed the attack from the river. Doña Rafaela frustrated it by a very ingenious contrivance. She had sheets soaked in rum and thrown lighted into the water upon branches of trees to illuminate the field of action. The English, surprised to see those floating torches, imagined that they had encountered the ancient Greek fire, and they suspended the attack. The battle lasted five days, until finally, discouraged, the English abandoned the camp, returning to their ships and to Jamaica.

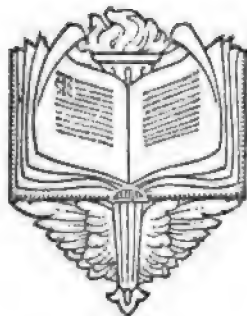
The defeat of the British caused immense rejoicing in Nicaragua, especially in Granada; and when the heroic girl, with her mother, reached the city, where they took up their residence, she was received in triumph and covered with praises and blessings for having saved them. Some years later, she gave her brave and beautiful hand to a Granadan gentleman named don Pablo de Mora; but Providence did not vouchsafe her the happiness that her heroism and her virtue merited. A widow and the mother of five children, of whom two were lame, doña Rafaela was living plunged in great poverty, when, in 1780, the captain-general of Guatemala, don Matías de Gálvez, was in Granada. The hapless heroine appealed to him, entreating him to inform himself regarding the glorious event in order that he might give an account of it to the king and incline his Catholic majesty to succor a Spaniard,

the daughter of such honored parents and ancestors. Don Matías de Gálvez hastened to write on the subject to his brother, the minister of the Indies, and on November 11, 1781, don Carlos III rewarded doña Rafaela de Herrera y Udiarte with a modest life pension, for having rendered "such signal service . . . by forcing the enemy, in spite of his superior forces, to raise the siege and take to a shameful flight." These are the exact words of the royal grant.

When the king of Spain bestowed the miserable and tardy recompense upon the woman accorded the greatest honors, the English had already avenged the affront that doña Rafaela had inflicted upon them. An expedition commanded by Colonel Polson, and of which Horatio Nelson, the future conqueror at Trafalgar, formed a part, set out from Jamaica and

attacked the Castillo de la Purísima Concepción in April of 1780, obliging it to capitulate on the second of May following, for lack of water, and after twenty days of siege and bitter fighting. The commander, don Juan de Ayssa, defended it with marked courage, but he was less fortunate than the heroic maiden.

In 1857, one of the descendants of doña Rafaela, General Tomás Martínez, was summoned to occupy the presidential chair of Nicaragua, and on this occasion the government newspaper recalled this deed the memory of which ought to be perpetuated in bronze. There have not been wanting those that placed it in doubt, among other a notable North American writer, an apologist for the filibuster William Walker but written and reliable testimony that it preserved proclaims doña Rafaela as one of the greatest heroines of all times.



# THE NEED OF A NEW CONCEPTION OF LAW

BY

ALEJANDRO ÁLVAREZ<sup>1</sup>

Few American writers are so well qualified, by reason of their investigations, study, varied experience and association with international movements and organizations, to discern and to estimate the trend of social, economic and legal developments in the near future, as the author of this article. After a concise but comprehensive sketch of the old conceptions of law, he points out what he conceives will be the inevitable tendencies of the present and future, holding that "the object of law at the present time is to effect human solidarity;" and that "the extent of its rules is greater or less according to the environment in which it is developed. Its tendency toward solidarity is universal, for everywhere are occurring phenomena that cause law to take this new direction; but in many other realms it differs according to the qualities of nations, racial genius, et cetera. . . ." "With this new orientation of a positive and practical philosophy of law may disappear the causes of anarchy and discredit that hitherto have affected it. It will thus be in a position duly to perform its functions: of educating public opinion and imparting to it a greater consciousness of its aspirations; of guiding legislators in the reforms they ought to accomplish, and judges in the interpretation and development of positive legislation."—THE EDITOR.

WE ARE passing through one of the most important and critical periods recorded by the history of humanity. We are witnessing not only a notable modification in the map of Europe, but also a change of regimen in social life and a transformation in thought, doctrines and sentiments.

From these points of view we may compare the events of the present with those of the French revolution. After 1789 people proceeded in almost all countries to reconstruct social life on the basis of the *individualism* proclaimed by the philosophers of the eighteenth century and established by the great revolution as a protest against the régime that existed at the time. Individualism is the exaltation of human personality, which is conceived to be endowed with fundamental rights inherent to it, the mission of the state being that of assuring the protection of these rights, while concerning itself little or not at all with the general good. As the peoples were not prepared for so sudden a change, there was a long period of anarchy.

The regimen that is to follow the recent war is one of coöperation, which grew up slowly during the course of the past cen-

tury: it is therefore recognized and accepted, wanting nothing but the act of definitive consecration. In other words, the régime that followed 1789 was established suddenly, by revolution; the new régime, in spite of the events that have occurred in Russia and other countries of eastern Europe, will be the result of evolution, if the governments are able to foresee events and prevent the advanced elements from carrying the reforms farther than necessity demands.

A curious phenomenon, of an intellectual character, occurred in the course of the last century, which it would be well to point out, because it is of capital importance in the orientation of the political sciences and, above all, in the future conception of law.

In the eighteenth century two great philosophical currents dominated: French *social* and *political* philosophy, represented by Montesquieu, Rousseau and Voltaire, and German *moral* and *juridical* philosophy, headed by Kant and Fichte. The French philosophers worked out the fundamental bases upon which the contemporary state was constructed. They proclaimed, indeed, at the same time as *individualism*, respect for private property, national sovereignty, the division of authority and the constitutional regimen; they exalted the rights of the individual, but they left their duties hazy. The

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered on the occasion of his admission as an honorary member of the faculty of law of the Universidad de Chile.

German thinkers, it was, that concerned themselves with establishing one philosophy or doctrine of morality and another of law. It was Kant that exercised the most profound influence, in this respect, throughout the world. He was the first to give to morality a basis other than the Christian religion; the chief characteristic of his philosophy was that of relating policy with law, and law with morality. The French philosophy and the German philosophy of the eighteenth century, far from being opposed to each other, complemented each other, both being founded on speculations upon human nature.

Divers circumstances, particularly national interests, genius of race, geographical situation, social and juridical tradition, systems of legislation, et cetera, caused, in the course of the eighteenth century, philosophical, juridical, political and international conceptions, as well as other manifestations of culture (economic sciences, education, liberal arts, et cetera)—although uniform in their fundamental points—to have a special physiognomy in three great groups of nations, thus giving birth to a number of *schools*: France and the other Latin countries of Europe and America; England and the United States; Germany, Austria-Hungary and the Saxon and Slavic countries.

On the other hand, the continuous transition, during the course of the eighteenth century, from the individualistic regimen to that of solidarity or coöperation, produced on the political and social sciences an eclecticism and an anarchy that were aggravated by the diversity of methods of study or investigation employed. These methods were: the deductive, metaphysical, aprioristic, inductive or by observation, called also historical and comparative; the physiological, the psychological, the sociological and the teleological.

Many thinkers, especially Fouillée and Renouvier, attempted to put an end to this anarchy by means of philosophical doctrines on an eclectic basis, without obtaining any result.<sup>2</sup> In France, in Italy, in

Germany and also in the United States<sup>3</sup> there had been a great movement designed to end the crisis, particularly in respect of the philosophy of law.<sup>4</sup> The present time will be propitious for accomplishing this object, thus preparing the way for new conceptions in harmony with the regimen that may be established.

In order to know, at least in its fundamental points, what this new conception may be in respect of law, it is easy to trace in outline the idea that has been held regarding it in different countries during the nineteenth century, and at the same time to indicate the importance of the elements that are to give a new direction to juridical and social life.

The notion of law has been changing constantly, thus passing through different stages or phases: being metaphysical in antiquity; theological in the middle ages; rationalistic or in accord with natural law, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the nineteenth century the conception of law varied according to the method employed in the study of it: according to the historical school it is the product of history; according to the sociological school, it is the product of society; according to the materialists law had no ideal; and the neo-idealists, on the contrary, conceived of it as natural law, but on a positive and evolutive basis. Besides, and because of the circumstances already indicated, the concept of law has been different in three groups of countries:

1. The Latins, at whose head stands France, have been subjected to the influence of Roman, canonical and natural law and of moral philosophy (ethics); the latter two being in turn influenced by theology.

2. The Germanic peoples were influenced by Roman and natural law and by moral philosophy, the latter two being

<sup>3</sup>In the United States, this movement is directed by a committee of the Association of American Law Schools, of which the eminent jurisconsult Mr. John A. Wigmore is the chairman.

<sup>4</sup>The most important of these works have been translated into English and published in *The Modern Legal Philosophy Series* (13 volumes), a work edited by a committee of the professors of the law schools of the United States, and in *The Continental Legal History Series* (volume XI), published by the same association.

<sup>2</sup>On these eclectic systems see Fouillée: *La science sociale contemporaine*, pages 379 and following; Henri Michel: *L'idée de l'état*, Paris, 1896, book V, chapter III.

understood according to German philosophy.

3. The Anglo-Saxons received almost no influence from either canonical law or theology, and only a very weak influence from Roman and natural law;<sup>5</sup> but they were influenced by their juridical traditions, English moral philosophy and the utilitarian school.

In the conception of law, there is a profound difference between the Anglo-Saxon group, on the one hand, and the Latin and Germanic groups, on the other. The Latin and Germanic groups—which we term continental for greater clarity—admits the existence of a law apart from positive law, that is, that there are juridical relations, although they be not prescribed by legislation. These relations were derived formerly from human nature (natural law); and to-day, from conscience or public opinion; they have a moral character only; but, under the name of *principles of justice*, they serve to interpret legal precepts and to fill the voids that exist in their provisions.

The Anglo-Saxons conceive of law in the positive sense only, as an emanation of the higher authority of the state and one that ought to be applied by courts of justice. Abstract law is not considered true law. The notion of justice exists, without doubt, and it springs from public opinion, played an important part in the primitive development of *equity* and was taken into account by tribunals in the development of juridical rules.<sup>6</sup> This materialistic idea

of law that has prevailed among Anglo-Saxons was upheld by Blackstone, Bentham, Austin and the majority of the contemporary jurists.

The difference in the conception of law between the two groups of peoples to which we have referred is manifested even in juridical terminology. The continental group has two terms with which to express juridical relations: *jus*, *droit*, *derecho*, *diritto*, *Recbt*, to signify justice or law in the abstract; and *lex*, *loi*, *ley*, *legge*, *Gesetz*, to indicate positive law, established by sovereign authority, compliance with which may be exacted by courts of justice. The words *jus*, *droit*, et cetera, are applied also to the whole body of the positive system of legislation: so we say "civil law," "penal law," et cetera. The Anglo-Saxons, on their part, have no adequate terms to indicate these two aspects of law: they have merely the word "law,"<sup>7</sup> which is applied both to law as a whole and to positive legislation. The lack or absence of a term to express abstract law clearly demonstrates the slight importance attached to it by the Anglo-Saxon group.<sup>8</sup>

On the other hand, the body of positive law is viewed in a different manner by the Anglo-Saxon group from what it is by the continental group. The continental group deems it a systematic whole, and it studies it as such: from this body the jurists deduce the general principles that govern concrete cases. These general principles serve to interpret the law and to develop it by applying it to cases not provided for

<sup>5</sup>In respect of the influence of natural law, see Sir Frederick Pollock: "The Law of Nature," in *Journal of Comparative Legislation*, volume II, pages 204-213; *ibidem*, volume III, pages 413-433. Compare also A. S. Thayer: "Natural Law," in *Law Quarterly Review*, volume XXI, page 60; J. W. Salmond: "Law of Nature," in *Law Quarterly Review*, volume XI, page 121. For the influence of natural law in American jurisprudence, see J. E. Keeler: "Survival of Natural Rights in Judicial Decisions," in *Yale Law Journal*, volume V, page 14; C. G. Haines: "Law of Nature in State and Federal Judicial Decisions," in *Yale Law Journal*, volume XXV, pages 617-657.

<sup>6</sup>It is interesting to note that, in spite of the slight influence that Roman law has had on Anglo-Saxon legislation, there was developed in it, on grounds similar to those of ancient Rome, an institution, also similar, to supply the deficiencies and correct the defects of civil law: it was the *equitas* of the chancellor, which gave origin to the legal system of the *equitas*, different from *common law*<sup>7</sup> and very similar to the legal system of pretorian law, because it was founded

originally on natural justice. At the present time, however, this difference between *common law* and the *equitas* is almost lacking in importance.—See Salmond: *Jurisprudence*, fourth edition, 1913, pages 34-39.

<sup>7</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>To designate abstract law, the Anglo-Saxons employ the Latin word *jus* and also the term *equitas*, but the latter has the disadvantage of meaning, besides natural justice, the body of the rules of civil law recognized by the courts of chancery (which at the beginning applied to natural justice), and it is rather in this sense that the term *equitas* is employed to-day. On the contrary, there are two terms to designate positive law: *law*<sup>8</sup> and *right*.<sup>9</sup> The latter is employed to indicate one of the manifestations of positive law, for example, *personal rights*,<sup>9</sup> *legal rights*,<sup>9</sup> et cetera. These expressions are not used by the other group, which makes use of the general term "law."

by it, and if it be wanting, recourse is had to the principles of law and natural justice. The interpretation and development of law are always, in the continental group, the work of jurisconsults, who criticize the existing law, as well as the decisions of the courts.

The Anglo-Saxons have a different conception of their legislation, which they consider a mere body of particular rules that have been recognized by the courts of justice; it therefore possesses an essentially particularistic and casuistical character: in it are not sought general principles, which, on the contrary, are despised. This group regards positive law in the same way that the continental group regards penal law: there are concrete laws only, and not general principles applicable to cases not foreseen in it. Anglo-Saxon law is not developed by jurisconsults, but by the courts; the functions of the jurisconsults are limited to following the decisions of the courts and to taking them as existing law, without criticizing them, or by doing so in a very weak manner only.

Another difference between the two groups of legislations is to be found in their mechanism: the legislation of the continental peoples is codified, while that of the Anglo-Saxon group is not. Both systems have advantages and disadvantages, which we have studied in former works.<sup>10</sup>

It might be added, in short, and as a logical consequence of all that has been said before, that in the continental countries law is studied as a part of general culture, while in the Anglo-Saxon countries it is studied mainly from the professional and practical points of view.

The diversity in the conception of law and justice between the two groups to which we have referred has had its natural effect on philosophico-juridical studies. The philosophy of law, indeed, far from being a branch cultivated in all countries, as occurs in the cases of the other political and social sciences, has received atten-

tion in the continental group only; the Anglo-Saxons have not concerned themselves with scientific studies of law other than those of an historical character and those that set forth the rules that govern the different branches of positive law, comprehended in the term "jurisprudence."

The continental group looks upon the philosophy of law as a science that embraces the study of law in itself. Its method, until the nineteenth century, was based exclusively on the speculations of reason regarding human nature. As a consequence, this philosophy—like law in itself—has always been ascribed the character of universality and immutability: a philosophy of a variable, evolutive or particularistic character, that is, professed only by certain peoples, would have been deemed an absurdity.

The philosophy of law has been conceived of in Germany in a manner different from what it has been in France. In Germany it has been confused with natural law, as it was understood principally by Kant and Hegel; but certain philosophers had set on foot a reaction in favor of giving to these studies a more positive character. Under the name of "juridical encyclopedia" the Germans now study the general principles that govern all the branches of positive law: the method chiefly employed is the philosophical and historical.<sup>11</sup> Under the head of "general theory of law" they study the fundamental principles that govern private law, especially those of civil law, derived from Roman law, as it was in force in Germany before the codification. These studies fell under the influence of the metaphysical philosophy of Kant and Hegel, and afterward that of the historical school.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>10</sup>One of the best works from this point of view is Gereis's *Introduction to the Science of Law*, published in English in volume I of *The Modern Legal Philosophy Series*, Boston, 1911.

<sup>11</sup>The following work may be mentioned especially: *Sader Institutionen*, the introduction to which contains a general examination of law, according to the historical school. This work was translated into English by Hastie with the title of *Outlines of the Science of Jurisprudence*. The general part of this work on Roman law is devoted to a scientific analysis of the fundamental conceptions of law.

<sup>12</sup>Álvarez: *Une nouvelle conception des études juridiques et de la codification du droit civil*, Paris, 1904, première partie, chapters VII and VIII.—Compare Salmond: *Jurisprudence*, fourth edition, 1917, pages 26-27.

In France the philosophy of law felt for a long time the influence of natural law, with which it is often confused. Because of their empiricism, these studies fell into discredit and they were almost abandoned.

At the end of the nineteenth century occurred a reaction that tended to give them a more positive character. Recently the works of Duguit, Charmont and Demogue have opened to the philosophy of law new horizons.<sup>13</sup> Under the caption, "introduction to the study of law," are studied the same subjects as those that the English call "jurisprudence" and the Germans "encyclopedia."

In Italy, besides the important works of Miraglia, Vanni, Del Vecchio, Carle and others, the philosophy of law has also been cultivated according to anthropological and sociologic almethods. The works published from this point of view are numerous.

From the second half of the nineteenth century several factors gave a new orientation to social life, one that had its influence on juridical relations and even on the very conception of law. It consisted in the gradual replacement of the *individualistic* régime, bequeathed by the French revolution, by that of *solidarity* or interdependence between individuals and between states, which produced a consequent anarchy in the political and social sciences.

Let us see in general outline wherein consists this transition from individualism to solidarity, and what its effect is on the notion of law.

In the course of the last century, the great material and moral progress, and especially the development of democracy and socialism, led the isolated individual to consider himself no longer the prime object of society, and increasing preponderance began to be given to general interests over particular interests. People commenced to see in the attributes of the state, not a power for command, but, rather, the fulfilment of a duty, a social function, for the good of the community. Democracy and socialism have had great power of expansion, because they are no longer de-

rived from a *perori* speculations regarding human nature. like the individualism of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, but from the new conditions of social life.

On the other hand, the great development of industry and commerce, the increase and rapidity of the means of communication, the progress and diffusion of ideas, had gradually induced interdependence between nations; no nation was sufficient unto itself, and each needed the commerce and the culture of the others. Economic life and human activity had become essentially cosmopolitan; coöperation had been established in almost all the realms in which national interests were not in opposition, especially in administrative services, there coming into existence international unions (postal, telegraphic, et cetera). Hundreds of international associations were formed in all the spheres of human activity, and conferences, with the most varied objects (humanitarian, ethical, scientific, industrial, et cetera, and, above all, for the regulation of juridical affairs), were being held continuously. The most notable of these conferences were the ones called peace conferences, held at the Hague, in 1899 and 1907, which inaugurated a new epoch, since they proposed to extend the dominion of law and justice in international relations. The "declarations" and the "convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes," signed in these assemblies, are a masterly synthesis of the sentiments in favor of peace, justice and fraternity that then animated the peoples; the third "declaration" "recognizes the solidarity that unites the members of the civilized nations."

As a logical consequence of this growing interdependence, many relations of private law had passed to the domain of international law, and there came into being an "international administrative law," an "international commercial law," an "international labor law," et cetera; and the United States had recognized several limitations of the principle of absolute sovereignty for the benefit of general interests.

During the great war, the régime of coöperation took a definitive step: the

<sup>13</sup>The most important of these works have been translated.

belligerent governments, even the most individualistic, such as Great Britain and the United States, recognized from the time they entered the struggle that they could not face the new situation under the regimen under which they existed, and they abandoned it, establishing in its stead interference or control by the state. The governments increased their authority in a manner hitherto unknown, taking under their direction or taking over completely the production and consumption of foods, the means of communication, the industries necessary to the maintenance of the war, et cetera, et cetera; and this increase of authority was effected, not by the abuse of power, but peacefully, with the unanimous consent of the people, who deemed it necessary to the ends in view.

The same thing occurred in the realm of foreign relations: close political and economic coöperation, at the same time as uniformity of ideas in international affairs, was established between all the states that constituted the two belligerent groups. This coöperation was directed by delegates of the respective governments, gathered in groups that functioned periodically; and it was due only to this régime that the war could be carried on for so long a time, without all the countries being overwhelmed in a frightful catastrophe.

The conclusion of the great conflict has demonstrated the impossibility of a return to the individualistic regimen. The nations of eastern Europe, especially Germany and Russia, are passing through a period of the liveliest expectation; and, in respect of the victorious countries, the work in which the peace conference is engaged and the direction given to its labors do not leave room for the least doubt that there exists a desire to secure coöperation in proportions and in a manner that would hitherto have been considered utopian and irreizable.

This conference has held, indeed, that, at the same time that the conditions of peace are being fixed, it is necessary to lay the foundations of the new national and international life. For this purpose it has appointed committees to study the new economic and industrial conditions, and it has elaborated a plan of a "league

of nations," destined to create a true society of the states. Down to the present time, the basis of international life has been the absolute independence of countries, to which everything has been subordinated; in the future this basis must be a solidarity in which will be sought the general good, and to which must be subordinated the particular interests of each state.

Individualism of national and international life being abolished, it is evident that the notion of law and justice, which have been based on it hitherto, will be modified and brought into harmony with the new order that is to be created.

What will this new conception of law and justice be? The same factors or phenomena that tended to eliminate individualism in the course of the nineteenth century furnish us the chief lines of this conception.<sup>14</sup>

It should be said at once that a whole division of civil law, that is, the law of the family, has always been regulated—and it tends to be more so every day—with a view to the interests of the group in general, rather than of the isolated or individual interests of the members of the family. Such are the rights and duties that subsist between parents and children, between husbands and wives, et cetera.

On the other hand, a branch of public law, that is, administrative law, was developed progressively in the course of the last century. This branch of law is, in large measure, merely the limitation of private property for the common good. Examples of it may be seen in the administrative services, expropriations for public utility, public services, those of police, hygiene, et cetera.

The changes of an economic character have had a double effect on civil legislation:

1. They have enlarged the scope of the application of private law, breaking up the body of existing legislation to form a new one based on other principles.

2. They have disturbed the unity of legislation, creating in many realms a special legislation and one of a nature entirely particular, which affects a whole

<sup>14</sup>Álvarez: *Une nouvelle conception des études juridiques et de la codification du droit civil*, Paris, 1904.



category of persons (laborers) and looks to their interests. During the course of the great war the belligerent nations enacted many laws that substantially altered the existing ones: laws that were always designed for the general rather than for the particular good. The body of these laws constitutes a "private law in case of war." There is also, in many realms, by the side of civil law and law applicable in time of peace, a civil and a commercial law for the time of war, of an entirely different character.

The new conception of the state and its attributes, the notion of administrative law, that of the law of the family, the principles on which labor legislation is based, those that have given rise to private law in case of war, and the ideas that were developed in the peace conferences point the way for the new conception of law and its future orientation. This new conception is based on *solidarity*, in virtue of which juridical relations must be adjusted, not to individual interests, but to collective interests. The American Institute of International Law was the first body that sought to carry to a practical realization this new orientation. Indeed, in its first session, held at Washington in January, 1916, it drew up a "declaration of the rights and duties of nations," the principal feature of which is the recognition that notions of social duty, of solidarity and of general interests ought to guide, and, at the same time, to limit the fundamental rights of states.

The different plans, which, in my capacity as secretary general of the institute, I presented to the session held at Habana in January, 1917, with a view to the reconstitution of international law, are likewise based on this new conception of law and social duty.

The teachings of history and of contemporary life show us how false are the starting points adopted hitherto by the philosophy of law in respect of its *origin*, its *object*, its *extent* and its *nature*.

As to its *origin*, it has been believed that law has an existence in itself and that it is founded on human nature; the *object* that is assigned to it is to regulate the relations of coexistence between individuals, that is,

to regulate juridical relations with a view to individual interests alone; and it is believed to be of *universal* extent and of *invariable nature*. If some of the more recent works on the philosophy of law show an abandonment of these conceptions in part, especially of the characteristics of universality and immutability, they have continued to uphold the others just indicated.

At the present time, more than at any other, it seems to be clear that law is generated by the environment in which it exists. In this manner is formed a common opinion, a juridical conscience, the result of history, of ideas, of sentiments, of education, as well of the phenomena that manifest themselves in social life. Some of the juridical ideas that are formed pass into positive legislation; others remain merely in the domain of opinion and constitute morality. This juridical conscience is in constant evolution, as are the social acts of which it is the reflection; so that principles that were at the basis of social life for ages, such as slavery, for example, have given way to the contrary principle, that of liberty. This latter notion, in turn, has changed in the course of the nineteenth century: from absolute and unbridled liberty we have passed on to the rational and limited liberty that modern society demands.

The juridical conscience, or rather, public opinion, is therefore the true source both of juridical principles and of morality: it governs to-day all national and international life. In international life, public opinion exercises different functions: it gives rise to juridical rules and also derogates them; it watches over and sanctions their fulfilment; it facilitates their interpretation and development; it places a restraint on the immoral policies of strong nations; it is one of the best guaranties of the enforcement of arbitral decrees; it approves and gives formal recognition to the acts accomplished by force in its name; and, finally, it demands, and gives direction to, reforms in international life.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>15</sup>As to the rôle of public opinion in relation to constitutional law, see Bryce: *The American Commonwealth*, edition of 1914, volume I, pages 387 and following.—The author's reference was to the French translation. We have taken the liberty of changing the reference to the original work.—THE EDITOR.

In private law—owing to the existence of the legislative, executive and judicial powers—public opinion does not play the part it does in international law; but, besides creating juridical principles and those of justice, it demands the establishment or the derogation of positive juridical rules, and it gives direction to the interpretation and development of them.

The *object* of law at the present time is to effect human solidarity; and the *extent* of its rules is greater or less according to the environment in which it is developed. Its tendency toward solidarity is universal, for everywhere are occurring phenomena that cause law to take this new direction; but in many other realms it differs according to the qualities of nations, racial genius, et cetera.

In the future, studies in the "philosophy of law," the "juridical science," the "general theory of law" and other similar studies ought not to be addressed to the study of law itself, in the abstract, but they ought to trace out the main lines of its evolution in the light of history, to investigate the different conceptions of it that have been held, especially in the course of the nineteenth century, while comparing the fundamental institutions of the several groups of countries in which this diversity of conception exists, and, in fine, to look into the different social factors which, from the second half of that century, have had influence everywhere in giving a new direction to law, that is, to law of a social character. This is the point upon which

it is necessary to insist in an especial manner in order to prevent the uncertainty and anarchy that have existed because of the transition from the individualistic regimen to that of solidarity.

After a study of the nature indicated, it might be possible little by little to approach unity of fundamental conceptions, or at least to establish clearly in what realms exist irreconcilable divergences, and the causes that have provoked them.

To give this new direction to the philosophy of law, it is necessary to study the development of institutions throughout the ages, as well as the influences that have been exerted on it by the phenomena of the environment; it is necessary, besides, to observe at the present time the effects of the great war on social life. The war has been rich in instruction, for it has subjected existing institutions to a severe test, exhibiting their advantages and defects; it has also revived human intelligence, causing it to abandon traditional prejudices and ideas and seek new solutions.

With this new orientation of a positive and practical philosophy of law may disappear the causes of anarchy and discredit that hitherto have affected it. It will thus be in a position duly to perform its functions: of educating public opinion and imparting to it a greater consciousness of its aspirations; of guiding legislators in the reforms they ought to accomplish, and judges in the interpretation and development of positive legislation.



# THE COVENANT OF THE FEDERATION OF CENTRAL AMERICA<sup>1</sup>

ADOPTED BY GUATEMALA, EL SALVADOR, HONDURAS AND COSTA RICA

AT SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA, JANUARY 19, 1921

Whatever the final outcome of the movement for federation in Central America, the world of English speech will surely be interested in the covenant, or preliminary basis of organization, adopted by the representatives of four nations, with a view to submitting it to the respective governments for legislative action and, in case of formal adoption, for the creation of a constituent assembly that should prepare the federal constitution and federal laws.—THE EDITOR.

THE governments of the republics of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica, holding it to be a high patriotic duty to effect, as far as possible, the reconstruction of the federal republic of Central America upon a foundation of justice and equality that shall guarantee peace, maintain harmony between the states, insure the benefits of liberty and promote general progress and well-being, have seen fit to make a treaty of union with a view to accomplishing this design; and to that end have appointed as plenipotentiary delegates the following:

The government of Guatemala: their excellencies the señores Attorneys don Salvador Falla and don Carlos Salazar;

The government of El Salvador: their excellencies the señores Doctor don Reyes Arrieta Rossi and don Miguel T. Molina;

The government of Honduras: their excellencies the señores Doctors don Alberto Uclés and don Mariano Vásquez;

And the government of Costa Rica: their excellencies the señores Attorneys don Alejandro Alvarado Quirós and don Cleto González Víquez;

Who, after having received their respective full powers, which they found to be in due and regular form, have agreed to the following stipulations:

## ARTICLE I

The republics of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica join in a perpetual and indissolvable union, and they will

<sup>1</sup>The text of the covenant has reached us in *Revista de la Universidad* of Tegucigalpa, Honduras; *Centro-América* of Guatemala, Guatemala; and *La Patria* of León, Nicaragua, with slight verbal variations. Our

constitute henceforth one sovereign and independent nation, which shall be called the "Federation of Central America."

The federal power shall have the right and the obligation to maintain the union; and, in accord with the federal constitution, the internal order of the states.

## ARTICLE II

The four states shall participate, by means of deputies, in a constituent assembly, and they shall accept at once, as the supreme law, the constitution that the said assembly shall adopt in accord with the stipulations of the present treaty.

## ARTICLE III

In so far as it shall not be contrary to the federal constitution, each state shall preserve its autonomy and independence for the management and direction of its internal affairs, as well as all the powers that the federal constitution shall not attribute to the federation.

The constitutions of the states shall continue in force in so far as they shall not oppose the precepts of the federal constitution.

## ARTICLE IV

Until the federal government shall have secured, by means of diplomatic procedure, the modification, derogation or replacement of the existing treaties between the states of the federation and foreign nations, each state shall respect, and continue to comply faithfully with, the treaties that obtain between it and any foreign

translation was made from the text of *Revista de la Universidad*, with emendations drawn from the other sources.—THE EDITOR

nation or nations, to the full extent involved in the existing engagements.

#### ARTICLE V

The national constituent assembly, in formulating the federal constitution, shall respect the following bases:

1. There shall be one federal district administered directly by the federal government. The assembly shall designate and delimit the territory that is to form it, and shall indicate the city or spot within it that is to be the political capital of the federation. The state or states from which shall be taken the territory that is to constitute the federal district shall cede it, immediately and gratuitously, to the federation.

2. The government of the federation shall be republican, popular, representative and responsible. Sovereignty will reside in the nation. The public powers shall be limited by, and they shall be exercised according to, the constitution. There shall be three powers: executive, legislative and judicial.

3. The executive power shall be vested in a federal council, composed of popularly elected delegates. Each state shall elect one proprietary delegate and one alternate, of more than forty years of age and native citizens of the state that shall elect them.

The term of the council shall be four years.

The proprietary delegates and alternates must reside in the federal capital. The alternates shall participate in the deliberations of the council, without a vote; they shall have the right to vote, however, when the respective proprietary delegates do not attend the meeting.

The action of the council shall be valid only when all the states shall be represented in it. Decisions shall be based on the absolute majority of votes, except in those cases in which the constitution shall require a greater majority. In the case of a tie the president shall have a double vote.

The council shall elect from among the proprietary delegates a president and a vice-president, who shall serve for one year. The president of the council may not be reelected for the year next following.

The president of the council shall be the president of the federation; but he shall

always act in the name and by the vote or instruction of the federal council.

The council shall distribute itself in the manner it shall judge to be best for the administration of public affairs; and it may place at the head of the department or departments that it may consider proper any alternate or alternates.

The constitution shall determine the manner in which foreign relations shall be conducted and shall complete the organization of the executive power.

4. The legislative power shall reside in two chambers: the chamber of senators and the chamber of deputies.

The senate shall be composed of three senators for each state, elected by the congress of each state. Senators must be more than forty years of age and citizens of one of the states. Their term of office shall be six years, and they shall be renewed every two years by thirds.

The chamber of deputies shall be composed of representatives popularly elected, in the proportion of one deputy for every hundred thousand or fraction of more than fifty thousand. The constituent assembly shall determine the number of deputies that each state shall elect, until a general census of the federation shall have been taken.

Senators and deputies may be reelected indefinitely.

The quorum of each chamber shall consist of three-fourths of the total number of its members.

No law shall be valid, if it shall not have been approved, in separate chambers, by the absolute majority of the votes of the deputies, and by two-thirds of the votes of the senators; and, in case it shall not have obtained the sanction of the executive, according as the federal constitution may provide.

5. The judicial power shall be exercised by a supreme court of justice and by the lower tribunals that the law may establish.

The senate, from a list of twenty-one candidates that shall be presented to it by the federal executive, shall elect seven proprietary justices, who shall compose the court, and three alternates to fill the temporary vacancies of the proprietaries. Absolute vacancies of proprietaries or alternates shall be filled by a new election.

Justices shall be irremovable, except by judicial sentence.

The supreme court shall have cognizance of controversies that may arise between two or more states; of conflicts that may occur between the powers of the same state or of the federation regarding the constitutionality of its acts; and of all the other subjects that shall be intrusted to it by the federal constitution or the organic law.

The states that have questions pending between them regarding territorial boundaries or regarding the validity or the carrying out of decisions or decrees dictated before the date of this treaty may submit them to arbitration. The federal court may have cognizance of these questions, in the capacity of arbiter, if the interested states submit them to its decision.

6. The federation guarantees to every inhabitant liberty of thought and of conscience. It may not legislate upon religious subjects. In all the states, the principle of tolerance in religion, when such shall not be contrary to morality or good conduct, shall be obligatory.

7. The federation recognizes the principle of the inviolability of human life for political crimes or crimes connected therewith, and it guarantees the equality of all men before the law, and the protection the state ought to give to the helpless classes and the proletariat.

8. The federation guarantees liberty of teaching.

Primary instruction shall be obligatory, and that which is given in the public schools gratuitous directed and supported by the states.

Colleges for secondary instruction may be founded and maintained by the federation, by the states, by the municipalities and by private individuals.

The federation shall create, as soon as may be possible, a national university; it shall give preference—in respect of their early establishment—to the sections of agriculture, industries, commerce and the mathematical sciences.

9. The federation equally guarantees in all the states respect for individual rights, as well as freedom of suffrage and rotation in office.

10. The army is an institution designed

for national defense and the maintenance of peace and public order; it is essentially passive, and it may not deliberate.

Soldiers in active service shall not have the right to vote.

The army shall be exclusively under the orders of the federal council.

The states may not maintain any other force than the police that shall be necessary to assure public order.

The garrisons of a permanent or temporary character that the federation shall maintain in any state shall be commanded by national commanders, of free appointment and removal by the council; but in case a subversive movement shall arise in any state, or it be merely feared that a serious disturbance may arise, these forces shall be placed under the orders of the governor of the state. If this force be not sufficient to put down the rebellion, the governor of the state shall request and the council shall grant the necessary reinforcements.

The law shall establish regulations for the military and garrison service and for military instruction in such a manner that they shall be subject to fixed rules.

The council shall have the free control of the arms and military supplies that exist at present in the states, after the latter shall have been furnished with the quantity necessary for the police forces.

The states recognize the necessity and expediency of the federation's reduction of the arms and military forces to what is indispensable, in order to give back workers to agriculture and the industries, and in order to apply to the common progress the excessive sums that were being spent on this branch.

11. The federal government shall administer the national public exchequer, which shall be different from that of the states. The law shall create federal revenues and taxes.

12. The states shall continue to meet the payments on their present internal and foreign debts. The federal government shall be under obligation to see to it that these payments shall be made faithfully, and that the revenues pledged shall be applied to this end.

In the future, none of the states may

contract for or place foreign loans without the authorization of a law of the state and the ratification of a federal law, nor may it enter into contracts that shall in any way compromise its sovereignty or independence or the integrity of its territory.

13. The federation may not contract for or place foreign loans without the authorization of a law that shall be approved by two-thirds of the votes of the chamber of deputies and three-fourths of the votes of the senate.

14. The constitution may indicate a period after which the ability to read and write shall be an essential prerequisite for the exercise of the right of suffrage for the election of federal authorities.

15. The constitution shall detail the steps by which an amendment may be made to its provisions. Nevertheless, if the amendment shall alter one or more of the bases enumerated in this article, it shall be an essential prerequisite that, in addition to the prerequisites that the constitution shall exact in general, the legislatures of all the states shall give their concurrence.

16. The constitution shall determine and specify the subjects that shall be the exclusive object of federal legislation.

The national constituent assembly, in formulating the constitution, shall complete its plan and principles by developing the bases, without contravening them in any respect.

Immediately after the enactment of the constitution, the assembly shall decree complementary laws on the freedom of the press, protection and state of siege, which shall be deemed a part of the federal constitution.

#### ARTICLE VI

The national constituent assembly to which article I of the present treaty refers shall be composed of fifteen deputies for each state, who shall be elected by the respective congress.

To be a deputy, one must be more than twenty-five years of age and a citizen of any one of the five states of Central America.

The deputies shall enjoy immunity in their persons and goods, from the moment the result of the election shall be announced by the congress of the state until one month

after the close of the sessions of the assembly.

#### ARTICLE VII

The quorum of the assembly shall consist of three-fifths of the total number of deputies.

Voting shall be by states. In case one or more of the deputies of a state be absent, the deputy or deputies present shall assume the complete representation of the state. If there be a divergence of votes between the deputies of a state, the vote of the majority of its deputies shall be considered the vote of the state, and in case of a tie, the one that is in accord with the majority of the votes of the other states shall be considered the vote; or if there should be a tie among the latter, that which is in harmony with the majority of the individual votes of the deputies.

The decisions of the assembly shall be determined by the majority of the votes of the states.

#### ARTICLE VIII

For the carrying out of what has been stipulated there shall be instituted at once a provisional federal council, composed of one delegate for each state. This council shall be intrusted with determining all the measures preliminary to the organization of the federation and to its initial government; and especially with convoking the national constituent assembly; with promulgating the constitution, constituent laws and other resolutions that the assembly shall enact; with decreeing what shall be the proper manner of the election by the states of delegates to the council, senators and deputies; and, finally, with giving possession to the federal council, after which its functions shall cease.

#### ARTICLE IX

The delegates to the provisional council must be more than forty years of age and citizens of the state that shall elect them.

They shall enjoy immunity in their persons and goods, from the time of their election until one month after their terms of office shall have expired. They shall enjoy, besides, in the state in which they exercise their functions, all the rights and

privileges which, by custom or law, are accorded to the heads of diplomatic missions.

#### ARTICLE X

The congress of each state, immediately after it shall indicate its approval of this treaty, shall elect its respective delegate to represent it in the provisional council, and it shall communicate the result of such election through the proper channel to the Central American international office. This office shall in turn communicate to the governments, as well as to the delegates elect, the fact of having received the ratification of three states, to the effect that, at the time therein expressed, the delegates shall meet to begin their labors.

#### ARTICLE XI

The provisional federal council shall meet in the city of Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, at the latest, thirty days after the third ratification of the present covenant shall have been deposited in the Central American international office.

#### ARTICLE XII

The presence of at least three delegates is necessary to render valid the action of the provisional council.

#### ARTICLE XIII

The provisional council shall elect a chairman and a secretary, both of whom shall sign all the necessary documents. The secretary shall conduct the correspondence.

#### ARTICLE XIV

When the fourth ratification shall take place, the Central American international office, or the provisional federal council, if it shall be then in session, shall summon the respective delegate to enter the provisional council.

#### ARTICLE XV

The congress of each state, at the same time that it shall elect its delegate to the provisional council, as provided by article X of this treaty, shall elect the delegates to the constituent assembly to whom the state is entitled.

#### ARTICLE XVI

When the election of delegates to the constituent assembly shall have taken place, the minister of foreign relations of the respective state shall make it known to the Central American international office, and he shall issue the proper credentials to the delegates elect.

#### ARTICLE XVII

When the Central American international office shall have communicated to the provisional federal council the election of the deputies effected by at least three states, the provisional federal council shall convoke the national constituent assembly in order that it may be installed in the city of Tegucigalpa, on a date that shall be determined by the decree of convocation, which shall be made known by telegraph to the minister of foreign relations of each state and to each deputy individually, thirty days or more in advance. The provisional council shall see to it that the opening of the constituent assembly shall take place not later than September 15 of the present year of 1921, the centenary of the political emancipation of Central America.

#### ARTICLE XVIII

The ratification of this treaty by three of the contracting states shall be sufficient to cause it to be considered binding and obligatory among them and to cause them to proceed to its fulfilment.

Any state that shall not approve this covenant may, however, enter the federation at any time when it shall make solicitation, and the federation shall admit it without the necessity of other steps than the presentation of the law approbatory of this treaty and of the federal constitution and constituent laws. In such an event, the federal council and the two legislative chambers shall be increased accordingly.

#### ARTICLE XIX

The contracting states sincerely deplore that the sister republic of Nicaragua does not at once agree to enter the Federation of Central America. If this republic shall

decide later to enter the union, the federation ought to extend to her the greatest facilities for her entrance, in the treaty that shall be made for this purpose.

At all events, the federation shall continue to consider and treat her as an integral part of the Central American family, as in like manner any state which, for whatsoever reason, shall not ratify the present covenant.

#### ARTICLE XX

Each state shall pay to the provisional council the sum that the latter may designate, to defray the expenses involved in the discharge of its functions, and it shall

fix and shall pay the *per diem* rates of the respective constituent delegates.

#### ARTICLE XXI

The present treaty is to be submitted in each state, as soon as may be possible, for the legislative approval required by its respective constitution; and the ratification shall be communicated immediately to the Central American international office, to which a copy shall be sent in the usual form. Upon receiving the copy of each ratification, this office shall make known the fact to the other states, and such notification shall be considered, and shall be equivalent to, an exchange.

*Executed at San José, Costa Rica, in four copies, the nineteenth day of January, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-one.*

*In witness whereunto the present treaty is signed by:*

For the re-  
public of  
Guatemala: { SALVADOR FALLA  
CARLOS SALAZAR

For the re-  
public of  
El Salvador: { REYES ARRIETA ROSSI  
MIGUEL TOMÁS MOLINA

For the re-  
public of  
Honduras: { ALBERTO UCLÉS  
MARIANO VÁSQUEZ

For the re-  
public of  
Costa Rica: { ALEJANDRO ALVARADO QUIRÓS  
CLETO GONZÁLEZ VÍQUEZ





# DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND

BY

JUAN MANUEL POLAR

(Conclusion)

In this concluding instalment, don Quijote and Sancho Panza not only have a variety of experiences of minor importance, but they reach the great occasion of the dread combat with the dragon and of the disenchantment of the kingdom of Quivira.—THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XIX

IN WHICH IS DESCRIBED THE BATTLE THAT DON QUIJOTE FOUGHT WITH A POWERFUL ARMY, AND ACCOUNT GIVEN OF OTHER EVENTS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE IN THE COURSE OF THIS VERIDICAL HISTORY

CIDE HAMETE BENENGELI, when he reached this point in the history of don Quijote, gave free rein to his fancy, and it is to be noted that his pen, guided by the natural enthusiasm that the knight-errant imparted to it, traced so rapidly the Arabic signs with which the narrator wrote, that it has been necessary to consult shrewd calligraphers and experts to clear up, if not all, at least what is most substantial and interesting in this part of our story.

Taking up then—and not without effort and long study—the thread of the curious adventure of the disenchantment of the kingdom of Quivira, it came to pass that, shortly after the discharge of cannon that transformed Sancho and drove the divinities of the wood to flight, there appeared among the trees dense masses of soldiers, some with rifles, others dragging cannon and not a few on horseback, all of whom, with great shouts and many orders, instantly surrounded don Quijote and his squire, and let go a new discharge of cannon and small arms, which resounded through the forest with a strange and frightful roar. Sancho, seeing now no way of escape, threw himself flat on the ground and hid himself as best he could, calling on the earth to open and swallow him up.

Hardly had the echo of the firing ceased when there burst out a strain of music so martial and harmonious that don Quijote,

who was already deeply stirred and ready for the combat, when he heard it, was thoroughly carried away by his enthusiasm; his eyes flashed, and he went off his head, and, snatching up Rocinante's reins, he said with lordly arrogance:

"Have at me, in unequal battle, falconets, harquebuses and crossbows!" and, without taking time to commend himself either to God or the devil, he hurled himself upon the foremost soldiers that appeared; but as they evaded him, without our hero's being able to perceive it—so wild was his enthusiasm—he kept on repeating his thrusts in the air, with as much fury as if he were driving them into the breasts of his most hated enemies.

In the meanwhile, the soldiers fired blank cartridges, the detonations deafened the ear, the music continued, and the supposed combatants raised the devil with their cries and mockery; and don Quijote, mad as a March hare, kept on, boldly and undauntedly, vociferating challenges, brandishing his lance and fighting the air, fixed, as he was, in his insanity and wholly convinced that he was clipping off heads and cutting down enemies to the right and left of him.

It seemed that there would never be an end to the famous hoax played by the soldiers, or to the anger of don Quijote, who believed himself to be in the bloodiest of battles, when there sounded a piercing trumpet, and on hearing it, the whole army cried out as in one voice:

"We are beaten! Let us fly, let us fly, for don Quijote is victorious!" and, doing as they had said, they disappeared into the forest, and the gunfire and the tumult ceased as if by enchantment.

Our hero did not perceive the flight of

those he supposed to be his enemies; he continued to pour out insults and to ply his lance; but Sancho, after a short time, encouraged by the silence that had fallen on the scene, raised his head a little, and, becoming aware that there were no longer any soldiers and that his master was fighting alone, he pulled himself together and sat up, wiping his eyes and looking first one way and then the other, and, filled with surprise, he made out to lift his voice and say to don Quijote:

"Doesn't your honor see that you have already beaten all your enemies? Have pity on me now, as I can not get up, for my legs have turned to wool."

Don Quijote heard him, and little by little he came to himself; lifting his lance and, looking about him with the sweeping glance of an arrogant victor, he said:

"Severe and heroic has been the battle, as in the battles of the times of Achilles. Hast ever seen, O audacious squire! a more hard-fought or sanguinary battle?"

"Hard fought it may have been," answered Sancho, seating himself on the ground; "but as for blood, I see not even a trace of it."

"What!" exclaimed don Quijote; "hast thou not seen then how many heads I have cut down; how many breasts I have thrust through; how many cavaliers fell at my feet crying for vengeance; and how many horses were upset by the vigor of my indomitable arm? Against me came a great company of armed people, goodly paladins, arrogant knights of the order of Santiago, haughty Teutons, hidalgos of the Jarretiera, all with their devices and blazons, as doughty and goodly as the Amadis and the Belianises, the Tirantes and Tablantes, they of the Table Round and the Nine of the Fable. Horsemen charged, steeds pawed, armors clashed; smoke and dust in dense clouds blinded the combatants; we were deafened by the uproar and thunder of the falconets and arquebuses; darts flew, aimed by expert bowmen, and, when the struggle was thickest, upon me came the king of France, followed by the princes, commanders and heralds, and with martial mien and never-beheld daring he crossed with mine his sovereign arms; and, after a sharp conflict and much hard

attack and being attacked, I succeeded at length in disarming him and remaining master of the field. The hosts fled, the steeds dashed riderless into the forest, and the king of France himself and his court of knights and hidalgos also abandoned the field, proclaiming me victorious."

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed Sancho; "and how many feats did my señor master perform without my seeing one of them!"

"Thou sawest none then? Wast thou not here, fighting at my side, with servitors and commoners?"

"I, fighting? . . ." said Sancho, much surprised. "Your honor has been dreaming or is on the point of losing your reason (if it is not true that you have lost it absolutely), when you assure me that I was in the fight. I could testify by my ears, and not from what my master tells me, only to the noise, which caused me so much anxiety, not less than to the music, which was accompanied by shouts and even laughter; but as to seeing, I swear to God and to my own soul that I saw nothing of what your honor speaks; for such was my astonishment that I closed my eyes and got as close to the ground as I could, to wait until the squall should pass, which, thanks to God, has happened, and so much so that your honor is sound and well, and I myself feel no pains."

"How great a thing is fear," said don Quijote, "because by it thou wast prevented from contemplating the most astounding battle recorded by history."

"I am very sorry not to have seen all these feats and marvels," said Sancho; "but permit me, your honor, my señor master, to say that I am invaded by certain doubts as to the affair. If your honor dispersed so many troops and conquered so many knights, and disarmed the king himself, where are the spoils? Where are the signs of all this courage and destruction? Who bore off the wounded; what has happened to the dead? May I pass a bad twelve month if these fables do not make it clear that your honor is touched in the head!"

"I can understand thy doubts," said don Quijote, "and I am going to clear them up. Thou must know that everything that pertains to knights-errant, and

very especially to thy master, is always veiled in enchantments and witcheries; so that, just as falsehood and deception disguise themselves as truth, and succeed in convincing the rabble, so the truth, owing to the trappings and appearances with which sorcerers cover it, is changed into falsehood and deception, to that same rabble about which I have just spoken. If it be not so, answer and tell the truth in all that thou sayest or mayest be asked."

"So I shall answer," said Sancho, and don Quojote at once began the interrogation in the following manner:

"Is it not true that thou heardest the detonation of heavy guns and the noise of falconets and arquebuses?"

"Yes; that is true."

"Is it not true that thou sawest troops and militia in such number and tumult that they filled the woodland and its surroundings for more than a hundred leagues roundabout?"

"Yes; that is true; but not as to the leagues, for I could not see so far."

"Is it not true that these armies attacked us to the sound of unheard-of martial music, and by discharging all their weapons at us?"

"This also is true."

"Furthermore, is it not true that a hot fight was engaged in at this point and hour?"

"Do not go on questioning, your honor," said Sancho, "because at this point and hour, as you say, I no longer paid any attention to aught save my own fear, and, if my legs had not failed me, your honor would now have no one of whom to make inquiry, and no one that could answer questions."

"It is not necessary to go on," said don Quijote, "for thy first declaration, as an honest man and one in no wise given to lying, is sufficient and more than sufficient to verify what has happened. If there were noise of arms, and soldiers and companies, and music and attack, and if I have remained on the field, who came off the conqueror in this encounter?"

"I declare myself convinced and I confess," answered Sancho.

"Convicted and confessed, it were better thou shouldst say," replied don Quijote.

"Do me the favor not to pick my vocabulary to pieces," said Sancho, "for what matters is to make one's self understood, and I am neither a bachelor of arts nor a lawyer, to be putting words together. As to the battle your honor describes, I accept it as done and ended, and at the first inn or castle that we chance on I shall describe it in detail, painting it with such deeds and bickerings and sword thrusts that not a little will be the renown your honor will acquire by the event, I myself being satisfied with the leavings."

"It is not well," said at this time don Quijote, who was all aflame, "to sleep on our laurels; and let us be stirring, for great and new adventures await us in the emprise of disenchanting the kingdom of Quivira."

"What! Is not that hateful kingdom—which God confound—disenchanted yet?" asked Sancho. "We have had to do with devils, with filthy divinities given over to lewdness, and, finally, with armies and even with the king of France, and we have vanquished them all, and your honor still desires more adventures and difficulties. No more was lacking! Observe, your honor, that as the pitcher goes to the well until it comes back without a handle, so the devil does by his son until he makes him lame. Let not my master be so stubborn, for, with such deeds as those we have wrought this day, I swear by my soul that not only the kingdom of Quivira, but all the kingdoms of the earth ought to be disenchanted; and what behooves us now is to return and report and give account of all our enterprise, in order to receive the rewards that are to be meted out to misfortunes and sufferings."

"As to the disenchantment of Quivira, we have yet to learn," said don Quijote, "for no sign or circumstance makes it known whether or not we have completed this enterprise, since every disenchantment or return to the natural state, whether of persons or of kingdoms, is at once made manifest in a clear and palpable manner; which does not occur in the case we have in hand. It will be necessary therefore to continue as we have begun, friend Sancho, until we see the end and outcome of this adventure."

Don Quijote, after giving utterance to

the foregoing phrases, took the lead, and at an easy gait the two saddle animals set out, but not without Sancho's again reasoning with his master two or three times, until, wearied with the slight attention paid him—don Quijote being given over, as he was, to his thoughts and adventures—the servant also fell silent. They had advanced but a short distance, after leaving the place of battle, when they saw crossing the road a flock of meek white sheep, led by a pretty shepherdess and two stripling shepherds, who stopped as soon as they saw don Quijote, bidding him a good afternoon with pastoral simplicity. Our hidalgo returned the salutation amiably and complacently, and, fixing his eyes on the shepherdess, he let himself say:

A maiden so beautiful  
Ne'er saw I in a countryful  
As this cowherdess  
Of La Finojosa.

With ingenuous surprise, the shepherdess thanked don Quijote for his gallantry; and Sancho, who was tired and hungry, said:

"Could you tell us, sister shepherdess, whether there be in these parts an inn or hostelry, where we could take a bite and strengthen ourselves?"

"Neither an inn nor a hostelry is to be found hereabout," answered the shepherdess; "but if your honors would not take it amiss, I should be pleased to have you come to rest awhile at my farm-house, which, although poor and humble, will not be without the fresh milk of my cows, the honey of my bees, brown bread and an easy couch."

Don Quijote was enchanted with the words of the shepherdess, and he said:

"Great is the honor you bestow upon us, beautiful shepherdess, and I should accept it more gladly than if it came from a queen—for this affair of being a queen does not depend on a throne or a crown, but on beauty and free-handed gentility—but fatal destiny leads me along another road, and in pursuit of a certain enterprise, which I must continue, contrary to the will and desire that you bear entangled in the fleece of your gentle sheep."

"How is this to be understood?" said Sancho; "and ought my señor master to

despise such goodness and courtesy as are offered us? I am not a knight-errant and I never proclaim myself docile or obedient, either with princesses or with shepherdesses, but on this occasion it would seem to me to be discourteous and boorish not to yield at once and accept the kindness with which this shepherdess favors us; and all the more so if it be borne in mind that the day is far spent, that weariness has already set in and that we are not in Lent to be fasting from Maundy Thursday until Saturday."

Whereupon the shepherdess turned to don Quijote and said to him in a sweet and tranquil voice:

"It is true that the day is drawing to a close, and it would pain me that night should overtake you without food and shelter, all the more so, when to-morrow, as soon as God shall send the day, these shepherd boys that you see here will set you again on your way, without the enterprise of which your honor speaks suffering any mishap or delay, unless it be, señor knight, that your greatness would not wish to seek the shelter of my humble farm-house."

"Say no more, shepherdess queen," said don Quijote, "for as soon as I hear the sound of your voice, not only to the farm-house, but to the end of the world, would I follow your steps."

When the modest damsel heard what don Quijote said, she blushed and she thanked the hidalgo; and, the shepherd boys going ahead, and Sancho bringing up the rear, all cheerful and happy, they entered the path that wound among the ancient pines.

## CHAPTER XX

IN WHICH IS GIVEN A NARRATIVE AND DETAILED ACCOUNT OF WHAT DON QUIJOTE DID AND SAID IN A MODEL FARM-HOUSE

WHILE they were going along the path, which wound in and out among the trees of the forest, don Quijote asked the shepherdess what was the latest news regarding the enchanted kingdom of Quivira.

"There is much news," replied the shepherdess, "but your honor is surely

informed about the great battle that took place to-day in this wood through which we are passing."

"I am informed," said don Quijote, "and I should be greatly pleased to learn what comments are being made in the neighborhood regarding the wrongs that gave occasion to the fight."

"The truth is," said the shepherdess, "that, as runs from mouth to mouth, a certain knight, of the kind called errant, who came no one knows how or whence, has entered these kingdoms with the novel idea that the kingdom of Quivira is enchanted and that he is going to undertake to disenchant it; and, passing from words to deeds, this knavish knight—it is not known whether from lack of judgment or because he is a rascal (for he is painted in both ways)—appeared to-day in this forest equipped for battle, accompanied by the good-for-nothing varlet that serves him as a squire; but as soon as the armies of the kingdom appeared, they gave to the adventurers such a beating that neither the witless dischanter nor the rascal of a servant had any desire to continue the fray."

No sooner had Sancho heard these remarks than he became angry, and he was about to answer the shepherdess when don Quojote raised his voice and spoke on this wise:

"It is thus, friend Sancho, that what is called public opinion twists and warps the great events of history. Neither surprise nor anger ought to be caused thee by what this young woman says, for since she is simple or credulous, she repeats these mistakes and falsehoods invented by knavish scoundrels and rascals in despite of the merits of others. It is characteristic of great men to stand up for the right, without giving heed to what is said or left unsaid regarding them; and it is also natural in the despicable to try to tarnish by imposture the fame of others, which is the humiliation and chastisement of their own vileness."

"Then I declare," said Sancho, "that I do not have the pleasure of possessing any of the qualities your honor has just spoken of, and that, fortunately, neither am I a great man nor do I wish to be one,

because, to be mixing in quarrels and strife, in order that afterward any ragamuffin may exercise his tongue about one, is as if we should say: 'After bruises a beating,' or that: 'One bears the burden that others may enjoy the fame,' which is what is happening to us, according to the report of this young shepherdess, to whom it will be well to say that three 'muches' or three 'littles' bring people to a bad end: Much speech and little knowledge; much spending and little having; much presumption and little worth."

Silently and pensively went don Quijote along the road, and Sancho, who was thinking only of resting and putting something in his stomach, after a moment, asked the shepherdess whether they were very far from the inn.

"Not far," answered the damsel; "for the distance to be traversed to the farmhouse (and not the inn) must be about a kilometer."

"And what is a kilometer?" asked Sancho.

"A kilometer contains a thousand meters," replied the shepherdess.

"I do not understand that, either," said Sancho, "and I do not like to play with riddles."

"This is no riddle," answered the shepherdess; "but, if the squire would like to have it put more clearly, let me tell him that a kilometer contains somewhat more than a thousand Spanish yards."

"Then it does not seem to me to be so very near," said Sancho; "but, in fine, hunger that expects satisfaction is not hunger but happiness, since, when we arrive, we shall not have to wait for chops and roast kid."

Whereupon the travelers reached the edge of the forest, and there opened to view an extensive and fertile plain on which alternated fields of grain, just turning, with meadows covered with clover of many kinds and beds of vegetables, and arbors and nurseries here and there, scattered in agreeable and picturesque disorder. Don Quijote was filled with delight as he contemplated the pleasant country, to which was lent a mysterious and enchanting quiet by the warm atmosphere and the waning light of the summe

afternoon; and then, feeling in his soul the placidity of the rural life, he spoke as follows:

What life could be more restful  
Than that of him who flees the worldly riot  
And pursues the deeply hidden  
Path that has been trodden  
By the few wise men that in the world have  
been?

In the meanwhile, to shorten the distance, and guided by the shepherdess, they took a cross-country road, and in a little while, proceeding along a lane bordered with wide-spreading trees, they reached the farm, which was one of those beautiful estates that Uncle Sam possesses, distributed throughout his vast domains as models for the farmers and cattlemen.

As soon as don Quijote had stopped his horse, on reaching the entrance to the rural dwelling, several servants approached him with every show of respect and attention; one of them took hold of Rocinante's bridle, another offered don Quijote his assistance, while another aided Sancho to dismount; and then the superintendent, a man of fine appearance and good breeding, placed himself at don Quijote's service, saying that he was the superintendent, and that his name was don William, and begging our hidalgo to go inside and rest in one of the rooms that were visible there.

Don Quijote thanked him for his courtesy, and, noting that at the back of the court stretched an arbor with seats and rustic tables, he said that he preferred to remain there to rest and enjoy himself. The superintendent, don William, consented to it; and don Quijote and his squire, to their great delight, seated themselves, while the shepherds drove the bleating sheep on to the folds.

The buildings might indeed serve as models. They stood in the middle of an orchard of fruit trees, with the dwelling-house in the center. About it the out-buildings were grouped, all singularly clean; as a whole they contained every kind of convenience and comfort, both for the flocks of the new crossings and for the shepherds that had charge of them; and very clever and discreet was Uncle Sam's idea, of having don Quijote conducted

there by guile and artifice in order that he might rest and recover from the fatigues of the day, while giving him at the same time an opportunity to weave new plans.

Shortly after they arrived, in came the shepherdess, bringing on a tray six glasses of fine crystal, with foaming milk, still warm from the cows. Don Quijote drank it slowly, and then he said to the shepherdess that, since she was conferring such kindness upon him, she might think what he could do to return the favor, in view of his quality as a knight-errant, and that, likewise, he would be greatly pleased to know what her name was in order that he might fix it in his mind.

"Belisa is my name," said the shepherdess, "and as for repaying me, I have nothing to say except that I shall be more than happy if so worthy a knight will make himself at home at this inn."

"A lady, and not a shepherdess, you are, beautiful Belisa," said don Quijote, "for such are your courtesy and discretion that you might well be compared with that other Belisa, the one that was accompanied by the nymphs Cintia and Dorida."

"I say the same," said Sancho, "even if I am not acquainted with the señoras of which my master speaks;" and, turning to the superintendent, he added: "milk is a good thing, señor don . . . —what does your honor say your name is?"

"William, at the service of the squire," replied the superintendent.

Sancho made him a bow and said:

"As I was saying, señor innkeeper (and pardon me, your honor, if I do not call you by your Christian name, for fear that I may not be able to pronounce it); milk is a good thing, as I said, but something of substance and condiment would not go ill; for, understand, your honor, that we have traveled all day and we have had encounters and altercations by wholesale and retail; that shocks thin one down; and that one's stomach becomes empty by participation."

"First of all," said don William, "let señor Panza (for such they have told me is your name) know that I am not an innkeeper, but the superintendent of the farm and the herds."

"Well, then, that your honor may not

take umbrage, I say, señor farmer, be so good as to give us something to eat, for milk is more of a drink than a food."

"I shall serve you immediately," said don William, disguising his laughter; and he invited don Quijote to go into the dining-room to have something to eat; but, as the knight said they could eat just where they were with more comfort and pleasure, don William gave orders, and two or three servants began to come and go, bringing out the cloths and tableware, which they put on a willow table. Around them the guests proceeded to seat themselves with rural frankness, and master, servant and don William and the shepherdess partook of soup, cheese, butter, crisp bread, ham, and chops and a dessert of jelly and marmalade.

When they had finished the meal, Sancho said:

"It is true that there is nothing like baiting, and all the more so in an inn that does not seem like one, since it is so well supplied, for inns are always tricky and are wont to descend to giving penitence, and not pleasure, to the palate, as is the case on the present occasion, señor master."

"It is as thou sayest," said don Quijote; "but the truth is that with the passing of time (and much time has passed since the period of our adventures), it is natural that even inns and taverns should be changed, from the thieving hostelries they were, into abundant and well provisioned caravansaries; for, with the flitting of the years, things and customs are purified and refined."

"And are there many guests that come to this inn?" asked Sancho.

"No, indeed;" said don William, pleased to hear himself called innkeeper; and then he added: "to-day, without going farther, we give hospitality to your honors only."

"A bad business is this," said Sancho; "as we are knights-errant, we have not the custom of paying for service."

"Such a proceeding does not seem honorable to me," said don William, "and all the more so when the apartment that I put at your disposal is well worth twenty dollars."

"What are dollars?" asked Sancho.

"You are behind the times, señor

squire," answered don William, "if you do not know that the dollar is the master of the world, since it is the money of the greatest known value."

"*Pesetas* or Gothic *pesos* and even *peluconas* you might say, and we should understand each other well enough," said Sancho; "but, returning to our account, on this occasion, brother innkeeper, you will go without dollars, but not without dolors for not collecting them; yet not for such trivialities should the manners and customs of knights-errant be changed, above all, since neither my master nor I have made the acquaintance of a farthing, for if we ever had it, it was wrested from us by that arch-rascal Uncle Sam on the occasion of our enchantment."

Don Quijote paid no attention to the conversation that was going on between don William and Sancho Panza, as he was entertaining himself by watching the return of the flocks to the folds, and the going and coming of the shepherds, who were busied with their tasks; but don William, in order to loose don Quijote's tongue, turned to him and said:

"Is it not true, señor knight, that no one may be denied wages without doing him an injustice and injury, since every one that labors or serves has the right to be paid in money in proportion to his labor and service."

"Yes; it is true; but the desire for money and gain ought not to be the main-spring and motive of our actions."

"That sounds well enough as a saying," remarked don William, "but what I know and what all the world knows is that in this our age, which is better and more prosperous in a thousand respects, than past ages, men concentrate all their energy and enthusiasm upon accumulating fortunes, both for the enjoyment of greater pleasure and for the increase of their honor."

"Not in this age only, but in all ages," said don Quijote, "has it been a desire and a vice of human beings to treasure up riches, until in modern times, as you say, this desire and longing has exceeded what occurred in happier epochs; and I call them happier because the increase of avarice (and such is its name) leads to malevolence, impoverishes the spirit, darkens the



understanding and makes man selfish and mean."

"So it is in theory," maintained don William, "but in practice it is quite different, for at every step it is to be noted that don Money is the finest of gentlemen."

Don Quijote took umbrage when he heard this assertion and the tone in which it was uttered, and he immediately replied:

"It is not wealth, señor Espantacabras,<sup>1</sup> that makes for the happiness and good name of mortals; man must be filled by loftier and nobler aims; and if your honor is ignorant of this because it does not come from within you, it will be hard for us to understand each other."

"May the señor don Quijote pardon me," said don William at once, "if I failed to express myself clearly, since what I meant to say was what happens in the case of most people, but not what I myself think; for I incline rather to your honor's opinion."

Don Quijote suddenly calmed down, and he said sententiously:

"It is illusion and insensate fantasy that move those that live to accumulate riches. They live in disquietude and anxiety, in schemes and speculations, in barter and gain, without a moment's repose, and every day with greater thirst for wealth, as if they were ill of hydropsy of the spirit and blindness of the understanding, since they are not able to see that when death comes their riches remain in the world, and he that stores them up returns poor and naked to the bosom of the earth."

"It turns out also, for the mockery and punishment of the miserly and avaricious man, that the fortune he has heaped up for his own benefit, and which he has not succeeded in enjoying, passes at length into the power of accumulated money, which increases industry and its rich products for the common weal, whereby is returned to the whole that which miserliness and avarice have subtracted. So admirable are the order and harmony with which Providence governs the world, that even the base and miserly, thinking to

work out their own happiness, contribute unconsciously to the prosperity of states; and it could not be otherwise, since no one has the right to appropriate to himself what the supreme Creator poured out upon the face of the earth for the maintenance of all men."

As soon as don Quijote had ceased speaking, don William, who was listening to him with rapt attention, said:

"According to what may be observed, your honor is somewhat informed in economic science."

"What science is that?" asked don Quijote.

"It is the most modern of sciences and the one that most preoccupies wise men and rulers at the present time," answered don William.

"In what does it consist, or how is it defined?" don Quijote asked again.

"It consists," replied the superintendent, "in fostering the increase and best distribution of wealth, that is, of the fruits of the earth."

"If it is as you say, señor don William," said don Quijote, "this science is not new, but as old as the world, since at bottom it is an affair of morality, and morality has been the law of humanity since humanity was in swaddling-clothes."

"We are not agreed," replied don William; "for morality is a thing of the spirit or of what is called the inner law, and economy is entirely the reverse, since it deals with, and refers rather to, the body, and the necessity of sustaining it."

"What you say, señor farmer," replied don Quijote, "has the appearance but not the substance of truth. To give an example: if my mind does not so ordain, my members do not enter into exercise for a certain purpose; and so, if morality does not dispose, men do not incline to do right, even in the most material and tangible manner. A great problem is this about which we have spoken, of distributing the fruits of the earth with justice and equity; but this problem finds an effective and beneficent solution only when men become convinced, by one means or another, that the world is the inheritance of all and that all have a right to their daily bread."

<sup>1</sup>Frightener of goats.—THE EDITOR.

Don William did not attempt to offer new replies to don Quijote, and don Quijote said, after a pause:

"Night is wholly fallen, and how pleasantly and softly it invites the spirit to wander in silent meditations."

It was as don Quijote had said, for the tranquil repose of the farm, the breeze laden with country perfumes, the melancholy bleating of the sheep, the song of one and another wakeful bird, the quietude in which nature slept and the light of the pensive stars communicated to the mind a sweet and serene abstraction.

Don Quijote would have passed long hours there, given over to his meditations, if Sancho's drowsiness and the effort that he and don William made to cause him to retire had not led him to decide to favor them and take himself off to bed, to sleep like a Benedictine.

## CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH WILL BE RELATED WHAT WILL  
BE FOUND IN IT

THE sun had been up for more than two hours when don Quijote awoke. He dressed hastily and awakened Sancho, who was still snoring. As master and servant left the room, they met don William and others that belonged to the farm, who were awaiting them; and they at once sat down to the table and did honor to an appetizing breakfast, at which the shepherdess Belisa was present. With the last mouthful, don Quijote was ready to take leave, but don William did not consent, saying that it was unnecessary to be in such haste.

"But it is necessary," said don Quijote, "for, your honor, señor don William, must know that to-day I have to undertake an adventure that admits of no delay, since in it are engaged my name and salvation and the liberty of a kingdom."

"I am informed regarding this adventure," replied the superintendent, "for a short time ago arrived two heralds in search of your honor, and when I thought to awaken you, they said it was not necessary, but, quite to the contrary, that it would be well for my señor don Quijote

to take a good rest, to be refreshed and strong for a certain encounter and combat that awaits him to-day; and the heralds added, among other recommendations, that your honor should have the kindness to set out after midday, and not before, that your arrival at the road of the Outrages should occur at the opportune moment and the one of greatest danger."

"In behalf of whom did those heralds come?" inquired don Quijote.

"I asked them the same thing," answered don William, "but they were not minded to tell me his name, they making it understood only that they were sent by a certain wise friend of your honor's, and that he offers you his support and protection in this event."

"Since the heralds have said this, it must needs be that we wait," said don Quijote; "let it not be said afterward that because I was impatient or fearful I bungled this delicate enterprise."

With time then at their disposal, don William invited don Quijote to take a walk through the shady groves that surrounded the farm-house, and they were accompanied by Sancho and the shepherdess Belisa. Our hidalgo was highly pleased with his walk, and for their greater comfort and to give their breakfast time to digest, they all seated themselves in a beautiful summer-house covered with flowering creepers, and in front of which, among rose-trees and lilies, pansies and verbenas, flowed a crystalline brook, artificially brought there to refresh the surroundings. That little nook—for such the shepherdess called it—was a leafy and delightful refuge against the rays of the burning sun, and the foliage and the flowers and the perfume disposed the mind to bucolic poetry. So don Quijote said, and then, with a tranquil and mellifluous voice, he recited:

*Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba,  
Et quae vos rara viridis tegit arbutus umbra,  
Solstitium pecori defendite: iam venit aestas  
Torrida, iam laeto turgent in palmi te gemmae.*

When he had finished reciting the verses, don Quijote sighed tenderly, and the shepherdess asked:

"What verses are those?"

"They are the ones spoken by Corydon in eclogue VII," answered don Quijote.

"They are probably very beautiful," replied the shepherdess, "but, to my regret, I do not understand what they mean, as I am a stranger to the language in which your honor recited them with such sweetness and sentiment."

"Then I shall try to translate them, out of homage to you, for, although not in verse, this is what they mean in prose: 'Ye mossy springs, and grass softer than sleep, and the green arbutus that shields you with its scant shade, ward the noon-tide heat from my flock. Now comes the summer's parching, now the buds swell on the gladsome tendril.'"

"Very opportune and appropriate this poetry seems to me," said the shepherdess, "and if your honor knows anything else that suits the place and occasion as well, I should be pleased to hear it."

"Yes; I know something else," said don Quijote; and with tender eyes and sweet and subdued voice he recited:

Flowing waters, pure and crystalline;  
Trees that look down upon yourselves in them;  
Green meadow, nestling beneath the fresh  
shade,  
Birds that scatter here your quarrels,  
Ivy that travelst through the trees,  
Winding thy way over their green bosom;  
I found myself so removed  
From the great uneasiness I feel  
That from pure happiness  
In your solitude I took refreshment,  
Where in sweet sleep I reposed,  
Or in thought I wandered forth  
Whither nothing found I  
Save memories filled with joy.

Don William and the shepherdess rewarded don Quijote with many congratulations and much applause as soon as he had finished reciting the verses, and even Sancho was of the opinion that the composition and rime were very pleasant to the ear.

"And not to the ear alone, but also to the understanding," affirmed don Quijote.

<sup>2</sup>Don Quijote, of course, gave a Spanish translation; we have taken the English translation of the Latin verses from H. Rushton Fairclough's *Virgil, with an English Translation*, London, William Heinemann: New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1920, volume I, page 53.—THE EDITOR.

"From what I see," said don William, "at this point, your honor is not only a knight-errant, but also a poet."

"I do not boast of being one," said don Quijote, "for I have composed only a few tolerable madrigals, the product of a heart torn by the pangs of love."

"I should never have believed it," said Belisa, "through modesty, not for any other reason, your honor disguises and conceals your ability and dexterity in composing poetry."

"I possess no such ability," said don Quijote, "but if I did, I am sure I should not show it off, and it is also true that I should not deny it, for to deny it would not be modesty but falsehood."

All remained silent, and don Quijote said, after a moment:

"Poetry has two manners or acceptations in the world, or, what is the same thing, there are two kinds of poets: those that make poetry and those that write or recite it. The former are the ones that, in my opinion, possess much and excellent merit, for by their deeds, great and noble, like those of the heroes, or deep and admirable, like those of the learned, or tender and solicitous, like those of lovers, or whether magnanimous and disinterested, like those of the good and the holy; by their deeds, I repeat, they compose epic poems, philosophical songs, lyric tragedies and enchanting psalms, in which lives beauty, as in the fruitful plant that gives delight with its comeliness and the perfume of its flowers. The other kind, that is, those that compose verses, possess, rightly understood, less of the poet, although more of art, for what they sing and describe is, indeed, no more than what they admire in nature and in their fellows. Who then has the greater merit, he that really lives poetry in his actions or he that sings or repeats it?"

"It seems to me," said Sancho at this point, "that he that does is better than he that says, only the latter is more discreet and prudent, since he exposes himself in no wise, while achieving a good name and favors and perhaps gaining a few farthings by the sale of what has been printed, although it is not a very flourishing trade, for hunger and the troubadour always go arm in arm."

"It is clear, friend Sancho," said the shepherdess, "that if your master is the first among dreamers, you are the first among the practical and the utilitarian, for you see things only on the side of expediency."

"That is true," said Sancho, "but to my misfortune, while following my master, it turns out that the blows fall more on me than on him."

"But, also, you receive favors," remarked don William.

"They are few and of no great value," said Sancho.

"It is to be seen," commented don William, "that no one is content in this world."

"Nor could any one be," responded don Quijote, "for in one way or another suffering is an inherent ill of human life."

"It all depends," said Sancho; "for one can also live comfortably and happily."

"I do not deny," added the hidalgo, "that one sometimes experiences prosperity, but it is so fugitive and transitory that it merely serves to render all the harder the tribulation with which it is always accompanied; and then, thinking of the sorrows of the world and its miseries, while beholding here and there sufferings, injustices and weaknesses, dampens all pleasure and enjoyment."

"This must be," replied Sancho, "when one thrusts himself in where he is not invited; for it is prudent and wise that every cat be seized by its claws, and that one try to save his skin and that of his horse."

"The world is a vale of tears," continued don Quijote, without giving any heed to the reply of his squire; "the everlasting aspiration, the longing to find happiness and glory, the maladies of the body and of the soul, cause our existence to be, in short, a perennial anxiety to fly from pain and to lay hold of happiness, which is the incurable mania of our insensate vigils. This of which I speak and which is and will always be old and always new, because it is applicable to men of all ages and all generations, is summed up by the great philosopher that set forth his opinion when he said: *'Feciste nos ad te, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.'*"

"It brings me no pleasure, and it seems to me rather to be a bad augury," said Sancho, "that my señor master should set himself to say responses, as if he were a parish priest or rescuer from purgatory."

Don William and the shepherdess smiled at Sancho's facetiousness, and even don Quijote himself applauded the sally; but afterward, recalling the adventure in prospect, the hidalgo said:

"The hour has come to set out, for not in eclogues and philosophizings are we to waste time, and the precious occasion that summons me. Go therefore, Sancho, to saddle Rocinante, and let us be off at once."

"Rocinante and the gray are ready," said don William, "for, in truth, it is now the hour at which the heralds said your honor was to set forth."

"That is, we are going to take to the road again?" asked Sancho. "This is a day, indeed, and another also. See, my señor master, that life is thus a breath and, by way of rest and variety, it seems to me that we might remain in this farmhouse and make for ourselves an Arcadia, such as your honor planned at another time. To live tranquilly, nothing is lacking here, for your honor could fall in love with the pretty shepherdess, and the first woman that might happen along would be good enough for me."

"Have done with Arcadias and outpourings," said don Quijote, "for the hour is one of battle."

"So it is, indeed," added don William, "and there is no other remedy, señor Sancho, than to set forth on the campaign, for the heralds charged, over and over again, that the squire should not loiter behind and remain at ease."

"All this seems very well to me, my señor," said the angry Sancho Panza. "Only yesterday the señoras pythonesses and the oracles, and to-day the heralds, dispose of my person according to their pleasure. Who are they, and with what right do they draw me into these straits, for I have never laid eyes on these persons in my life and they have just been introduced to me by name. Nothing more was lacking! May they go to the place where father Padilla went, because, as for

myself, I shall have nothing more to do with them, and in proof of this, I remain here as a shepherd or laborer, since for something it has been said, 'Shoemaker, stick to thy last,' and 'Let every fellow stand by his field.'"

"See here, Sancho, do not provoke me and do not drive me to anger," said don Quijote, "because thou knowest already that thy knaveries and thy fears have cost thee dear."

"And so dear," replied Sancho, "that hitherto, in all the years that I have served your honor, I have laid nothing by, and I am becoming bald."

"Courage, courage," said the superintendent, "for as to remaining here, this is impossible for the squire, since if he should attempt to do so, and I should consent, calamities and misfortunes would befall the farm, as the heralds prognosticated."

"They tell one that this is not an inn, and they permit one to unsaddle, and we have the heralds again, and then some more of their mania for making me do what I have no mind to!" protested Sancho; and he said, "who has given your honor a candle at this funeral, and if you had it, why did you not wake me up when these rascals came to play the devil with me, and make them see that I am nobody's fool and that I do not let any one run over me?"

"Have patience, brother," said the shepherdess, "for it would be useless to try to remain, since no one is permitted to stay here, and if you go about the country, you will be pursued by robbers and devoured by the lions and panthers that abound and run loose in this part of the world."

"It would be worse than that," said don William, "because if the squire does not decide to go along, I, complying with my obligation, shall have to shut him up in the calaboose until the heralds return to behead him, for those gentlemen explained the case thus a thousand and one times."

"That is to say, that they will lead me to the slaughter anyway?" asked Sancho.

"Fear not, my son, for thy health," said don Quijote, "for I shall be responsible for it."

"Your honor is not the person in whom one ought to confide in the affair of responsi-

bility," answered Sancho, "but if for going they beat me, as is certain, and if for remaining they throw me into the calaboose and cut my head off, which also is certain, of two evils the lesser, and I prefer to go; for this señor Espantacabras and this doña Sabidilla<sup>3</sup> must be Judaizers, since, without making any bones of it, they attempt to sacrifice a Christian. - Have thy own way, mule, and lay on the blows, and it is just as well to sell what is to be pawned, and let us get away as soon as possible from this inn, which appears to be hell itself!"

While speaking, all four of them were walking along, and when they reached the court of the farm-house, they found the saddle animals ready. Sancho immediately mounted the gray, without a thought of ceremony; and, examining his saddle-bags, he discovered that they were empty, and he said:

"Not a ration of cold meats have we, even for the road."

"Not on this account are you going to stay behind," said the shepherdess, and she went out and came back bringing more than a medium supply of provisions, which the squire stowed away to the best of his ability. Then don Quijote took leave of the superintendent, the shepherdess and the men of the farm, who stood about with all respect and courtesy; and master and servant set out, guided by a shepherd that knew the way.

In less than half an hour our travelers reached the railway. Then they took leave of the shepherd, and don Quijote, happy to have come again to a road that seemed so mysterious and significant, said to Sancho:

"Here we are once more faring forth, and my heart tells me that if we do but follow this path, so rigidly inclosed between these rails of iron that seem to represent inflexible destiny, we must soon reach the end of the adventure and emprise of disenchanting the kingdom of Quivira."

"What we are going to reach is the end of our lives," said Sancho; "and we well deserve it; that is, I do not deserve it, but your honor does, for being so capricious and foolhardy."

<sup>3</sup>Know-all, wiseacre.—THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER XXII

WHICH TREATS OF THE END AND CONCLUSION  
OF THE FOR A THOUSAND REASONS FAMOUS  
ADVENTURE OF THE DISENCHANTMENT OF  
THE KINGDOM OF QUIVIRA

The two horses began to move at an easy gait, and shortly afterward they saw, appearing in the distance, coming along the same road, something like a monstrous beast, which was belching out a heavy, frightful smoke. Don Quijote stopped and said:

"Seest what is coming toward us? It is nothing less than a dragon, with which I shall soon have to deal in single combat."

"Dragons with me? What are my feet for?" said Sancho, terrified; and, jumping off the gray, which refused to obey the bridle, he ran, quicker than a flash, to hide himself in the thick woods. A few moments passed, and then could be heard the snort of the locomotive that was approaching; for it was a train and nothing else—the supposed dragon—which was coming along the railway in the distance, shedding on the tops of the trees of the wood the smoke of its tangled tresses. Don Quijote vacillated between the idea of attacking the monster and of awaiting it, but, as he saw that it was coming toward him, he decided to follow the latter; so, firm in his stirrups, lance in place, frowning and threatening, his few teeth set, his face gaunt and fierce, he prepared for the encounter; while Sancho, in the thicket, seeing the ferocious locomotive approaching, stood terrified and with his mouth open, just as a multitude of spectators showed their heads among the trees of the forest, contemplating in suspense a scene such as had never before been witnessed. The locomotive whistled, and—with the panting of a maddened beast and making its wheels grind—creeping and proudly, it came toward don Quijote with majestic arrogance.

"Stop, fierce animal, infamous dragon!" cried the gallant knight of La Mancha; "for straightway, like the knight Saint George, I shall set my foot upon thy proud neck! O thou, señora Dulcinea del Toboso, hasten to thy knight in this harsh encounter and this never-beheld adventure!"

Saying this, don Quijote drove his spurs into Rocinante and dashed at the monster with heroic courage and daring gallantry.

WELL instructed and very wary and expert was the engineer in managing the locomotive in such a way as to cause it to frighten don Quijote, without doing him the least harm; so, as soon as he saw that the audacious knight was attacking with such impetuosity, he did what is called reversing the engine, and it backed very hastily, which, being observed by don Quijote, led him to burst out in exclamations against the cowardice and baseness of enchanters and dragons. The engineer, however, acting under orders, and just in time, stopped the engine, and, as if to reply to don Quijote's challenge, being always careful to preserve the proper distance, he then started it forward again, letting off steam on both sides, deafening the air with the whistle, and making it snort in such a way that any one except our brave knight would have given way terrified. At this point began a game and a mock battle of the greatest interest and impressiveness that ever was seen. The locomotive went back and forth, drawing after it its train of numerous coaches, like a gigantic, frightful snake; don Quijote attacked, vomiting insults, yet unable to overtake it; the onslaught increased from moment to moment; but in this dangerous hoax, the charging hidalgo being carried away, he also succeeded in setting Rocinante off, and the latter went ahead full tilt; and, before the engineer had time to back away, the enraged don Quijote dashed forward with his lance, trying to drive it into the glass eye of the fierce locomotive. So violent was the shock that horse and rider rolled on the ground, the lance flew into pieces, the train stopped, and a cry burst from those that were in it and from those that witnessed the scene from the thick of the woods; but he of the sad figure, panting and angry, rose at a bound, and, although he limped and his face was bloody and covered with scratches and bruises, he again mounted Rocinante; and, for want of a lance, laid hand on his sword, rushed

on the dragon and attacked with the flat of his weapon the side of the locomotive, which began to back away as if beaten and overawed, while from the wood, the engineer's cab, the tender and the coaches a burst of applause and hurrahs saluted don Quijote and proclaimed him the victor in the famous and never-before-seen adventure.

There would have been no end to the blows with which don Quijote punished the engine—such was his dauntless attack—had it not been that at the moment there descended from the train a great and noble cortège of ladies and gentlemen. In front came as many as six heralds, with shining trumpets, who advanced to salute don Quijote in a loud voice, and saying:

"Vanquished is the monster! Disenchanted is the kingdom! Honor and glory to the señor don Quijote de la Mancha, the disenchanter of Quivira and Yankeeland!"

Don Quijote was astounded at hearing these words, and still more so when he saw the retinue that followed the heralds; and, ceasing his blows, with his sword held high and with a proud gesture, he was at a loss for a moment, when two of the heralds, laying hold of Rocinante's bridle, after the manner of grooms, exclaimed:

"Permit, your highness, that we conduct your noble steed to the presence of his majesty the king of Quivira, emperor of Yankeeland and lord of the United States and of dominions in the Americas!"

Perturbed by the singular scene and without fully understanding what was happening, don Quijote let himself be led along, while those of the retinue opened to right and left, rendering him homage, as in the ceremony of a reception to legates and ambassadors. At the end of the lane formed by the ladies and gentlemen, raised upon a sort of portable throne and surrounded by black slaves, who made shelter for him with great fans of showy feathers, was the so-called king and emperor, who was Uncle Sam himself, slightly disguised; for, in order not to make himself known to don Quijote, he had had his goatee shaved off, and he had put on a very heavy wig of iron-gray hair. His majesty was dressed in a tunic of scarlet, with small-clothes of changeable velvet, stockings of silk, em-

broidered with gold, and shoes of the same material. The whole costume was very beautiful, and it was overlaid with spangles and precious stones. He wore also a rich crown, set upon his head like a cap, held stiffly and awkwardly; he held, gripped in his right hand, a sort of scepter, very similar to the rods used by circus trainers; and, as a complement to his royal insignia and vestments, our good Uncle was honored by a mantle of scarlet bedecked with as many stars as there are states in his dominions. However, and without his being able to hide it, he seemed delighted to conceal his person and his principles as a thorough-going democrat under the disguise of aristocracy.

When don Quijote reached the presence of the so-called king and emperor, one of those that acted as grooms held his stirrup, and then the hidalgo, recovered from his astonishment and entirely at home in affairs of ceremony and courtesy, sheathed his falchion, descended from Rocinante, and with great decorum and urbanity bent his knee before his pretended majesty. The monarch, without permitting him to kneel, said to him:

"Not at my feet, but in my arms, señor knight, is where your greatness and valor ought to be at this moment of happy memory in which you have driven away demons, dispersed armies, conquered the dragon and disenchanted my person, the persons of my vassals and my kingdom. At this point and hour are fulfilled the announcements of the pythonesses and the oracles, and behold, henceforth the Knight of the Sad Figure shall bear the device and blazonry of a prince and paladin of Yankeeland!"

"Let thanks be given to Heaven and not to me," said don Quijote, receiving with a respectful acknowledgment the arm of Uncle Sam, "for it was not my lance, but that of him who governs the worlds and places in the hearts of mortals a glimmer of his divine justice."

The interest, with a mixture of fun, with which all the spectators witnessed the scene, changed somewhat to emotion when they heard the words of don Quijote, and even more so when they beheld our hidalgo so battered and lacerated; for he was cov-

ered with sweat, his face was bleeding, and he could hardly keep his feet, so bruised and damaged had he been left by his tumble. One of the ladies, prompt and filled with pity, approached him and, after asking his permission, wiped his face with a perfumed handkerchief of batiste. All were standing in silence, when Sancho, coming to himself, his fear having passed, became aware that his master had issued victorious from the fight and that they were paying him homage. Without more delay, he went to where the colt was waiting quietly, tightened the girth, mounted with alacrity, and, putting spurs to the gray, pushed his way into the throng of ladies and gentlemen. As soon as he reached the place where his master stood, he sprang off the donkey and went to prostrate himself at the feet of the supposed king. Don Quijote was extremely mortified by the impertinence of his squire, but he bit his lips, and only made out to say to him:

"Back, Sancho; it is not proper for a squire to appear before his majesty."

"I shall retire," answered the servant, without rising; "but I do not see anything wrong in prostrating myself before this señor king, who seems somewhat to resemble a person I know of; and all the more so when we have just brought to a conclusion so great an adventure and have disenchanted a whole kingdom. It is time to begin to ask who owes whom."

"Silence, knavish dolt, and affront me not," said don Quijote in an undertone; but Uncle Sam, tickled to hear the squire, spoke as follows:

"Permit, your honor, señor don Quijote, the noble Sancho to take part in the general rejoicing; besides, he has a good enough right, because I and my kingdom are obliged to reverence not only the master, but also the servant, as he has played a good part in the enterprise."

"That is the truth, señor king of Mentira,<sup>4</sup> I mean, of Quivira," said Sancho, without blinking; "for, although it has not fallen to my lot to do much in the battle, I have done not a little in the way of fearing, not to mention that there were no squires with whom to fight; else, be sure,

your majesty, I should have given a good account of them; and as for this fierce and never-before-seen dragon, which, be it said in passing, seems to me not yet to have yielded up the ghost, I know of no book of chivalry that says that Christians should not avenge themselves on brutes."

Whereupon the whistle of the locomotive blew, and Sancho, startled, clung to Uncle Sam and said:

"See, your majesty, this dragon is still alive."

"Yes; it still lives," said Uncle Sam, "but conquered and domesticated, for, as the oracle said, as soon as señor don Quijote should tame it (and it is now tame), instead of being noxious and dangerous, this monster would serve as the noblest and gentlest pleasure and even draft animal."

"It may be as the oracle said," replied Sancho, still dubious; "but bear in mind, your majesty, that: he that has evil tricks, late or never will forget them; that disposition and figure stay by us to the tomb; and that the fox changes its teeth, but not its wiles."

All laughed at Sancho's proverbs, and don Quijote said:

"Pardon, your majesty, the effrontery of this servant, who so much annoys me; and thou, Sancho, begone to the servants, with whom thou oughtest to consort."

"I shall never consent to such a thing," answered Uncle Sam, "for too great is my gratitude to the squire for the part he has taken in disenchanting me and my kingdom; and, to save the scruples of the señor don Quijote and to recompense the servant, henceforth the good Sancho Panza shall not be a squire, but a knight, for as such I dub and proclaim him, giving him a seat at my court and more than one island and county for his maintenance and government."

"Joy, joy!" exclaimed Sancho, and turning to his master, he said to him:

"See now, your honor, how liberal and freehearted is our king; but, by my troth, the favor and gift with which he honors me will not go hard with him, such will be the account and reason that I shall give him in the detail of the government of the islands and terra firma which, if I have not heard ill, he is to grant me, although there has been no description of the said terri-

<sup>4</sup>Falsehood.—THE EDITOR.



tories, the names of which I should be pleased to learn, as well as the signs thereof, in order to fix them in my memory, that they may not escape me."

"The affair of the name is of little moment to you," answered Uncle Sam, "for, since you are to choose from among many, you will soon see the one or ones that may please you the most; but it is sufficient for you to know that I am the owner and father of half a continent and the keeper and stepfather of the other half, and that I have more than enough states and lands from which to bestow on you the promised favor."

"Well, if I am permitted to choose," said Sancho, "I prefer to enter into the first half, for in the second half there will be stepsons, who are always turbulent and ungovernable."

Don Quijote was fuming as he listened to his squire, and he said to him:

"Kiss the hand of his sacred royal majesty as a sign of gratitude, and bite thy tongue that it may not utter nonsense."

"As to kissing his hand," answered Sancho, "I shall do it with much pleasure; but as to biting my tongue, it will be sufficient if I keep quiet, although, to my seeming, just and very just is it to overflow in expressions of appreciation when so great a favor is done me, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks;' everyone belches according to what he has eaten; and one ought to give to the grateful more than he asks for."

Sancho was going to continue spouting proverbs, when don Quijote, unable to restrain himself, fixed his gaze on him with such indignation and gave him so expressive a look, that the squire realized that affairs might become serious; so, saying to himself, "A closed mouth never gets a fly in it," he assumed a circumspect air and remained silent, much to the regret of Uncle Sam and his court, who found the greatest pleasure in listening to Sancho's sallies.

Whereupon—and making a sign to the bystanders that they should control their countenances—for soon they were going to have a chance to laugh over the affair of the court and the king, Uncle Sam said to don Quijote:

"Your honor must know that, as I have already said, the oracles and pythoneses, who announced this glorious day of your triumph and victory and the disenchantment of my kingdom, predicted also that, when the dragon should be conquered, he would serve as a docile and humble beast to transport his conqueror and all those that were with him; so that, from a fabulous animal, he would be turned into a beast, gentle but with extraordinary strength for drawing, which would go through the fields, cross rivers, climb and descend mountains and even break through their depths, for thus is evilly inclined and harmful power changed into beneficence, when knightliness and reason tame and guide it. Therefore the bowels of this wild beast, to appearances so fierce and frightful, are converted, thanks to what I have already said, into luxurious chambers, entering which and loosing the strong bridle of the former dragon, it will have to carry us to the capital of my states, as was announced by the pythoneses in all detail; that which was formerly a terror and a danger becoming a convenience and a pleasure."

Don Quijote marveled at what was said by Uncle Sam, and he spoke as follows:

*"Great and unheard-of things are seen by those that follow the order of knight-errantry, for, according to what your majesty says, the change and transformation of this monster is the art of magic, and it must have been through some wise man or necromancer that were wrought these prodigies, which do not belong or pertain to the common run of humans."*

"Your honor is quite right," answered Uncle Sam, "and the wise man to whom is due this miracle and marvel is, without doubt, the one that protects, and stands sponsor for, your honor; and there is nothing strange about the affair, for, as my señor don Quijote well understands, the wise men and enchanterers already mentioned, in like manner as they pass their protégés over great distances on clouds of fire, so do they carry and conduct them on dragons and monsters, changed, according to appearances, into machinery and drawing-rooms, transporting them by art of magic from town to town, hill to hill and mountain to mountain."

Don Quijote agreed with an inclination of his head to what Uncle Sam was saying and Sancho, again thrusting himself into the conversation, remarked:

"Very true is what is said by the king and confirmed by my master, but a man forewarned is equal to two, and prevision is the mother of good luck, and, in conclusion, I prefer my gray to all the dragons and monsters that are in the world, although they be domesticated and as gentle as lambs; because the evil we know of is better than the good that is to be known, and I shall go along behind the dragon of your majesty, riding my gray, as contented and happy as one could ever ask to be."

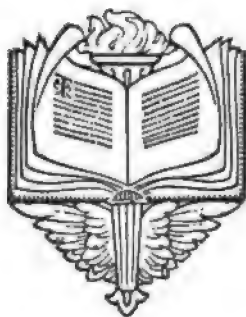
"The valiant Sancho will do nothing of the kind," said Uncle Sam, "and as soon as he sees us mount, he will come along to make this triumphal tour with us."

Having spoken thus, Uncle Sam extended his hand to don Quijote, and don Quijote gave him his right hand with noble courtesy; and, the Uncle of our history assuming the airs of majesty, and don Quijote somewhat reluctantly, the two ascended to the platform of a luxurious coach, of the kind they call Pullman, and passed

through the vestibule, with many civilities and courtesies, our hero not showing any astonishment at the significant change and transformation of the dragon.

When Sancho saw that all were entering, and that he was going to be left alone, he said to himself: "When thou goest to a country, do what thou seest," and, summoning up his courage, he also ascended, and, a trifle angry, he went to place himself beside his master, without heeding the many civilities and compliments that all offered him on his resolution and daring. Shortly afterward the locomotive whistled, lifted into the air the tousled plume of its locks; and, like a prodigious dragon or leviathan of terra firma, with the going and coming of the muscles of its pistons, the heavy breathing of its black lungs and the grinding of its steel joints, the train set out with the majesty of a superb and frightful beast.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup>This is the conclusion of part I of the work—all that has been written. The author has in mind to prepare a second part—after the manner of Cervantes, yet, we hope, with less delay—in which he intends to relate the further adventures of don Quijote and Sancho Panza, with colloquies and moralizings regarding the strange world in which the adventurous Spaniards had come to life.—THE EDITOR.



# MIRANDA AS A PHILOSOPHER AND SCHOLAR

BY

MANUEL SEGUNDO SÁNCHEZ

The author of this article has brought to light a work that seems to have been lost sight of, one that emphasizes an aspect of Miranda's versatile mind that has received little attention hitherto. In developing the theme, he makes extensive appeal to a monograph by one of our fellow-countrymen, whom he characterizes as "the most diligent of Miranda's biographers, and, in our opinion, the most faithful elucidator of his enterprises." Historians and students will be interested in the article and in the aspects of the patriot's mind on which it throws light.—THE EDITOR.

IN NONE of the histories of Miranda nor in the copious bibliography of which Arístides Rojas, Becarra, O'Kelly of Galway and William Spence Robertson made use in writing the life of the illustrious son of Caracas whose deeds rendered his name famous in two worlds, appears the work that has given rise to the following thoughts. This book by a learned French archæologist, sculptor and politician brings out a generally disregarded aspect of Miranda's mind: his vast philosophic and artistic erudition.

The volume is entitled *Lettres sur l'enseignement des ouvrages de l'art antique à Athènes et à Rome écrites les unes au célèbre Canova, les autres au Général Miranda*, by Monsieur Quatremère de Quincy, new edition, Paris, Imprimerie d'Adrien Le Clerc et Compagnie, 1836, octavo, xvi+283 pages. The good fortune of finding it, in one of our second-hand book-shops, fell to the lot of the eminent *book-lover*<sup>1</sup> don José Austria; and thanks to the generosity of this kind friend, the rare copy has reached our hands.

Robertson, the most diligent of Miranda's biographers, and, in our opinion, the most faithful elucidator of his enterprises, has barely let us glimpse the meeting of the generalissimo with Quatremère de Quincy in the prison of the Madelonettes in 1794.<sup>2</sup> Doubtless, in this narrow prison and in the hour of common danger, sprang up the

friendship that was to bind together these two lofty souls.

Don Arístides Rojas does not list Quatremère de Quincy among the companions of Miranda in the prison of La Force. He said:

There was a group among the prisoners that seemed inseparable. It was composed of Miranda, Champagneux, Achille de Châtelet, Chastelain, Daunou, and, among others, the Girondins Valazé and Vergniaud. Cultivated intelligences and independent characters are almost always found without solicitation on their part. It was impossible that such men—writers, orators, historians—should not gather about Miranda, the favorite sword of the Gironde, as he was called so properly by the historian Louis Blanc. They were drawn together by moral force, strengthened by fraternity, fortified by duty. . . . Love of liberty was for all of them a bond of union, and nobility of sentiment a perennial source of common consolation. . . . De Châtelet, in his will, left to Miranda his large library and his furniture.<sup>3</sup>

However, before proceeding, let us recall who Antoine Chrysostome Quatremère de Quincy was. He was born in Paris in 1755, and he died there in 1849. From early childhood—according to one of his biographers—he showed a great liking for the fine arts. He began the study of law, which he soon abandoned to follow his favorite studies: architecture and sculpture. With a view to perfecting himself he visited the principal cities of Italy. When the French revolution broke out, he embraced

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>Robertson: *Francisco de Miranda and the Revolutionizing of Spanish America*, volume I, page 302 of the *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the year 1907*, Washington, 1908.

<sup>3</sup>Rojas: *Leyendas históricas de Venezuela*: "Las primeras prisiones de Miranda."

its principles with enthusiasm. A deputy for Paris to the legislative assembly (1791), he worked energetically for constitutional principles. Imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, he was set free upon the death of Robespierre. He was one of the first instigators of the insurrection of the thirteenth Vendémiaire (October 5, 1795), and as such he was condemned to death. He escaped it by fleeing from Paris. A member of the council of five hundred (1797) as deputy for the Seine, he ardently defended the royalist cause, and he strove with great energy against republican institutions; hence his name was inscribed in the list for deportation of the eighteenth and twentieth Fructidor, year V. Summoned later by the consular government, he was appointed a member, and a short time afterward, the secretary, of the general council of the department of the Seine. In 1814, he became royal censor and he received the cross of the Légion d'Honneur and the cordon of Saint-Michel. Superintendent of arts and public monuments and a member of the board of public instruction, the following year he was made perpetual secretary of the Académie des Beux-Arts and professor of archæology. In 1820 and 1821 he occupied a seat in the assembly as a deputy, and in the latter year he retired to private life, devoting himself thenceforth wholly to his literary labors. His most interesting works are: *Dictionnaire de l'architecture*; a memorial on the following question: *De l'architecture égyptienne considérée dans son origine... et son goût et comparée... à l'architecture grecque*; *Le Jupiter Olympien, ou l'art de la sculpture antique*; *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de Raphaël*; *Dictionnaire historique d'architecture*, et cetera.

Being now somewhat acquainted with the illustrious author of the *Lettres à Canova* and to Miranda, it seems opportune to call attention to those traits in the life of our compatriot that serve as evidence of his superior intellectual gifts and to which he owed the regard and consideration with which he was distinguished by the greatest men of his times. In order not to weary our readers with innumerable quotations—such is the abundance of them that we might introduce—we shall limit ourselves to making extracts from the

work of the conspicuous Professor Robertson of the most striking paragraphs that relate to our subject:

. . . in the summer of 1785 *The Political Herald and Review* declared that there was then in London a Spanish American of "great consequence and possessed of the confidence of his fellow-citizens," who aspired "to the glory of being the deliverer of his country." He was a man of "sublime views and penetrating understanding, skilled in the ancient and modern languages, conversant in books and acquainted with the world." This "distinguished character" had spent many years in the study of politics, governments and the changes in political societies. He had proceeded from North America to England, which he regarded as "the mother-country of liberty and the school for political knowledge."<sup>4</sup>

Miranda arrived in London from his extended continental tour in the last days of June, 1789. He must have profited greatly by his journeying in America and Europe. The years of travel, with their manifold experiences, had enriched his mind. He had evidently studied the conditions of the military art and the workings of the government in most of the leading nations of Europe. Observant by nature, he had acquired a superficial acquaintance with the political conditions of the United States and a more or less intimate knowledge of various European courts. His grasp of the French language, which was afterwards to stand him in such good stead, had doubtless been much strengthened. His mental horizon had been widened, his versatility increased and his circle of acquaintances extended. In the United States he believed that Hamilton and Knox at least would aid him in the accomplishment of the grand design that was soon to become with him a ruling passion. The powerful Empress Catherine had become the patron and protector of Miranda, and scandal soon played fast and loose with their names. The retentive memory of Miranda had fastened on many anecdotes of courts and camps that were no small addition to the mental equipment of the man who as we shall see, was to devote a large part of his remaining days to a persistent attempt, or rather, to a series of attempts, to interest me

<sup>4</sup>William Spence Robertson: *Francisco de Miranda and the Revolutionizing of Spanish America*, page 25 (Washington, Government Printing Office, 1909 reprint).—All the quotations from Professor Robertson, which had been translated into Spanish, have been taken directly from the English original of the work mentioned.—THE EDITOR.

of widely different types—statesmen, politicians, merchants, philanthropists, adventurers, vagabonds—in his conspiracies against the peace and integrity of the dominions of Spain in America. If he had not, indeed, like Hannibal, pleaded for aid at every court he visited, he must, nevertheless, have interested many people, for some fleeting time at least, in the cause of Spanish America.<sup>6</sup>

On November 26, 1792, Miranda succeeded General Labourdonnaye in command of a division of the army of the north. This appointment was due to the influence of Dumoriez, commander-in-chief of the armies operating against Belgium. On assuming command of Labourdonnaye's troops, Miranda vigorously prosecuted the siege of Antwerp, which capitulated on November 29. . . . If we may trust a document printed later through the agency of Miranda, before leaving Antwerp, the latter gained the esteem of the bishop of that city, who presented him with some Spanish and Latin classics as a token of the "homage due to the philosopher, the man of letters and science, to the great military character."<sup>7</sup>

Miranda, being accused before the convention on account of the loss of the battle of Neerwinden (March 19, 1793), which forced the French army to evacuate the Netherlands, proceeded to Paris. Robertson says :

On April 4 he wrote to the president of the convention asking that he be heard in his own defense. On April 8 he was examined by the committee of war. He was soon arraigned for treason before the revolutionary tribunal. Cheaveau Lagarde, who subsequently defended Marie Antoinette, pleaded eloquently for the accused general, whose conduct and motives he lauded. The defense was very skilfully conducted, and on May 16, 1793, after examining Miranda and summoning witnesses to give evidence, the jury unanimously declared that Miranda had not betrayed the interests of the republic in the operations at Maestricht, Liège or Neerwinden. When the decision was announced, Miranda took advantage of the dramatic moment to declare that his case was an example of the ease with which calumnies were credited. In the words of the *Moniteur*, "The people applauded the judgment and the discourse of Miranda; they received him in their arms, carried him in triumph and crowned him."<sup>7</sup>

After his acquittal he took up his abode at

Belleville, a suburb of Paris, where he surrounded himself with books, engravings, pictures and other mementoes of his travels. According to his own account, he proposed to busy himself in arranging his correspondence and writing his process. . . . At the same time or a little later, Miranda's house was searched, perhaps because of the suspicion that he had smuggled arms and ammunition into his residence.<sup>8</sup>

The reports of the officers who sealed the papers and other belongings of Miranda show that he had a considerable amount of property; one box of "marbres" is mentioned. Montané said: "*J'ai trouvé chez lui une bibliothèque immense, composée des livres les mieux choisis et les plus rares, des cartes de tous les pays et des meilleurs géographies.*"<sup>9</sup>

Miranda [thrown into prison a second time] demanded a chance to reply to the scathing denunciation, but the order of the day was called for, and he was sent back to prison.<sup>10</sup>

The life of Miranda did not cease to have its interesting incidents even when he was imprisoned. Many men of rank and distinction were in La Force when Miranda was there. There was Champagneux, sent from his post under the minister of the interior inside those "terrible doors." It is from his recollections that we get a picture of Miranda's life in the prison. Achille de Châtelet, an ardent scholar and lover of liberty, was languishing there still suffering from a wound received in battle. The sincere republican Adam Lux, the deputy from Mayence, had also been thrust into this prison, partly at least because of his expressed admiration for Charlotte Corday. The deputies Valazé and Vergniaud were also there. There were many other prisoners, but it was with this group of men that Miranda became especially intimate. Above all were he and Champagneux attracted to each other. Miranda seems to have aided Champagneux in writing a history of France.<sup>11</sup>

According to the recollections of Champagneux, the two friends held many conferences on the art and science of war, in which Miranda championed the rules by which such generals

<sup>6</sup>*Ibidem*: pages 264-265.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibidem*: page 296.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibidem*: pages 299-300.

<sup>9</sup>*Ibidem*: page 300.

<sup>10</sup>*Ibidem*: page 300, foot-note d.

<sup>11</sup>*Ibidem*: page 301.

<sup>12</sup>*Ibidem*: page 301.

as Turenne had gained victories. Champagneux expressed his belief that Miranda would not consent to win a battle except in accordance with the rules of Alexander and Cæsar. In these discussions in which Champagneux praised the tactics of the contemporary French generals, Achille de Châtelet seems to have often acted as arbitrator. Miranda and Champagneux also compared views regarding the great governments of the world. We may well believe that Miranda displayed a strong predilection for the government of England, declaring that the English constitution was the best that had ever existed, for in England alone did man enjoy full civil liberty. Miranda praised Pitt and denounced Robespierre in language, said Champagneux, which was "picturesque with choler and indignation."<sup>12</sup>

According to Champagneux, about the middle of July, 1794, Miranda and he were transferred to the Madelonettes, where they were crowded into more narrow and uncomfortable quarters than at La Force. The two friends were not able to study undisturbed, and the time passed wearily. Champagneux depicts only one of their companions in that prison, the architect-sculptor De Quinci.<sup>13</sup>

It is during this part of the adventure that Miranda is presented in the most favorable light. Even according to the account of Biggs, one of his followers who later became prejudiced against him, he was courteous and conciliatory to his followers. Biggs, who wrote a valuable series of letters on the expedition, informs us that Miranda conversed with the young men on literature and commended the study of the Spanish language and mathematics, as skill in them was a sure means of promotion in his service. He entertained those more advanced in years with his ideas on "politicks and war," drawing illustrations from his own varied experiences. The company was impressed with his iron memory and his marvelous power of "colloquial eloquence." Evidently his aim was "to sow in the minds of his followers the seeds of heroic deeds, of liberty and revolution."<sup>14</sup>

Miranda even directed his superabundant energy into the journalistic field. A Portu-

<sup>12</sup>*Ibidem* pages 301, 302.

<sup>13</sup>*Ibidem*: page 302.

In the passage quoted, Professor Robertson gives the name "De Quinci." It should be Quatremère de Quincy.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibidem*: page 376.

guese journal published in England appears to have been induced to favor the schemes of Miranda as "one who was to be the Washington of the southern continent." In the spring of 1810 a Spanish journal, *El Colombiano* was founded at London under the auspices of Miranda. The second issue of this paper, which is the only copy yet found even in part, dealt with the extension of French domination over the European continent. It began with a brief discussion of the recent French triumphs in Andalucía. Under the rubric, "Increase of the Monstrous Power of Napoleon," Miranda, for he was evidently the editor as well as the sponsor of this paper, declared that Napoleon's marriage to Maria Louise of Austria had "given to France and to the confederation of the Rhine, such a great accession of force, that every effort to diminish the ascendancy of Bonaparte will be useless for the present, and highly dangerous for the future." Napoleon was sarcastically characterized as the "regenerator of the human race," whose oppression increased in the same ratio with his colossal power. After discussing the recent decrees regarding such subjects as the press and state prisoners, the writer concluded: "Americans judge from these terrible and notorious facts what lot those people and nations must expect, who, being subjected or submitted to the influence of France, are obliged to live under such laws! The most oppressive system which could ever afflict mankind! May Providence, which has separated you from Europe by the vast ocean, preserve you also from an influence so pestilential and so fatal."<sup>15</sup>

The private life of Miranda in London must have been interesting. It is at present difficult, however, to separate his private affairs from his revolutionizing activity. Miranda's home life is to a large extent shrouded in mystery. The South American certainly had a coterie of friends, sympathizers, reformers, revolutionists. As in previous years, his home was probably a gathering place for discontented Spanish-Americans like Antepara. We know that some prominent Englishmen were deeply interested in Miranda and Venezuela. The philosopher Jeremy Bentham was a warm friend of the agitator, at whose request he made a draft of a law for establishing the liberty of the press in Venezuela. Bentham even seems to have seriously entertained the thought of following Miranda if conditions appeared auspicious, for the purpose of formulating laws for the Venezuelans, which, he flattered

<sup>15</sup>*Ibidem*: page 427.

himself, they would receive "as oracles." Miranda was on friendly terms with William Wilberforce, who found his conversation "very entertaining and instructive, but used God's name very lightly."<sup>16</sup>

Miranda was doubtless a zealous student "of the arts of either war or peace." Doctor Thompson, in his work called *Military Memoirs*, said: "I have had assistance . . . from different quarters; but my great guide and assistant was General Miranda, a man of learning, genius, military talents, experience and reputation."<sup>17</sup>

As one more proof of Miranda's great intellectual culture, we shall recall his rich library in London. He was in New York, at the end of 1805, completing preparations for his expedition against Venezuela, and, short of funds, he solicited and obtained a loan of two thousand pounds sterling on the sole guaranty of his books. Many years afterward, in the days of July 22-24, 1828, they were sold at public auction by a Mr. Evans of London. Professor Robertson, who had an opportunity to examine the catalogue of Miranda's library, printed on the occasion of the sale, comments that

the collection is very varied; in it are the histories of the European countries, the masterpieces of European literature, accounts of travels through several parts of the world, books on art, galleries of art, and "a beautiful collection of Spanish books, particularly relating to North and South America," according to the title-page.

Finally, Miranda himself declared in his will, made in London, August 1, 1805, that he left in Paris, in the care of Monsieur Clerisseau d'Auteville, Monsieur Le Grand, an architect of the same city, and Monsieur Chaveau Lagarde, his old defender and friend, a fine collection of pictures, bronzes, mosaics, *gouaches* and prints.

IT IS now time for us to concern ourselves with Quatremère's book. It is made up of two series of letters, each containing seven. Those addressed to Canova were dated at London, June 6-16, 1818. They refer to the sculptures of the temple of Minerva,

denominated Elgin Marbles, because the earl of Elgin, minister of Great Britain, obtained permission of the sultan of Turkey to remove them from Athens to the British museum. By this permission the sultan gave proof to the British government of his appreciation of its services in behalf of the integrity of the Ottoman empire, which Napoleon had desired to dismember.

These acquisitions of the earl of Elgin are bas reliefs, fragments of statues that adorned the two pediments of the Parthenon, the sculptures of the frieze and those of a great number of metopes. Spread out on the ground, upon reaching London, without any order, they did not justify, to the eyes of the inexperienced, the heavy sums spent by the earl of Elgin. A trial ensued.

Canova was at that time in Paris. He had just recovered the artistic treasures wrested by Napoleon from Italy, and he wished to examine those marbles personally. Before setting out for England he sought the opinion of the French archæologist. Quatremère de Quincy crossed over to London, and thence, in order to comply with Canova's request, he wrote the letters mentioned, which Canova published in Rome for the first time. The letters to Miranda bear the date of 1796, and they occupy pages 171-279 of the volume. They constitute, in the main, a protest against the dispersion of the monuments of Italy, the dismemberment of her schools and the despoilment of her collections, galleries and museums, which Napoleon had begun to carry into effect. They set forth, besides, the grave injury that these depredations would occasion the arts and sciences.

Quatremère wrote:

I was under proscription as a consequence of the political events of Vendémiaire. Miranda, who was in the secret of my hiding-place, came to see me and urged that we begin a correspondence regarding the danger that threatened Rome and which he would undertake to make public. Indeed, it was published during those days in a series of articles that appeared in the newspaper *Le Rédacteur*. Shortly after having gained my freedom, I gathered the clippings in a book and sent them to General Bonaparte, who naturally paid no attention to them.

The sentences we have just transcribed lead us to think that *Le Rédacteur* brought

<sup>16</sup>*Ibidem*: page 435.

<sup>17</sup>*Ibidem*: page 436.

together in its columns not only the letters of Quatrèmere, but also those of Miranda, or at least the latter's commentaries or epigraphs. We have not had time to investigate the case in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, where the files of this newspaper ought to be found. At all events, the epistolary correspondence of the wise Frenchmen alone, published for the third time in this book, honors Miranda in the highest degree and exalts his qualities as a thinker and man of letters. The following are some of the laudatory views of Quatrèmere regarding Miranda:

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I applaud more and more the happy idea that you entertained, at the moment of our separation, of communicating interest to our epistolary correspondence by the discussion of some philosophic, literary or political subject. This treaty of interchange is too advantageous to me to be broken by myself. If either of us is robbed of anything, it will be you, for you are the richer. However, such is the nature of the interchange of thought that it is not he that gives the most that enriches himself the least: this is proved to me by your last letters. It seems to me that you have exhausted the theme you had proposed for yourself; I think that nothing could be added to the means of which you have made use to demonstrate that the spirit of conquest is absolutely incompatible with the spirit of liberty in a republic. Nevertheless, you announce to me that your first proofs have opened to you the way for others still more conclusive to which your next letters will be devoted. I shall await them then before proposing to you any other subject.<sup>18</sup>

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have received your last letter, which will be, as you tell me, the last one on the "abuse of

conquests in a republic." I am not now surprised at the profundity with which you treat this subject, since you furnish me in the form of letters the outline of a treatise you are publishing on the subject. I congratulate the public on the pleasure you have in store for it, and I felicitate myself on having suggested the idea to you. I can not in conscience offer you the same felicitation on the plan you have of publishing my letters. You have a right to do so, and I shall not blame you for the abuse of confidence; but you yourself can see that they will not produce on public opinion the impression that you desire.<sup>19</sup>

I should have many things to say to you regarding that social harmony, if I did not know that I am speaking to a man more highly learned in the subject than I am. You will not doubt therefore that these ancient statues, thus uprooted, torn, as they are, from the totality of objects of all kinds that give them value, from all the comparisons that cause their beauty to stand out, lose, beneath a foreign sky, the instructive virtue that artists went to seek in Rome, and that they will not again find in any other city of Europe.<sup>20</sup>

Miranda's country has still a duty to perform: to rescue from oblivion the speculative works of the unfortunate precursor. Shall we some day become acquainted with his political, literary and artistic writings as a whole? It is painful to think how, obscurely, in abandonment and an advanced age, as the victim of the violation of a solemn covenant, was extinguished the life of Miranda, the celebrated man of arms, the cultivator of humane letters, and one of the purest glories of the heroic Venezuelan soil.

<sup>18</sup>Quatrèmere de Quincy: *Lettres*, et cetera: "Première lettre," pages 173-174.

<sup>19</sup>*Ibidem*: "Quatrèème lettre," pages 217-218.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibidem*: "Quatrième lettre," page 228.





# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

BARTOLOMÉ MITRE: HIS INTELLECTUAL PERSONALITY - - RICARDO ROJAS	69
<i>La Nación</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, June 26, 1921	
PAN AMERICANISM AND COMPANY - - - - - ALFREDO COLMO	80
<i>Nosotros</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, June, 1921	
THE HISTORY OF COTTON - - - - - JOAQUÍN OLMEDILLA Y PUIG	86
<i>Revista de la Enseñanza</i> , San Salvador, Salvador, March, 1921	
THE THREE CROWS - - - - - JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS	94
<i>Fray Mocho</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, August 2, 1921	
THE PRESENT STATE OF PRIMARY INSTRUCTION IN CUBA	96
RAMIRO GUERRA <i>Cuba Contemporánea</i> , Habana, Cuba, October, 1921	
JUANA DE IBARBOUROU - - - - - VICENTE A. SALAVERRI	106
<i>Revista de Revistas</i> , México, México, April 11, 1921	
FROM THE DIARY OF MY FRIEND - - ENRIQUE HERRERO DUCLOUX	108
Selections from the booklet entitled <i>Del diario de mi amigo</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1921 (third edition)	
HAITI AND THE CONFEDERATION OF THE ANTILLES	123
ANTÉNOR FIRMIN <i>Las Antillas</i> , Habana, Cuba, May, 1921	

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

**RICARDO ROJAS** was born on September 16, 1882, in Tucumán; he was educated in Santiago del Estero; he began the study of law, but abandoned it to devote himself to journalism and literature, in which he has had a distinguished career; for some years he has been a professor of literature in the Universidad de La Plata, and he is a member of a number of scientific and literary societies. He is the author of the following works: in verse: *La victoria del hombre*; *Los lises del blasón*; *La sangre del sol*; *Los cantos de Perséphone*; in prose: *El país de la selva*; *Cosmópolis*; *El alma española*; *Cartas de Europa*; *Blasón de plata*; *La restauración nacionalista*; *La universidad de Tucumán*; *La argentinidad*; *La ronda de la muerte*; *Caliope*; *Poesías de Cervantes*; and *La literatura argentina* (four volumes). He has also directed the publication of the following works: *Archivo capitular de Jujuy* (3 volumes); *Bibliografía de Sarmiento*; *Poesías de Cervantes*; and *Biblioteca argentina* (18 volumes).

**ALFREDO J. COLMO** was born in Buenos Aires in 1878; he was educated there, being graduated from the Universidad de Buenos Aires with the degree of doctor of laws *summa cum laude*; after a competitive examination, he was invited to occupy the chair of sociology in the faculty of philosophy and letters, and that of civil law in the faculty of law of the Universidad de Buenos Aires; he is also the editor of the *Anales* of the university; in 1920 he represented his government in the international labor conference held at Genoa; in addition to his numerous articles contributed to the press, he is the author of: *América latina*; *Sarmiento y los Estados Unidos*; *La cultura jurídica y la facultad de derecho*; *Bases de organización universitaria en los países americanos*; *Técnica legislativa del código civil argentino*; and of *Los éxitos y el éxito* and *El código civil en su cincuentario* (pamphlets).

**JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS** is about fifty-four years old; he was born in Guayaquil and was educated in the public schools and

in the Colegio San Vicente; he took up the profession of journalism and has been editor-in-chief of *La Nación*, *Grito del Pueblo*, *El Telégrafo*, *El Independiente*, *El Nacional*, *El Globo*, *El Patriota*, and he is at present editor-in-chief of *El Guante* and a writer for the leading papers of Quito, such as *El Comercio*, *La Prensa* and *La Nación*. He was minister of public instruction in 1896-1897; director of public instruction of Guayas (province); he has served as a member of the *ayuntamiento* of Guayaquil; he is also secretary of the Banco del Ecuador and of the Banco Comercial y Agrícola.

**RAMIRO GUERRA Y SÁNCHEZ** was born in Batabanó, in the province of Habana, Cuba, January 31, 1880, and he was educated in his native town and in Habana. His studies were interrupted by the war of independence, 1895-1898. He is a teacher and a man of letters, and he has served as superintendent of schools of the province of Pinar del Río, and as director of the normal school in Habana. He has devoted much time to *Cuba Pedagógica* of Habana, a magazine of education. He is the author of numerous text-books and works on education, ethics, et cetera.

**VICENTE A. SALAVERRI**: see *INTER-AMERICA* for August, 1921, Biographical Data, page 336.

**ENRIQUE HERRERO DUCLOUX**: see *INTER-AMERICA* for October, 1920, Biographical Data, page 2.

**ANTÉNOR FIRMIN** was born in Haiti in 1850; he was educated as a lawyer, and he devoted his life chiefly to literature and diplomacy; he represented his country as minister to Cuba and to Great Britain; among his writings may be mentioned: *De l'égalité des races humaines*; *Lettres de Saint-Thomas: études sociologiques, historiques et littéraires*; *M. Roosevelt, président des États-Unis et la république d'Haïti*; and *Une défense: M. Stewart et les finances haïtiennes*.

# BARTOLOMÉ MITRE

## HIS INTELLECTUAL PERSONALITY<sup>1</sup>

BY

RICARDO ROJAS

On June 26 last the centenary of the birth of Bartolomé Mitre was celebrated with great enthusiasm and pomp throughout Argentina, and with less circumstance in other Hispanic-American countries, as well as in the United States and elsewhere. On that day, *La Nación* of Buenos Aires published a number extraordinary of ninety pages, almost all of which was devoted to Mitre. It consisted of articles, a poem, an oration and many illustrations. The literary features of the number were: "La vida del prócer," by Gervasio Rosas; "Oda a Mitre," a poem by Rubén Darío; "Mitre orador," an address delivered by Mitre on October 25, 1868, at Chilivcoy; "Mitre, hombre de Estado," by Joaquín V. González; "El político," by Emilio Frers; "Mitre diplomático," by José León Suárez; "La Personalidad intelectual de Mitre," by Ricardo Rojas; "Nacionalismo de Mitre," by Ramón J. Cárcano; "Mitre historiador," by Clemente L. Freyre; "Panegrico filosófico," by Leopoldo Lugones; "El general Mitre como comandante en jefe," by Nicolás de Vedia; "Mitre y el albaezgo de la revolución," by Justino Jiménez de Aréchaga; "La personalidad de Mitre en el Brasil," by Assis Chateaubriand; "La campaña de Pavón," by Emilio Kinkel; "La guerra del Paraguay," by Juan Beverina; "La grandeza de la Argentina," by C. Hagberg Wright; "D. Bartolomé Mitre, español," by Miguel de Unamuno; "La batalla de Cepeda," by Ramón J. Cárcano; "Mitre unificador," by Juan B. Terán; "Mitre americanista," by Luis María Torres; "Mitre en el parlamento," by Mariano de Vedia; "Mitre financiasta," by Alfredo Labougle; "La sanción de los tiempos," by B. Sanín Cano; "Elogio del repúblico," by Alberto Gerhuno; "La historia y las naciones," by Charles Maurras; "Mitre en Buenos Aires," by Rodolfo Rivarola; "Mitre en el corazón de los italianos," by Basilio Cittadini; "Afloranzas," by J. B. Cunningham Graham; "Desde el punto de vista de Entre Ríos," by Lorenzo Anadón; "Mitre en Bolivia," by Alcides Arguedas; "Salta en la organización nacional," by Carlos Ibárguren; "El genio de Mitre," by J. Alfredo Ferreira; "La influencia de Mitre en Tucumán," by José Lucas Penna; "San Luis y la acción de Mitre," by Juan W. Gez; "El pensamiento de Córdoba," by Juan B. González; "Mitre y Mendoza," by Juan M. Peralta; "Mitre y La Rioja," by Joaquín V. González; "Mitre en San Juan," by José Chirapozu; "El españolismo de Mitre," by R. Monner Sans; "La provincia de Catamarca," by Guillermo Correa; "Mitre desde los Estados Unidos," by Peter H. Goldsmith; "Santa Fe y Mitre," by Nicanor Molinas; "Mitre en el Perú," by Carlos A. Romero; "Mitre y el afianzamiento institucional en Santiago," by Federico Álvarez; "La permanencia de Mitre en Chile," by Carlos Silva Vildósola. We have selected the following article by Ricardo Rojas for translation and reproduction in this and the next English number of *INTER-AMERICA*. In addition to the number extraordinary of *La Nación*, many articles in recognition of the centenary were published in the leading newspapers and magazines of the world, and particularly of the world of Spanish and Portuguese speech.—THE EDITOR.

### I

#### THE PATERNAL HOME

THE surname "Mitre" appears for the first time in Argentine society with Juan de Mitre, whose name appears in certain colonial documents of our sixteenth century. There were not lacking those that

<sup>1</sup>On the eve of sketching in this number extraordinary, "Bartolomé Mitre, His Intellectual Personality," it seemed to me that I could prepare nothing better on such a theme than the pages written with so much devotion in my *Historia de la literatura argentina*. To bring together the parts of this work that refer to Mitre; to rearrange them with pertinent unity; to alter them for the occasion, without modifying the substance or form of the estimates: this, I thought, would be the most independent, most thoughtful and most sincere tribute I could pay to the glorious master on his first centenary. I communicated this conviction to *La Nación*, which intelligently shared the same opinion, inasmuch as it was a question of pages elaborated in the serene environment of the university, and such as had already received the sanction of criticism both here and abroad. Such is the origin of the study of Mitre that we publish to-day.

thought to flatter Mitre the great by seeking for him relationship with the ancient homonym, without considering that this would mean nothing for one who, like Napoleon, could exclaim: "*Je suis mes ancêtres*." A man as serious as the señor Trelles (or a kinsman of his) painted in oils an imaginary scene in which are shown, near the site of the founding of Córdoba, that Juan de Mitre, a fellow-soldier of Cabrera's, and his children, Inés and Juan (called "Mitre the younger"), dressed in the garb of the period, but represented, respectively, with the faces of the general and his children Bartolito and Delfina. Mitre preserved the painting, and it may be seen in the museum<sup>2</sup> in the Calle San Martín, although he never

<sup>2</sup>Museo Mitre, where are preserved General Mitre's great library, curios, paintings, coins and medals and many objects associated with his person or memory.—THE EDITOR.

attached to the gift other significance than that of an ingenious fancy. In spite of it, another of his biographers—José Biedma—in his book entitled *Bartolomé Mitre*, began the biography by bestowing upon the great man that same improbable lineage. Juan de Mitre was the founder of Córdoba and a citizen of Santiago del Estero; his name appears, in a quondam capitulary document or some report of the Holy Office, as a witness; but it has not been learned whence he came nor how long he perpetuated his offspring.<sup>3</sup>

More serious is the genealogy that causes our Mitre to be born of other Mitres—Felipe and José—who in the second half of the eighteenth century seem to have resided in the Banda Oriental.<sup>4</sup> It is possible that to them belonged the ancestor of the Argentine patriot—also named Bartolomé, like his illustrious grandson—a citizen of Montevideo, the chief *alguacil*<sup>5</sup> of the city during the decade that began with 1760, and the founder of Santa Lucía del Uruguay, where, in 1776, was born his son Ambrosio, the father of the general.<sup>6</sup> Already in both the immediate ancestors was disclosed the caste of men of action, as the epoch required them to be: founders of peoples in the virgin lands; armed pioneers of the European race in the wilderness; civilizers, in short, to sum it all up in a single word.

Don Ambrosio, the father, was a frontier commander in Mendoza—on the Río Diamante, with the Indians in front—and the founder of the fort of San Rafael. Taking up his residence afterward in Patagones, a fort lost in the far south, he was one of its defenders in 1827, during the Brazilian invasion. He had served previously in the war of independence; and in the barbarous environment or on heroic occasions his character became tempered, as it was to persist, intrepidly and austere, in the hereditary virtue of his gifted son.

When Echagüe, at the head of a Rosist army, invaded Uruguay in 1839, young

Bartolomé Mitre, recently initiated into the career of arms, set out to meet the invader in the glorious campaign that terminated with the victory of Cagancha. In starting to the war, when he was only nineteen years old, his father sent him this Spartan missive:

I think of thee as on the eve of the next battle, which is going to decide the fate of the country. I hope that thou wilt do thy duty; if thou diest, thou wilt have fulfilled thy mission; but see to it that they shall not wound thee in the back. After losing thee, whatsoever may happen—and for it I am prepared—the rest of my sad life will be consoled by the honorable memory that I hope thou wilt bequeath me. Good-by, dear son, thou art my hope.<sup>7</sup>

In truth, the young artilleryman was able to show himself worthy of the enterprise and of the father who, with these words, sent him to death and to glory in a holocaust of liberty.

Half a century later, in the polemic between Mitre and López regarding Argentine history, the author of *Belgrano* recalled those that had substantiated by oral tradition his written thoughts, and he mentioned his collaborators, saying:

I shall begin with the most modest and the most beloved. He was one of the first that initiated me in the intimate knowledge of the men and things of his times, my father, don Ambrosio Mitre, who, like one of many private soldiers of the revolution confused with the mass of citizens, played a part in Monteagudo's Sociedad Patriótica, on whose program his name was inscribed, and who, as a military employee of the treasury in the armies of the revolution, came into intimate relations with many of the men that occupied the historical stage down to 1820.<sup>8</sup>

Mitre called his father "the most modest and the best loved" of his collaborators; and, although he did not attribute to him any other historical category than that of private soldier or anonymous citizen, there may be discovered, under this intentionally modest statement, the voice of the

<sup>3</sup> Medina: *La inquisición en el río de la Plata*.

<sup>4</sup>Uruguay.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>Constable, bailiff.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>The capitulary minutes of Montevideo document the account of those ediles.

<sup>7</sup>I take this letter from the already cited book of Biedma, page 16. Although there is no indication there of its source, its author has informed me that the general himself made him acquainted with that document.

<sup>8</sup>Mitre: *comprobaciones históricas*, volume I, page 352.

heart and the echo of his profound influence.<sup>9</sup>

About 1820, don Ambrosio Mitre retired from military activity and contracted matrimony in Buenos Aires with doña Josefa Martínez, a creole, also of Spanish origin, like her husband, and a sterling woman who, living until 1876, was able to behold the successful career of her son at its height.

Bartolomé was born in Buenos Aires, June 26, 1821; he was baptized with the name of his grandfather (the old *alguacil* of Montevideo) under the sponsorship of General Rondeau,<sup>10</sup> who cherished for his foster-son a paternal affection until death.<sup>11</sup> About that time the Mitres went to live at Patagones, and at that place were born Emilio and Federico—Bartolomé's brothers—who attained high rank in the army of the republic during the times of the conquest of the wilderness and national organization.

## II

### THE ROMANTIC INITIATION

BEHOLD Mitre now as a child, on the banks of the Río Negro, with the pampa of the *gauchos* on the north, and the Patagonia of the Indians on the south. The southern Atlantic, without a ship, rolled away in the distance, and behind him stretched the wilderness. The virgin na-

<sup>9</sup>Don Ambrosio Mitre died in Montevideo, during the siege of Oribe, in October, 1845. *El Nacional* published his necrology.—See Zinny: *La prensa periódica*, page 432.

<sup>10</sup>José Rondeau: born in Buenos Aires, March 4, 1773. He was taken to Montevideo in his early youth, and he began his career as cadet in the army in 1793. He fought in the Uruguayan frontier service against the Indians and the Portuguese, and he was one of the defenders of Montevideo against the English in 1807. Taken prisoner by them in the assault on the city, February 3 of that year, he was sent to England. From there he went to Spain, serving in a cavalry corps until 1810, the year of his return to the Río de la Plata. Enlisting in the cause of the revolution, he was given the rank of lieutenant-colonel, March, 1811; of colonel in 1812; and of brigadier general in 1814. He played an important part subsequently in the military and civic affairs of his country, being chosen supreme director of the nation in 1815 and 1819. He died in Montevideo, November 18, 1844.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup>*Comprobaciones*, volume I, page 353.—Rondeau gave young Mitre his walking-stick in Montevideo, and General Las Heras later made him a similar present in Chile, in the days of the proscription. It might be said that both leaders had discerned in this youth a successor.

ture of America: such was the theater where his consciousness was to awaken. To the austere domestic influences with which we are already acquainted, were to be added those of a gloomy village, which was a border settlement, and those of the primeval environment, as in the hard centuries of the conquest. I am tempted to say that such influences contributed to temper the manly soul of the patriot, stamped to old age with the seal of fatalism and martial discipline.

He was barely seven years old when the Brazilians, at war with the republic, assaulted the solitary coast of Patagones, and hardly twice as old when his father delivered him to the tutorship of don Gervasio Rosas, that he might harden him in the work of the farm. It has been said that this assignment was a punishment to tame his wilful spirit.<sup>12</sup> Be that as it may, Mitre, at the age of puberty, went from the coast of Patagones to the coast of Samborombón, and in López's *estancia* of El Rincón, under the ferule of Rosas, he completed his gauchescue apprenticeship. Such was his school in art and liberty. Thence he came forth, a poet and a soldier, to go to experience, while still adolescent, the adventures of his long struggle against tyranny. A prodigious destiny: this soldier was to become a mathematician; this poet, a man of learning; this son of the pampa without instructors, the teacher of his countrymen.

In the setting of the pampa awakened Mitre's first esthetic emotions, and when later the young pampan returned to the cities, he came on the good news of romanticism, which turned the national art in the direction of the inspiring fountain of these native emotions.

The esthetic ideas diffused on the Plata by Esteban Echeverría and the publication of *La cautiva*<sup>13</sup> in 1837 constituted the nucleus of the new literary school. About

<sup>12</sup>Regarding Mitre, Sarmiento, when he became acquainted with him in Montevideo, said: "A poet by vocation," "a *gaucho* of the pampa," as a punishment imposed upon his intellectual instincts, et cetera.—*Viajes*, in a letter to Vicente López, 1846.—According to tradition, young Mitre was sent to the *estancia* of don Gervasio for the good of his health.

<sup>13</sup>Echeverría's most notable poetic work.—THE EDITOR.

this nucleus was formed the generation of 1840. A school born under the influence of French romanticism, it assumed, nevertheless, the character of an aboriginal movement, because the exaltation of sentiments caused by tyranny and the painting of the native landscape gave to it such rootage that soon it was possible to speak of an American romanticism. Thence came the lateral influence that *La cautiva* exerted on the dialectic work of the *gauchescos*,<sup>14</sup> by amplifying its elements of composition to the point where they were carried by Ascasubi with *Santos Vega* in 1851. Aside, however, from this involuntary influence on the song of the *payadores*,<sup>15</sup> Echeverría accomplished in Argentine art the purpose he deliberately proposed, which was that of freeing cultivated poets from the academic canons and sending them back to the blessed domain of nature. Such is his true claim to glory.

The transcendency of *La cautiva*, an initial poem of the new school, was prolonged in the immediate disciples of Echeverría—among whom was Mitre—and it comes down to us in Obligado's *Santos Vega*.

I have mentioned Mitre because, indeed, he was one of the first to attempt to continue the work of the romantic master, in respect of its Americanism, and the first to seek to try to explain his own attempts by critical glosses, in which he set forth anew—Echeverría now being dead—the esthetics of a national poetry of the pampa and its *gauchos*. I refer here, however, to the Mitre of the *Rimas*, the romantic poet of youthful years. His personality will grow so much after these years, that, shining in history, philosophy, government, in all the forms of mental and social action, he will close his life of longevity by leaving to his people, at one and the same time, the image of a patriarchal old man and that of a very complex and harmonious mind.

I ought to mention him now only because of the link he consciously added to the native poetry of the pampa and its *gauchos*. Mitre was, in this tendency of our art, one of its precursors and founders.

All Mitre's poetical compositions were written before 1846. Gathered for the first time in a volume, they were published in 1854; although prior to that time they had appeared fragmentarily in Montevideo and the countries to which the proscription carried him in protest against the tyranny of Rosas. During the siege of that city, he hobnobbed with Echeverría, who at that time exceeded him in age and learning. Mitre was barely twenty years old, while Echeverría was going on forty; Mitre had been formed on an *estancia* of the pampa; Echeverría, in the schools of Paris. In 1846 the author of *La cautiva* drew attention to Mitre in public with these words:

Señor Mitre, a scientific artilleryman, a soldier at Cagancha and at the siege of Montevideo, acquired, from his early youth, no little reputation as a thinker and poet. His poetry is distinguished from that of his contemporaries by the manly frankness of its movement and by a certain timbre of voice that reminds us of the vigorous intonation of Callimachus and Tyrtæus. He is at present engaged in historical studies that will doubtless win for him new laurels.

I quote these words—calling attention in passing to the accuracy of the prophecy—to establish the relation of teacher and pupil, during the decade from 1840 until 1850.

It was during this period that young Mitre wrote several poems on pampan themes, those that form the second book, in the edition of the *Rimas*. The poet gave to these compositions the thoroughly descriptive title of *Armonías de la pampa*, and they were: *El caballo del gaucho*; *El pato*; *El ombú en medio de la pampa*; and *Santos Vega*. The enumeration of these poems and consideration of the time in which they were written will be sufficient to make clear their chronological importance and to justify the place of precursor that I have assigned to their author in the genealogical series of the native poets. Mitre was, it should be said, the first Argentine poet to incorporate in our litera-

<sup>14</sup>The writers that emphasized and developed gauchescue themes.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>Singular, *payador*, an Argentinism: the *gaucho* bard or improviser of popular songs, called *tristes* or *viatistas* (corresponding to the *yaravies* of Ecuador and Perú), sometimes amorous and sometimes nationalistic, and usually accompanied by the guitar.—THE EDITOR.

ture the popular tradition of Santos Vega, since his poem was written prior to 1846.<sup>16</sup> With Mitre began the literary elaboration of the legend of the *payador*, which Ascasubi, Gutiérrez, Obligado and other later writers were to perfect down to our days. Ascasubi began his *Santos Vega* in 1850, and he published the first part in 1851. If Echeverría influenced the technics of composition, Mitre influenced perhaps the suggestiveness of the argument. The three were—as will be remembered—proscribed by Rosas, besieged by Oribe and companions in misfortune in Montevideo. The literary fraternity of these three poets seems to me therefore quite evident.

### III

#### THE PAMPAN LEGEND

IN MITRE'S *Armonías de la pampa* we find all the characteristics of popular poetry: simpleness of language, the simplicity of octosyllabic meter, the pampan environment, traditional argument, and payadoresque emotion. What alone Mitre did not desire to take from the *payadores*, in his poems of this kind, was the rustic vocabulary. In this consists, as I desire to show, divergence between the two native currents of our literature: the primitive current being dialectic; and the romantic, cultured. Mitre enlisted with his *Santos Vega* in the latter, that is, with the progeny of Echeverría; and he laid an esthetic foundation for his attitude with the following note, which glosses that poem:

This composition belongs to a kind that may be termed new, not so much on account of the subject as of the style. The primitive and original customs of the pampa have had many singers among us, but almost all have confined themselves to copying them, instead of poetizing them by bringing into play their passions, modified by the life of the desert, and by making use of their traditions and even of their prejudices. So that, in order to make the *gauchos* speak, they have accepted all their barbarisms, elevating to the rank of poetry a jargon, very energetic, very descriptive and very humorous, be it said, to such as are acquainted with the customs of our country

<sup>16</sup>Mitre confessed that his muse had become mute in 1846, as may be seen in the prologue to the *Rimas*.

people, but which in themselves alone do not constitute what may properly be called poetry.

Mitre wrote these words in 1854, in editing the definitive collection of his poems, or much before *Martín Fierro*. With them we are brought face to face with the question of the gauchesque vocabulary and primitive technics. Echeverría had transplanted the theoretical and universal foundations of romanticism and he had attempted in *La cautiva* its concrete application to a local theme. Mitre carried this principle forward by producing his *Santos Vega*, and, from his notes subsequent to the death of Echeverría, a counterpart of the vulgar poetry. For the purpose, the poet drew near to the real sources of the art that he combated, and he sought to idealize the model in word and emotion, departing, to that end, from the language he repudiated. The title of his work, *A Santos Vega (payador argentino)*, was taken from popular tradition; from tradition were taken likewise, for the epigraph, these two verses attributed to the legendary *payador*:

*¡Cantando me han de enterrar,  
Cantando me he de ir al cielo!*<sup>17</sup>

Then the poem narrates in simple, singable octosyllables the legend of Santos Vega, singer, and of his defeat in the *payada*<sup>18</sup> with the devil. Mitre, who lived during his youth on *estancias* of the south, had gathered from the mouths of the *gauchos* themselves the tradition he poetized. He renders his narrative concrete by the introduction of precise allusions, which proclaim sources of immediate reality, both in verse, in which he describes the protagonist as buried at El Tuyú, and in a note that substantiates the truth of the sad episode. He said:

The historical Santos Vega died of sorrow because he was beaten by a young man in a song that the *gauchos* called counterpoint; when the inspiration of the improviser's mind failed, his life was extinguished.

Popular tradition held that the unknown

<sup>17</sup>Singing they will have to bury me,  
Singing shall I go to heaven!—THE EDITOR.

<sup>18</sup>A duel in the payadoresque style, that is, a troubadour contest of verse and song.—THE EDITOR.

singer was the devil, because only he could have beaten Santos Vega; and if the testimony of Mitre, the commentator, was so categorical when he spoke of the *payador*, let us see how Mitre, the poet, spoke when he addressed himself to the vanquished *payador*:

*¿Qué te importa si has vivido  
Cantando cual la cigarra,  
Al son de bumilde guitarra  
Bajo el ombú colosal?  
Si tus ojos se han nublado  
Entre mil aclamaciones,  
Si tus "cielos" y canciones  
En el pueblo vivirán.*

*Cantando de "pago" en "pago,"  
Y venciendo payadores;  
Entre todos los cantores  
Fuiste aclamado el mejor:  
Pero al fin caíste vencido  
En un duelo de armonías  
Después de pagar dos días,  
Y moriste de dolor.*

*Como el antiguo guerrero,  
Caído sobre su escudo  
Sobre su instrumento mudo,  
Entregaste tu alma a Dios;  
Y es fama que al mismo tiempo  
Que tu vida se apagaba  
La bordona reventaba  
Produciendo un triste son.<sup>10</sup>*

Let us pass over certain halting phrases of this poem (such as the consonant rime *guitarra* with *cigarra*, and the quoting of a word like "pago," which is of Latin

<sup>10</sup>What avails thee if thou hast lived it  
Singing like a wee cicada,  
To the humble guitar's strumming,  
'Neath the colossal ombú?  
If thine eyes are now o'erclouded  
'Mid a thousand exclamations,  
If thy ballads and thy glories  
In the people e'er will live?

From ranch to ranch hast gone singing  
And defeating *payadores*;  
From among a world of singers  
They acclaimed thee as the best;  
But at length thou fellest beaten  
In a duel of harmonies,  
After two full days of singing,  
And of sorrow thou didst die.

Like a warrior of past ages,  
Fallen dead upon his buckler,  
On thine instrument, now silent,  
Didst thou yield thy soul to God;  
At the same time, runs the story,  
That thy life was ebbing quickly,  
The G-string in twain was broken,  
Giving out a doleful sound.—THE EDITOR.

origin and pure enough, although it is usually thought to be an Argentinism; and the structure—not wholly spontaneous or well cadenced—of the verses. Let me point out, on the other hand, in praise of this poem, the priority and nobility of its intention. It was Mitre's purpose to produce a cultured elegy, with subject, protagonist and landscape drawn from patriotic tradition and environment, and he anticipated, with the vacillations of a first effort, what three decades later was accomplished by don Rafael Obligado, that is, the composition of a pampan elegy. Hence we feel to-day, in Mitre's legends, the presence of a still immediate reality:

*Tu alma puebla los desiertos,  
Y del sur en la campaña,  
Al lado de una cabaña  
Se eleva fúnebre cruz;  
Esa cruz bajo de un tala,  
Solitario, abandonado,  
Es un símbolo adorado  
En los campos del Tuyú.<sup>20</sup>*

After having established in these verses the true elements of tradition, he universalised the dead personage by the collective mystery of the legend:

*Duerme, duerme, Santos Vega.  
Que mientras en el desierto  
Se oiga ese vago concierto,  
Tu nombre será inmortal;  
Y lo ha de escuchar el gaucho,  
Tendido en su duro lecho,  
Mientras en pajiño techo  
Cante el gallo matinal.*

*Duerme mientras de despierte  
Del alba con el lucero,  
El vigilante tropero  
Que repita tu cantar,  
Y que de bosque en llanura,  
En el repunte o la yerra,  
Se alce por toda la tierra  
Como un coro colosal.*

*Y mientras el gaucho errante  
Al cruzar por la pradera*

<sup>20</sup>Thy soul inhabits the deserts;  
And far in the southern lowlands,  
By the side of a lone cabin,  
Stands a funereal cross;  
That cross underneath a *tala* [an Argentine tree],  
Solitary and abandoned,  
Is ever an adored symbol  
Of the lands of the Tuyú.—THE EDITOR.



*Se detenga en su carrera  
Y baje de su alazán,  
Y ponga el poncho en el suelo  
A guisa de pobre alfombra,  
Y rece bajo esa sombra,  
¡Santos Vega, duerme en paz!*<sup>21</sup>

By a process similar to that of this elegy, Mitre composed in this period of his youth the other poems that complete the book *Armonías de la pampa*. Such was the "picture of customs" called *El palo*: a hardy and manly sport of the *gauchos*, in which parties of dashing horsemen disputed over a duck thrust up to the neck in a sack; such were *El caballo del gaucho*, the *Ombú en la pampa* and other poems on the insurgent *montoneras*<sup>22</sup> in the time of the revolution of Chascomús. The gauchesque tendency of the author is evident in that part of his work, and if he did not achieve perfection in other respects, he merited the glory of priority, already mentioned, in the exposition of the new doctrine that this attempt awakened in him, for he said:

Both in painting and in statuary, artistic truth is not material truth, for that is not the best portrait which most exactly copies the defects; so also poetic truth is very different from real truth, that is, without being precisely a

transcript of every-day life itself, it is, nevertheless, up to a certain point, its idealization, which, without losing sight of the original, illuminates it with the colors of the imagination, groups about it the elements that are not often united in a single individual, and which, notwithstanding, exist dispersed, and, being brought together, form what is called "a type." Thus it is that I have always understood poetry, and thus it has been understood by all the great masters, if we study their works with attention. The elegy of *Santos Vega* is but an ingenuous application of this theory: in it I have tried to rise somewhat above real life, without losing sight of local color and without ceasing to keep myself on a level with imagination of the people. In other respects, it is founded on the popular tradition that made of Santos Vega a kind of myth, which lives in the memory of all, wrapped in the impressive clouds of mystery.

With these words Mitre took a stand in favor of that noble esthetic tradition that had its philosopher in Plato, its painter in Leonardo, its poet in Poe, its sculptor in Rodin, its musician in Grieg. With the intuition of genius and a rare aptitude of spirit, he understood that those rude countrymen and their humble customs and even their very superstitions could be elevated by the exaltation of poetry to the luminous sphere of an art both chaste and universal.

That Mitre should arrive at the gauchesque conception of Santos Vega ought not to surprise us, because he was educated, as I have said, on the *estancias* of the pampa, and because he had lived later, as a soldier and a politician, in direct contact with the popular traditions. Many years subsequently, in 1874, when Mitre was an ex-president of the republic, his friend, Vecuña Mackenna (a friend from the time of the proscription) wrote him, saying: "These brave *gauchos* that you have so often led into battle;" and he that had been president did not disdain the idea. On the contrary, he treasured the letter among the "historial" documents of his archives.<sup>23</sup>

Mitre remained faithful to his affection for gauchesque subjects, but he always retained his dislike of the vulgar prosody. In 1872, in expressing an opinion of José Hernández's *Martín Fierro*, he recalled,

<sup>21</sup> Sleep now, sleep now, Santos Vega,  
For, as long as in the desert  
Is heard afar this vague concert,  
Immortal will by thy name;  
It must be heard by the *gaucho*,  
On his rugged couch extended,  
While on the thatched roof upstanding  
Crows the matutinal cock.

Sleep then until be awakened  
With the pale star of the morning  
The restless, vigilant drover,  
Who will sing again thy song,  
And which, from plateau to forest,  
Off the tune or following it,  
Like a mighty chorus rolls  
Wildly filling all the welkin.

And while the wandering *gaucho*,  
As he goes across the meadow,  
Pauses anon in his gallop,  
And from his courser alights,  
And on the ground spreads his *poncho*  
In token of meager carpet,  
And prays 'neath his horse's shadow,  
Santos Vega, sleep in peace.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>22</sup> Irregular bands of armed and mounted men usually at strife with the existing government, in whose eyes they are regarded as outlaws: South American usage.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>23</sup> See the *Archivo de Mitre*, published by *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, volume 21.

in his letter of April,<sup>24</sup> the conceptions of the time of his *Santos Vega*, saying to him:

As to my way of judging and interpreting this kind of poetry, you will find an example and a theory in the compositions and the complementary note that you will see in the book I send you in return for yours. After you read my critical note, you will not be surprised that I explain to you with frankness that I think you have somewhat abused naturalism and that you have exaggerated the local color in the verses without meter that you have scattered intentionally through your pages, as well also as in certain barbarisms that were not indispensable to placing the book within the reach of all the world, by lifting the vulgar intelligence to the level of the language in which are expressed ideas and sentiments common to man.

It should be well understood that this censure of the form of *Martín Fierro* did not prevent his eulogizing Hernández's poem, whose merits he estimated with discernment.

#### IV

##### THE CAREER OF THE AUTODIDACT

THE decade that began with 1830 was approaching its close when the despotism of Rosas became entrenched in Buenos Aires, and don Ambrosio Mitre and his family had again gone to live in Uruguay. The young Argentine found himself at home on those shores, which were likewise Argentine, and which were, besides, the country of his father and of Delfina de Vedia, the attractive sweetheart whom, years later, he was to make his wife. The cosmopolitan environment of Montevideo softened his manners, broadened his spirit and disquieted his will. The harbor, filled with ships, contrasted with the lonely southern Patagones where he had grown up, and the far-away Europe with which the illustrious man was to become acquainted. The young warrior began to sing. Tall, elegant, finely formed, with a bronzed complexion, chestnut hair, falling in waves over his spacious brow, an eager nose and clear, soft eyes, his strikingly romantic profile already stood out among

his contemporaries, animated, as he was, by a strong passion both for arms and for letters. Ambition for glory burned in his heart, and the moment had arrived in which the path of destiny was to be chosen. That was the hour in which the incipient personality of Bartolomé Mitre entered the highways of history.

Mere mention of his literary works is sufficient to indicate Mitre's importance in the history of our culture.

The principal works of Mitre are: *Historia de Belgrano y de la independencia argentina* (three volumes); *Historia de San Martín y de la emancipación americana* (four volumes); *Comprobaciones históricas* (two volumes); *Catálogo razonado de las lenguas americanas* (three volumes); *Páginas de historia*; *Belgrano y Güemes*; *Rimas*; *Arengas*; *Correspondencia*; and numerous lesser works. As a translator, he left versions of Dante, Horace, Hugo and other foreign poets. His also was the work of compiling and arranging the *Archivo de San Martín* (published in twelve volumes); the *Archivo de Belgrano* (of which several volumes have been published); his own archives; and those of Pueyrredón, Artigas, Rivadavia and other founders. Among his intellectual enterprises may also be included *La Nación*, founded by him; the formation of his American library and archives, the basis of the present Museo Mitre; and his support of all our intellectual enterprises from 1852 to 1906. Our leading critics, journalists and historians have written on him, but his glory is still in process of elaboration, as the adversary of the tyranny of Rosas, as a statesman of the period of national organization, as the historian of Argentine independence and as a leader in American culture. If the lack of a biography of Mitre, after the manner of the histories of Belgrano and San Martín that he wrote, is lamentable, it is also lamentable that his works—although republished several times—have not yet been collected in a definitive edition, as has already been done in the cases of his contemporaries Sarmiento and Alberdi. Mitre's writings, as has been seen, would reach more than thirty volumes.

An extraordinary autodidact, he made

<sup>24</sup>*Martín Fierro*: critical opinions inserted in the edition of 1894, in my possession.

himself, by his own efforts alone, an artilleryman of the schools, in a period of barbarism (1838-1853); he founded later, parties, colleges, institutions of culture (1853-1896); he was, successively or simultaneously, a mathematician, poet, philosopher, orator, philologist, bibliographer, historian, soldier, journalist, ruler: a man of action and a man of dreams at all times. His precocity, was, besides, extraordinary; the fertility and variety of his genius were as singular as the consistency of his character. A refugee from Buenos Aires in the time of Rosas, he afterward trod all roads, winning for himself all honors. The mere enunciation of his "claims" and "acts" would require many pages. His glory was so great that, because of its loftiness and complexity, it could only be expressed in a book, or in a word: his name. It is sufficient to say that he went entirely through the whole official register, from color-bearer to brigadier-general: all the political positions, from deputy to president; all the romantic adventures, from the quiet joys of the home, to tragic proscriptions; all the official ceremonies, from the review of troops before battle, to diplomatic embassies after victory; all the intellectual enterprises, from learning native languages, to the investigation of heroic biographies; all the manly tastes, from the fragrant cigar of the man of the world, to the rare editions of the bibliophile; all the popular successes, from intellectual triumphs, to the civic jubilee (1901). His life was linked with the history of seven nations: Argentina, Uruguay, Bolivia, Perú, Chile, Brazil, Paraguay. A life so long and broad bursts the mold of personal biographies, for it belongs to collective history, and it rises above his external acts, because of the emanant psychological interest of its very harmony and complexity. Mitre was the great multiple and superior man, according to the classic type of the European Renaissance, vouchsafed to our American republics as a numen and an example in their initial period. Therefore the death of Mitre was an apotheosis (1906). Consecrated by the love of his people, his death was the death of a patriarch.

A symbol of the glory of Mitre, as an

intellectual leader, is the statue of bronze that stands in the court of the Museo Mitre. In that institution is preserved almost all the iconography of Mitre, as abundant and varied as that of Victor Hugo is in the congener museum. In several Argentine institutions there are images of Mitre. A school of the capital and several schools of the interior bear his name.

Mitre wore a beard and his hair long during his extended historical career, from his youth until his old age, without other variation than the diminution natural to the passing of the years. In the portraits of his gallant youth are to be recognized the serene man of mature age, and vice versa. He showed a predilection for civil dress, although he was a general: a frock-coat, on ceremonial occasions; a sack-coat, ordinarily; a soft hat, almost always. Hence the statue of the Museo is one of the most synthetic and characteristic of the statues of Mitre, while the projected monument of Calandra, equestrian and martial, does not interpret the true intellectual and moral greatness of the man glorified.

## V

### ON THE EVE OF GLORY

I HAVE quoted in another passage of this article the words that Echeverría devoted to Mitre in the "Glance" that precedes the *Dogma*, in the edition of 1845:

Señor Mitre, a scientific artilleryman, a soldier at Cagancha and at the siege of Montevideo, acquired, from his early youth, no little reputation as a thinker and poet. His poetry is distinguished from that of his contemporaries by the manly frankness of its movement and by a certain timbre of voice that reminds us of the vigorous intonation of Callimachus and Tyræus. He is at present engaged in historical studies, that will doubtless win for him new laurels.

It has pleased me to repeat here, literally, Echeverría's judgment, because it presents to us three aspects of Mitre's public activity: action, poetry and history—thoroughly defined from his youth—and because this judgment is to serve for other

remarks on the biography of Mitre and the merit of his verses.

I have reason to believe that Mitre did not belong to the first group of the *Asociación de Mayo*,<sup>36</sup> and that his friendship with Echeverría and the influence of the latter on him date from an earlier period: the time when the two refugees were in Montevideo. Whether on account of this or because he was absent from Buenos Aires or because he did not study in the schools, the truth is that the name of Bartolomé Mitre does not appear in the correspondence and memorials that refer to those first years of the romantic disquietude. If we recall that in 1835, in the time of the "Salón de Sastre," or in 1836, during that of Echeverría's association, Mitre was only fifteen or sixteen years old, its absence will appear more explicable. It is true that another as young as he—Marmol—took part in that first undertaking; but this privilege was due to a class-room friendship—whether of the *Colegio de Ciencias Morales*, the *Liceo Mora y de Angelis* or the university, institutions that Mitre did not attend. I think, however, that after he had resided on the *estancia* of the Rosases, and before he went to Montevideo, Bartolomé Mitre, a youth then unknown, was in Buenos Aires, and to the days of that stay are to be referred these verses of exile:

*¡O patria! ¡O Buenos Aires! ¡O sueño de mi vida!  
Como inmortal recuerdo reinas en mi memoria  
Recorriendo los días de dicha promisoría  
Que en tu seno amoroso, Buenos Aires, pasé.  
Recuerdo la ribera do a meditar yo iba,  
Y el árbol perfumado que sombra me prestaba,  
Recuerdo los momentos en que se deslizaba  
Mi vida por un lago sereno de placer.*<sup>37</sup>

<sup>36</sup>"Association of May," organized by Esteban Echeverría, after his return from Europe; its principles were expressed in Echeverría's *Dogma socialista*, and it was composed of a group of patriots opposed to the tyrant Rosas.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>37</sup>O Patria! O Buenos Aires! O dream of all my living!  
Like an immortal recollection in my mind thou reignest,  
Backward traveling o'er the days of promissory blisses,  
Which in thy loving bosom, Buenos Aires, I have passed.  
I remember the shores where I used to seek meditation,  
And the incense-breathing tree that to me vouchsafed its shadow;

The sweetness of this recollection contrasted afterward with the allusions to the life of the proscribed; and a longing imagination painted urban scenes—their squares, their women, their festivals—mingled with other emotions of popular life.

According to a certain reference of Lamarque, Mitre published in Buenos Aires, about 1836, some poems "whose accents have been lost;" but even if this doubtful information be true, I insist on believing his literary vocation did not become conscious until 1838, in Montevideo, where his contributions to *El Iniciador* appeared at the time, he becoming one of the group of Andrés Lamas, Miguel Cané, Félix Frías, Juan Bautista Alberdi, Juan María Gutiérrez—editors of publications—all older than he and of broader reading.<sup>37</sup>

Then he became acquainted with Florencio Varela and later with Echeverría, who arrived in 1840. Only from that time can we consider him an "initiate" of the new school. To this period belong also his military beginnings, which were a necessity of the struggle against Rosas, and his introduction to the study of history, which was also a branch recommended by the new school.

In the career of arms, he was to rise to the generalship; in historical studies, he was to advance to the monumental biographies of Belgrano and San Martín; but if he then persisted in these courses of action and study, he did not persist with similar earnestness in the cultivation of poetry. From 1839–1842 date almost all his verses, and he confessed in his old age that he had written no poetry save at the tender age of twenty years. In collecting his poetical works in the volume entitled

And I remember the moments in which my life went gliding  
Across the even surface of a tranquil, pleasant lake.—  
THE EDITOR.

<sup>37</sup>According to Zinny, his first verses, entitled, *No tengo un nombre*, were published in *El Iniciador* of Montevideo in 1838. For the reference of Lamarque, see Biedma's *Mitre*, page 13; for that of Zinny, see the *Historia de la prensa del Uruguay*, page 211. On this same page are mentioned other verses published in *El Iniciador: La oración; Su acento; Mi estrella; El poeta*, et cetera (1838–1839), some not included in the *Rimas*.

*Rimas*, which Casavalle printed after Caseros,<sup>28</sup> Mitre said in the prologue:

The poems that may be read here were all written when I was twenty years old. I then dreamed of immortality, and the laurels of Homer drove away my sleep. I soon came to understand that I could not aspire to live in the memory of more than one generation as a poet, and that our society was not sufficiently mature to produce a poet-laureate. Nevertheless, what little of poetry God deposited in my soul, I have poured out by the wayside of my life, consecrating it sometimes to my country; at others,

to my friends; at others, to the pure and serene affections of the home; because he that recognizes that his verses will certainly not go down to posterity ought to be generous with his small treasure.<sup>29</sup>

Mitre himself gave us, in these words, the critical instrument with which we ought to judge him, after the changes that his sensibility and technic had experienced during the latter half of the century. It was with this in mind that Rubén Darío, in his lecture on Mitre as a poet, delivered in the theater of Buenos Aires, was pleased to praise the illustrious rimer.

<sup>28</sup>A battle fought between the party of patriotism and reconstruction and the tyrant Rosas in 1852, when Rosas was finally overthrown.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>29</sup>*Rimas*: page LIV.

*(To be concluded in the next English number).*



# PAN AMERICANISM AND COMPANY

BY

ALFREDO COLMO

The author, a sincere believer in the need of a good understanding and a proper and reasonable degree of coöperation between the American countries, tartly discusses what he conceives "Pan Americanism" to be at the present time. In his discussion of the attitude of certain Hispanic-American countries toward the United States—in which he is friendly enough—he does not overlook what he deems to be our shortcomings, but, on the other hand, neither does he assume that the current and often repeated censures of our course of action—it is impossible to call it a policy—are always justified; and he strongly protests against his nation or, indeed, any nation's making common cause with another nation against the United States, merely because of "con-fraternity," "community of race and tongue," "similar ideals," which he says, "may be nothing more than vain babbling and diplomatic artifice."—THE EDITOR.

THE IRONY revealed by the title that I have just placed at the head of this article is quite intentional. I am trying to give emphasis to the inharmony, and at times the antinomy itself, that is wont to exist between the conception and the reality to which it ought to correspond.

Pan Americanism ought to be a sentiment and a conduct addressed to an ideal. This sentiment and this conduct would presuppose, like everything psychological, an indispensable physical basis, which in the case could not rest on anything less than the positive facts of intercommunication among the different American countries by means of roads and railway lines, steamers, telegraphs and all the rest, in commerce, in culture . . . everything that effectually draws together and vinculates, and that compels a reciprocal acquaintanceship. This "physical" basis—which I have barely outlined—presupposes, as in all complex organizations, the double consolidation—organic and psychological—of each of its units, that is, of each of the countries that would be included in Pan Americanism; for the unity and vigor of the whole could never spring from the disunion and instability of the elements that constitute it.

This is what "ought to be." What "is" is not a little removed from it. The basic truth—and I do not take exceptions into account—is that Pan Americanism has not gone any farther than a word and a mere dream, exactly because what is organic and what is consolidated in each of the American countries is not yet a fact.

Any one that is acquainted with our countries will accept this affirmation that I have just made, without asking to have it demonstrated. I can not pause to do so now, as my present purpose is not that of describing the real essence and scope of Pan Americanism. On the other hand, there are only too many proofs, in a thousand manifestations of life and in not a few publications—I myself have published a whole book on the subject—that demonstrate the fundamental correctness of the affirmation.

What I intend to point out here is the inevitable derivation of Pan Americanism, and that in a double sense.

Be it said at once, the ideal Pan Americanism to which I have referred can boast of very incidental, secondary or incomplete expressions. Intercommunication is barely sporadic. We have maritime or fluvial communications between two or three neighboring countries, but international—to say nothing of continental—railways are a myth. Commerce does not extend beyond immediate vicinities. Interchange of culture is a falsehood, if we pass over quite isolated facts or such as are too individual in character: even booksellers are unacquainted with one another, to such an extent that in order to have contact from a given country with any other it is necessary to make use of a public center, which is usually to be found in Spain, France or Italy. Even the international action of the governments has not produced the most rudimentary fruits: I allude to the Pan American congresses, which have come one after another during several

decades, and which, in general, have resulted merely in recommendations or agreements that have not been changed into practical treaties or into any common action. (I repeat that I am considering what is notable, and that I do not consider the exceptional). Even in what is merely diplomatic and conventional, that is, in what is the easiest and most expeditious of formula and simple appearance, we are leagues from any approximation, much less of any community. I have before me the *Gula del cuerpo diplomático extranjero* of the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores y Culto of the Argentine republic, for the year of grace 1921, and I find in it that, of the twenty countries that constitute Central and South America, only ten have accredited representatives in Buenos Aires.

The necessary result is that our countries are ignorant of one another; hence they are not bound together in any appreciable manner, and hence all the common "sentiments" and "ideals" with which the mouths of the phrase-makers are so frequently filled amount to nothing more than the words that express them, or at most, the individual desire of the one that invokes them.

So I am led as by the hand to the second of the two senses already noted.

I have just said that the Pan Americanism that "ought to be" is a mere fallacy. Now I propose to do the same with this other idea: that the most concrete and positive Pan Americanism that is known in our countries is that of the instrument or recourse of defense, which is not always appealed to in loyalty. Governments that conduct themselves in international affairs without much circumspection and that on this account find themselves exposed to the resulting penalties, then recall Pan Americanism to take refuge in it and raise an outcry, seeking to find in it a shield and buckler with which to defend their wrong conduct and avert the threatening penalty that is hanging over them. It is at such times that a furore is made of "sovereignty," "justice," "right," "liberty" and all the rest, as well as the invectives of "vampirism," "imperialism," "brute force," and the remaining et ceteras against the nations they have offended.

Far be it from me to suppose that it is only in this form that Pan Americanism is translated in fact. I have already remarked it. All that I affirm is that it occurs with relative frequency, so that it may not be admitted that it is in the realm of the very occasional or rare.

As will be understood, in the most of the supposed cases, the "victimized" countries are those of the Latin-American community, and the "victimizing" country is no other than the North American Union, precisely the weakest counterpoised against the strongest.

To limit myself to recent cases, I examine, with a view to illustrating with hard facts the already described workings of Pan Americanism, those of Haiti, Santo Domingo and Panamá. The cases of Colombia, México, et cetera, are somewhat remote, which diminished their timeliness.

As is known, Panamá is in a dispute with Costa Rica over boundaries. In spite of having submitted it to arbitration—to the chief justice of the United States, Mr. White, recently deceased—and in spite of the fact that the decision had been rendered definitively, Panamá has attempted to oppose by force the application of the verdict, to which end she has occupied, *manu militari*, a part of the territory formerly in dispute, thus giving rise to an entire *casus belli* with her neighbor, who has conducted herself with moderation and has prevented the breaking out of hostilities. In the face of this situation, the United States has sought to bring pressure to bear on Panamá, to compel her to obey the decision and to comply with it; and in virtue of this, Panamá is attempting to send a mission of propaganda to the Union and to the Latin-American countries for the purpose of obtaining her rights and establishing claims.

Something of the same kind has been undertaken in Haiti, where protest is being made against occupation by the United States, and where outcry is raised against the abuses inflicted by her representatives.

At bottom, the situation in Santo Domingo is the same.

Not to prolong the discussion, I prefer to confine my study to one of these three cases, and I take the last of them. The

Panaman mission, up to the present time, is not an accomplished fact, at least in respect of our country, and the antecedents of the situation are not yet complete. The "case" of Haiti is the same as that of her neighbor (as is known, the two countries occupy the island of Haiti), and it may be included with that of the Dominican republic; and the latter is the more notable: the prospective "mission" has been among us for some months, and the subject is again being agitated in recent days by the publication of an article in one of our great dailies.

I am going to set forth therefore the case of Santo Domingo, in the light of the most impartial data that it has been possible for me to find.

I remark at the outset that my object is not to sit in judgment on the international policy of the United States, even in respect of the continent. Much less am I inclined to place it in the best of lights. I am well aware that this policy, in not a few cases, has been neither Pan American nor just. I could cite, as cases in point, the most notorious ones of the dismemberment of Colombia by the setting off of Panamá, fostered by the United States, and the illegal interference carried on in México during the last ten or fifteen years. Even in respect of our country, I could mention the series of acts of interested pressure with which she sought to force us to embark on her martial policy or tendency during the recent war. I do not hold therefore that the United States is angelic, and I recognize more than one grave mistake in her conduct of international affairs.

What I am going to say then may or may not argue justifiable acts on the part of the Union: this is a matter of indifference to me here. If I make note of it, it is because, according to my judgment, it contains positive facts and indisputable truths that cause the situation of Santo Domingo to stand out in relation to the United States.

I may be reminded, it is true, that in the most of the Latin-American countries, opinion and sentiment are opposed to the United States; but it should be borne in mind that in the majority of these coun-

tries this opinion, aside from facts that give it support, is based on a circumstance that does it little honor: it is a case of nations indebted to the Union, with internal policies that are neither very fraternal nor very secure: and which, in the weakness of their impotency, cry out against one that is much stronger than they, and that to-morrow might be able to call them to order. The truth is that, in the broad sense, there is not a single country of Latin America that is not penetrated pacifically by the United States, and thus she dominates in all parts by dint of her commerce, her industries, her finances and her culture; but if there is any blame in this, it is not imputable to the Union. It would be equally in our power to have the North American initiative, spirit of enterprise, faith in action, less concern over petty politics and the revolutionary tendency, more schools, more science, more morality and more uprightness.

The fulmination against the United States in our countries has therefore an excessively one-sided origin.

When, however, one comes face to face with conclusions such as those reached by Samuel G. Inman, in his book, *Intervention in Mexico*, the Latin-American *communis opinio* seems to find some foundation. Inman—who is not an official functionary, but who serves as secretary of the Committee on Coöperation in Latin America, whose activity is, above all else, educational, religious and broadly social—wrote his book after an extended visit to México, and he asserted that the North American government let itself be too much influenced by the capitalists that possessed interests in the sister country, provoking for this purpose more than one intervention and more than one revolt, whose factors were of a character predominantly financial and private. We have to do here with an author beyond suspicion: the instrument of a mission, himself a missionary, with the soul of a hero, who has gone through each of our countries more than once, the *deus ex machina* of 'at great religious, educational and social congress held some five years ago at Panamá, whose proceedings and reports circulated in three thick volumes; Inman, who is also



a clergyman, although he does not practice as a "reverend," has full right to be believed.

When, a few months ago, I received his book, *Through Santo Domingo and Haiti*, I expected to come upon something similar; but I was not a little disappointed. I found his usual sincerity, his anxiety to know, *sur place*, the characteristics of a people and the independent courage of his judgments, but I did not find abuse of his compatriots.

It is because, indeed, circumstances vary. México is a land of petroleum and all the rest; Santo Domingo is a mere debtor and a small market. México has not been occupied in the military sense; Santo Domingo has been so occupied.

Antecedents have varied with conditions, and it is well to know this in order to form an opinion; and it is necessary to turn on the light, inasmuch as the subject is timely, in view of the Dominican mission already alluded to, which is making a tour of the continent, in search of auspices for its protest against occupation by the United States.

Set forth synthetically therefore, the antecedents may be reduced to the following: the United States, as a creditor of Santo Domingo, celebrated with that republic a *modus vivendi*, in virtue of which, in order to guarantee what was due her and, above all, to prevent the international action of creditor governments, such as France, Italy and Belgium, appointed a functionary charged with receiving the customs revenues in behalf of the different creditors; on the ground of a revolution against President Jiménez, then in office, and with his consent, the United States disembarked eighteen hundred men at different ports; this did not prevent Jiménez, ill and broken down, from renouncing his position; whereupon, a few months afterward, the congress elected a president *pro tempore*, until recourse should be had, six months later, to a general election, which resulted in favor of Francisco Henríquez Carvajal; and, as the latter undertook to be president, contrary to what had been agreed upon, and as the financial conditions stipulated were not complied with by the Dominican govern-

ment, the United States occupied the country militarily, by a proclamation in which the circumstances that led to it were set forth, and there was a definite statement of the express condition that the occupation did not imply "a destruction of the sovereignty of the republic," since it would confine itself to maintaining order, which had been disturbed, and to the carrying out of the treaty mentioned.

That was four years and some months ago. It seems that the occupation has been prolonged excessively, to judge by the complaints of which the mission alluded to is the echo. So, at a distance, it is not easy to express a conclusive opinion in the case. I think, however, that there are sufficient elements on which to base a judgment in order not to permit ourselves to be carried away by the propaganda that is being carried on by the mission referred to, and to enable us to view events with the objectivity of their teachings and to do definitive justice by hearing both sides, and not one side only, and on the basis of reasons, and not of mere impressions.

The propaganda already mentioned possesses a certain justification: that of the patriotism of its members; but I fear that the mission itself is far from able fully to justify its authority, however much it invokes the "national *junta*" that accredited it. If this *junta* emanates from the people, there is nothing to be said in reply: a people is never wrong, although it be mistaken. . . . If it does not emanate from the people, but from some circle, it fails to represent.

The latter seems to be more probable.

Above all, because its members bear the same surname, and one of them in both terms, as that of the deposed president. These members belong to a family of lettered and cultured people in Santo Domingo, as happens to be the case; this does not prevent them from taking it on themselves to represent a dominant family rather than a circle, not to speak of the people, and it leaves margin for the thought that the mission is ventilating interests too personal, instead of public interests.

When therefore one of the members has said among us, as has occurred, that they have come "with the suffering of a people

on their backs," he is uttering a pretty phrase, and an effective one, but he has left a doubt as to whether by means of it he has expressed a reality. I did not see it demonstrated in any manner then, nor have I seen it since.

It is well to appeal to sentiment, but it is better to speak the truth. A literary phrase is pleasing, but we are a little sick of phrases of this kind. In truth, some abuse has been made, cleverly enough, it is true, of such things as "confraternity," "community of race and tongue," "similar ideals," and all the rest of the common-places, which in all strictness, may be nothing more than vain babbling and diplomatic artifice. Confraternity and all the rest are based, as I have already said, on foundations that in most cases are wanting: vinculation by means of railways and steamships, international commerce, interchange of culture and other things that bring peoples together are much better than discourses.

We have had plenty of exploitation, with no little tactfulness, of the relative similarity of the condition of the Latin-American countries, whose peoples are so impressionable, so spontaneously generous toward the weak, so "natively" hostile toward the powerful; and thus one can arrive at all the uneducativeness of a palpable lie.

Of the following I have evidence: that the North American occupation has aroused the opposition of the Dominican politicians alone. The rest of the population not only has not regretted its presence, but, in some cases, it has gone so far as to praise it and request that it continue. So it is with the journalists, who have enjoyed a liberty they did not have before for the expression of their opinions. So it is with the merchants and industrials, who have been able to develop in a confidence and security that have resulted from a condition undisturbed by revolts, formerly only too frequent. It is so too with the people in general, who have been brought face to face with progressive educational enterprises that they had not seen thitherto.

At bottom this is a double truth.

The Dominican governments have ac-

complished nothing much—and this is true of almost all of the Latin-American governments—for the public good. During the seventy years of her independent life, the republic has had nineteen constitutions, by means of which it has sought to minister to the happiness of the people, although the fact remains that this happiness is obtained by works, and not by unenforced or violated laws. In the same period of time, forty-three presidents or dictators have passed through the government, of whom only three have filled out their regular terms; for revolutions have occurred with excessive frequency. The people possessed no internal highways, even for horses; and comfortable hotels and all the rest for travelers were practically unknown. In spite of the marvelous richness of the soil, the public resources per inhabitant have not reached the half of ours; and two-thirds of them have resulted from taxation of the most unjust kind, which is that of customs duties; the international commerce, per inhabitant, has not attained to the fourth part of the Argentine; and the railways, also computed on the basis of the average per inhabitant, do not total even a tenth of ours. A country that was the first of the continental colonies and that has the most ancient and venerable monuments of the Spanish domination ought at least to possess schools and libraries. Such a country deserves a much better fate than that which is shown by the possession of only nineteen postal communications per annum for each inhabitant, while among us—who are not, either in this or anything else, the eighth wonder of the world—they exceed a hundred and fifty. I may say the same of the proportion of her illiterate population, which is ninety-five per cent. and of the percentage of her illegitimate children, which exceeds sixty per cent.

It is true that there predominates in the country—even if less than in Haiti—an African and native element that retains many more survivals of a past of servitude and slavery in the former plantations.

I do not discuss reasons, however; I give the facts. In the presence of them.

it is necessary to face the stern reality, by accomplishing a positively patriotic task of developing public works, education and honest and far-seeing government.

This is what has been done, in part at least, by the North Americans. I do not say that it is so because they have sought the well-being of the Dominicans, strictly speaking. Altruisms of this kind are unknown in international life. I can not say what is the total motive: I suspect that they have looked ahead, and have had an eye to the greater benefit that would be yielded by the market.

Be what it may the reason, the fact stands, that they have opened roads, constructed railways, erected hospitals, scattered schools—elementary, rural, commercial and industrial—and have carried on by means of them a great enterprise of culture.

Nevertheless, it is undeniable that Dominican sovereignty continues to be affected. . . . Let us not be dazzled by startlingly luminous words, however. There are sovereignties and sovereignties. When any one violently snatches a cigarette from the mouth of a boy that is pale from nicotine poisoning and berates him and takes him home, or when he interferes to prevent a person from committing a crime, this "any one" does not begin by discanting on individual sovereignties or autonomous rights, or on the inalienableness of the patrimony of personality. . . . I do not affirm that such is the case in point; I merely mean to say that the mere invocation of sovereignty may turn out to be the invocation of no very great thing.

As for myself, I entertain no doubt. The United States has not the most remote interest in robbing the Dominicans of their independence; as soon as she shall obtain what belongs to her by agreement, she will withdraw from the second "pearl of the Antilles." What attracts her is the market, not the soil; and she can secure the market without the necessity of any occupation. As for the rest, if she had desired, the Caribbean republic would have belonged to the Union ever since 1869, when the movement for incorporation in this sense was so strong. The Union did

not desire it, as she did not desire it in the more important case of Cuba.<sup>1</sup>

Behold the "case" of Santo Domingo; behold, apropos of it, a specimen of what in practice is wont to be understood by Americanism in the most of our countries!

As ought to be evident, I do not assert that this situation corresponds—if the case of Haiti be excepted—to that of the other Latin-American countries that have been or are in "conflict" with the United States. What I have desired to do has been to present one of the cases, in order that it might be possible to judge of others with it as a basis, however different they may be, specifically, in respect of it.

As for the rest, I am well aware that these reflections of mine will be looked upon as but slightly "Americanist," and even less as "friendly." I am well aware also that Americanism and friendship are conceived of in a sense that is not mine. It is conceived to be a good deed to aid a country by helping it in any situation whatsoever, even in that of falsehood or misconduct itself; and I consider that it is exactly then that we do the greatest harm: we are helping to justify or to whitewash an act of dishonesty or to render permanent a régime that is working ruin.

Pan Americanism is an ideal and a virtue. As an ideal, it presupposes the assistance of all that may effectively contribute to it. As a virtue, it implies work, culture, truth and morality. Pan Americanism must not be a word or a great discourse. Pan Americanism may not be a shield or a pretext. Americanism and friendship must be based on a sentiment of the efficient and disinterested function of government for the people, and on the strictest truth and honesty.

The abolition of a false Pan Americanism would call for congratulations. True Pan Americanism would arise of itself, it would make its way unaided, slowly and with not a few stumblings, it is true, but, if you will, far from everything that deforms and even vitiates and destroys.

<sup>1</sup>Events have proved these affirmations of our collaborator. Since he delivered to us the original of this article, the newspapers have published the cable dispatches with the news that the United States is preparing to end, within a few months, the military and political occupation of the island here described.—Note of the editor of *Nosotros*,

# THE HISTORY OF COTTON

BY

JOAQUÍN OLMEDILLA Y PUIG

The importance of the subject.—Etymology of the word "cotton" and its meaning in several languages.—Principal kinds of plants that yield it.—Its antiquity.—The knowledge of it among the Chinese.—Ideas on this subject set forth by Herodotus, Theophrastus, Strabo and Pliny.—"Wool grows on trees."—Cotton mentioned in passages of the Bible.—The importance of Spain in the history of cotton.—The first cotton garments used in Europe.—The part played by trees in the cultivation of the cotton plant.—The epoch of cotton culture in Italy, France, England and the United States.—Cotton in the conquest of México.—Certain poets mention this fiber.—When cotton spinning began in the United States.—Great importance of the American planters.—The progress of civilization and culture marked in the use of this material.—Conflicts of the cotton crises.—The chemistry of cotton.—Its use in medicine.—The power of science in the transformation of this material.—Pyroxylin and its history.—The centenary of cotton.—Final considerations.

IT IS not surprising that a material of such varied and constant use, one that we always wear on our bodies to a greater or less extent, one that has solved social problems of vital interest, in which hygiene, in the first place, and, afterward, industry, in their great manifestations, play a very important part, should arouse our curiosity to become acquainted with its history and should awaken us to an appreciation of the vicissitudes this substance has undergone since it occurred to mankind to apply it to the uses to which it was destined.

To cast a retrospective glance at the manifold origin and uses of cotton is, as happens in the case of many other substances, to make an excursion through the general history of human society and follow its routes, it being possible, frequently, to offer extensive and profound considerations regarding a substance that has played such an important rôle in the history of the world, from the very interesting service it renders us in clothing us and protecting our delicate and sensitive bodies from the unexpected hazards of the environment, to the occasional fostering of extensive crises that may involve the public peace in a serious manner.

We marvel, in truth, at the importance that has been attained by an object of such apparent in significance, which, inclosed within the very modest covering of a seed, has come to be a very potent element in social life and a sign of wealth, at whose impulse are placed in circulation rivers of

gold and capital so great that it may exercise a veritable tyranny over values, as happens with the banking establishments and everything that holds within itself waves of riches and an immense amount of labor and capital gathered together. Therefore the history of it is like that of those copious navigable rivers, which were, at their beginning, fine threads of crystalline lymph, barely appreciable and lacking in value.

It is not my purpose at this moment to write a monograph on cotton, for to do so would require an extensive book, which it would be impossible to condense within the limits of an article; I shall therefore set down in this sketch only what stands out in the historical conception of cotton and discuss some of its applications, recalling dates and mentioning names and localities, in order that whatsoever is worthy of being known in this respect may be appreciated, and that the veil of oblivion may never cover it; for there is much in the study of it that exalts the glories of humanity and that forms one of the brilliant crowns that may be placed upon the brow of industry and the majesty of science.

The Spanish word for cotton, *algodón*, is derived from the Arabic article *al* and the substantive *ghothon* [*qútun*, *qútn*, cotton], which, united, give us *alghoton*, in turn derived from the Sanskrit, *kartara*, which indicates the action of spinning linen or cotton, the root of which, *kart*, means to split, to cut.

As *r* is frequently suppressed before a consonant in the more modern dialects of

India, the origin of the word under discussion can be explained. It is therefore of Arabic origin. In German, it is *baumwolle* [kattum]; in English, *cotton*; in Dutch, *katoen*; in Danish, *bomould* [kattum]; in Swedish, *bomull* [kattum]; in Russian, *kloptschataja bumaga*; in Italian, *cotone*; and in Portuguese, *algodão*.

Consisting of the very fine, soft fibrous substance, which, like a capillary expansion, covers the seeds of different malvaceous plants, it would at once attract attention and be utilized for the purpose for which it is designed, even if in a very limited degree. The learned botanist Linnaeus retained the name *Gossypium*, which Pliny had already given to the genus to which the different species that produce cotton belong, the principal one being *Gossypium herbaceum*, which originated in upper Egypt, and which is cultivated in several regions of Asia and Africa. There are also the species: *indicum*, *arboreum*, *religiosum*, *barbadense*, *birsutum*, *vitifolium*, *peruvianum*, *racemosum*, *micranthum*, *eglandulosum*, *latifolium*, and several others, some of which are cultivated over great areas in North and South America, and striking examples of which are to be found in many parts of the United States, México and Brazil.

Cotton is one of the most useful and beneficent of plants. By the cultivation and elaboration of it millions of people live, engaged in the manifold processes to which it gives rise, to an extent that might fill many glorious pages of the history of industry. The English people, true masters in what relates to practical life, have given to cotton the name of "king" ("king cotton"), whereby it is sought to make understood the great influence it exercises on the destinies of peoples; for it signifies a great torrent of wealth wrapped within itself, and on this account it is very appropriate to apply to it the term "king," since the production and consumption of it constitute an immense source of value.

## II

COTTON fabrics have been in use from very early times. In the days of Herodotus, the East Indians used cotton cloths. In the first century of the Chris-

tian era there were already in Egypt and Arabia manufactories of these fabrics; but the Greeks and Romans seem not to have used them. The Chinese, who led the rest of the world in other knowledge, did not do so, however, in this particular, as they only began to cultivate the cotton plant after the conquest by the Tartars, that is, in the thirteenth century, at which time cotton cloths were the object of an important commerce in the Crimea and northern Russia, whither they were carried from Turkestan.

Upon its introduction into the Celestial empire the cotton-plant had to maintain a heavy and hard struggle with the manufacturers of and workers in wool and silk, and not until 1368 did cotton enter into general use there, and the people, stationary like all the peoples of their race, did not perfect the manufacture of these fabrics, which in a different case might have accomplished marvels.

In the time of Strabo, that is, four hundred and fifty years after Herodotus, cotton was cultivated at the mouth of the Persian gulf. Theophrastus mentioned, among the products of the island of Tylor, in this gulf, trees that bore wool and whose leaves were very similar to those of the grape-vine, but smaller. Adrian related that the Arabs carried cottons to a port of the Red sea, which was the center of their commerce, and that the celebrated muslins of Bengal then enjoyed the same reputation and esteem that fashion and elegance gave them later, extending down to our days.

The words of Herodotus with reference to the East Indians are very significant, if it be borne in mind that they were written four hundred and forty-five years before Christ. They are as follows:

They have a kind of plant which, instead of a fruit, produces wool of a quality more beautiful and better than that of our lambs, and from it the Indians make their clothes.

Pliny tells us that in upper Egypt, that is, Arabia, there grew a tree that some called *Gossypium* and others *Xilon*. He said that:

Its fruit is small and like a hazelnut, on which

there is a silken down that can be spun, and from which they make precious garments for the priests of Egypt.

It is known, indeed, that India was the cradle of the cotton industry. This fact was brought out by Strabo, in a very significant phrase, one that has passed into history, and which was: that "wool grows on trees." The patience and practice of the inhabitants of that region enabled them to obtain products that were fairly acceptable, in spite of their imperfection.

The fabrics alluded to in many passages of the Bible and sacred books were unquestionably of cotton. Rouelle asserts that the cloths in which the mummies were wrapped, and which do not contain resinous substances, were of this material.

The cultivation of cotton was fostered in Persia, Media and Babylonia, and the Phenicians and Carthaginians made it known in Greece, Malta, Sicily and Spain.

Our country [Spain] can boast of being the first in all Europe to cultivate the plant on a large scale, and the Mohammedans propagated it with great success in Andalucía.

Abu-Zacarías spoke of the cultivation of the cotton-plant in the kingdom of Granada; but it slowly declined after the expulsion of the Moors, to such an extent that at the close of the eighteenth century the cotton-plant was little more than a curiosity in the gardens of Motril.

The Catalanes, however, afterward promoted its cultivation on the Andalusian coasts, and in the first years of the nineteenth century a great business was done with the cotton of Motril, which reached its greatest height in 1817, when the fertile lowlands of the latter place produced the larger part of the cotton that was consumed in the Catalán factories, which was designed for export, chiefly to France and England; but the political conditions of our country, the customs duties, the inferiority of the product in comparison with the finished and perfect manner of putting it up abroad were the causes of the decline of this industry, until it almost vanished.

In Greece and Italy, cotton was known in the early days of Christianity.

The first attempts at acclimatizing the cotton-plant were made in Spain, in the

environs of Sevilla, in the second century of the Christian era. It was propagated in the successive centuries, and during the period of Arab domination it reached its apogee, to such a point that from the tenth until the fourteenth century the cotton of Granada was superior to that of the Orient, and it enjoyed an extraordinary fame. In the latter century were established in Venice and Milan the first factories in which cotton was elaborated, and we must come down to the sixteenth century to encounter this industry in England and Flanders.

It seems that the first use of cotton in France took place in Rouen, in 1534; in Lyon, in 1580; and in Troyes, in 1582. Nevertheless, it was in the time of Colbert, the celebrated minister of Louis XIV, that the importation of cotton into France attained importance.

The first attempts to manufacture cotton fabrics in England occurred somewhat earlier than those made in France.

Fabrics of cotton, although less durable than those of hemp or flax, are recommended, among those of all the textile plants, for their excellent hygienic qualities, which protect alike from the intense heat of summer and the bitter cold of winter, and therefore they have been accepted with equal appreciation by northern countries, where they afford a comfortable protection against low temperatures, and in the hot regions where, by making perspiration easier and by quickly absorbing the moisture, they save from much sickness. It is not strange therefore that they should have met the same welcome in all parts of the world.

Besides, its slight conductivity in respect of heat renders it serviceable for really exceptional uses. Many persons are surprised to see that muslins and linens can pass with impunity over a line of flames without being burned; but this surprise vanishes as soon as it becomes known that wood fiber is a very poor conductor of heat; so that a thread of cotton, exposed to the flame of a candle, flares up at first, but the fire does not extend along the thread, for it goes out, because vegetable fiber is a bad conductor.

The first cotton garments, shown in

Europe as precious objects, date almost from the time of the crusades, and they were then mentioned in wills, along with objects of great value. In the sixteenth century, cotton was still dear, and the cotton industry did not spread with rapidity on this account.

### III

IN THE middle ages, cotton was first mentioned in the twelfth century by Villehardouin, and this substance was then, as it is now, called *al koton*. Joinville asserts that hoods were then made of this material. In the first years of the fourteenth century it was employed a great deal, and it was already used, both spun and carded, as also in lamp-wicks and in the manufacture of gloves. In Sevilla, it was mixed with wool to make light fabrics. In the municipal archives of Rouen there are documents in which are mentioned, in the years 1541-1542, fifteen and a half bales of cotton that came by way of Portugal, and twelve bales, by way of England; and in 1570-1571 there is mention of the white cotton of England.

It is believed that to the Mussulmans is due the cultivation of the cotton-plant in Africa, and the elaboration and manufacture of its products. In the eighth century there were already in Morocco very flourishing manufactories, and at the end of the sixteenth century cloths made in that country were taken to London.

The cultivation of the plant was introduced into Europe in the ninth century, thanks to the Arabs of Spain. The first cotton-plants were grown on the plains of Valencia, and they supplied the first material for the manufactures of Córdoba, Granada and Sevilla, which acquired great fame.

In the year 1806, by order of the emperor Napoleon, experiments were made in France in the cultivation of the cotton-plant, for which seeds were requested of Spain, Italy and the United States, and after several efforts, it was proven that the herbaceous [the annual] cotton-plant was to be preferred.

There exist indications of the manufacture of cotton goods in Italy at the close of the fourteenth century; and at the same

time the Turks introduced into Albania and Macedonia the art of weaving it. Venice and Milan took up this industry and manufactured substantial cloths from the cottons of Syria and Asia Minor. The industry extended later to Belgium.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century the Venetians and the Genoese exported to England cottons that were employed at first only in the manufacture of wicks. In 1430 certain weavers of Cheshire and Lancashire manufactured bombazines similar to those of Flanders. Henry VIII and Edward VI favored this industry, and in the reign of George III there were forty thousand persons engaged in this work, which produced fifteen million francs.

Cotton was first cultivated on an extensive scale in Georgia, one of the states of the American Union, in 1786. The soil was so good and appropriate that it prospered greatly, and it was necessary to increase the product in order to satisfy the demand, so much so that in 1839 the quantity of cotton exported exceeded 150,000,000 kilograms.

The establishment of the cotton industry in France dates back to the close of the seventeenth century. Amiens was one of the first cities in which the manufacture of cotton was begun on a large scale, and afterward it extended to Switzerland, Belgium and Germany.

When the conquest of México was undertaken, the Spaniards found cotton cloths, which the women wove by hand; but it is to be supposed that it had not yet attained great commercial importance in Europe at that time, because Columbus presented to Fernando and Isabel, when he reached Barcelona, specimens of cotton brought from the recently discovered regions, as if they were curious objects. What is certain is that the first explorers that accompanied Hernán Cortés found cotton growing on the banks of the Mississippi in great abundance.

For many years it has been one of the principal articles of export from the United States, and it has afforded an opportunity for the investment of much capital in a profitable manner. In *Purchas his Pilgrimage* we learn that the cotton-seed was first planted as an experi-

ment in 1621, and that the magnificent plants produced from them at that time aroused great interest in America and England. In the province of Carolina, the cultivation of the cotton-plant is noted in a document that bears the date of 1666, reproduced in B. R. Carroll's *Historical Collections of South Carolina*. In 1736 the plant was cultivated in certain gardens at 39 degrees, north latitude, on the western shores of Maryland, and forty years later it was cultivated in Cape May county, New Jersey.

It should not be overlooked that cotton has been mentioned by great poets in different works. For instance, there is allusion to it in the compositions of Béranger, La Fontaine, Delille, Voltaire and others. In Spain, well and even widely known are the verses of one that reflected most inspiration in his works—which belong to the age of gold of our literature—who said:

*Vuestro don, señor hidalgo,  
Es como el del algodón,  
Puesto que para ser don  
Necesita tener algo.<sup>1</sup>*

Don Francisco de Rojas said:

*A su casa se va, adonde  
Dormiré, no en duras peñas,  
Sino en blandos algodones.<sup>2</sup>*

and Góngora exclaimed:

*Siendo como un algodón  
Nos jura que es como un hueso.<sup>3</sup>*

Many other cases could be cited, but these indicated are sufficient to serve as examples.

#### IV

THE CULTIVATION of cotton in America afforded more reliable and productive returns than those afforded by sugar-cane. The tree not only grew spontaneously, but in all kinds of soil: on rocks, along the sea-shore and in several other places.

<sup>1</sup>Your don [gift], señor hidalgo [gentleman],  
Is like that of the *algodón*,  
For in order to be a *don* [man of substance]  
It is necessary to have *algo* [something].—THE EDITOR

<sup>2</sup>To his house he goes, wherein  
He will sleep, not on hard rocks,  
But on soft cottons.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Although it is like cotton,  
He swears that it is like a bone.—THE EDITOR.

It was so abundant when Christopher Columbus reached those regions that in 1493 it constituted the basis of the taxes he imposed. When the Spaniards arrived, many of them became planters of cotton, and they conceived the brilliant idea of taking nature as a teacher, planting exclusively the seeds of the best native species. Therefore, as time went on, in 1776, to be exact, the cotton of the Antilles, and, in particular that of Guadaloupe, enjoyed great fame in the markets of Europe, and attained prices higher than other kinds of cotton. Afterward several causes brought about the ruin of the cotton industry in many of these regions.

In 1736, as we have already said, the first cotton was cultivated as a garden plant as far north as latitude 39 degrees, and forty years later it was introduced into Maryland, after which time its production in and exportation from North America acquired immense and growing proportions, the importance of this textile being truly marvelous, not only in all the markets of the world, but in the economy of the region mentioned, where it forms one of the principal elements of wealth and splendor.

The spinning of cotton began in the United States in 1790, although a few cloths were manufactured from this substance before that time. By the year 1815, \$40,000,000 had been invested in the cotton industry. The invention in America of the cotton-gin by Lowell and Jackson,<sup>4</sup> and its great success in Waltham in 1813, facilitated the output of the product by obviating some of the obstacles that had presented themselves; and in the year 1822 the first cotton-mill was constructed, thus increasing to an extraordinary degree the production, thanks to the customs duties of 1824, 1828 and 1832, which protected manufacturers in a remarkable manner.

The rebellion of the cotton states in the winter of 1860 and 1861, and the blockade of their principal ports by the federal government of the United States caused

<sup>4</sup>Shades of Eli Whitney! However, as there lingers in South Carolina a tradition that the cotton-gin was really invented by a son of the state, and not by the now famous Whitney, may not this be a bit of poetic justice?—THE EDITOR.



a great diminution in the export of cotton. The withdrawal of foreign commerce was, so to speak, one of the consequences of the war, and in order to give first consideration to the subsistence of the population it was necessary to divert from the cultivation of lands set apart for cotton a multitude of laborers, who should devote themselves to the production of cereals. Formerly, however, the enormous masses of this product, of excellent quality in every way, in respect of the consistency, color, length of fiber, et cetera, led the planters of the south to think themselves the arbiters of the civilized world, and they supposed that they held in their hands the destinies of England and of the great republic of the New World. The output enabled them not only to erect sumptuous and artistic palaces in which elegance competed with wealth, but they also sent their deputies to the congress; reëstablished the trade in negroes, for a long time abolished; and forced the legislators to set up a new code, and the ministers of religion to proclaim a new gospel. Yet the cotton industry set itself in direct opposition to progress, and the moment in which the 4,000,000 slaves of the Confederate states were emancipated was for this industry a day of mourning.

As to Great Britain, it may be said that there is no example of any industry that has produced such brilliant results as this one in so short a space of time. It is true that impetus was given to its development by the discoveries of Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright and Crompton, who by their powerful auxiliary mechanical means duplicated and even centuplicated the returns of the product. So important in every sense has this industry been that in 1863 its paralización and the crises that resulted made it necessary that the enormous number of 1,142,624 persons should be aided in England.

In the uses of cotton have been reflected both the progress of civilization and culture, so that the distaff and the spindle, which were the primitive spinning appliances, and which are still employed in Hin-

dustan, were afterward followed by the spinningwheel and finally by the mechanical spinner, by which, with an extraordinary economy of time, are secured more perfect results, mechanics achieving in this respect veritable marvels, with the application of steam and electricity.

Turning to another aspect, we note that chemistry has perfectly determined the nature of cotton. A substance composed by carbon and the elements of water in the proportions necessary to form this body is therefore what is called technically *hydrate of carbon*, which forms cellulose, the kind called *xilosa* predominating, which has the property of dissolving completely in the cupro-ammoniac reagent of Peligot, forming a homogeneous liquid. The microscope, with its amplifying power, reveals that it is composed of filaments flattened and twisted in a spiral, which constitutes a criss-cross, never to be forgotten when once seen.

To it belonged therefore all the properties inherent in cellulose conceived of as pure.

The employment of cotton in surgery, although ancient, is of a date less remote than that of its industrial uses. Carded cotton, to which several forms are given, and to which different substances are added, is utilized in surgery in many ways, for which pharmacy presents it prepared properly, whether as an antiseptic or as a revulsive; but the larger number of the medicaments of which it constitutes the base belong to the present period: the preparation called hydrophilous carbolated, salicylated, sublimated, iodated, boricated, or iodoformed cotton, et cetera, and therefore they do not enter into the domain of history.

The power of science must be admired in view of the transformation that was effected when a substance as innocent and inoffensive as cotton, which gives protection and comfort, and is a mitigator of the distressing pains of the sick, was changed into a body as explosive, as fulminating, as destructive, as gun-cotton or pyroxylin, the aspect of which is the same as that of cotton—soft, flexible, white, light, tenuous—and, nevertheless, how terrible it is, if it be subjected to percussion. This dis-

<sup>4</sup>Datum noted in a cyclopedia for journalists, compiled with exemplary constancy and patience by the lamented writer don León María Carbonero y Sol, which has taken premiums in expositions.

covery, made by Schönbein, a professor of Basel in 1846, produced an extraordinary effect on the scientific, industrial and social world.

Indeed, in the last months of the year 1846, the newspapers began to occupy themselves with a singular discovery. A chemist of Basel—it was said—had discovered a means of transforming soft and flexible cotton into a substance, which, without changing its aspect, possessed the properties of gunpowder. The qualities of the new explosive were such that it burned without smoke, did not blacken weapons and had an explosive power three or four times as great as that of ordinary gunpowder. On October 5, 1846, there was read in the Académie des Sciences a letter from Schönbein, the discoverer of the substance, in which the properties of guncotton were described, but the method of obtaining it was not revealed. From the day following that of the memorable session, work was begun in all the chemical laboratories of Paris to discover the means of preparing the new explosive, which was supposed to be a particular form of xyloidine, already known from the year 1832, in which it was discovered by Braconnot and studied later by Pelouze, who obtained it by digesting woody materials in *aqua fortis* [nitric acid]. In truth, the idea of this discovery induced Schönbein to apply himself to the object sought, by treating raw cotton with nitric acid. At all events, Schönbein received a large premium from the German diet for the discovery: he was awarded 260,000 francs. The first person to prepare guncotton in Paris was the civil engineer Morel. However, the efficiency of the new explosive was disputed and attacked; but it was necessary to recognize its great power, as also the practical importance of utilizing it for firearms.

Schönbein at first established relations with another chemist of Frankfort—Böttger—and he submitted his discovery to the German federation. Although it was kept a profound secret, it was not long before the public learned of the method of preparing pyroxylin by means of a prolonged bath of cotton in a mixture of one part of nitric acid and three parts of sulphuric acid.

In 1859, an Austrian artillery officer—Baron Lenek—undertook to utilize a system of rifled field-guns, charged with guncotton; but the great number of explosions that occurred caused the abandonment of the explosive. Afterward, however, its use was facilitated by compression, which gave it a consistency similar to that of pasteboard. In 1871 occurred a horrible catastrophe that destroyed a factory and part of a building in Stowmarket, as a consequence of an explosion of this powder, stored in great quantities in warehouses, as a result of which it was counseled that it be left in a wet state.

In the year 1865, an Englishman—Abel—achieved great progress in the manufacture and use of pyroxylin. He prepared compressed guncotton, and by this means he believed he had prevented the dangers of its employment; but, in spite of this, the number of victims continued to increase among those that engaged in operations connected with it; and as a result the manufacture of it was prohibited in England.

However, pyroxylin was found to be capable of other than these destructive applications, for Maynard discovered in Boston in 1847 that by dissolving it in a mixture of eighteen parts of ether and three of alcohol, a substance was produced of the consistency of gelatin, which, under the name of collodion, was utilized, in photography for the preparation of the sensitive plates on which images were impressed, and in surgery in the form of an adhesive and a protection of the skin, when for any reason it is desired to prevent the contact of the air, the latest application of which was due to Parker Maynard, a student of Boston, in 1848.

That cotton was from remote times a predilect object of study on the part of men of science is proven by the fact that the Académie des Sciences of Paris awarded a prize in 1784 for a memorial entitled *Essai sur les caractères qui distinguent les colons des diverses parties du monde, et sur les différences qui en résultent pour leur emploi dans les arts*. Its author was Quatremère Disjonval, and in it is proven, among other things, that the cotton-plant requires a warm climate, and that the fruit

produced in the old continent is thicker and rounder.

It is not strange that in 1885 there should have been celebrated in America, with great festivities, the centenary of the cotton industry and trade, which occurred at the exposition held in New Orleans, September 1, of that year, where large and artistic halls, decorated with great luxury, recalled, by an exhibition of very important products, a date so glorious in the history of the industry, and at which the splendid electrical illuminations during the night made it evident that modern discoveries lend themselves to paying honorable tribute to the memory and history of great events.

As for the rest, how much beauty and sublimity are wrapped in this passive body, which—for all its modest simplicity—confers a great benefit and serves as a sweet consolation, protecting humanity from the rigors of the bitter cold and

forming the base of useful medicines, or becoming, on the contrary, a terrible explosive substance, with an immense power to hurl deadly projectiles to great distances, or, dissolved in alcoholic ether, to give life to an image in photography! Never, indeed, will time be better employed than in learning and recalling its history.

What has been set forth makes it evident that history ought to fathom all subjects; for it constitutes a precious storehouse, in the legacies of which we always find something to learn and much to admire. The scrutiny of the past is ever our best counselor, as well as the safest guide to the future. Let us study the past for our safety of to-day and our better conduct in the future. Let us not weary of searching amid the shades of the departed generations, since we shall find among them the source of intense and dazzling points of light, and the key to the future.



# THE THREE CROWS

BY

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS

The Ecuadorian humorist again. Those that have read the several sketches of his that have already been published in INTER-AMERICA will be prepared to appreciate the following Ecuadorian form of the anecdote with a moral.—THE EDITOR.

“MY general!”  
“Colonel!”  
“I have the honor to report that something very strange is occurring in camp.”

“Speak, colonel.”  
“I am reliably informed that one of our soldiers felt slightly unwell, at the beginning; then his discomfort increased; later he felt a terrible pain in the stomach; and finally he vomited three live crows.”

“Vomited what?”  
“Three crows, my general.”  
“*Cáspita!*”  
“Doesn’t it strike my general that this is a very peculiar case?”  
“Peculiar, indeed!”

“And what does he think of it?”  
“Colonel, I do not know what to think! I am going to report it at once to the minister. Therefore . . . there were. . .”

“Three crows, my general.”  
“There must be some mistake!”  
“No, my general; there were three crows.”

“Well, I accept it, although I can not understand; who informed you?”  
“Major Epaminondas.”  
“Send him to me at once, while I am sending the report.”  
“At once, my general.”

“MAJOR EPAMINONDAS!”  
“Present, my general!”  
“What story is this, of the three crows that were vomited by one of our sick privates?”

“Three crows?”  
“Yes, major.”  
“I am informed of two, and no more, my general; but not of three.”  
“Well, two or three, it matters little. The question is to learn whether they

were in truth real crows in the case in question.”

“Without a doubt, my general.”  
“Two crows?”  
“Yes, my general.”  
“And how did it happen?”  
“The simplest thing in the world, my general. Private Pantaleón left a sweetheart in his village, who, according to report, is a dark girl with not a little salt and pepper. What eyes she had, my general! They shone like twin stars! What a mouth! How mischievous her glance, how playful her smile, how trim her form, what a deep bosom, and what a delicious dimple in her cheek. . . .”

“Major!”  
“Present, my general!”  
“Be brief, and omit every unofficial detail.”

“At your orders, my general.”  
“What was the conclusion of the story about the crows?”

“Well then: the lad was downcast because of the painful absence of her of whom we know, and would not eat or touch a thing, until at last he became very ill, with a pain in his stomach, and he began to vomit without stopping. In one of the spells, pouf! . . . two crows!”

“You took occasion to look at them?”  
“No, my general; I am telling what I have heard.”

“And who brought you the news?”  
“Captain Aristófanes.”  
“Let us conclude! Tell him to come immediately.”

“Immediately, my general.”

“CAPTAIN ARISTÓFANES!”  
“Present, my general!”  
“How many crows did Private Pantaleón throw up?”  
“One crow, my general.”

"I have just learned that there were two crows, and earlier they said three."

"No, my general; there was only one crow, fortunately; but nevertheless, saving the respectable opinion of my chief, it seems to me that one was enough to cause the case to be considered an unheard-of phenomenon. . . ."

"I think the same, captain."

"One crow, my general, is in no way remarkable, if we consider it from the zoölogical point of view. What is a crow? Let us not confuse it with the European crow, my general, which is the *Corvus corax* of Linnæus.

"The species that we know about here is included in the numerous family of the diurnal *Rapacia*, and I hold that we are dealing with a true and genuine *Sarcobambus*, since around the base of the bill are visible the characteristic feathers, in which respect they differ from the *Vultur papa*, from the *Cathartes*, and even from the *californianus* itself. There is a difference, however, between the learned opinions of the zoölogists regarding the word *gallinazo*."

"Captain!"

"Present, my general!"

"Are we in a class in natural history?"

"No, my general."

"Let us stick to the subject then. What about the crow that was thrown up by Private Pantaleón?"

"There is no doubt of it, my general."

"Did you see it?"

"I did not exactly see it, my general; but I learned about it through Lieutenant Pitágoras, who was a witness to the fact."

"Very well then. I wish to see Lieutenant Pitágoras at once."

"You shall be obeyed, my general!"

"**L**IEUTENANT PITÁGORAS!"

"Present, my general!"

"What do you know about the crow? . . ."

"Really, my general, the case is remarkable, indeed, but it has been much exaggerated."

"How so?"

"Because it was not a whole crow, that of the case in question, but of only a part of a crow. What the sick man vomited was the wing of a crow. I, naturally, was much astonished, and I hastened to

report it to my captain, Aristófanes; but it seems that he did not hear me say the word "wing," and he thought that it was a whole crow; and in turn he reported the tale to my major, Epaminondas, who understood that there were two crows, and he passed the word on to Colonel Anaximandro, who thought that there were three."

"But . . . and that wing or whatever it was?"

"I did not see it; it was Sergeant Esopo. You owe the news to him."

"The devil! Let Sergeant Esopo come at once!"

"He shall come at once, my general!"

"**S**ERGEANT ESOP!"

"Present, my general!"

"What is the matter with Private Pantaleón?"

"He is ill, my general."

"But what is the matter with him?"

"He is upset."

"Since when?"

"Since last night, my general."

"At what hour did he vomit the wing of the crow about which they tell?"

"He has not vomited any wing, my general."

"Then, dolt of an ass, why did you spread the news that Private Pantaleón had vomited the wing of a crow?"

"With your pardon, my general, from my childhood I have known a verse that runs:

*I have a little girlie  
With very black eyes  
And hair as black  
As the wings of a crow!  
I have a little girlie.*

"Enough, idiot!"

"Well, my general, what happened was that when I saw my mate, who was vomiting something black, I remembered the little verse, and I said that he had vomited something 'as black as the wings of a crow.'"

"The devil!"

"That was all, my general; and from that the yarn has gone abroad."

"Withdraw immediately, addle pate!"

The brave general gave himself a blow on the forehead, saying:

"A good piece of work! I think I put five or six crows in my report, as an extraordinary campaign occurrence!"

# THE PRESENT STATE OF PRIMARY INSTRUCTION IN CUBA<sup>1</sup>

BY  
RAMÓN GUERRA

The author, an experienced educator, who is intimately acquainted with the history and development of popular instruction in Cuba during the last two decades, dwells on the present intellectual, moral and civic situation in his country, finding himself none too well satisfied with it; he then studies the condition of the public schools, showing the proportion that exists between them and the total school population, and he offers suggestions as to future needs, while, at the same time, making a plea for the interest and coöperation of all well meaning and discerning people, and especially of teachers.—THE EDITOR

THE relativity of our knowledge is a fact that has been observed from of old by well informed and sincere thinkers. Thousands of years ago, a Greek philosopher, perhaps going beyond the proper limits counseled by prudence, expressed this principle in a phrase that has found favor: "The world," he said, "is my idea of it;" and many centuries have passed since Pilate, the celebrated procurator of Judea, formulated, half cavilingly and half ironically, addressing himself to Christ, the famous question—a compendium and cypher of the skeptical and unbelieving spirit of the decadent Rome of his time—"And what is truth?"

What is truth? Here is a question that arises at every moment in our undecided minds, and that necessarily presents itself to my spirit as I begin this address; for, in order to render precise and define my attitude toward certain fundamental problems in the education of the people, I am forced to discuss, in the first place, certain particulars already treated by my illustrious and dear friend, Doctor Miguel de Carrión, in his brilliant address of last Sunday, and to maintain, in respect of certain points, opinions somewhat different from his, although as to the rest we are wholly in accord.

This difference of opinion—I hasten to make this point clear—ought not to occasion surprise. These addresses, as Doctor Soler

has well said, are not given for the purpose of dogmatizing on important points of education; they have sprung from an ardent and sincere desire to present, in an elevated and unprejudiced plan, the discussion of certain of Cuba's vital problems. They are in harmony, be it understood at once, with the plan as a whole, but each lecturer follows his own independent judgment, a plan which, far from being disadvantageous, is beneficial; for the value of these addresses will depend, unquestionably, more on the controversies they arouse and provoke than on the emphatic affirmations expressed in them.

Doctor Carrión, if I have not wrongly interpreted his words, maintained the thesis that the solution of what we might call "the Cuban problem" is a question of *time*; for my part, I am of the opinion that the remedy for our ills is plainly a question of *education*. Here is a point where there exists a difference of opinion. To leave to time—that is, to the free play of the historical forces most independent of the human will—the progress of the social collectivity is, in essence, to proclaim the superiority of instinctive adaptation to conscious adaptation in social life; is to affirm the incapacity of the intelligence and the will to trace for the nations the route of their destiny; and is, finally, to maintain the old political theory of "letting be done," abandoned at present by all the governments that march at the head of civilization. Such a doctrine involves implicitly a belief in an historical fatalism, inadmissible to me, as well as a renunciation of the creative and productive activi-

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered before the Sociedad Económica de Amigos del País of Habana, May 13, 1921, the second of the series organized by the Asociación Pedagógica Universitaria.

ties of thought and action, in order to let the hours weave on in silence, beyond where our endeavor reaches the marvelous warp of our own history.

I think I am not a dreamer—pardon me the immodesty—one that nourishes his mind on vain mirages. I recognize the limitations of the human intelligence and will in the presence of the immeasurable forces of the physical world; but I can not fail to recognize also that the superior man, armed with culture, never surrenders his spirit without a struggle, in the presence of the brutal dominion of the blind forces of nature that dominate the life of the lower organisms. Intelligence and will are also natural—cosmic, we might say—energies of an immense power. Appearing at a very advanced stage of the world's existence, they constitute a higher means of adaptation, an adaptation of their own—but only of man, perhaps—that is, *conscious adaptation*.

Inferior beings, with no other guide than instinct, let themselves be borne along in the current of time; but man, endowed with an intelligence that foresees, anticipates the future and in part he molds and fashions it according to his will. Ancient Chronos is no longer the acknowledged lord and master of human destinies: intelligence shares with him the possession of the morrow.

Perhaps this difference of opinion in virtue of which we confide, some in time, others in education, may not be, in the absolute sense, so complete as appears at first sight. As for myself, I hold that Doctor Carrión, an intellectual of the first quality, will not deny to intelligence its extraordinary power to influence the lives of peoples. I think, rather, that his thesis is limited to the Cuban people, inasmuch as he considers it an imperfect social conglomerate, in view of the peculiar qualities of its constitution, just as they were analyzed by my distinguished friend with all the elegance and depth characteristic of his sterling talent.

However, it happens that another point of divergence arises here. The opinion at which I have arrived regarding the Cuban people, according to my observation of the facts of its social evolution during

these later years, differs from that of my friend in certain respects, and I ought to hasten to make it clear here that I do not call attention to this from a mere desire to harmonize my very modest opinion with his authoritative one; but because a certain profession of prior faith—let us call thus—is indispensable to the development of my subsequent thesis. Doctor Carrión takes a pessimistic, or, I might say with greater propriety, an almost pessimistic, view of our history during the last twenty years; I think otherwise, honestly and truly.

Perhaps the difference in opinion is due at bottom to that principle of the relativity of knowledge to which I have already referred; or perchance it may all be the effect "of the glass through which we see," as the poet said. Doctor Carrión is a notable physician, a celebrated novelist and an eminent journalist of the militant type. He has found it necessary to come into contact repeatedly, in the exercise of his profession, with the diseased and lacerated part of the human organism; he has had to search into the innermost depths of the souls of the personages of his novels, in whom he has seen germinate in their most naked, primitive and gross form the base appetites of our state, free of the masks that are cast over them by social conventionalism; and finally, to his editorial table has come day after day naked information, bereft of every palliating artifice, of the concupiscences of every kind of our public life. Through this dark glass everything appears to him turbid and somber.

I, for my part, must say this, as an explanation, and not because I think it will make any difference to any one, that I have seen through a different kind of glass. A teacher, with perhaps something of the poet at bottom, in my modest and laborious life, I have always been neighbor with men subject to the hard law of work, the crucible in which are purified and chastened the human soul and the base matter; I have received inspiration from teachers, a social class that cultivates high and noble ideals in the republic; I have lived with adolescence and youth, before what we call, with elegant euphemism, "the bitter realities of life" have clouded their intelligence and muddled the pure

fountain of sentiment; and, finally, I have spent my youth among children, in whose candidly open eyes shines the contagious splendor of an ingenuous optimism, nurtured by the warmth of maternal care and affection. However, the difference of vision is perhaps not to be explained merely by the difference in the glass. I greatly fear—and I should much lament that it were so—that my superficial spirit does no more than touch the outside of things, while the scalpel of my illustrious friend penetrates to the heart of them; but I must declare sincerely that, in spite of my efforts to accept all his views, my conviction regarding the manner of interpreting the processes of our history, in respect of what has occurred during the twentieth century, stands firm.

In the first place, I hold that the fierce spirit of national independence and the unbridled longing for individual liberty have not weakened in the slightest degree in the haughty and vigorous Spanish race to which the most of the Cuban people belong; nor do I believe that there has been a diminution of the love of local freedom. Although we administer our municipalities badly, the local spirit has not disappeared from Cuba. I honestly think that the existing municipal law has had a great political scope, and that in assuring the autonomy of the *ayuntamientos*,<sup>2</sup> it has contributed in an effective manner to the permanent peace of the country, thus suppressing the fundamental cause of civil strife among us, or, at least, reducing it considerably by depriving the executive of all interference in local affairs. It would be unjust, besides, not to recognize that although few, there exist in Cuba municipal administrations that honor the country: the administration of Ranchuelo, in Las Villas, for example, is one of them, according to the testimony of persons that are worthy of absolute credence. These facts indicate that the old municipal spirit has not died; it abides latent in the people, almost drowned, but not destroyed, by the *political class* and the social parasites of whom Doctor Carrión told us. The cen-

sus of towns in which are found figures that give a bad impression provide also, in my opinion, very favorable data. Cuba, after twenty years, has doubled the number of her inhabitants; few peoples, if any, can show so rapid a growth. The social organization—the physical or organic basis of this community—is in a period of full integration and growth. The Cuban people show biologically the peculiar characteristics of a rich and vigorous youth; but there is still more: the population is not progressing merely in the sense that its numbers are increasing; it shows also a marked tendency to concentrate in the populous urban centers. Habana is a great city; as likewise are important cities, in respect of the number of their inhabitants, Santiago, Cienfuegos, Matanzas, Cárdenas, Sagua, Camagüey, Pinar del Río, Manzanillo, Ciego de Ávila and many other towns, and it is now known that the social energy that can be exhibited by a collectivity is directly proportionate to the condensation of the population, that is, to its density. Most of the political evils of Hispanic America are not evils of race: they are characteristic of countries with a widely scattered population, and Cuba is rapidly approaching that social state in which citizens, grouped in popular centers, are inevitably compelled to elevate the civic life to a higher plane in respect of law and collective interests. Public health and customs relating to hygiene have improved, extraordinarily since 1900, in spite of the neglect of sanitation during recent years. Our people are not only sounder, but they are more capable of caring for their health. The abundant Spanish immigration since 1900 has strengthened the fundamental nucleus of the Cuban nation, whose rapid progress toward unity has been interrupted only by the coming of undesirable immigrants of other races during recent years: due to a lack of foresight on the part of our government that has cost and will still cost the country dear. The proofs of sure progress are therefore numerous, and if to all the foregoing it be added—as Doctor Carrión admirably remarked—that the population has gained in culture, that women have notably bettered their position in society

<sup>2</sup>Corporations composed of the *alcalde* or mayor and several *concejales* or aldermen, for the administration of the civic business of cities or towns.—THE EDITOR.



and that the negro race has achieved such extraordinary progress in its instruction and its customs that the old belief in the inferiority of certain peoples in adapting themselves to the higher conditions of civilized life has been disproved, we reach the conclusion that in the realm of events that we have been analyzing pessimism lacks a reason for being. I think the Cuban people, in the full tide of progressive evolution, is multiplying rapidly, is increasing its vitality, is raising its standard of living, is attaining to national unity and is increasing in culture. Why then be pessimistic?

The statistics of production confirm the conclusions I have just enumerated. The legend that the enormous productiveness of Cuba is due to the extraordinary fertility of the soil and to the favorable condition of the climate is lacking in foundation, and it ought to be destroyed. The wealth of Cuba is not the product of a prodigal and generous nature, but of energetic and tenacious human effort. The territorial extent of Cuba is small; a large part of her level lands is swampy, unfitted for cultivation; argillaceous savannas of slight fertility abound; serpentine lands, almost sterile, occupy extensive areas; virgin lands almost do not exist; red soil, exhausted by cultivation, is very extensive. Nor is the climate favorable, either: the temperature is too high, the rains are irregular, the light is too great for the cultivation of grains—the basis of human sustenance—and of forage, without which cattle can not prosper with certainty. Sanitation is not maintained, except by a constant struggle against the agents that produce the contagious diseases characteristic of tropical countries.

The subsoil is poor; there are no precious metals; and there is lack of fuel—coal or petroleum—a fundamental factor in the industries. The only positive advantages of Cuba are, in truth, the ample extent of her coasts and her admirable geographical situation. Nevertheless, in spite of her limited area and the slightly favorable conditions of her geographical environment, Cuba, with a population of 3,000,000 inhabitants, has a foreign commerce, both of imports and exports, greater than that

of all the other Antilles, Central America and México combined. The statistical data that appear in the last *Bulletin of the Pan American Union*, for the current month of May, demonstrate it. Cuba produces more than Brazil—which is as large as Europe, with a population of 20,000,000,<sup>3</sup> and her foreign commerce is greater than that of all the countries of South America combined, excepting Brazil and Argentina.

What do these facts teach? They eloquently proclaim that Cuba is a hard-working community, the most laborious in America, one of the most laborious of the world. It is the persistent, indefatigable labor of the Cuban agriculturist that is the foundation of our production; not an exceptionally generous nature. I say, the efforts of the Cuban, because ninety-six per cent. of our production, according to the data of the Secretaría de Hacienda, is purely agricultural, and the census informs us that the foreign population is gathered in the cities for trade, and that the natives are those who, in an overwhelming proportion, inhabit the fields and find lucrative occupation in them. The legend of our laziness is to-day an historical calumny; the virtue of work prevails among our people.

It is true that the Cuban, the producer of wealth, does not possess it, save in a very small part; but the chief responsibility for this, since the proclamation of the republic, rests on the *political class*, about which Doctor Carrión spoke to us with so much discernment, and which, instead of contributing to the collective welfare, has had an eye to enriching itself in any manner whatsoever, thus disorganizing the public service and subjecting the nation to grave danger. Entire branches of administration have sometimes been turned into private industries, into great *colonies*, and the laborious civil classes have been dispossessed, in their struggle with foreign competition and capital, of the immense advantage that might have been conferred upon them by the possession of political power.

<sup>3</sup>According to the estimates of the Brazilian government, the population of Brazil is in excess of 28,000,000.  
—THE EDITOR.

In short, to the calm and impartial eye of the sociologist our nation appears to be a vigorous social body, in the full period of growth, wholesome and laborious. The Cuban, besides, has renounced his old somewhat bohemian and apathetic spirit; to-day he is a man of practicality, enterprise and ambition, qualities distinctive of the *self-made man*.<sup>4</sup>

This analysis will be assailed, doubtless, as excessively optimistic. I deem it in harmony with the reality, however; and if I should be asked, on this account, what then are the true causes of our backslidings and of the sharp crises through which our country has passed, I should say, without hesitation, that the national deficit lies in the lack of organization, in the lack of culture, in the incomplete or imperfect cultivation of certain lofty qualities of the spirit. The Cuban of to-day—strong, active and ambitious—what does he lack? In my judgment, he lacks, on the one hand, the spirit of organization and technical efficiency; and on the other, *nobleness in his ambitions*. We are—in almost all the realms of complex and special activities of modern industrial civilization—improvised inexperts, lacking in the spirit of coöperation; and, in the realm of personal aspirations, we are vulgar self-seekers.

Many—it would be unjust to say all—of our men of action and thought, the natural leaders of the collectivity, are typical representatives of daring, without the restraint of culture, or persons that prefer an automobile to a reputation. Lack of organization and preparation, grossness of appetites; lack of individual efficiency and the higher discipline of character, which are the products of culture; want, in general, of noble ambitions: behold, the fundamental cause of our ills.

These very grave collective defects are not always, fortunately—I hasten to say it—proofs of depravity, although they might conduce to it; nor are they signs of decadence, although they may define it; they are characteristic too—and this I believe to be our case—of young and robust peoples that attain suddenly to a higher social state. They are enormous evils, but they are not irreparable; and the

remedy for them must be found in the rapid and energetic action of education, the great instrument of conscious adaptation of peoples that are the masters of their own fate.

Such is my personal view of the Cuban problem. For what it is worth, I set it forth fully, because it is the position I assume when I proclaim the urgent need of an improvement of our system of national education. For this reason, my address, although it will be necessary to point out in it fundamental defects in our primary instruction, may not be considered an act of pessimism or negation, but, rather, an act of faith, of *Cuban affirmation*.

I occupy this platform because I believe in the collective ability of the Cuban people to comprehend what their own fundamental interests are; because I believe in the rectitude of their moral conscience, which is capable of discerning between good and evil and of deciding in favor of what is right; because I believe in the energy of the Cuban will to solve with rectitude the national problems, of whatsoever kind they may be.

I come here then, not to point out the lamentable defects of our instruction for the vulgar and futile pleasure of defaming my own people or of hurling accusations—more fruitless still—against those that may seem personally responsible for the present ills: my purpose is lofty and noble, and it is addressed to preventing the continued existence of evils that may be speedily remedied—this hope I entertain—when public opinion shall become acquainted with them in all their verity. In proceeding thus, I am trying to be faithful—and I think I am faithful—to the glorious traditions of the great educators of Cuba, whose teachings I seek to follow, as far as my modest faculties shall enable me to do. Father Caballero, Varela, Saco, Luz, Varona were not men that kept silent regarding the evils of their people through fear, in order to remain in public office or from a desire to do so, or from a false conception of patriotism. They looked the truth squarely in the face and uttered it without disguise, being thoroughly convinced, as Luz y Caballero would say, that “only

<sup>4</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

the truth will place upon us the manly: toga," an aphorism that was not for these patriots a phrase of rhetoric, but a constant standard of conduct and an invariable principle of action.

Bringing now this long exposition of principles to a close, the time has come to sketch, even if in large outline, the present state of primary instruction, the principle object of this lecture, although almost relegated to a secondary part. Our public school, totally reorganized—almost created we might say—in 1900, is not to-day in a condition fully to discharge the social function that belongs to it in connection with our republican institutions, nor to serve, with all the efficacy required, the interests of the Cuban people in respect of the elementary instruction of the young. In the first place, primary instruction has not yet attained the degree of diffusion necessary to the total elimination of illiteracy; in the second place, it has not acquired the thoroughness that is demanded by the elementary culture of the pupil in relation to the high duties of citizenship in a democracy; and, finally, it is not adequate to the national needs in respect of work and productiveness: factors on which public welfare will depend in the period of keen universal competition that began with the termination of the war.

That our system of public schools has not been properly extended is very easy to demonstrate. According to the census taken in 1919, Cuba had a population of obligatory school age, that is, of from six to fourteen years of age, which exceeded 723,756. In all the enlightened countries the proper age for primary instruction, although not obligatory, is placed at from five to seventeen years; in such an event, Cuba had, according to the census, more than a million children of elementary school age: a colossal figure, in relation to the extent of our territory; a very handsome figure that is an augury of the perennial character of the Cuban nation; but a figure which, compared with the school attendance, plunges us in deep and sorrowful misgivings. For the instruction of these 723,756 children—if we confine ourselves to those of from six to fourteen years—for these million—if we include all

those of school age—the republic had only, according to the last official statistics, 5700 schools: one school for every 126 children of those obliged by the constitution to attend school; one school for every 175 children of elementary school age. This number of schools is ridiculously small. Cuba needs at least 15,000 schools to care effectively for her population, even including the assistance of the private schools and in view of the impossibility of carrying instruction to certain remote and isolated places. This figure of 15,000 schools may seem to be exaggerated, but why is it so, if the army rose to 18,000 men, and if Cuba inscribed proudly on the program of the republic "More Teachers than Soldiers?" The United States, whose permanent army is 150,000 men, has 650,000 teachers. Why should not Cuba learn and follow in this respect the lessons of democracy?

The scarcity of school buildings—in less proportion to-day than in 1900, because we then had 3600 schools, with 1,500,000 inhabitants, and to-day, with 3,000,000 inhabitants, we have, not 7200 schools, but 5700, that is, 1500 schools less, proportionately—causes low registration in the primary schools. It is difficult at present to obtain authentic official data for an article of this kind; but the last that we have succeeded in obtaining, those of the school year of 1919–1920, give a total matriculation of 291,648 children of all ages. These figures, in comparison with 723,756 children of obligatory school age, inform us that 432,108 children of from six to fourteen years of age are not registered in the public schools. In comparison with the 1,000,000 persons of an age to receive primary instruction, we have 708,352 children and adolescents that are not official pupils of public schools, although capable of being such.

It is not that in citing these startling figures, I venture the affirmation that the 432,108 children, obliged by the constitution to matriculate, and that have not not done so, do not receive instruction. I am not so blind as not to have taken into account the development of private schools, stimulated and fostered by the enrichment of the country and the

lack of public schools. It is probable, perhaps, that 100,000 or more of these children receive instruction; but the rest—more than 250,000—do not receive it; and it is an incontrovertible fact, that the public school is not to-day giving instruction to a minority—forty per cent. approximately—of the Cuban children. Can a Cuban—father, or teacher—feel satisfied with this very painful situation?

Don Tomás Estrada Palma, in one of his first messages to the congress, after making it clear that the investment of the public funds is the real proof of the tendency of a government, mentioned the fact that, in the bill of national budgets that he was submitting to the congress, twenty-five per cent. of the income was devoted to instruction. The first president of Cuba continued the pedagogical policy of General Wood, a policy that we abandoned later, and to which it is necessary to return without delay, if we desire to strengthen the republic and secure the well-being of our children.

The somber picture of the lack of a sufficient number of schools and of a low matriculation becomes still darker if we consider the attendance of the children at the schools, reduced during the school year of 1919-1920 to 167,589 children of all ages: a distressing figure that informs us that only twenty-one out of every hundred children that ought to attend, do go to school. It may be thought that I exaggerate, perhaps; it may be held that I intentionally render the picture too somber; but let it be believed with sincerity that any one that can cause me to see that these figures are incorrect and that the situation is not so grave as they proclaim will bring great consolation to my Cuban heart.

The lack of schools, the lowness of the matriculation and the smallness of the attendance being demonstrated, it is none the less painful to make it evident that the effectiveness of instruction—owing to a multitude of reasons, into the analysis of which it is imposible to enter now—is so slight that the most of the pupils leave school without having mastered half the courses of study. The distressing calculation has been made in different ways, and all yield the same result: the propor-

tion of children in the lower grades is three times as great as it ought to be; most of the children do not continue their studies beyond the fourth grade, of the eight grades that constitute the primary school.

Well then, ladies and gentlemen: the nations of higher civilization unanimously recognize to-day that primary instruction is not sufficient to prepare the young, considered as citizens and workers, for the exigencies of life in modern democracies. France, England, Germany and other countries in Europe, and the United States in America, are reorganizing with feverish activity their systems of instruction; they make teaching obligatory to the sixteenth or eighteenth year; and they complement primary teaching with semi-professional instruction, which is indispensable to the practice of the various trades and occupations of commerce, industry and agriculture. These peoples are thus preparing themselves for work, while we, thrust into the vortex of modern life and world competition, confine ourselves almost entirely to teaching a part of our youth to read moderately well. Our responsibility in this respect is tremendous. Doctor Carrión pointed out, with his keen observation of the reality, that the foreign laborer is, in all the trades, much better prepared than the Cuban, and in a position to compete with him. Vocational training is not a duty that is binding on the primary school, it is true; but if we do not lay the foundation, if we do not rapidly raise the level of our primary instruction, Cuba will not be able to have efficient workmen—in the broadest sense of the term—in any realm of human activity. The instruction imparted is not only but slightly thorough in respect of the amount of knowledge imparted to the children; it also suffers from the defect of subjecting the faculties of the pupil to inadequate discipline, thus leaving inactive his powers of personal observation, reflection and initiative. The school of the colony was "bookish," and it based on the dry work of the memory all the instruction of the pupil. In 1900 we replaced the cold and rigid written word of the text by the living, warm and persuasive spoken word of the teacher: the word that suggests, that evokes, that ac-

comodates itself to the mind of the child, that quickens his intelligence and fosters sympathy. This change, which produced a profound alteration in methods, signified, at the time in which it was established, an immense progress in the technic of teaching. Pedagogical investigation, however, achieves every day victories of higher value, and to-day it is beyond all doubt that the great instrument of teaching and education is not the word, but work. Instruction does not begin with the ignorance of the pupil, but with the knowledge and experience of the child: an experience that does not spring from what he hears, but from what he does and what he practises. Children, consequently, ought not to go to school to listen, but to work, to experiment, to do. These innovating currents of pedagogy have not yet penetrated the larger number of our schools. One of the most urgent necessities of the hour is the transformation of the pedagogical technic of our schools. This transformation ought to be complete, and it ought to begin—I say it without the least hesitation—with the normal schools, where prevails, as in the primary schools, a sterilizing verbalism in many studies. The teachers of the nation, during the twenty years of our independent life, have had under their control the two most important items, perhaps, in the accounts of the republic: they have taught the most of the people to read, thus opening an immense field of opportunities to every Cuban; and they have inculcated love for the nation. These are two great and indisputable claims on the respect of the public and on the favorable judgment of history; but the teaching profession has before it another task no less worthy or glorious: it is necessary to cultivate in other Cubans the qualities and aptitudes that make a man observing, thoughtful, the master of himself, an enthusiast for creative activity and for ennobling work.

Cuba must be educated, not as a nation of gabblers, but as a hard-working democracy. The teachers, who inculcated in the young a love for the patria, ought to teach them how to build up the sense of nationality, by strengthening and fixing habits of self-control, love for work, re-

flection and perseverance, by their methods and their examples.

Nor is our primary instruction worthy of a favorable opinion, because of its adequacy to the particular necessities of the social classes it seeks to serve. Our schools are barely meeting the needs of the people, particularly in the rural districts. The urban school, although in an incomplete manner, better fulfils its function of training childhood and youth for life; but our rural school is accomplishing wretched work.

The rural population is, par excellence, the Cuban productive class; it receives less aid from the state than that of the city; it has less opportunities for education and progress. The rural school has serious duties to perform in the solitude of our country regions: upon it rests the enormous task of teaching the countryman to read, of inculcating in him habits of hygiene and of instructing him in the duties of citizenship; of imparting the rudiments of numbers and of the basic science of agriculture; and of carrying to his tedious, solitary and monotonous life an element of spiritual well-being, of wholesome joy and comfort, of a love for life; for "man does not live by bread alone:" a profound truth, which at times we seem to overlook. This school upon which devolve such arduous and serious duties: what is it? In whose hands is it? It is a rudiment of a school, a germ, an institution incapable of accomplishing what the nation needs to have done; and it is in the hands of school-mistresses, young women of the cities, almost all, for whom I feel a deep respect and a very sincere admiration, for their unselfishness, their spirit of self-sacrifice and their courage; but in whom it is impossible for me to recognize at present the training required for the discharge of duties that are in opposition to their tastes, their general education, their professional training, and their deepest, their liveliest and their most profound aspiration.

It is impossible in an paper of this kind to enter into details that would carry us too far afield; I also think it unnecessary to insist on the point. Only a total ignorance of our social and educational problems, only the most unqualifiable shiftless-

ness and moral indifference can retard the fundamental reforms required, with the greatest urgency, by the country school, upon which rests with an enormous weight all the fabric of the republic.

If our primary instruction has not attained the necessary degree of dissemination; if it does not possess the required thoroughness; if its methods are not absolutely appropriate; if the character of its teachings does not meet, at least in so far as may be binding upon the rural school, the exigencies of our situation, the program of improvements that ought to be made is very easy to create.

The nation must multiply the schools; it must distribute them according to the census of school population; it must install them adequately in decent and appropriate buildings; and it must make the children attend them: a simple program to outline, but one that requires for its execution a steady and tenacious labor of good administration for many years.

On the other hand, it is necessary to improve the quality of the teaching profession, without which schools are impossible. It is necessary to bring it up to date in respect of the new tendencies of teaching; it is necessary to stimulate it, encourage it, revive in it the ardent enthusiasm of Frye's<sup>5</sup> times. It is necessary to secure its training and formation in a proper number, according to the requirements of pedagogy, not according to antiquated and wretched methods, the source of corruption and of favoritism. In order to accomplish this, it is necessary to broaden the sphere of action of the normal schools, to reorganize these institutions and to diversify their teachings, as well as to relate them with the primary school by the strong ties of companionship, mutual service and consecration to the same great national undertaking.

Finally, it is necessary to turn our eyes upon the rural school and transform it in such a manner that it may lend itself efficiently to the preparation of the countryman, in order to open his mind to the light, raise the level of his life and enable

him to discern and aspire to, in the new life, another solution of the problem of his poverty than that of the lottery ticket, and another source of emotion than that of the cock-fight.

This is, in its triple aspect, a serious undertaking that the republic has before her and that she ought to attack without delay. I have sketched it as I perceive it, without exaggerating or minimizing its gravity. It is not a task that can be accomplished by one man or by a group of men; it is one that requires the energy and the coöperation of the nation as a whole; hence this appeal to public opinion, the great directive force of free peoples.

On every citizen devolves a duty in the great task of lifting the public schools to the height necessary to the security and the dignity of the country; but the obligation falls directly upon the cultured class, the superintendents of instruction and the teachers. Ours is the greater responsibility; let us know how to discharge it with honor. To be lukewarm, to shilly-shally, to leave it to others, to take refuge behind a bad example, to keep silent when we ought to speak, to sacrifice duty to the fear of criticism, to make of one's office, chair or teachership a sinecure, are acts of cowardice and disloyalty, blemishes of character that are sufficient to disqualify the functionary and the educator.

The hour of the teacher and of the true patriot is not that of abundance, victory and peace; their opportunity comes in the trying days of sacrifice, strife and work. It is then that both jointly owe to their people a precept and an example. This truth will never be understood by men of petty and selfish natures, nor by those of low and ignoble ambitions; but I am certain that it is what is felt and practised by men of heart and by the teachers of my country, to whom I address myself in the first place.

The problems of Cuba, and particularly those that relate to education, are serious, but not hopeless. The nation possesses intellectual and moral energy; she has resources sufficient for the solution of them; and she will assuredly solve them, if, instead of shrinking before the magnitude of the effort, we set ourselves to the

<sup>5</sup>Alexis E. Frye, superintendent of schools in Cuba under the administration of General Leonard Wood.—  
THE EDITOR.

patient and tenacious labor that is a guaranty of success. As always occurs in every great crisis of a people's existence, the present moment is not an occasion that calls for great spectacular deeds; it is, rather, a moment that seems obscure and difficult, in which it is necessary that each one should fulfil his duty, his whole and simple duty, the duty of every hour and of every day. It is not enthusiastic and frantic heroism that can save us, but intelligent tenacity, coöperation and what the North American people call, with an expressive phrase, "the spirit of service," and which is nothing more than solidarity in action.

Therefore we, the organizers of this course of lectures, ask: of the new government that has assumed the direction of

public affairs amid the hope and expectation of the people a definite and consistent pedagogical policy, one that shall be adequate to our needs; of the cultivated class and the laboring class, support of these efforts in behalf of collective betterment; of teachers, the nerve of every undertaking that looks to the national welfare and progress, that they strive to place themselves at the height of their new responsibilities and arduous duties; of all, finally, a little charity toward the children of Cuba: a charity translated in an effort to give them an education that shall mean health and vigor for the body, light for the understanding, energy for the will, and elevation and beauty and faith for the sentiment.



# JUANA DE IBARBOUROU

## THE POET OF *LAS LENGUAS DE DIAMANTE*

BY

VICENTE A. SALAVERRI

A journalist's account of a young Uruguayan poet, new to the world of letters, with some description of her verse.—THE EDITOR.

"ANTÓN MARTÍN SAAVEDRA?"  
"Your servant."  
"I desire to leave with you some verses."  
"Are they for publication?"

"No; I should like you to give me your opinion merely."

She then handed me some manuscript. It is needless to say with what misgivings I unfolded it. Not often does a woman of talent come to a newspaper office, just so, without any recommendation.

"And why have you thought of me?" I said to her.

"Because I was impelled by the campaign you are carrying on in favor of new writers."

"And if I find that your compositions are worthy of publication?"

"I leave everything entirely to you, señor."

Doctor Rodolfo Mazzera, at present the minister of public instruction, was then at the head of *La Razón* of Montevideo. I was in charge of the technical part. Great was my astonishment when, a few hours after the interview, I read the verses. That señora—she was accompanied by her little son—of whose name I was ignorant, for she used the pseudonym "Jeanette de Ibar," was really a poet.

In her sonnets I found something more than rimed lines. They were all light and perfume and sprightliness. . . . Three or four days later I offered them to the Uruguayan public as the revelation of an extraordinary talent. There were not two opinions. Everybody was asking: "Who is Jeanette de Ibar?"

Contrary to what was to be expected of a beginner, this Uruguayan poet did not show any impatience. She published

very little. It was necessary to make a great effort to get her compositions from her. "I prefer to offer them all together, in a book," she objected.

Nevertheless, the book was in the way of never being published, until Manuel Gálvez, to whom Juana de Ibarbourou sent, at my suggestion, a good number of originals, offered it a place in a series of the edition of the "Cooperativa Buenos Aires." Thus came to be published *Las lenguas de diamante*, a work that has given an enduring place to one that has excelled in many ways.

When the book became known, interest was awakened in learning something about its author, who is a very unpretentious lady and one that is even ingenuous to the point of candor in her manner; and the curious had to do with a mind so modest, so retiring and so honorable that no ground was left for gossip. Juana de Ibarbourou is young, attractive and pretty. She is as assiduous as the elves would be, in case they were set the task of taking care of a home. Without forgetting her sacred duties, while she is putting her house in order, she makes verses mentally, and until she has them wrought out in her mind she does not transfer them to paper. Her most profitable hours for dreaming are those in which she is seated before her frame. Then, while her hands are engaged in weaving, her imagination is soaring. From laces of linen she fashions the golden fabric of a poem.

From everywhere now come to Juana de Ibarbourou favorable opinions. The impression that she has made so quickly in her own country is without parallel among intellectuals. The merit of the poet has just received the seal of Julio



Cejador, Miguel de Unamuno and Armando Donoso, among many other critics of talent.

Indeed, when I saw the señora de Ibarbourou, two years ago, for the first time, I could not have believed possible a triumph so unanimous and so noisy. In the intellectual family few works have been received with greater interest than *Las lenguas de diamante*. In spite of certain verbal inaccuracies, this volume is worthy of the success it has attained, because from it shines forth a marvelous spirit of a woman. It is a sensual and a chaste book, one of stupendous evocative power. When I think that I was the first to call the attention of the indifferent reader to the merits of this poet, I experience the fatuous and generous voluptuousness of a discoverer; because Juana de Ibarbourou ranks to-day among the best women poets of the Spanish language. In America, only two women may be given a place beside her: Alfonsina Storni and Gabriela Mistral,<sup>1</sup> and, among those that have disappeared, Delmira Agustini, to whom she sustains a certain likeness, but whom she surpasses in femininity. As Juana de Ibarbourou's verses are glowing, they are wholesomely pantheistic; they are chaste, as another notable poet of Uruguay, an admirer of her talent, Emilio Frugoni, was able to show. They possess that peculiar flavor that seems to come from certain pages of the Bible. After excelling in the sonnet—a form in which so many good poets fail—Juana de Ibarbourou has turned to free verse, whose

difficulties have been set forth by Moratín. One of her most suggestive productions is the following poem, which the author submits, in order that our readers may have a foretaste:

### COMO LA PRIMAVERA

*Como un ala negra, tendí mis cabellos  
Sobre tus rodillas.  
Cerrando los ojos, su olor aspiraste  
Diciéndome luego:  
—¿Duermes sobre piedras cubiertas de musgo?  
¿Con ramas de sauces te atas las trenzas?  
¿Tu almohada es de trébol? ¿Las tienes tan  
negras  
Porque acaso en ellas exprimiste un zumo  
Retinto y espeso de moras silvestres? . . .  
¿Qué fresca y extraña fragancia te envuelve?  
Hueles a arroyuelos, a tierras y a selvas;  
¿Qué perfumes usas?—Y riendo, te dije:  
—¡Ninguno, ninguno!  
Te amo y soy joven: buela a primavera.  
Este olor que sientes es de carne firme;  
De mejillas claras y de sangre nueva.  
Te quiero y soy joven; por eso es que tengo  
Las mismas fragancias que la primavera.<sup>2</sup>*

### LIKE THE SPRINGTIME

<sup>1</sup>Like a black wing, did I spread out my hair  
Over thy knees.  
Closing thine eyes, thou didst breathe in its perfume  
Saying to me the whiles:  
"Art wont to sleep on moss-covered stones?  
With twigs of willow dost bind thy tresses?  
Is thy pillow of clover? Are thy locks so black  
Because mayhap into them thou has pressed the  
juice,  
Dark and thick, of the woodsy blackberries?  
What fresh, strange fragrance enfolds thee?  
Thou smellst of brooklets, of the earth and of forests.  
What perfume dost thou use?" And smiling, I said:  
"Not any! Not any! . . .  
I love thee and I am young: 'tis the smell of spring-  
time.  
This odor thou notest is that of firm flesh.  
Of clear cheeks and new blood.  
I love thee and I am young; hence it is I have  
The same fragrance as the springtime.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>See INTER-AMERICA for August, 1921, page 363, for prose poems by her, entitled "Poems of the Mother;" and page 336 for biographical data regarding her.—THE EDITOR.



# FROM THE DIARY OF MY FRIEND

BY

ENRIQUE HERRERO DUCLOUX

Musings of a thoughtful man in the presence of the social and intellectual tendencies of the day. Those that have read the dramatic sketch entitled *The Straight Line* by the same author, and published in the October, 1920, number of INTER-AMERICA, will be prepared to appreciate his serious intent and his sprightly style.—THE EDITOR.

## MEN AND MEDALS

I LEARNED yesterday that Zeda has denied me all merit, and that he holds me to be a fool and even an ass.

I do not deny that I have felt the prick: that would be physiological; nor do I affirm that I have accepted his judgment without protest: this would be instinctive.

However, I calmed my spirit very soon by plunging into this brief soliloquy:

"Medals of silver attain a greater value in proportion as time darkens them for us; sulphurated gases are the agents of this slow ennoblement; the most contemptible substances are the generators of these gases. Well then: we are medals of silver, which, thanks to our enemies, acquire the patina of nobility; and it is only just to be grateful to their voluntary vilification, which enables them to engender the emanations that ennoble us."

## PERSPECTIVE

"THEY have appointed X to represent the nation in the international conference of Sofiburgo."

"I think he is incapable of such a task."

"Nevertheless, he is at the head of an institution for scientific investigation, and he is a professor in a university."

"Do not forget that before coming here he knew nothing and that since then he has done no studying."

"But. . . ."

"Do not insist. I understand your error. It is an effect of perspective; it is the height at which what deceives you to-day is to be found. More than once, at night, I have taken a Chinese lantern for a star; a lightning-bug for a meteor; and

above the horizon, at close of day, I have thought I saw, rising from a hillock, the profile of a gigantic centaur, in the humble *peón* of the *estancia*."

"You exaggerate."

"Look: the sun that is shooting its oblique arrows through the trees has changed the cloud that is raised on the highway by the coalman's cart into a whirlwind of gold dust: a few drops of water would be sufficient to destroy the prodigy and turn it into mud."

## BELLS WITHOUT CLAPPERS

"DID you know that Doctor Glocken died to-day?"

"No; but I am surprised at the news you give me, for I attended his funeral ten years ago."

"Are you jesting?"

"By no means. You know quite well how much I liked and respected him. My address, when Glocken gave up his classes, ten years ago, was a perfectly sincere hymn to his merits."

"And this ceremony that was his coronation: do you call it an interment? You are paradoxical."

"And I do not take it back; he died then, and not to-day, as a man of action and thought, his shadow lurking in a corner, like a bell without a clapper."

"Bah! According to your theory, A and B and C no longer live, and yet they exist."

"They are alive, but they do not give off any sound; and this is enough to cause them to be forgotten, or to be disdained, if any one should venture to recall them. It matters not whether these bells be of sonorous bronze, the bronze of cannon, or of struggle and labor, like the swords and

the plowshares of ancient times; it is the same with those that have been bells of wood—bells hewn from tree-trunks—wearisome rattles of the Chinese, or the tinkling bells of the lead-horse. They all drop together into the same abyss—silence—as if they had died; the artist grows old and the banker is ruined, the politician is defeated and the gambler is stripped, the athlete is beaten and the poet worn out, beauty withers and the actress becomes hoarse: all, bells of silver or crystal, of gold or bronze, of iron or wood, bells without clappers, at last, vanish from among the living in the greatest of injustices!"

"We have twisted the interpretation of the verse from the *Psalm of Life*:

Let the dead past bury its dead!

and we pay with ingratitude the sacrifices of those that have preceded us, burying the past in the shadow and in nothingness, good and evil being mingled, the former without reward and the latter without punishment."

"Then you look upon A and B and C as walking corpses?"

"Or something similar: weapons without edges, lamps without flames, wheels without teeth, bells without clappers, in this turmoil of our stirring, superficial and utilitarian life.

#### THE HAPPY MAN

"WHAT that is new have you found in Naranjales?"

"I do not know whether to call it new or old: I found a happy man."

"And you did not ask him for his shirt because you knew he had none, eh?"

"I did not ask him for it, although he had one, with long cuffs and a high, stiff collar."

"You say it with a certain air of sadness."

"With sadness and envy, or, if you will, with sadness for envying him it, for not being able sincerely to imitate him."

"Is he rich, is he young, is he handsome? For in truth these are the three enviable qualities that you do not possess."

"On the contrary, he is poor, he is old and he is as ugly as a black simian. Add, if you please, that he is a detestable poet,

and you have the faithful likeness of the man I envy."

"With such gifts, I think his felicity is not worth two figs."

"An error, my friend: a crass and profound error. My man is the poet of Naranjales, not 'a poet,' but 'the poet,' by antonomasia, of the region. If there is a wedding, off to it he goes with his lyre or guitar, and he strums an epithalamium; should any one die . . . to avoid hearing it, then, before the earth covers him, he covers him with an elegy or a lachrymose and discordant poetic doggerel; if a scion is born to a powerful house, our poet is there at once beside the cradle with a halting and vulgar rime that awakens the infant, although he be wrapped in profound and untroubled sleep; let it be a picnic occasion, our bard drones a sylvan lay for which he might well be belayed; and, in short, he misses no occasion, he leaves no void, when he does not lovingly present his lame verses, which are Homeric . . . according to his fancy."

"That poor man is a lunatic abroad that ought to be tied up!"

"And we are the loose madmen that go around in bonds, bound by our self-criticism, which causes us to live in perpetual torment. He neither hears the mockery nor is he aware of his stupidity; and I assure you that when he goes through the streets of Naranjales, listening to his own footfalls, in his black shoes and his black frock-coat and his black top-hat and his dirty skin, bestowing here and there a distracted salutation, indifferent to the darts of the sun and the lashings of the wind and the barkings of the dogs, his eyes uplifted, seeking for some forgotten rime in Rengifo,<sup>1</sup> he is the king and master of the region, and he would not change places with a Cæsar."

#### PARASITES

WHEN I began the study of medicine—which I never concluded—my attention was called to the difficulty that

<sup>1</sup>Diego García Rengifo: a Spanish Jesuit, born in Avila, and the author of the famous *Arte política*, a work that was published under the name of his brother.  
—THE EDITOR.

seemed to exist in defining the term that stands at the head of these lines.

Twenty years have passed since then, and I have observed and learned and taught, without bothering myself about this definition, or about the difficulties connected with it; but to-day, reading, in the report of the sessions of our chamber of deputies, a bill that the senate is waiting impatiently to approve and the executive, benevolently, to sign, the much discussed word has come involuntarily to my lips, although not without bitterness and rage.

It was a long list, very long, interminable, of names and figures; of the names of sons and nephews and widows and sisters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, of the "servers of the country;" of figures that were the money of tariffs, taxes, work, in short, distributed, rained, poured into full hands, lavished in torrents upon the beneficiaries.

I took the trouble to analyze each of those names, as well as the amounts, seeking the reason of the privileges, and I found none, except in a very limited number of cases, which contrasted with the injustice of the mass of them: a cloud of drones, a swarm of useless people, a gang of parasites, of parasites, indeed, because they are "beings that live by the labor of others."

Without looking for it, after twenty years, I had found the coveted definition, at the cost of the public exchequer, I know not whether if for good or ill, at all events, with numerous examples that adorn it.

### *Rara Avis*

"I HAVE had a disagreeable experience to-day that I think I shall not easily forget."

"Have you lost some money?"

"That I could forget by working."

"Have you discovered the falsity of some friend or the inconstancy of your sweetheart?"

"For a long time I have known that the squaring of the circle is an impossible problem."

"I give up trying to discover the reason of your vexation; you must tell me of it."

"I have found a man of quixotic dignity and susceptibility, and I feel something of

what prostitutes must feel in the presence of a wife or a virgin maiden, and somewhat also of that which must embitter age in the presence of the triumphs of youth and beauty."

"I find you too severe with yourself."

"Do not believe it; would that I were unjust! Our environment breaks our vertexes and softens our angularities, however little we struggle, and we soon deliver ourselves, soft and smooth, to him that governs. . . . An affection for acquired riches, for positions attained, makes us easy, conciliatory, malleable, clever in adjustments and compromises; and the habit of obeying kills in us the germ of protest, gently and fatally, and we fall beaten, to suffer later, as I do to-day, in the presence of indomitable virility and energy."

### SCIENCE WITHOUT CONSCIENCE

"THE prolongation of your illness," I said to Pablo, "demands that you call in a great physician to remove all doubt, Doctor Old,<sup>2</sup> for example."

"Even at the risk of seeming extravagant to you, I must tell you that I prefer to go to Doctor Newman."<sup>3</sup>

"But between the latter, who is nothing but a good boy, and Doctor Old, who is an established authority, the choice is in no way doubtful."

"And I am not in doubt: I choose Newman. He, as you say, is a good boy that esteems me, and his affection for me will be an inner light that will illuminate his judgment, giving him the courage even to confess his impotence, should it be necessary; while Doctor Old, the man of learning, does not know me, and in giving me somewhat of his intelligence, his heart will be absent.

"Do you wish for a proof of my affirmations? Then listen to the story of a consultation that Newman witnessed when he was seeking in Europe what he thought he could not find here.

"The long and scrupulous examination had concluded. One by one, enveloped in their long frock-coats and behind the

<sup>2</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Thus in the original.—THE EDITOR.

masks that much exercise of their profession had lent them, they abandoned the room of the invalid: they were the 'heads' of the profession, the 'aces' of the faculty.

"Led by the oldest son of the patient, they shut themselves up in the ample and sumptuous dining-room, and after some minutes, in which the 'case' was studied, and it was decided with much difference of opinion that the sick man was not very ill, the conversation became general . . . and they talked of everything and everybody, amid the smoke of their cigars, first, in low voices with the mumblings of the cell, and, afterward, in louder, as at the club or in the street.

"And those wells of science talked on for an hour—for this was demanded, if not by the illness, by the fortune of the patient—so they talked on for an hour, I repeat, when, in the frame of the door, opened suddenly, appeared the form of the oldest son, filled with consternation, and trembling, and, in an empty voice, he said:

"My father is dead! . . ."

"There was not a quiver nor a look nor a batting of the eye on those faces; the dean arose and coldly, reposedly, and with a movement of the head that was meant for a salute and a sign of assent, answered:

"We expected as much; hence . . . we had not gone away."

#### THE FEAR OF AWAKENING

**T**O-MORROW there will set out for Chile three young women, who have decided to bury themselves in a convent with rigid, inflexible rules, abandoning family, wealth and the thousand adulations that their beauty and blood would have won for them.

The news—imparted yesterday by their parents—has produced the imaginable consternation and it has traveled through the upper classes of the city like the roar of a formidable cannon. The subject was spoken of to-day in Pablo's presence, and his silence contrasted with the diversity of comments and the disparity of opinions.

Some one showed surprise at his silence and asked him suddenly:

"What would you do if it was a question of a daughter of yours?"

"I consider it useless," he replied, "to philosophize over the distant morrow, because I think with La Rochefoucauld that the morrow, changed into the present, would undo my best reasonings; but, worshipping a daughter as I love my sons, if she were to say to me, 'Father, I know a philter that will give me happiness until the natural end of my life by steeping me in a subtile lethargy and opening to me the golden world of dreams, although far from thee, in my coffin, as if I were dead, in the solitude and silence of the city of oblivion: will you consent to my drinking it?' I should answer her: 'Daughter, to seek for happiness is man's lot, and to find it would be the supreme good. To know that thou art happy would mitigate the selfish pangs of thy absence; but I fear that thy philter would weaken some day, some hour, some instant, and I am terrified by the vision of thy anguish, awakening in thy shroud, without air, without light, alone, quivering for a second with the infinite horror of a lost atom, madly driving thy nails into thy flesh, which would not have known the caresses of a husband or the kisses of a son!'"

"And if, in spite of your reasoning, your daughter were to persist in the intention and go away indifferent like these three women that to-morrow abandon their homes?"

"Then," added Pablo, "perhaps I should be inspired by the terrible example of the Roman father of Virginia and should save her future suffering by freeing myself at one and the same time of the accursed vision and of life."

#### AN HONEST MAN

**A**N HONEST man has died, do you know? and I am filled with regret, with profound sorrow."

"What was his name? Did I know him?"

"Do not ask me. Accept Honest Man as a proper noun in the same way as you accept Juan Pérez or Pedro González, although you know that there are thousands of citizens that bear these names and very few that merit the one that I propose."

"And whence comes your sadness? Was he your friend, or are you afraid that

with him the 'species' has become extinct?"

"Neither one nor the other."

"Then? . . ."

"He has died poor and. . . ."

"In no other way could he die, if he were not born rich and merited to the end the name you have given him."

"He has died poor, I repeat, and it was a protest against his poverty and his honesty, heard from his own lips, already discolored and trembling, which, without my wishing it, brings me pain."

"Ah! I understand: the spirit was weak before it freed itself from matter, after a long life of austerity and fortitude, like the string of a bow that yields to the sickle after having resisted the moth."

"Debility, faintness, an instant of doubt, what you will; but if to the presence of the frightful visions of the other world that must assault us on the border of the grave you add the supreme anguish of the prospect of hunger and want for those you abandon, how can you keep from cursing a moral conception that you have beheld falsified with impunity, a scaffolding that you took for bony structure, a shadow without body? Why should one not doubt in the presence of culpable goodness, in the face of the unconscious complicity of our environment, of the slumbering conscience of those that surround us, and even of ourselves?"

"Perhaps you are right; but are you thinking of changing your course from today?"

"No; but not because of virtue, but because of cowardice. What tortures me is not knowing the course I 'ought' to point out to those that are to come after us."

#### SYNTHETIC CRITICISM

PROFESSOR NASE has shown me his book, *Los pelos dorsales de las avispas* (The Dorsal Hairs of Wasps), and he asks for an honest and synthetic opinion regarding it.

"You are capable of pleasing your friend, although I fear he will not be pleased."

"I share your feelings, because it is a work constructed inversely to the pyramids, that is, with the apex in the desert

and the base in the clouds; and it is a "modern book," opposed to the *Quijote*."

"Opposed to the *Quijote*? Does it, perhaps, defend the books of chivalry of the wasps?"

"It is not that. I refer to the very copious biographical notes and the interminable learned commentaries that Cervantes sought out intentionally for the purpose of varying his pages, while in this case the pages were written to justify the commentaries."

"Are there, however, general conclusions, depth of thought, beauty of style, originality of method, daring hypotheses?"

"You are very exacting. There are five hundred pages, a thousand engravings, and numerous plates. . . ."

"Plates!"

"Yes, man; separate plates; in short, a respectable volume of four thousand grams, net weight."

"Now I see clearly: it is an affair of one of those books of our times, which the severe Miguel de Unamuno has so justly and harshly criticized. Now I know what you need: Victor Hugo has written in his poem, *L'âne*, a verse that solves your problem:

*Et la grenouille idée  
Enfle le livre bœuf."*

#### A DISEASE OF YOUTH

I SAW Pablo talking to his students in the laboratory, and from the expressions of their countenances I understood that the subject of the conversation was not chemistry, so I drew near to listen to it.

He was telling them, half in pain and half in irony, what it had cost him to make his way through the students that filled the halls; for none had thought it proper, out of deference, to stand aside or to suspend the song they were humming or singing.

One of those that were present, wishing to explain, without justifying, the conduct of his schoolmates, remarked to him that it was doubtless an affair of four or five ill-bred ones, who were unaware of his position as a professor. To this Pablo replied affectionately:

"Omit that of the ill-bred and multiply by a thousand or ten thousand the number you have supposed: only thus shall we be sure of the reality that is surrounding us

and crushing us in all its crudeness. Physiologically, I am not disturbed by a more or less discordant shout in my ears, or by a whistle, however, keen it may be, as I am not disturbed by an involuntary elbow-thrust in a crowd, or an indecent word in a conversation in which I have no part; but, morally, I am bitterly impressed by all that signifies inconsiderateness and lack of respect, although I myself be not the victim. Those students did not know me as a professor—let us admit it—but my aspect and my gray hairs showed them that I am a man of a certain age, like their older brothers or perhaps their fathers; and this was a sufficient claim to merit from them some deference, if their souls nurtured those sentiments that constitute the hidden sense of the word *family*, and the sacred essence of the tree *patria*. We must say it, even if it hurt us to say it and hear it: that our country may cease to be a factory and become a home, a nation and patria of truth, it is necessary to teach our young men this rule of conduct: that while a slight does not harm the *formed man*, such a man deserves from *men that are in formation* unqualified respect; because he has lived more than they, and, conqueror or conquered, to live is to suffer, and, living, he will have suffered."

## JUST LIKE MEN

**T**O-DAY a cock got into the garden, and my dog Wolff, an untrained puppy, chased him, crushing his head and tearing him to pieces afterward.

At the moment I was commenting with my friend Pablo on the news of the death of Professor and Magistrate Richter in a distant province, which *La Nación* published among its telegrams at the same time as the decrees of the national executive that appointed a successor to the departed; and I should not have become aware of Wolff's sad feat, if it had not caused an extraordinary noise in the chicken yard.

We drew near, attracted by the noise, and we found the victim lying bleeding against the wire netting, while a swarm of chickens and ducks, indifferent to the growling of the dog, were trying to get at

the grains of corn that were showing through the rents in the cock's maw.

I turned to Pablo, and, pointing to the repulsive spectacle, I said to him:

"They are barn-yard fowls, and, nevertheless, they are like wild beasts."

"No," he replied: "like men!"

## CONTRADICTIONS

**I** FOUND Alfredo pale and faded, and I was surprised by his aspect, so different from his habitual air of merriment and joy in living. I sought in his eyes and on his ruddy lips of a sated faun the brilliancy of his enviable vigor, without finding it; in vain did I strive to provoke the malicious smile that an equivocal word was wont to awaken at any moment.

My man was changed, aged, broken, exhausted, worn out by loss of sleep and fatigue, and he confirmed this with an eloquent laconism, because his words began with the yawn and ended with the grotesque grimace of the man that is restraining himself from weeping in the presence of an outsider.

"My dear fellow," he said to me, "you can not understand me. For four days I have not rested, I have not slept, I have not lived: my little son is ill and . . . I am not sure but we are going to lose him. . . ."

I muttered some phrases—stupid, meaningless, empty, colorless, unworthy of me—I was unable to give them even the appearance of sincerity.

Afterward we separated, he, with his heart crushed with fears and cavilings, and I, reproaching myself for my triviality, recriminating my slow brain, which was incapable of doing its part by my poor friend in a difficult moment of his life.

However, when I lost myself in the multitude that comes and goes along the Avenida de Mayo, the inner voice tried to justify itself; it said softly to me, within, deep within:

"Complain not at me; thou wouldst be unjust. The blame lies entirely at the door of my faithful memory, which, seeing Alfredo downcast and worried over the illness of his legitimate son, could not believe that he was the same one who, at no remote time, passed his days in Panta-

gruelian repasts and riotous feastings, while the obscure little daughter of his free love was dying on a shameful cot in a miserable tenement, with no other affection than that of the humble, ignorant and unknown *china*,<sup>4</sup> and with no other maintenance than that of public charity.

#### EMPTY TEMPLES

"ARE you acquainted," I asked Pablo, "with the changes that are being planned in public instruction, for the sake of economy?"

"If they were to suppress the half of what exists," he replied, "the other half would still be superfluous."

"I think you are carried away by paradox on this occasion; are you not aware that our institutions of learning are a mark of pride for us in the presence of the foreigner?"

"Yes; when he is like the North American professor, who stood enchanted before a charming bath-room in school X, without stopping to think of the unconfessable ground and reason for it; but if a foreigner visited us and wished to study us honestly and should ask us where are being fashioned the Argentines of to-morrow, there would not be lacking prompt and well-meaning functionaries that would drag him through our public schools—ample, well ventilated palaces, many of them, all admirably administered and directed—and they would be much surprised if our man were to shake his head, to indicate that he had not been understood.

"Then would come another functionary, who would inform him regarding our national colleges, the professional and special schools, all well equipped, with increasing attendance, conducted according to modern methods and taught by learned professors, and his surprise would at once increase if our foreigner should again explain that he had not been understood. Then a third functionary, as amiable as those that preceded him, would take him to visit our national universities—sumptuous, magnificent, rich in cabinets and laboratories in the European style, with

bulging libraries and wise professors. The surprise of our three functionaries would reach a climax, if our visitor should tell them plainly and simply that in all this world of schools and colleges, of institutions and faculties, so worthy of admiration and praise, was not to be found what would be necessary for the molding of a people, the building up of a nation.

"He would be right, more than right, in saying this, my friend. It is that our schools polish up the illiterate, our colleges manufacture bachelors of arts and our institutes and faculties turn out professionals, but nowhere are citizens molded, nowhere are Argentines formed. The intelligence is disciplined, the will is oriented, but the heart is forgotten; men come forth isolated, imbued with individualism, without intimate bonds that unite them in a common work or without collective obligations.

"If our educational organism is not profoundly modified, we run the risk of coming to a period in which men without solidarity and without patriotism may dominate. As things are to-day, we must confess that, to the impartial mind, our institutions of learning are, in general, bodies without souls, empty temples."

#### THE SILENT EVIL

A GROUP of university professors, friends of Pablo's, planned a movement of protest to the academic authorities against the disease of plagiarism in scientific products, which threatens to become an epidemic.

With this object in view, praise was given to those who, at the risk of their own lives, had unmasked the traffickers in fame, and censure was meted out to the accomplice kindliness and veiled cowardice of those that had gone to the aid of the pirates of the amphitheater and the laboratory.

Some favored the idea of formal complaint; others counseled individual action; and there was not wanting one that thought every expedient was useless, because the evil was incurable.

Then Pablo, who in silence, had heard all the opinions expressed himself thus:

"Your initiative is more than necessary;

<sup>4</sup>Applied, in South America, to the unmarried Indian or *mestiza* girl; also used among the common people as a term of endearment.—THE EDITOR.



it is indispensable, besides being consoling as a symptom of a reaction that has been too long in coming, because we live puffed up with egoism, without measuring the consequences.

"The superficial, showy, false and empty existence, the growing complexity of our useless necessities, the epidemic of luxury and dissoluteness induced by what this complexity brings in its train, withdraws university men from the inner life and drives them to seek renown and a place and career at any price, in order to acquire wealth. Among us, honest poverty has been a stigma, and money obtained by simony and gambling has not been so; we have made a show of nobility and lineage, as if the virtues of our forefathers could serve as a shield for the vices of their descendants; the springs of character were loosened, courage being lacking to deny the hand to the successful bandit or the smile to the powerful usurper; audacity and daring have been virtues, and modesty has been counted a defect; decisions have been sought in a foppish and accommodating code of honor, while fleeing the severities of the penal code, austere and impersonal; the *unmoral* type, the one attacked by Daltonism, half good and half evil, incapable of distinguishing between colors, more incurable than a blind man, has been increasing, being propagated with impunity and in silence; and we have been sinking lower and lower, wearied with rattles and vain words, without justice in high places, and without conscience among ourselves.

"I am aware that a professor of great reputation has counseled that we keep silent about these things, that we excuse the acts as errors of young heads, and wait for time to do its work; but I think he is mistaken and that such conduct would be equivalent to falling into the silent evil of which we are told by the severe Jesuit whom in literature we called the divine Gracián:

The judge keeps silent regarding justice; the father keeps silent and does not correct the wayward son; the preacher keeps silent and does not reproach vice; the confessor keeps silent and does not emphasize the gravity of wrongdoing; the evil man keeps silent and does not confess or mend his ways; the witness keeps

silent, and crime is not discovered; all keep silent, and evil is hidden.

#### COLLEGE OF ORPHANS

IT HAS cost me something to open a passage in front of the Colegio Nacional of Silvertown:<sup>5</sup> the sidewalks were swarming with pupils, who, like buzzing bees about the entrance to the hive, were shouting and dancing around banners and standards that announced a "strike of solidarity" with the university students, who were embarked on revolution and given over to violence.

Among the rioters I have not seen a solitary man, and not, even on the *older ones*, so much as a shadow of down on the lip to create the illusion that they were not children.

I have gone my way beneath the trees, confused and pained, thinking of the absence of parents from this place and at this moment, through indifference, ignorance or perhaps accomplice complacency; and perhaps it would be well to wipe out the great letters in relief that tell the people that there stands here a national college, and change them for a sign that would cry out to all, as a reproach and a voice of alarm: "College of Orphans!"

#### THE BROKEN GLASS

IT WAS all the work of an instant: the rain of glass after the dull blow, the stopping of the motor-car under a creaking brake and the leaping of Pablo after the urchin, who fled breathlessly along the avenue, in the semi-obscurity of the trees. I looked at the perfect hole in the glass, whose edges sparkled with glints of distant reflections, and I was entertaining myself with the play of light on the splinters, narrowing my eyelids, when Pablo appeared, walking slowly. He said to me, without any appearance of weariness in his voice:

"I let him escape. The little devil could not have been more than eight, like my older son. . . ."

"And for this you shot away like an arrow?" I replied.

"I could not resist the instinctive im-

<sup>5</sup>Thus in the original.—THE EDITOR.

pulse; but when I had him within reach of my hand, and he looked at me tremblingly, I let him escape. . . ."

"To-morrow he will break another glass for you!"

"I do not know; it may be. I have not let him go, merely out of pity, but at the very moment I reflected that I was to blame, like you, like all of us, who could prevent this deviltry in our streets and who do nothing to eradicate it. It was not strange that he should have broken a glass; what is inexplicable is that there should still be so many whole glasses in their frames."

*TOUT PASSE, TOUT CASSE, TOUT LASSE*

"DO YOU not admire, my dear Pablo, that group of young men who, wearing crosses and medals, are arriving from Europe, bringing with them an echo of the universal war?"

"Not to admire them is impossible, and not to envy them is very difficult: they are men that make us proud to be men, although also, without showing it, they stand as a mute reproach of our absence from the great struggle."

"And not the least admirable part is in their simplicity, their complete lack of pose, their apparent ignorance of the part they have taken in the epopee."

"What I admire is their lack of concern over the passing of time."

"Do you not think they are dreaming of the future?"

"Not only do I not think so, but I am sure they are not. The extraordinary, incredible, superhuman, past still holds them, and hence they smile like the acrobat, in response to the delirious applause of the public, after a trick that might have been mortal. Not one of the returned soldiers is aware that time is passing, and each one covers, erases, submerges his achievements in so far as the public is concerned, stirred by other emotions and attracted by other spectacles; none of them remembers that his uniform is out of shape, faded, rumpled and torn; and, in short, none pays any attention, in the street-car or in the theatre, in the café or in the street, to the look of indifference that greets their silhouettes, when the enchant-

ment of novelty has worn off, in the minds of the vulgar and selfish multitudes."

#### OFFICIAL GEOGRAPHY

THE minister of Panamá in Madrid has delivered a gold medal to Alfonso XIII for his humanitarian activity during the recent war, and, placing the trinket in the royal hands, he has pronounced a discourse in which all the Chinese lanterns of Hispanic-Americanism shone with the flowers of the rhetoric of etiquette.

"Nothing of all this deserves anything but praise," Pablo said to me; "because the sportsman king is worthy of the homage, and the minister is not responsible for Hispanic-Americanism and the rhetoric of etiquette; but the subject becomes complicated in the reply that the telegraph puts in the mouth of the monarch—dictated by some courtly counselor, a cultivator of florapondium—for in closing he promised the minister that he would wear the medal on his trip to Buenos Aires.

"Well then: either in the real geography Panamá and Buenos Aires are neighbors, or the Panaman medal on the breast of Alfonso XIII, disembarking in our port, would be as appropriate as the orders of the mikado or of the raja of Kapurthala.

"And as I am unwilling to suspect such general ignorance, I am inclined to believe that the position of court counselor has come to be filled by the Barcelonan journalist who, in his land, asked me if the vessel that had brought me from Buenos Aires had not touched on the way at Caracas!"

#### AN ANACHRONISM

THE nineteenth year of the twentieth century is approaching its close, and in the principal cities of *Cosmopolis* have appeared great posters in which the evangelical youth are invited to go to the churches to pray in order to assure the success of their approaching examinations.

My first impression was one of surprise, afterward, of pain and, finally, of protest, although these sentiments were in no way influenced by the color of my belief; for the same effect would have been produced on me by a summons to Catholic, Israeli or Mussulman youth. It moved me

pity that young men should intrust the success of their efforts to the intervention of the saints; and, in short, it stirs one to protest to see that there should be extended and propagated, should be impressed and rooted in the country, the idea of the futility of study and work, the uselessness of individual effort, thus closing every fountain of personal initiative and vitiating the principle of justice.

I accept, respect and admire the husbandman who, taking refuge in his belief, prays to the good God of the fields to withhold from the land where he has bestowed his hard labor of long days the hail or the drought, the flood or the plague of myriad wings; but merely as vain and imbecile should I consider one that considers a prayer sufficient to fecundate stalks in fields without furrows or seed.

Our country needs another kind of morality for our young men, one that would be more logical and less barren. Let us speak clearly, openly and even rudely in order that there may be in them the inner conviction of the necessity of effort, of the fruitfulness of labor and of the duty of upright conduct, repeating to them after the day's work, with the book of Job:

Thou shalt forget thy misery,  
And remember it as waters that pass away;  
And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday;  
Thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning.

#### SAY IT TO ME SPINNING

**W**RAPPED in the *wave of lassiness* that is spreading over the world; the wave of restlessness, discouragement and doubt, for some; of sadness and discouragement, for others; I feel at moments starts of euphoria, violent impulses toward reaction, against that current—silent and ascending—that threatens, as in the inundations of our plains, to cover everything, to submerge everything, to bury everything; against that tide of egoism, of venal interests at whatsoever cost, of a minimum of effort when the necessity of a maximum is evident, of dissolution and leveling, without a patriotic ideal to guide us, in a country where men, if they are not like the wheat that ripens every year and crosses the ocean, have a rootage in the

surface of the ground, like the imported eucalyptus, which the least wind tears up and overthrows.

In these moments of energy, of lucidity in lethargy, of protest against the slow and continuous process of disgregation that we are witnessing, I feel that, in obedience to a secret force, I should dash through the streets and squares, speaking or preaching, without cries or heroic looks, without imprecations or abuse, with an evangelical sweetness, as if I spoke to children, giving to thought the form of parables, firing with the word, which is a spark, the flame, which is action, dropping the seed in the furrow like the wind, without turmoil, and leaving to the sun and the air and the rain the accomplishment of the prodigy of the roots and the leaves.

To begin, I should relate the forgotten history of that exalted teaching, that of the octogenarian grandmother, of the hard-working little old woman that made the spindle whirl between her tendril-like fingers, ceaselessly, treasuring the fine, twisted, snowy thread that came from the distaff, while her granddaughter, still a girl, more of a talker than a doer, let her hand lie quiet and kept her tongue going, as she repeated the gossip of the plaza and the jests of the fields, until the old woman interrupted her softly, sweetly, and with an affectionate reproach said to her:

"Good, good, now I hear you, but . . . say it to me spinning!"

Yes; "Say it to me spinning" ought to be remarked to the garrulous and noisy politician of our public squares, who ought to save his cries and his hollow eloquence, reserving his energies for the workshop of the congress, his field of labor, where he may give us the laws that the development and the outcome of the war imposed as urgent and indispensable in our country, and which we are still awaiting.

"Say it to me spinning," I should exclaim to the rebellious, anarchical and trifling laborer that abandons his productive work for unprofitable idleness, a prey to mad longings that urge him to destruction, without reflecting that the forests and mountains were not born in a day and that an enduring work is not erected on

foundations that have been shattered by dynamite. I should try to kindle in his spirit the noble idea that our generation can only enjoy the vision of the well-being of our children, and that for them we ought to sacrifice egoisms and stifle impatiences.

"Say it to me spinning," I should repeat to the capitalist, proud in his wealth as among cliffs, apathetic and inactive, a parasite in a shroud, empty of ideas and filled with appetites, who contents himself with moaning before the voices of the awakened and threatening common people, instead of shaking off his useless supineness and sowing about him important works for the redemption of souls by education and labor, and not by alms that belittle and offend.

"Say it to me spinning," I should shout to our youths, misled by deceptive mirages, plunged in revolt and violence, demolishing institutions, overthrowing respectable reputations, deserting schools and abandoning books, without pausing to consider, because of the ardor of their young blood, that the intellectual future of the republic will be startling if the sieves of selection are pierced by blows, and if an attempt be made to forge swords for combat out of vile lead, which the slightest shock will double, soften and melt.

"Say it to me spinning," I should propound to the economist, who, over the table of the café, thunders against those that administer the public exchequer, while tolerating or provoking slovenliness and disorder in his own house and property, forgetting that the welfare of the nation consists in the prosperity of all the citizens, and that on each one rests the binding obligation of complying with his duty in his sphere of action, like a soldier of a great army.

"Say it to me spinning," I should counsel professors and teachers, fashioners of intelligences and characters, and to ministers of the different faiths, who lead souls toward goodness along parallel paths, each and all presenting a shocking contradiction between their noble and elevated doctrines of labor, morality, austerity and toleration, and their own selfish and barren lives—torpid or dissipated, intransigent or cruel,

"Say it to me spinning," routine judge, thou that complainest of the defects of the laws, and dost not dare to impart to thy decisions what thy conscience dictates; and thou, military chief, that dost neglect, in the ease of the great city, the vigilance of the frontiers, justice in remote lands and the sacred task of infusing national spirit into the men of all races that duty brings beneath thy banner; and thou, avaricious merchant, conscienceless monopolist, that askest protection of the state and remainest indifferent to the penury of the laborer; and thou, bureaucrat, that dost protest against the smallness of thy salary and dost convert thyself, to thy discredit, into a treadmill donkey, although thou possessest more than enough intelligence to make thyself independent of the miserable yoke; and thou also, publicist that makest pretense of the apostleship of truth and art mute with guilty silence, when thou fearest, on account of thy interests, to attack the powerful—whether individuals or the multitude.

Finally, let us all speak, but spinning, for the invisible weaver awaits our hanks of multicolored threads in order to weave the fabric of the future for those that are to follow us after this period of transition, a bridge stretched across time between the great stages of humanity, above the roaring, turbulent, overflowing and sanguinary river of the universal war, whose echoes still thunder on the horizon like the vague and fearful notes of the pastoral symphony, when the tempest retires and the sun shines out again.

#### THE WITHERED TREE

THE train was running across the drear woodland, and there was nothing on which the sight could repose in that shoreless ocean of verdure, when, at a turn of the road, there appeared, closing the horizon like a cyclopean wall, a grove of gigantic eucalyptuses. They seemed to be asleep and motionless in the distance, wrapped, as they were, in a light, bluish mist, which lent greater mystery to their inner shadows; all equal in color and height, like twin brothers, they formed against the sky a lofty, glaucous wall that contrasted with the dazzling flame of the sunset; only

one of them broke the line and the color, raising its yellowish top above the rest, face to the sun, keeping vigil, perchance, over the distant river, invisible to us.

The train approached the wall of verdure with keen, piercing whistles, and soon I could admire the woodland in all its grandeur, and at the same time make out that the tall tree with erect brow was dry. Doubtless its leaves stirred beneath the wind with a sad, hollow rattle, amid the concert of the teeming foliage of the trees, doing their work beneath the rays of the sun, drunk with the blue air and the song of the birds. In the state of easy somnolence into which the monotony of the landscape had plunged me, it seemed to me that I understood and penetrated the complaint or lament of the moribund giant:

"I lived a simple and uniform life among my brothers, absorbing from the earth and the air the sap of my branches, and from the sun-god the energy of my foliage, looking toward the east and singing ceaselessly songs as soft as prayers or thrilling with age-long hymns of the forest, until the day—to me unforgettable—on which two young men, who were tramping along idly, conversing, approached me, and I heard one of them say:

"Undeceive thyself: true life is to enjoy the present hour without thinking of the morrow, letting everything drift according to its whim, with no other preoccupation than one's own welfare."

"No," replied the other, leaning against my trunk; "that is good for the flocks we have seen in the meadow, browsing on the lush pasture. Life lived thus would lose all it possesses that is noblest and most elevating; that is, sacrifice. Ah! who among men could live like this tree, with its face to the sun, its head on high, singing beneath the wind, making the ground wholesome and purifying the air!"

"Then they went away, but these last words caused to issue from the darkness of my soul the secret of my whole life, and in my being quivered an unknown desire, so new, so intense, that I felt a mysterious thrill run from my roots to my twigs. I must work, work, without resting; I must rise aloft among my bro-

thers, my roots toward the deep strata, my top soaring toward the clouds; and such was my effort that in a short time I attained the form I possess to-day: I am the first to salute the sun in the morning, and the last to see it die, when my brothers fall asleep in the shadow, lulled by the breezes, and the murmuring in the nests.

"Short enough was my triumph, however: the hurricane, jealous of my tallness, on a tempestuous night, hurled its howling packs and its vultures with deadly wings upon the forest, rending with lightning the branches of the trees that surrounded me, yet unable to vanquish me, until, calling to its aid a thunderbolt, the latter, raging, sought my head and tore through my body, amid the laments of the forest, whose trees wrung their creaking arms, terrified and desperate.

"The new dawn found me withered and conquered: my life was ended; but I do not repent of my effort, nor do I think my sacrifice useless . . . as long as the sun shall shine in the heavens!"

Thus did the giant tree speak to me while the train took its way toward the city indifferently, and I understood wherein consisted its recompense: the setting sun was caressing the yellowish top of the vanquished struggler, and it dyed its dead leaves with pure gold against the dark green of the woodland.

#### SINBAD THE SAILOR

I WAS accompanying Pablo to-day to the university, and on the road through the woodland we had to slow down the speed of the automobile, which he himself was driving, in order not to run over a crowd of students, who saluted as we passed. When we reached the bottom of the steps and left the car, Pablo paused on one of the lower steps, and, turning toward the drive on which the students were coming on foot, he said to me:

"You do not know how sad I am when I encounter students like these of to-day and I read in certain faces a vague sentiment of rancor, of silent reproach, because I, protected from the sun and the rain, can spread myself in this automobile, caricaturing the great ones of the earth,

without meaning to do so. This attitude distresses me, because those that have let this inner flash of impatient longing, of unconscious injustice, show in their eyes have always been provincial youths, boys that are beginning to strive to make a position, perhaps a name, for themselves, and they overlook the suns and the rains endured by the grain in my barns.

"There are times in which the emotion I feel is so strong that I would stop the car and at once call them about me, and, seated on the step, I would tell them my story, as did Sinbad the Sailor to the porter of the oriental tale, of my cruel journey through life, being certain that, as Sinbad afterward deemed the glory achieved to be the just reward of the magnate, so would these young men judge my present prosperity not exaggerated, as a recompense for thirty years of hard and noble struggle on the part of a man that has never had any youth."

#### AN AUTHORITATIVE OPINION

THE minister of public instruction of Silberland, a brilliant intellect, which, without dispute, honors our generation, has presented to the congress his plan for reforming the secondary instruction of the nation, upholding it there with spirit and tenacity against the attacks of impassioned political adversaries and the criticisms of his friends of contrary opinions.

I was sketching the situation to Pablo, expressing without stint my admiration of the illustrious orator and polemist, when he interrupted me smilingly, at the same time that he handed me a newspaper:

"Like you, I admired him until I had read this newspaper. Now I am in doubt, and I have come to believe that our idol with the golden head has feet of clay."

"Why?"

"Because to-day he solemnly receives the applause of the national union of secondary students, who are holding a noisy meeting<sup>6</sup> in the plaza. As I recognize among their leaders certain plucked students—reprobates, daily absentees, chronically suspended, undisciplined and useless—I can not forget that "if the wise man

refrains, it is bad; and if the donkey applauds, it is worse. . . ."

#### A FABLE THAT IS REPEATED

WHEN Mark Twain wrote his book of travels, in which he feigned to be an ignoramus in order to utter a thousand follies, flowers of English humor, all the world applauded, and the editions of his work mounted up.

Some years later my friend Dumm went to the United States, and he related his impressions of the states visited, in letters to a daily of Silvertown, without obtaining any other comment than noisy jests and bitter criticisms.

"Be not surprised at what has happened," Pablo remarked to me; "because we have had a repetition of the fable of the imitator of the pig that was applauded and that of the real hog that was hissed."

#### LINEAGE

OF THE vain preoccupations that prevail in our environment and in our times, none is more inoffensive than this concern over lineage. Nevertheless, just as it may sometimes be useful, by imposing a severe discipline on him that lives under the influence of it, so too sometimes it may engender contempt for others, who are not free of blemishes.

In my task of pointing the way to young men, more than once I have had to meet this question outside the class room in order to destroy a prejudice, the propagation of which in a democracy can never be considered beneficial, from the collective point of view, even if in particular cases it may become a source of energy.

Casting aside all this aristocratic nonsense, which, in the old countries of Europe, is ridiculous, and in a republic would be ultra-comic, there still remain the claims of lineage as the refuge of our plutocracy and the supreme ambition of the middle class, which keeps its eye on it and caricatures it in everything. They would easily become convinced of their error, if they would have recourse to the study of modern eugenics, but as people with such birds nesting in their heads read little and study not at all, there is slight hope of correcting their misconceptions.

<sup>6</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

Our hope is in the young, and therefore one can never insist too much on showing them that the makers of all the history of humanity, those that have illuminated the way for the innumerable caravan, in science and the arts, only by exception had ancestors: all were the creators of names, the gravers of blazons, not inherited, whom we name with respect when they were eminences and were our Ameghinos and Sarmientos. The universal law is fulfilled inexorably in our land: saving rare and brilliant exceptions, the surnames with claims to lineage are disappearing in the brilliant field of science and art before the flooding tide of the obscure, the nameless; and, although not without protest, their defeat is indisputable because of their sterility and their impotence. The triumph of democratic ideas in the political world is coincident with the triumph of the physical doctrines of the unity of matter and the community of origin of all bodies; and in the field of chemistry, the epithet of *noble*, reserved for the rare gases of the atmosphere, is but slightly enviable, because they do not owe it to exalting qualities, but to their inertia, their neutrality, their absolute uselessness.

Only fools and nincompoops can base their pride, their own value, on the merits of their ancestors. The austere Jesuit, Gracián, who has taught us throughout the ages, has expressed it in lapidary phrases:

A boaster of his ancestry, much convinced of his honor, said that it came to him from long ago, from back among his ancestors, on whose deeds he was living.

This honor, my dear sir, no longer hath a good odor; it is rancid; try to find a more practical one. Little mattereth ancient grandeur, if pettiness be modern; and if thou dost not dress in the clothes of thine ancestors, because they are not in the fashion, nor goest forth on a day with the martingale of thy grandfather, because they would make fun of thee for such an outlandish performance, do not attempt, either, to deprive the mind of its honors; seek in new deeds an honor that will be according to the fashion.

This is to us an incontestable truth, and on its becoming incarnate in our men of worth, or that may become so, depends the future greatness of the patria. Nobility

is, before everything, virtue; nobility is also talent and productive labor, and it is even beauty, but beauty is not complete if with the perfection of the body be not joined harmony of spirit.

Why seek ancestors in order to judge of a man? Do we appreciate a tree for its roots, when we are enjoying its shade and eating its fruit? When I hear any one enumerating his surnames with emphasis, I feel tempted to ask him, like Sudermann's personage: "And nothing else?"

Families, like trees, possess branches of very different value, and it is not their fault if the pruner respects some and despises others; noble trees make show of worm-eaten fruit, and more than once is there demand in grafting for a savage and robust strain to improve the species.

Let us venerate those that have been, rendering them our homage, and let us follow their example, but let us not live off their remains . . . like buzzards. Let us sow in our own furrow, to the sun and the wind, with effort, with weariness, and we shall rejoice at length in the harvest that will be ours and ours alone, not because of the name we have inherited, but because of the arms we lay bare. The *self-made man*<sup>7</sup> is the ideal type of the future Argentine; his merit is wrought by blows, by hammer-blows, like steel forged upon the anvil: it is all his. The inheritor is the colonial type, now out of fashion; his merit was cast iron . . . it is all in the mold.

#### COMMENTS ON A LECTURE

"AS I was not able to attend the lecture, I hope you will tell me, in outline, what was the subject discussed by Doctor Verdáez."

"Oh, it will not be very difficult. The orator emphasized the necessity of starting a crusade against evil in all its forms, whether it be a question of diseases in the organic world or of vices in the moral world; he next asserted that the *case* of our country is *hopeless*."

"I think he did wrong and that he uttered a falsehood in saying this. He did wrong because he was listened to by young

<sup>7</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

men in the flood-tide of activity, and he uttered a falsehood, because the 'case' may be desperate, but never hopeless."

"You think, perchance, that the evil can be abated, abolished?"

"No; but I *could* think it, and my optimism seems to me less dangerous than an absolute negation. Ideas are not true or false, but beneficial or hurtful. I hold that in the moral world prevails the principle of the conservation of energy that was immortalized by the names of Mayer and Helmholtz, and it constitutes the corner-stone of physical science. According to it 'the sum of good and evil that exists in the universe is constant.'"

"Have a care! Your words confirm my pessimism, which you were combating a moment ago."

"In the universal realm it may be so; but in our circle, in our limited and particular case, no; a thousand times, no. The mass of the seas is constant—let us admit it—and this does not prevent one port from being accessible and another from losing its water like a barrel with a hole in it, at one and the same time. So, in the domain of good and evil, happy are the peoples or the provinces or the cities or the families or the individuals, in short, that are able to secure for themselves the

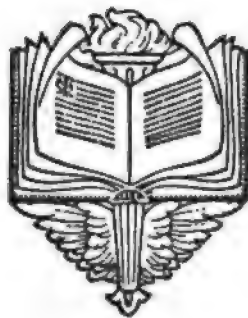
flood-tide of good and the ebb-tide of evil, although it be only for an instant."

"I am of your opinion. Do you believe, perchance, that a man or all humanity may succeed in altering the fixed order of things, the established law?"

"I shall reply with an example: I have a friend who, as a child, thought he had saved the life of his sick brother by killing thousands of flies; for in his ingenuous soul the equilibrium between life and death did not seem to be governed by absolute law; and so he attempted to save the cells of the diseased body by destroying, eliminating, blotting out from among the living, his ridiculous victims. Who could justly deny to that boy the right to his belief, since, in his sphere of action, it led him to a useful act, in the realm of hygiene, in the last analysis?"

"But in the struggle between good and evil, we are going to run counter to the very essence of human nature, immutable in itself, and perhaps with the same condition of existence as the universe."

"I grant you that a man is a very small affair, if he is to do battle against a whole century, but he is far from being a 'null' quantity; and in his decisiveness and his beliefs resides the power not to be changed into a 'negative' quantity."





# HAITI AND THE CONFEDERATION OF THE ANTILLES<sup>1</sup>

BY

ANTÉNOR FIRMIN

Although written and first published some years ago, this article, because it represents a present Hispanic-American tendency of some importance, is here presented to the English reader. In addition to the discussion of the theme, it throws light on a number of interesting personages and events of the recent past. The author recognizes the many advantages that would result from a confederation of the Antilles, but he also sees, and gives due consideration to, the difficulties that have beset and will continue to beset the undertaking.—THE EDITOR.

**A**BOUT the year 1880, there was in Paris a distinguished group of Latin-Americans, almost all of Spanish speech. Men of culture, enthusiastic over the idea of the solidarity of the peoples of Latin origin, they cherished, above everything, devotion to political liberty, which is, in America, the powerful leaven of all the beautiful qualities and all the higher aptitudes that render man worthy proudly to bear the lofty title of lords of creation. Their dream was the intellectual and moral emancipation of all peoples whose impulses are constrained by any external force, national despotism or colonial exploitation. They aspired to establish an international bond between each of the Latin-American nations and the others with which it was associated in effort and in development.

How could it be done? Would it be by means of an absolute, constitutional confederation that should respect the national autonomy of the constituent states, that should create for all a center of direction, a capital, whose unifying action would preserve the patriotic whole, its divers material and moral interests—thus extending to them order and a reasoned progress—maintained by administrative discipline and juridical uniformity? Would it be simply by means of an amphictyonic organization whose weakest links would, nevertheless, afford a means of normal and

regular contact among the youthful nations of America that belong to an ethnic type different from that of the Anglo-American? Would or could this modern amphictyony, like that of ancient Greece, have the same cohesive power as that which gave it its sacred, religious character during the historic periods of the ancient Hellenic cities? This was a vague purpose with which we barely concern ourselves.

Among these men of the élite, we must mention two names—the most illustrious and those that served as sentinels—in the meetings in which dominated the great aspirations of a world of thinkers, men of letters and savants, most of them slightly known or with a reputation far below their intrinsic worth. I refer to Torres Caicedo, a diplomat, and Doctor Betances, a physician.

Torres Caicedo was short of stature and serious; on his brow rested the ennobling sign of deep thought; he had a lively and penetrating glance; and he possessed a beautiful head adorned with carefully tended hair. His language was clear and well matured; his spirit alert; and his physiognomy, at once appealing and impressive. He was the absolute personification, so to speak, of the Hispanic America that he held in equal and constant worship. He took up his pen or lifted his voice in turn in behalf of Venezuela, México, Chile, Perú, Argentina and other South American republics,<sup>2</sup> with an ardor similar

<sup>1</sup>This article was translated from the French into Spanish for *Las Antillas* by Lino Dou. As we have not had access to the original, but have had to depend on a translation for our version, it thus being two degrees removed from the author's text, we can not vouch for its absolute faithfulness.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>We have reproduced the words of the author, although we recognize, of course, that México is not a South American republic.—THE EDITOR.

to that which he always displayed in defending the land of his origin, the former Nueva Granada, to-day the Estados Unidos de Colombia. This character of an Hispanio-American patriot was sealed by the fact that Torres Caicedo had already represented—now in Paris, now in London, now in Brussels—Venezuela, Colombia and El Salvador, one after another, without losing anything of his national loyalty.

The illustrious Colombian was, at one and the same time, a distinguished diplomat, a cultured man of letters and an eminent publicist. He had published a notable work, one whose very title is characteristic of the lofty visions of his transcendent and constructive spirit: *La unión latinoamericana*. This was the leading idea that emanated from all his looks, as well as from all his words, at once well thought out and "constraining." He died in 1889, the year of the centenary of the great French revolution, the influence of which upon the development of the Latin-American nations he had sketched in a masterly way in his work entitled *Los principios de 1789 en América*, which obtained for him the enviable distinction of being named a foreign correspondent of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

The second personage of the Hispanic-American group in Paris, Doctor Betances, had the round head and radiant look of some strange suggestion of an apostle. His tousled hair fell in disorderly locks over his prophet and thinker's forehead. His round-headedness was impressive. He had the air of a fighter, which contrasted with the sweetness of his ever smiling physiognomy. He felt great indignation at sight of any base or unjust act; but he never experienced the nervous debilitation or excitement of rage. In all that he said could be felt an ardor of conviction and a soul of sincerity that made their way to the heart and reached the conscience. From all his person, in short, there seemed to emanate an irresistible magnetic fluid that attracted the temperaments of even those that were most refractory to magnetic influences.

Let us imagine a Voltaire, with the traits and attitude of a San Vicente de Paúl! A spirit hungering for justice and liberty,

he united with an insatiable desire to improve the lot of the disinherited, free thought touched with boundless charity: such was the illustrious Porto-Rican.

Doctor Betances, who was a well of erudition and a "stylist" of the highest order, did not write much. The exercise of his profession—which assured him his personal independence and brought him resources for the good deeds to which he devoted himself, without regard to the origin or color of those he helped—left him almost no time for the composition of books. Apart from some articles on medical science and literature, which appeared in certain reviews and newspapers, I am unacquainted with anything of his, save one publication, which is more in the nature of holy propaganda: the translation into French of the eloquent and philanthropic discourse of Wendell Phillips on Toussaint Louverture. His great, living and palpitating work was the laying of the foundations of a giant's task: nothing less than the national independence of Puerto Rico and Cuba.

When I became acquainted with Doctor Betances, and through him came to know Torres Caicedo, no decision had been reached as to the procedure that was to be followed or the method that was to be adopted to effect the union of the Latin-American countries in a practical way. Nevertheless, little by little, this method took more definite shape in regard to the Antilles.

After the death of Torres Caicedo, Doctor Betances—now become the principal star by which were guided all the generous aspirations of the Latin race in America—became convinced that the confederation of all the states of South and Central America was a phenomenal and majestic conception, but one whose realization seemed impossible. Indeed, the chief sociological cause of political cohesion, which consists in the frequent, easy and continuous contact of the federated peoples, would necessarily be lacking in this case, because of the immense extent of the countries, whose interior populations are not to be reached, except with great difficulty, even for the affairs of national existence. He thought, besides, that Puerto Rico and Cuba, freed from the sovereignty of Spain,

would not be sufficient to constitute, separately, a power capable of making itself felt abroad. Thence sprang the idea of the confederation of the Antilles.

More than one Spanish patriot yielded to the charm of Doctor Betances's urbanity and became heartily attached to his separatist ideas without losing his attachment to the patria, that chivalresque Spain which has filled such grandiose pages in the splendors of a modern Europe. It was, above all, among the Spanish republicans that he found the heartiest sympathy. Through him I became acquainted, in 1894, with one of the most eminent of them—Manuel Ruiz Zorrilla—previously a radical, and the former president of the Consejo de Ministros under King Amadeo I, frankly converted to republicanism, after the abdication of our monarch, changed into the duke of Aosta. The former athlete of the political platform was but sixty years old, but, a valetudinarian, he seemed delicate and weary. He died the next year.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup>A recollection: on January 17, 1895, Doctor Betances had invited me to lunch with Messieurs Manuel Ruiz Zorrilla, Alexandre Isaac, senator from Guadeloupe, Severiano Heredia, born in Cuba, naturalized as a Frenchman in 1870, former president of the municipal council of Paris, former minister of public works, and some other friends. It was in the Durand, the chilly restaurant with which all Paris was acquainted. We had to wait more than an hour for Senator Alexandre Isaac, ordinarily so punctual that his tardiness greatly surprised Betances, Heredia and myself, who knew him intimately.

He arrived after an hour, very nervous. He excused himself by bringing the news that the resignation of Dupuy from the cabinet had been followed by that of the president, Casimir Périer, so that for the moment there was no constituted government in France. Isaac had only time enough for a hasty lunch and then he started for Versailles, where the national assembly was summoned to elect a new president of the French republic.

While he was saying this and we were hastening to seat ourselves about the table, the omnibuses and the fiacres were coming out of the Rue Royale or the Place de la Madeleine, whence they went in the direction of the Place de la Concorde, in their ordinary normal traffic. The police regulated the movements of the pedestrians and fiacres. The newspaper boys began to call out the resignation of President Casimir Périer, in the midst of a wave of humanity that flowed onward as if nothing extraordinary had occurred in the national life of France.

From Ruiz Zorrilla's tender countenance escaped a sudden flash, and, with the impetuosity that must have been his in the period of his beautiful virility, he pronounced these words: "Do they say that this people is without a government? . . . And people still maintain the thesis that the Latin races are not made for self-government!"

What eminent personages of Puerto Rico, Cuba and the republics of Central and South America have I not met in the salon of the illustrious Antillan! Doctor Betances, after having read my book, *De l'égalité des races humaines*, manifested an esteem for me that at times surprised me very much, but which strengthened me in my ideas of progress and of the rehabilitation of the negro race. The truth is that there was between us an affinity of points of view and aspirations, which constituted a powerful and consistent bond, although I had less enthusiasm and fewer illusions than he as to the immediate realization of our patriotic ideals, which would have to pass through a long incubation the better to germinate in the countries in which they would have to sprout and grow. He never failed to introduce me with overwhelming eulogies to those that chanced to be present in his well frequented salon. Even in my absence, whenever the problem of the Antilles came up for discussion, he cited me among those he believed to be destined to play an important part in this respect. This appreciation is certainly above my merits; but Doctor Betances's word has probably been sufficient to cause many to make of it an article of faith.

In 1893, he had occasion to confer with the incomparable José Martí in Cap-Haïtien.

The great patriot, on whom Cuba, recognized, later bestowed the title of apostle, presented himself in the name of Doctor Betances, who had recommended that he see me. We entertained ourselves by going over the great question of the independence of Cuba, and the possibility of an Antillan confederation. With the exception of certain practical reservations, we were in absolute accord as to principles. We were drawn to each other by an irresistible sympathy. Informed of the audacious enterprise that this man—eloquent, well informed, inspired and of an unusually broad spirit, downright and tenacious—was fostering, preparing and heralding, with the zeal of an illuminato and an apostolic devotion,

I did what I ought to do everywhere in behalf of a sacred cause.<sup>4</sup>

In 1895, Monsieur Paul Vibert of Paris, a daring publicist and an indefatigable worker, wrote a pamphlet of the deepest interest on the states of Central America and the Antilles. Something worthy of note is that he introduced me to his readers as the one designed to figure at the head of the confederation of the small Latin-American republics gathered into a national group, in order to oppose and to escape the menace of absorption by the great starry republic. In this respect, however, Monsieur Vibert doubtless let himself be moved merely by the intellectual and friendly relations that existed between us.

During the same period had broken out the Cuban revolution, the stirring events of which now form a part of contemporary history. Impressed by the inhuman proceedings of General Weyler, who shut up women, children and the aged in places of confinement, where they died of hunger and every kind of privation—a measure decorated with the hateful name of *re-concentración*—and, making a pretext of the catastrophe of the *Maine*, blown up in the bay of Habana, the North Americans, “in the name of humanity,” came to the aid of the revolutionaries of February 24, 1895, in a spontaneous and popular movement, taken up first by President McKinley and then by the congress at Washington.

The Porto-Rican patriots were stirred to an effervescent exaltation. When the United States invaded the former Borinquén [Puerto Rico], they welcomed the American troops as liberators. They too entertained hopes of national independence and they conceived that it ought to be the logical result of the termination of the colonial domination of Spain. In Paris, Doctor Betances experienced a triumphant

joy. He thought to behold at last the realization of a dream, tenderly, ardently cherished for the almost thirty years that he had lived withdrawn from his native soil, he having sworn never to set foot upon it save as free and independent.

## II

SPAIN—after the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet, after the military defeats sustained in the battles of El Caney, Guantánamo, Las Guásimas, Santiago de Cuba and on the heights of San Juan de Puerto Rico—was forced to withdraw from the Antilles; but, while Cuba, which had possessed the energy and virility to raise the standard of revolt, was recognized as independent, Puerto Rico was released from Spanish domination only to fall into the power of the United States.

When I read in Charleston harbor (South Carolina), in the preliminary protocol of the peace between Spain and the United States, the clause of the cession of Puerto Rico to the North Americans, I experienced the sensation of something like a fatal blow, aimed at the heart of Doctor Betances, with the irremediable failure of his long-cherished and patriotic hopes. I was not deceived. Indeed, I found him, soon afterward in Paris, broken and prostrate, more undermined by the overthrow of his generous aspirations than by the disease from which he apparently suffered. Moved by a delicacy with which hearts that have already suffered great disillusionments and that have loved deeply are acquainted, I did not utter a word regarding the dénouement of the bloody struggle between the successors of the Cid Campeador and the descendants of the pilgrims, over the land lighted by the sun of the old Caribs. However, this very silence regarding the stirring events of the day was one more sorrow. The martyrdom of thought is, ordinarily, mute. There is a concentrated bitterness that the soul endures with impassiveness when it is strong and brave, but the corrosive virtue of which eats it away and undermines it, just as the beak of the Jovian eagle tore out the entrails of Prometheus. He spoke no more, but he suffered frightfully, lamentably. Fortunately, his mortal agony

<sup>4</sup>It seems to me that I awakened in the great Cuban the same feeling of admiration that he experienced in regard to myself. Indeed, in a letter that he addressed to Monsieur Sotero Figueroa, and which the latter published in an article entitled “José Martí y Antenor Firmin,” are to be found the following lines: “Yesterday I spoke of you with an extraordinary Haitian with whom I became acquainted through Betances y Patria, that is, Antenor Firmin.”—*El Triunfo*, Habana, May 7, 1909.

did not last long. The first apostle of the Antillan evangel was extinguished silently in the throes of a supreme anguish.

I had the bitter happiness of occupying a place among the intimate friends that relieved one another, hour after hour, about the funeral couch on which reposed the gaunt form, with a brow aureoled with overflowing locks whitened by the years and by the pangs of his last disillusionment. For us it was like the "vigil of the arms," imposed during the middle ages upon future knights: an evocative and pious initiation into truth and nobility, which is that of the heart and the spirit, and of which the dear departed was the loftiest type.

He had desired that his body should be incinerated. During the cremation and in the presence of a select audience, I had the great honor to utter the last words of parting in the presence of the irreproachable patriot, the convinced philanthropist, the kindly and altruistic philosopher. . . . Since then the dream of a confederation of the Antilles has always remained alive in a corner of my brain, but the idea causes me, whenever it presents itself, a sorrowful shiver. It inevitably reminds me of the two great dead that were its distinguished champions—José Martí, who fell at Dos Ríos beneath the Spanish bullets, and Betances, wounded to death by a lack of generosity on the part of the United States. From 1898 to 1905, a hard experience and the sociological and political meditations that were its consequences, had greatly diminished my enthusiasm—still theoretical—if they did not render me absolutely pessimistic. I was in this frame of mind when I received the letter of Monsieur Francisco Carvajal—whom I did not have the honor to know—supported by the recommendation of Monsieur Enrique Jiménez, a young, attractive and intelligent Dominican.

While giving the last touches to my book, *M. Roosevelt, président des États-Unis et la république d'Haïti*, I failed to reply immediately to this letter, which had, nevertheless, deeply interested me. Although the *Lettres de Saint-Thomas* contained only those that I wrote, a particularity causes me to insert here the letter of

Monsieur F. Carvajal. When, after a long delay, I sent my answer to the direction given (Cuba, 76, Habana), my letter was returned, stamped by the postal-office thus: "Unknown." During my stay in Cuba, in spite of my search for information, I obtained no news regarding Monsieur F. Carvajal, although, it should be said, his letter would have remained to me a mystery, a myth, without the letter of Monsieur Enrique Jiménez, which accompanied it and the contents of which is as follows:

HABANA, January 27, 1905.

SEÑOR ANTÉNOR FIRMIN,  
SAINT-THOMAS.

ESTEEMED AND RESPECTED SIR:

Moved by a lofty Antillan sentiment, I have requested of my friend and companion, señor Enrique Jiménez, the letter I have the pleasure of inclosing with this.

Be not surprised that I come, by means of these lines, without antecedent, to occupy your attention and claim your benevolence for the trouble they may occasion you.

For some time a group of Antillans resident in Cuba, and others that are to be found in different countries, have been working to the extent of their powers, at present modest, for the realization of the ideal of Hostos and Martí—noble enlighteners of our people—for the written gospel in which is to be found the supreme salvation of our Antillan patria, for the formulas of a morality both sincere and lofty, born of deep consideration of the immutable precepts of sociology in relation to geography, the nature of races, countries and the history of the different peoples that inhabit the archipelago discovered by Columbus.

You, who are one of our highest personages and on whom the destiny of these peoples, in large measure depends, ought not to remain indifferent to the action that looks to breaking the old and inadequate mold in which languish indefinitely the best spurts of Antillan effort; and perhaps you will be one of the teachers whose elevated counsel is to guide our steps—along unknown paths—to the limit of our just aspirations, which are addressed to the formation of a state out of the Antilles, by proclaiming to this end the independence of all the present colonies of the Caribbean sea.

We have estimated the greatness of the work and we have seriously considered the distance that separates us from its realization; but we are resolved, at all events, to begin the task

by putting our weak endeavors under the patronage of the same spirit that inflamed the liberative cohorts of the American Union, of Haiti, Santo Domingo, Cuba and all America, throughout the immense extent of territory that is to-day free from the humiliating colonial yoke.

We depend on the noble conscience of the free continent and the point of honor of the enslaved Antilles, the faces of which we shall illuminate with exhortations of truth and justice, showing them their immense misfortune. We proceed with extreme slowness. The idea is hardly beginning to stir; we go forward little by little, working in silence until in better days we shall present to the world our program and address ourselves directly to the slumbering consciousness of the countries whose liberty now constitutes our worship.

We intend to publish a book with the biographies of all the illustrious Antillans that have contributed in different degrees to the moral and intellectual elevation of our peoples, and we consider that worthy examples are the best stimuli that can be presented to such as sleep the deadly sleep of political servitude. Consequently, I beg to solicit of your constant patriotism data with reference to your native country, the first of the Antilles and the second of America to proclaim the rights of man on this continent, in the incomparable glories of which the history of Haiti shines like a refulgent star.

The signs of the times seem to us to indicate the approach of the hour in which the family of the Lucayas and the Caribs ought to group itself anew in order to unite in a close and indissoluble bond of reciprocal love by forming a confederation that shall have in view the security and well-being of these lands, the geographical distribution of which shows us that they have obtained no result, and that they will obtain much, under the impulse of the union.

We dream of Antillan unity and of the independence of Jamaica, the Bahamas and the Lesser Antilles.

It is impossible to believe, señor Firmin, that a fatal destiny has for ever condemned these weak countries of glorious America to the saddest and most degrading of political slaveries. On the contrary, we must believe that, being perhaps the last to seat themselves about the hearth of liberty, which, through their noble sacrifice and generous blood, was created by the liberators of the New World, among whom stood in the first rank the immortal Toussaint Louverture, these people are better prepared for the enjoyment of this lofty privilege. Fruits that mature slowly always have the best flavor.

There is no doubt as to whether your coopera-

tion in this enlightened endeavor will be of great importance and even invaluable; we do not doubt, we can not doubt, that the serene patriot that has most nobly sacrificed his own interests, as well as those of his victorious party, rather than see the country in danger, will refuse his support to an idea in which resides the same spirit that inspired you in the unfortunate affair of La Crête à Pierrot facing the *Panther*, in the bay of Gonaïves. The Haitian policy went on the rocks there, but the Antillan patriot reached the highest summit of victory. We shall soon present the idea of the Antillan confederation in this capital, and we beseech of you, who are one of our most eminent allies, to give us courage to undertake our laborious campaign, inasmuch as all the qualities that are summed up in your lofty personality lead us to the conclusion that the cause we uphold is also yours.

Receive, señor Firmin, the expression of our most profound respect, with our sincere esteem.

F. CARVAJAL.

*Direction: Cuba, 76,  
Habana.*

The ardor of the proselyte that gleams from the lines of Monsieur F. Carvajal proves that the idea of the Antillan confederation still burns in more than one Latin-American brain. It exercises a real ascendancy over those that in a clear conception experience a discerning desire to constitute in our Caribbean region an important state that shall have as a basis the closer and closer union of the material and moral interests of these superb, verdant and fruitful islands, washed for ever by the warm, blue, limpid, swaying waters of the sea of the Antilles.

It was very agreeable to me to discover in Habana an evidence of sympathy and admiration that seemed to belie the legend of a disdainful repulsion on the part of the white Cuban toward all persons that had in their veins even a small infusion of African blood. I am absolutely black, and, nevertheless, I received in the capital of Cuba an enthusiastic welcome unequalled by any offered to any other diplomat that has gone to that country. What, however, explains the great enthusiasm aroused by my presence, as the minister of Haiti, was—in addition to a literary and scientific reputation, disputable, perhaps—the sympathetic and moral ties that had

existed between Doctor Betances, José Martí and myself, and that I am acquainted with the former workers for Cuban independence, the "irredentists" of the idea of an Antillan confederation.

One of the paladins of *El Yara* wrote:

We that have good memories and that recall the revolutionary past have felt as if the spirit of Antillan solidarity had revived when we saw Firmin, the eminent statesman admired by Martí, received to-day by the president of the republic.

In evoking this recollection and the recent proposal made by the popular chamber of Puerto Rico, we reaffirm this declaration of the old program:

"The Cuban revolutionary party is constituted to achieve the independence of Cuba and to aid in fostering that of Puerto Rico."

Indeed, on February 27, 1909, at San Juan, Puerto Rico, nine members of the chamber of delegates met to present the resolution on the confederation of Puerto Rico, Cuba, Santo Domingo and Haiti, with the name of the "República Antillana." The plan provided for a president and a supreme court of justice for the four states, and the election for each of them of a governor and administrative and judicial functionaries. It was also "enuniated" in that "resolution" that the United States should have naval stations in the República Antillana and the right to interfere in case of revolution, in exchange for her protection and for freedom of commerce with American ports. This proposal was discussed in a secret session, but, without its being formally rejected, no decided action was taken.

It was in the nature of a "general plan," presented in the full assembly of the representatives of Puerto Rico. It still remains in the air, and no one can predict its political fate. The government of the Porto-Ricans is already becoming more and more difficult for the Americans. It would be in no way extraordinary that, sooner or later, the United States should change her colonial rule over Puerto Rico into a sort of intangible protectorate, from a political point of view, but very real and positive from the economic and financial standpoint. Uncle Sam knows how to content himself with these practical com-

promises, according to emergencies. The national independence of the fourth of the Greater Antilles is within the category of things possible or very probable; but, even in this case, it may be asked what would be the probability of realizing the great dream of Hostos, Betances, Luperón, Martí and so many other illustrious Antillans, dead or still living. When will come the day for this federation of the Antilles: the ideal and sacred aim of such continuous and generous efforts? How can it be attained and what chance of immediate and peaceful success would so noble and delicate an enterprise have? For my reply to these questions, I give to the reader my letter addressed to Monsieur F. Carvajal. I have nothing to add to it, save the profound and sincere joy that has been occasioned me by the happy termination of the second American intervention, which has left the republic of Cuba independent and mistress of her own national destiny.

SAINT THOMAS, *March 15, 1907.*

MONSIEUR F. CARVAJAL,

HABANA.

DEAR SIR:

You have had good ground to complain of not having received my reply to your interesting letter of January 27, 1905. That letter, thrust among my other papers and documents, unfortunately escaped me, and for a long time I have been looking for it, without being able to find it. I have always carried this as a burden upon my conscience, while my forgetting of your address prevented me from even offering you an excuse. By the most happy chance I laid my hands on the letter during these days. The cause of my difficulty in discovering it was probably due to the fact that it was written on a Remington machine, the characters of which are always used for official and commercial documents and special memorials, I probably handled it more than once, without suspecting that it was the manuscript sought with such solicitude.

So much time has passed since the day on which it was written that it would seem proper not to return to it, continuing rather a silence that you must already have judged and condemned with such good right; but the substance of it is so important that I feel the necessity of replying, above all, when I recall the proverb: "Better late than never."

Your idea of provoking an intellectual and

moral movement in favor of the future confederation of the Antilles is very generous. I remember that in 1893, at Cap Haitien, I heard your distinguished and lamented compatriot José Martí expound it with that ardor of conviction and that enthusiastic eloquence with which he was so admirably gifted; but the aspirations involved in this idea are as difficult to realize as they are noble and elevated.

Besides, in order that they may triumph and be translated into a tangible fact, there is need of a great, continuous and holy propaganda by those that are animated by the sacred fire of a broad, intelligent and discerning patriotism, based, above all, on this truth, that the three small nations that at present occupy the two great Antilles—as long as they shall lead an isolated existence—will never constitute, each of them, a power capable of making itself respected. While, on the contrary, by uniting their national destinies and by attracting to themselves the other Antillan islands that exist to-day under a colonial régime, they would form at length a consistent state, capable of selfmaintenance and of creating for itself a serious claim to the esteem and respect of other nations.

It is to this end that you are working. Every man of heart can but applaud your magnificent idea. You were right in thinking that I would not deny you my moral support. Nevertheless, as I wrote last year to a publicist of Guadeloupe,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup>It was by a mistake or a failure of memory that I wrote that the ideas set forth by a publicist of Guadeloupe, Monsieur H. Adolphe Lara, to whom I have made allusion, were "absolutely identical" with those of Monsieur F. Carvajal. The charming writer of Guadeloupe did not imagine a confederation of the Antilles, but a federation of the negro Antilles, a program essentially sociological, very delicate and difficult to carry out, but of a less ample conception. Here is how Monsieur Lara expressed himself in his letter of February 13, 1906, which he addressed to me:

"The black race ought to be honored to possess a man like yourself; and, if my intellectual and economic means permitted me to do so, I should have requested your aid in realizing a project that I have cherished for some time: that of creating under the ægis of men like you, a federation of Antillan negroes. We are French, English, Spanish, by right of conquest, but being of a common origin and harboring the same prejudices, we ought to be solidary for the defense of our own interests. I have friends in the English Antilles, publicists, who, although still maintaining a sincere loyalty to their mother-country, think their congeners of Martinique, Guadeloupe, Cuba, Puerto Rico and Haiti are, before everything, brothers with whom they ought to have an understanding; and such a movement in our epoch of pacifism and internationalism would in no way disquiet the mother-countries, and it would oblige them to be juster, to treat us with less contempt"

who had communicated to me ideas absolutely identical with yours, I believe such an enterprise could not achieve a complete success, save with great difficulty, in view of the slight sociological consistency that is to be found in the political groups, even in the bosom of the Antilles, for a long time constituted as independent states, such as Haiti and the Dominican republic, to say nothing of Cuba, which is still in a period of national experiment. Afterward, political occurrences that have been brought about in your country by the antagonism between the group of the conservatives, at the head of which is President Palma, and that of the liberals, with General José Miguel Gómez at its head, have brought on a fresh intervention on the part of the North Americans. It is with an interest that approaches anguish that the friends of Cuban liberty and independence await the outcome of this painful situation.

What ought we to think of the French, English, Dutch or American Antilles? Not only is it not certain that they all desire to pass from their colonial existence to a formal autonomy or national independence, but neither is it known to what point they would be capable of preserving a constitutional organization, without any administrative tutelage on the part of the foreign mother-country. Your ideal is infinitely elevated and attractive, I must repeat; but its practical realization demands a long gestation of the idea that inspires it, facilitated by a happy evolution of the human elements that will be called upon to inform themselves regarding it, for the greater honor and the greater glory of this archipelago of the Antilles, which we may consider, from to-day, as our "greater patria," aiding in the genesis of a sentiment of real and powerful sympathy between the Antillans, beyond and above all distinctions of race, origin and nationality.

It is with this spirit that I join in your beautiful aspirations, with all my heart and with all my soul.

As to the request that you have made of me, for historical data as to Haiti, I improve this occasion to offer you a copy of my book, *Monsieur Roosevelt, président des États-Unis et la république d'Haiti*, published in 1905, begging you to accept it in testimony of my sincere esteem.

Receive, dear sir, my sympathetic and devoted salutations.

A. FIRMIN.



# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL LAW: MAY ONE STATE EXACT OF ANOTHER, <i>MANU MILITARI</i> , THE PAYMENT OF DEBTS CONTRACTED IN ITS BEHALF OR THAT OF ITS CITIZENS? - - - - -	FEDERICO SÁENZ DE TEJADA	133
<i>Centro-América, Guatemala, Guatemala, April-September, 1921</i>		
ARGENTINE PAINTERS - - - - -	ARTURO LAGORIO	141
<i>Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, August 21, 1921</i>		
LIBERTY - - - - -	AMADO NERVO	147
<i>Reproducción, San José, Costa Rica, October 25, 1921</i>		
EDUCATION IN ECUADOR: PHILOSOPHICAL CULTURE DURING THE COLONIAL PERIOD - - - - -	JULIO ENDARA	149
<i>Revista del Centro de Estudiantes de Medicina, Quito, Ecuador, March-June, 1920</i>		
LATIN-AMERICAN UNION - - - - -	Editorial	168
<i>Comercio, Medellín, Colombia, October, 1921</i>		
TIRADENTES, HERO AND SAINT - - -	JOAQUIM DA SILVEIRA SANTOS	170
<i>Revista do Brasil, São Paulo, Brazil, June, 1921</i>		
THE POLICEMAN'S DOG - - - - -	ALBERTO F. PEZZI	179
<i>La Nación, Buenos Aires, Argentina</i>		
BARTOLOMÉ MITRE: HIS INTELLECTUAL PERSONALITY ( <i>Conclusion</i> )	RICARDO ROJAS	181
<i>La Nación, Buenos Aires, Argentina, June 26, 1921</i>		

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

AMADO NERVO, generally regarded as one of the leading poets of the Spanish world, was born in Tepic, México, about fifty years ago; he spent much of his early life in the capital; later he went to live in Paris. During the ten years previous to the spring of 1918, he resided in Madrid, as chargé d'affaires and secretary of the Mexican legation; he then returned to México, and in the autumn of the same year he was appointed minister to Argentina and Uruguay. Passing through New York in November, 1918, he accepted an invitation to lecture and read many of his poems at Columbia University, and before the Poetry Society of America, to the great delight of two large audiences. He took up his duties as minister to Argentina and Uruguay during the spring of 1919, presenting his credentials in March. While in attendance upon the Congreso del Niño in Montevideo, he died suddenly, on May 24, 1919. He published many volumes of poetry, his last work, *Florilegios*, was issued in Buenos Aires shortly before his death; *Elevación* (1917) is one of the books that best represent him in his later years.

JULIO CÉSAR ENDARA was born in Quito, Ecuador, 1897; he was graduated from the Instituto Nacional Mejía and the Universidad Central, of Quito; he is an assistant professor of philosophy in the former of these institutions; he has contributed articles to *Letras* and *El Día*, of Ecuador, to *El Mercurio*, Santiago, Chile, and *La Prensa*, of Buenos Aires; and he

is the author of the following considerable articles: *José Ingenieros y el porvenir de la filosofía*; *Los fundamentos biológicos de la filiación natural*; *Ernesto Quesada y el pan-americanismo*; *El obispo Pérez Calama y su "Plan de estudios de la Real Universidad de Quito."*

JOAQUIM DA SILVEIRA SANTOS is a veteran teacher of the public schools of the city of São Paulo, Brazil, a writer of unusual literary ability and a lecturer of force and distinction.

RICARDO ROJAS was born on September 16, 1882, in Tucumán, Argentina; he was educated in Santiago del Estero; he began the study of law, but abandoned it to devote himself to journalism and literature, in which he has had a distinguished career; for some years he has been a professor of literature in the Universidad de La Plata, and he is a member of a number of scientific and literary societies. He is the author of the following works: in verse: *La victoria del hombre*; *Los lises del blasón*; *La sangre del sol*; *Los cantos de Perséphone*; in prose: *El país de la selva*; *Cosmópolis*; *El alma española*; *Cartas de Europa*; *Blasón de plata*; *La restauración nacionalista*; *La universidad de Tucumán*; *La argentinidad*; *La ronda de la muerte*; *Caliope*; *Poetas de Cervantes*; and *La literatura argentina* (four volumes). He has also directed the publication of the following works: *Archivo capitular de Jujuy* (3 volumes); *Bibliografía de Sarmiento*; *Poetas de Cervantes*; and *Biblioteca argentina* (18 volumes).

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## AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL LAW

MAY ONE STATE EXACT OF ANOTHER, *MANU MILITARI*, THE PAYMENT OF DEBTS CONTRACTED IN ITS BEHALF OR IN THAT OF ITS CITIZENS?

BY

FEDERICO SÁENZ DE TEJADA

A review of the history of the attempt to collect debts in America by force of arms, with especial emphasis on the "Drago doctrine" that "there must be no conversion of pecuniary obligations into political chains for America." An article, entitled "American International law: Pan Americanism," by this author, was published in the June, 1921, number of INTER-AMERICA.—THE EDITOR.

EUROPE has showed a marked tendency to exercise her policy of expansion in the direction of the territories of America, to which she has been drawn by the exuberant fertility of the soil and the benignity of the climate of the new land; and the shortest, easiest and most feasible way of effecting the occupation of the territory, and, later, of its domination, has been the one afforded by pecuniary demands based on more or less justifiable claims.<sup>1</sup>

In the nature of propaganda looking to future enterprises, an attempt has been made to prove, and even to-day it continues to be asserted, that America is in possession of degenerate races, lacking in ability for self-government, and therefore that they ought to yield to stronger and more highly civilized peoples.

<sup>1</sup>The readiness of governments to exaggerate the amount of their claims is proverbial. During Miramón's administration in México, bonds to the amount of \$15,000,000 were issued through the agency of Jecker, a Swiss banker, while, in reality, only \$750,000 was delivered to the revolutionary government.—*Digest of International Law*, volume vi, page 494.

In her last litigation with Venezuela, Germany claimed 7,500,000 *bolívars*, of which the mixed commission that met in Caracas awarded her only 2,000,000. The Italian demands amounted to 39,000,000, and they were reduced by the commission to less than 3,000,000.—*Digest of International Law*, volume vi, page 591.

This is, in truth, only one of many applications of the Darwinian theory of the ultimate survival of the fittest, the domination of the higher type, which subdues and replaces the weaker and less richly endowed organisms. All contemporary political philosophy is more or less based on the harsh idea of strife and the prevalence of the strong. Great Britain, before the blockade of the Venezuelan coasts, had declined to interfere, but she did not place the question in the juridical realm. According to the famous circular of Lord Palmerston (1848), the decision as to whether the claim could be admitted or not as diplomatic business was a subject of "pure discretion, and not an international question." The British point of view has not changed since then: according to Lord Clarendon, to Lord Russell in 1861, to Lord Derby in 1876, and to Lord Salisbury in 1882, the right to follow the political inspiration of the day, without giving heed to any juridical principle, has always been reserved. This rule of the court of Saint James has had, nevertheless, the exceptions of México, Egypt and Venezuela; but in the last of these cases, the British government modestly denied that it was actuated by economic interests. What occurred in Venezuela "has done no more than bring to light," affirms Doctor

Juan A. García, "a tendency latent in the Old World, since the middle of the last century, and which, in recent years, has been accentuated and strengthened by the new economic needs, the idea of predestined races, supposed successors of the Roman empire, diffused by German philosophy. Long before this tendency appeared in politics, the work of transmuting moral values was begun in the German universities: a work that was necessary for the uprooting of scruples, of ideological doubts, which render the undertaking difficult and destroy the efficiency of gloves of iron. The morality and justice of conquerors are in harmony with the philosophy of Darwin, and of Savigny, Hegel, von Hering, Libelt and Mommsen in Germany."<sup>2</sup>

In 1902 Germany sought to make evident her power in the New World. Venezuela was in serious economic straits, and the imperial government demanded the immediate payment of certain claims; the government of the South American republic did not deny the debt; it merely disputed the amount of the claims; and, as there were other powers whose subjects had equal claims against the Venezuelan government, a naval expedition was organized against the Venezuelan coasts. Great Britain—not without much hesitation, be it said—took part in the enterprise, constrained, as she was, by the decided attitude taken by the German emperor in espousing the cause of the Boers. Finally, Italy decided to associate herself with Germany and Great Britain, in order to enforce collection with their vessels by threatening to bombard the Venezuelan coasts.<sup>3</sup>

As the principle of the Monroe doctrine was involved,<sup>4</sup> Washington became the

center of discussion. At this moment, in which the inviolability of the sovereignty of an American nation was seriously menaced, the Argentine chancellery, giving eloquent proof of close solidarity, communicated its instructions to its representative in the United States. It was then that the illustrious statesman Doctor don Luis M. Drago, in his capacity of minister of foreign relations of Mitre's nation, promulgated the doctrine that has made his name universally famous, which is synthesized in the following lines:

What alone the Argentine republic maintains, and what she would, with great satisfaction, see established, as a result of occurrences in Venezuela, by a nation which, like the United States, enjoys so great authority and power, is the now accepted principle that there can be no territorial expansion in America nor any oppression of the peoples of this continent, because an unfortunate financial situation may lead any one of them to delay in meeting its obligations. In a word, the principle that I should wish to see recognized is that a public debt may not occasion armed intervention, nor much less the material occupation of the soil of an American nation by a European power.

The secretary of state of the great republic, in a note as courteous as it was evasive, did not disapprove or approve of the international American doctrine upheld by the Argentine government; he limited himself to maintaining the Monroe doctrine,<sup>5</sup> to emphasizing the principle

European powers," and these continents being sovereign and independent, he would consider "any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

These two postulates synthesize the celebrated formula that is so deeply rooted in the American soul. They originated in the *Farewell Address* with which Washington took leave of his people, and its development may be seen in the correspondence of Jefferson, Monroe, Rush and John Quincy Adams, as well as in the conferences of Canning that culminated in the immortal message of December 2, 1823, and, almost at the same time, in the declaration of the British minister to the ambassador of France, Monsieur de Polignac.

<sup>5</sup>The Monroe doctrine has been discussed in a masterly way by Henderson, in *American Diplomatic Questions*, pages 289 and following; by Lee Foster, in *A Century of American Diplomacy*, page 438; by Roosevelt, in "The Monroe Doctrine," *American Ideals*, page 228; by Sir Frederic Pollock, in "The Monroe Doctrine," *The Nineteenth Century and After*, October, 1902; by John Bassett Moore, in *Digest of*

<sup>2</sup>See, among many others, the following publications: *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1901; *The Fortnightly Review*, December, 1901; *The North American Review*, February, 1903, in which German expansion in Brazil was predicted; *The Review of Reviews*, March, 1903; *The Times of London*, March 12, 1902, and January 26, 1903; *The Pilot*, January 3, 1903; *The Morning Post*, January 1, 1903; *The North American Review*, April, 1903; *The Literary Digest*, February 3, 1903.

<sup>3</sup>William T. Stead: *Introduction to the Drago Doctrine*, London, press of Wertheimer and company, page lxii.

<sup>4</sup>Monroe declared in his doctrine that "the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any

that foreign pressure in America ought not to go so far as the acquisition of territory by any non-American power, and he brought forward the idea of submitting to courts of arbitration all questions arising from claims of any kind.

Well then: as a corollary of the Monroe doctrine, in so far as it tends to prevent European expansion in America, the Drago doctrine<sup>6</sup> ought to attract the attention of the new continent, and it is well to recall for this purpose what was said by President Roosevelt in his address delivered at the Minnesota state fair, Minneapolis, Minnesota, September 2, 1901:

The Monroe doctrine is not international law, but there is no necessity that it should be.

All that is needful is that it should continue to be a cardinal feature of American policy on this continent; and the Spanish-American states should, in their own interests, champion it as strongly as we do. We do not by this doctrine intend to sanction any policy of aggression by one American commonwealth at the expense of any other, nor any policy of commercial discrimination against any foreign power whatsoever. Commercially, as far as this doctrine is concerned, all we wish is a fair field and no favor; but if we are wise, we shall strenuously insist that under no pretext whatsoever shall there be any territorial aggrandizement on American soil by any European power, and this no matter what form the territorial aggrandizement may take.<sup>7</sup>

In 1904 President Roosevelt prevented a repetition of the scenes of Venezuela in Santo Domingo, a country declared wholly bankrupt. The United States concluded an arrangement by which she assumed charge of the custom-houses, thus administering the revenues and making partial payments to the creditors, "exactly as would be done by the receivers of a business house that had failed." President Roosevelt explained to the senate that when the condition of affairs assumed

the character that they had taken on in Santo Domingo, the United States either "must submit to the likelihood of infringement of the Monroe doctrine or we must ourselves agree to some such arrangement as that herewith submitted to the senate." He added that the custom-houses would be administered "peacefully, honestly and economically," and that of the revenues forty-five per cent. would be delivered to the Dominican government, the rest being employed in paying the debts in an equitable proportion. President Roosevelt went on to say:

We on our part are simply performing in peaceful manner, not only with the cordial acquiescence, but in accordance with the earnest request of the government concerned, part of that international duty which is necessarily involved in the assertion of the Monroe doctrine. We are bound to show that we perform this duty in good faith and without any intention of aggrandizing ourselves at the expense of our weaker neighbors or of conducting ourselves otherwise than so as to benefit both these weaker neighbors and those European powers which may be brought into contact with them. It is in the highest degree necessary that we should prove by our action that the world may trust in our good faith and may understand that this international duty will be performed by us within our own sphere, in the interest not merely of ourselves, but of all other nations, and with strict justice toward all. If this is done, a general acceptance of the Monroe doctrine will in the end surely follow; and this will mean an increase of the sphere in which peaceful measures for the settlement of international difficulties displace those of a warlike character.<sup>8</sup>

The great American statesman, in his message of December, 1905, to the congress, said that the United States would not permit the Monroe doctrine to be used by any of the countries of the New World "as a shield to protect it from the consequence of its own misdeeds against foreign nations." Farther on, Mr. Roosevelt, foreseeing the disagreeable alternatives in which the government of the White House might be placed, said in the same message:

"Theodore Roosevelt: "Special Message to the Senate," *Foreign Relations of the United States*, 1905, page 336.

*International Law*, volume vi, pages 368 and following; by Elihu Root, in an address delivered before the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, Kansas City, Missouri, November 20, 1906.

<sup>6</sup>Years later, at the Hague, Doctor Drago thus summarized his doctrine: "There must be no conversion of pecuniary obligations into political chains for America."

<sup>7</sup>*The American Monthly Review of Reviews*, July-December, 1901, volume xxiv, page 441.

On the one hand, this country would certainly decline to go to war to prevent a foreign government from collecting a just debt; on the other hand, it is very inadvisable to permit any foreign power to take possession even temporarily of the custom-houses of an American republic in order to enforce the payment of its obligations. . . . The only escape from this alternative may at any time be that we must ourselves undertake to bring about some arrangement by which as much as possible of a just obligation shall be paid.<sup>9</sup>

"If the Drago doctrine be accepted," said the *National Review* of London, "the Monroe doctrine will have few terrors for South America, as the specter of the United States in the exercise of an international police power would disappear. The fear that the United States may display this power is what keeps the two continents apart."<sup>10</sup>

The doctrine, considered fully in the second Hague peace conference—since the Pan American conference at Rio de Janeiro did not concern itself with it, as this conference limited itself to recommending that the doctrine be studied in Holland, as it involved the European powers—General Horace Porter, a delegate of the United States, in harmony with the principles enunciated by Secretary Hay, submitted to the study of the representatives of the nations of both worlds a brief proposal that all claims based on contract debts should be submitted to arbitration; and that coercive means should not be resorted to save after the debtor state had refused or neglected the offer of arbitration, or, after accepting the offer, it had prevented any compromise from being agreed upon, or, after the arbitration, it failed to submit to the award.

General Porter's address was answered by Doctor Drago, a delegate of the Argentine republic, who explained at length and luminously the doctrine that immortalized his name, set forth in the famous note of December 29, 1902, in which he declared that it involved a political principle of the South American nations and that Argentina would uphold it as the norm of her

international policy. Here are two paragraphs from his eloquent and striking discourse:

In a memorable hour the Argentine republic proclaimed the doctrine that excludes military occupations from the American continent and the occupation of territories based on state loans. Even if it rests on very serious and very fundamental considerations, it is a question of a principle of militant policy that can not be, and that we do not admit to have been, voted on in this assembly.

I enunciate it, however, in order to reserve it expressly and to declare in the name of the Argentine delegation that it intends to maintain it as a doctrine of its country in all the integrity of the despatch of December 29, 1902, which our government addressed to its representative in Washington as a result of occurrences in Venezuela. With reservations—which will be duly indicated, and which will relate to public debt, or national debt as the result of loans incurred by the state—the Argentine delegation will accept arbitration, thus rendering farther homage to the principle that it has so often upheld.

In truth, there could be no discussion in the peace conference of this broad and lofty principle of American policy, as there could be no discussion of the Monroe doctrine in any universal body organized on the basis of the law of nations; but the United States adopted it as a principle of the policy of the new continent, which was then practically and universally recognized by the powers of Europe.

As a juridical basis, the justly celebrated Drago doctrine involves the sacred principle of the sovereignty of nations, all considered as equals from the international point of view, because, admitting the pressure of the armed hand in the case of a failure to fulfil the economic obligations of a state, the occupation or blockade of its ports presupposes the replacement of its authorities by those of the state that is attempting to apply force; and, as the principle of sovereignty is a general one that is supposed to be exercised at every moment and at every point of the territory, when it is interrupted by a foreign force, it is attacked at its foundation; and the fact of its being thus attacked is contrary to the concept of international equality, supplanted by that of armed force, and the

<sup>9</sup>*House Documents*, volume i, pages xxxiv-xxxv.

<sup>10</sup>*National Review*, "American Affairs," London, November, 1906.

opposite principle being established, that is, the law of the strongest.

There ought to be added the considerations: that money-lenders know in advance the condition of the debtor party, and, in proportion to the greater or less difficulties they will meet in reimbursing themselves, they increase the interest or returns that will result from the transaction; that the nationally constituted debtor never goes into bankruptcy, and that sooner or later it resumes payment on its indebtedness; that by passing bonds made payable to the bearer from hand to hand in the markets, it will often occur that the plaintiff nation will take up the defense of interests pertaining to the subjects of other powers, because their nationals effected the transaction; and that as a rule the sums sought to be recovered are exaggerated, while the government of the plaintiff country has not at hand the antecedents necessary to the equitable liquidation of the claims.<sup>11</sup>

Thus did Doctor Drago tear up by the roots the justification of his doctrine in the merely political realm. To this general consideration of the European tendency to the reconquest of America it should be added that the principle of claims supported by armed force is applicable to the peoples of this continent, and that it has occurred to no one even to think that it might be used against Europe herself. During the Russo-Japanese war, Russia suspended payment, but no one imagined that this suspension of payment would constitute a *casus belli*, from the point of view of the creditor powers, as it did not between England, Portugal and Spain, respectively, when these nations found themselves unable to meet the demands of their creditors.

<sup>11</sup>"There are conflicting views as to whether 'claims' includes bonds—confers jurisdiction by the use of that term to entertain a claim based upon government bonds. In the Colombian bond case (convention with Colombia, 1864) it was held by Sir Frederick Bruce, as umpire, that there was no jurisdiction in the tribunal to entertain the claim. 'It is easy to see that many reasons of policy exist which would deter a government from insisting on a preferential payment of a part only of the public creditors of a foreign state.'—Brewer and Butler: *International Law, Extract from the Cyclopaedia of Law and Procedure*, New York, 1906, page 41, note 38.

Hitherto only the small states have been the object of reprisals *de facto*, of peaceful blockades, with or without bombardment of the coasts, because of demands not peacefully adjusted. Never have such claims made against the great powers reached the point of reprisals *de facto*. It is an indisputable fact that must have its reason for being. It is evident that conflicts of a more or less serious character arise also between the great nations over demands for, or denials of, justice. Nevertheless, they are very careful to abstain in time of peace from the bombardment of one another's coasts or from establishing a peaceful blockade in order to obtain the satisfaction of their demands, equally within their rights and interests, because of the ill-will of other states more powerful than they. Although they have possessed the right, however, they have abstained from proclaiming a peaceful blockade of the coasts of the adversary or from bombarding his open or maritime towns in time of peace. This positive fact affords ground for thought. Is it possible that only small states are guilty of failing to keep their engagements? Can it be held that only in small or weak states are the just claims of foreign subjects ignored or that they arouse a sense of justice? If therefore the Latin nations of the New World are the only ones capable of suffering from the imposition of violent ultimatums, *manu militari*, it is natural that they should seek a remedy in their own continental institutions, as the Monroe doctrine was against such direct conquest.<sup>12</sup>

A conclusive reason of international law may be alleged in support of the Drago doctrine: if, in respect of the nations of Latin America, the threat of European intervention in their territory, is suspended over their heads, like another sword of Damocles, it is very just and legitimate that they should regard the rejection of it in an absolute manner as a principle of defense.

The note of December 29, 1902, and the Drago doctrine developed in it were conscientiously studied by the most important body of juriconsults that existed among any people of Spanish speech—the Academia de Jurisprudencia of Madrid—and that learned corporation has expressed its opinion in the sense of the most complete approval.

In the session of the Hague conference to which we have referred, the Drago

<sup>12</sup>Martens: *Par la justice vers la paix*, page 9.

doctrine gained the approval of the distinguished delegate from Spain, his excellency señor de Villa Urrutia,<sup>18</sup> and other eminent personages; and it was widely and favorably commented upon by the European press.

The Drago doctrine received support of a value never fully appreciated from the illustrious diplomat and eloquent publicist, Doctor don Santiago Pérez Triana, the first delegate of Colombia to the Hague conference, who pronounced a brilliant discourse in support of the principle that is addressed, as we have seen, to the preservation of the independence and sovereignty of the world of Columbus:

The principle of forcible collection can only be applied when the debtor is weak and the creditor is strong. In the case—which may very well present itself—of a creditor martially weak, in the presence of a military power, the right of exercising forcible collection would be vain.

If a "debtor nation," like ours, should not pay after the arbitral award, it would be because it could not pay. We can not accept the hypothesis of bad faith on the part of our country; we can not accept it that the attack on our integrity and our independence can ever be justified by that hypothesis. The sons and representatives of a country ought to place the integrity and sovereignty of their patria beyond the reach of all shameful and unworthy supposition, as when it is a question of the honor of a man or of the chastity of a woman.

The law of almost all the civilized nations has abolished imprisonment for debt. The insolvent debtor is left at liberty. In the proposal under discussion, the insolvent nation,

<sup>18</sup> "The delegation of Spain adheres to the principles of moderation on which is based the proposal of the United States of America, relative to the limits of the employment of force for the collection of public debts, because these same principles are the ones that have governed and will always govern the conduct of the government of the king. Spain has ardently desired, since the last peace conference, what is to-day an accomplished fact, to see among us the representatives of all the American nations, sisters of ours by language and race; and she would be ready to accept every proposal which—within the limits of international law, before which we are all equal, the great as well as the small, the strong as well as the weak—would tend to facilitate the legitimate and peaceful development of the Hispanic-American republics. The doctrine, the exposition of which we have just heard from the lips of its illustrious author, Doctor Drago, does not enter, as he must recognize, into the plan of our labors, and therefore it could not count here upon our support; but it merits, on the ground that it is a generous protest against the possible abuse of power, all the sympathy of Spain."

even in the case of material and evident incapacity, will have to submit to war; that is, punishment will be meted out to misfortune, as if misfortune were a crime. The conclusion thus reached is monstrous.

The application of forcible collection creates a new danger for the peace of the world. Financial adventurers, in league with covetous governments, would form a threatening partnership; and agents could say to their clients:

"This is an absolutely safe investment; we can depend on the army and navy to make collection for us."

We reject the employment of force. If we are asked what is to be done, I should answer: If you can not solve the problem satisfactorily and justly, leave things to take their course.

In spite of the good will of all its members and the indisputable ability of the illustrious men that preside over its deliberations, the peace conference can not work miracles, and it would be a miracle to insure all international creditors against every possibility of loss. It would not be a miracle, it would be a grave error, to put into the hands of the financiers—among whom there are some that are not angels—the means of fomenting imperialistic wars, more or less disguised, against weak nations. From these sparks may spring conflagrations of incalculable scope.

In the following session, Doctor Ruy Barbosa, the illustrious delegate of Brazil, in a long and eloquent discourse, attacked the Drago doctrine, especially from the juridical point of view; he denied that the principle of the sovereignty of states may be considered virtually superior to promises acquired by a state, and he opposed the idea that the armed support of claims always signifies the supplanting of sovereignty; but without failing to recognize the chivalrous generosity signified by the noble attitude of the Argentine republic on the ground of the Venezuelan conflict, whence had originated the statement of the Drago doctrine, synthesized in the famous note of 1902. At all events, there survives the principle that the Argentine republic does not recognize the right to collect by armed force, in any case, the debts of the Latin-American nations, which she considers an attack upon their sovereignty.

On the other hand, the declaration of Porter, of the United States of America, which does not justify the employment of force in the collection of contract debts,



except in a case in which the debtor nation shall reject the proposal of arbitration, or in that of a refusal to abide by the award, is the doctrine presented as a middle course to arrive at the Drago doctrine, since it anteposes the necessity of arbitration in order to determine the amount of the claims and settle the form of payment. This proposal arose from the Venezuelan conflict as a result of the attitude of the Argentine republic, advantage being taken of the second Hague conference to present it for the sanction of that universal international congress; and when it was admitted as the complement of the principle of universal arbitration, it signified a victory for the initiative that originated with the Rfo de la Plata.

It is to be desired that every republic shall maintain her credit in Europe by meeting her obligations, and that it shall not be fear of armed intervention that shall compel her to fulfil them, but rather the desire to develop the elements of her prosperity; but who can overcome the accidents of nature, such as earthquakes, floods, the loss of crops and other contrarieties that may occasion the economic disequilibrium of these nations? If to the evils that such emergencies may bring upon these republics be added foreign intervention, in exaction of the payment of debts contracted under the supposition of normal and full revenues, it would be to increase the misfortune by putting them under condemnation, as if it were a case of crime committed by nations which, very much to their regret, find themselves in a situation in which it is impossible to meet their engagements. These abnormal situations solve themselves, with the aid of time, when it is borne in mind that states do not fall into bankruptcy, and that what this generation can not meet, the coming generation will meet.

Such is, in synthesis, the Drago doctrine: that America does not recognize the right of armed intervention on the part of any European power for the collection of public debts, whether these debts be based on contracts made with the states, on issues of negotiable bonds, whether on damages or claims made by any foreign subject; or whether the latter shall be the result also of

contracts or of damages suffered in which the authorities of the state shall be held liable.

It has been said with reason that the declaration of this principle as a feature of the continental policy is of as much importance for Latin America as the recognition of her independence. With reason it was defended in the second peace conference by the delegations of Argentina, Colombia and Nicaragua; and with justice it has rendered the name of its author, Doctor don Luis M. Drago, celebrated, since he, as a minister of foreign relations of his nation—the Argentine republic, which ought to feel proud to include him in the number of her sons—communicated instructions to his representative in Washington, in entire conformity with this principle, on the occasion of the Venezuelan conflict of 1902.

“There must be no conversion of pecuniary obligations into political chains for America;” and, as was said and repeated at the Hague, it is not a question of the selfish application of the principle to a definite case, but the generous salvation of the sovereignty of the American nations, for use against which it seems the doctrine of armed intervention is sought to be upheld in Europe.

A thinker of great intellectual worth, Doctor Baltasar Brum, president of Uruguay, from the eminent position he occupies, has expressed his opinion. He considers derogatory to the sovereignty of the Indo-Hispanic nations the compulsory collection of public debts by certain European powers in support of the claims of their subjects, who, instead of taking their demands to the courts, appear at the respective legations demanding aid, without even invoking the denial of justice. Thus is created something in the nature of “special laws for the benefit of foreigners and to the prejudice of natives, something similar, in substance, if not in form, to the régime of the ‘capitulations’ established among the Asiatic and African peoples.”

President Brum, from the Uruguayan chancellery, opposed this arbitrary tendency, and in the end he obtained the full justification of Uruguayan rights in the juridical instruments that he signed with

France, England and Italy; and he asserts that he has the conviction that, with the example furnished by these great powers, no nation will attempt to reëstablish the former practices.

If the system of claims is vexatious from the point of view of those that suffer from it, it is, in reality, unwise for those that practise it, because they arouse against their capital and their subjects such profound distrust that they end by prejudicing their commercial relations. In the interests of each, it is therefore necessary that pecuniary demands shall for ever disappear from America, and to this end nothing would be more efficacious, the American consortium once being organized, than to deny to the powers the right to withdraw any ordinary subject from the national jurisdiction, giving notice, if this should be attempted, to the nations of the league, in order that they may adopt, by common consent, the reprisals that shall seem most proper. Treaties of commerce with the nations that should attempt to violate this rule could also be denounced, and there should be a refusal to subscribe with them to others that should contain the clause of the most favored nation, as long as they did not renounce the right to diplomatic demands undertaken with detriment to national justice.

The economic position of the countries of America, the producers of articles indispensable to European industries, would permit the adoption of this measure with efficacy.

The definitive accomplishment of this purpose would complete the work of our liberators, because, thanks to it, independence would be really complete and effective, our sovereignties being freed from the vexations that some of the great powers have been wont to impose upon them.<sup>14</sup>

It is said, finally, that if the possibility

<sup>14</sup>*Conferencia del doctor Baltasar Brum*, president of the republic of Uruguay, delivered at the Universidad de Montevideo, April 21, 1920.

of intervention by force for the collection of public debts were denied, it would not only be difficult but impossible for the Latin-American nations to secure loans in Europe. It would be difficult for the insolvent nations; not for those that are able scrupulously to meet their engagements; and if a proof of it be needed, we have it in the promptness with which the last Argentine loan has been taken in Europe, in spite of the fact that the Rioplatensian republic was the promoter and upholder of the principle of non-intervention by force of arms for the collection of public debts. Above all kinds of considerations is the universal economic principle that credit attracts capital, which is but the corollary of the general law of supply and demand.

We trust that the bright day will come when the doctrine of the illustrious Argentine will be accepted unrestrictedly by the chancelleries and jurisconsults of Europe. In proportion as they appreciate us and as the unjustified prejudices that prevail to-day shall vanish, we hope that states will cease absolutely to exact, *manu militari*, the payment of pecuniary obligations.

Then shall we have reached the desideratum for the salvation of the continent; and then shall we welcome cordially and without fear our brethren of Europe, offering them our fertile lands, in which the sparseness of population, the most varied and wholesome of climates, and work, easy and accessible to all, will provide for laborious and industrious immigrants the elements of wealth and happiness that they lack in their native lands; and thus we shall take pride in carrying into the beautiful realm of practice the sublime thought of the Liberator Bolívar: "America for humanity."



# ARGENTINE PAINTERS

BY

ARTURO LAGORIO

The author's personal opinions regarding a number of contemporary Argentine painters, and some expression of his views as to the art of painting in general.—THE EDITOR.

CEFERINO CARNACINI

WE ARE not aware that the anxious search for a supreme representative of every elevated form of art has an explanation, and, although the belief that we already possess at least a dozen geniuses, the sum and synthesis of every manner expressive of beauty, is excusable, it is none the less premature and lacking in all reality. This explains why Ceferino Carnacini, the painter of the pampa, is considered a talented interpreter of our country, as he has been by certain critics.

We recall the immense pampa. Very soon melancholy recollections present themselves, all the sweeter in proportion to their remoteness: inerasable evocations of the vanished age: luminous visions of a forgotten life; open country as far as the eye can reach . . . intense, immeasurable azure skies vibrant with light . . . fleeting clouds, unquiet, pregnant, nutritious . . . true harmonies in color that not all eyes perceive . . . and from time to time an *ombú*<sup>1</sup> that breaks the line of the distant horizon with its hieratic attitude . . . and we think of the biblical patriarchs, age-old, serene. . . .

Guided by a recipe, Ceferino Carnacini achieves naught of this. Pure conventionalism, instead of the truth that we know regarding the plains. So is it with the canvases in the Salón Witcomb, where we shall have little of it: much misdrawn *ombú*, with a random horse in search of the illusory shade of its unreal chiaro-

<sup>1</sup>A tree common in southern South America (*Picramnia dioica*), but popularly and symbolically associated with Argentina. It is the legendary tree of the pampa, and, although not particularly impressive in appearance, it has played a conspicuous part in literature.—THE EDITOR.

scuros; innumerable sheep daubed with yellowish mineral colors, which time will take good care to blacken—a havoc little to be regretted; basins and pools that are mud-holes; static clouds of dyed cotton; and all sickly for want of air, of that good *pampero*<sup>2</sup> that scampers beneath the heavens. . . .

In these canvases of Carnacini the heavens lack air; they asphyxiate and weigh down like tombstones.

Therefore the care shown in the selection of themes naught avails Carnacini, if he counterpoises an imprisoned vitality to life in the open air, to which our plains have accustomed us; and, even if some consider it well enough for the painter to excel by means of a false conventionalism, for which the public pays generously, we find it excessively bad; for it is painful to see how an artist that awakened hope at the beginning of his career has failed.

Evidently the economic result is satisfactory to the painter, who is one of the few that are able to live by their brushes; however, to console us for all this bitterness, some wag may take it into his head to reply very roguishly:

"If a painter lives well, what does it matter to him if nature does die in his pictures?"

To so practical a truth there remains only the comfort of invoking the supreme trinity: light, air, life . . . absent and so desired!

ATILIO MALINVERNO

MORE than fifty canvases have been exhibited by this young painter, who possesses, beyond question, creative will placed at the service of noble artistic inten-

<sup>2</sup>The characteristic Argentine southwest wind, so called because it blows across the pampa.—THE EDITOR.

tions. Without venturing to attach to his persistent and varied work the supreme significance that occasional critics have lavished on Carnacini, Malinverno succeeds in retransmitting to us characteristic sensations of ours: he is able to solve the eucalyptus of lank trunk with long strokes of well kneaded green; the masses of trees are, almost always, shot with rays of sunlight, which, because they are well executed, vivify the environment and deepen the perspectives with their reverberations.

Malinverno is more interesting to us in his sketches, his "stains," than in his paintings of great dimensions. In the former, the student interests greatly; in the latter, he still lacks the stroke of genius, which, in grouping the details, supplies the elements in an achieved form of art.

#### ITALO BOTTI

AT THE age of thirty, that age in which almost all of us have not yet found our path, Italo Botti is already moving securely along it, confident in the strength of his sincerity; and it is possible to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that in the national art—incipient if you will, but on this account none the less interesting—this simple and modest young man occupies an exceptional place among our good landscapists.

Previously, in the Salón Anual de 1919, when he exhibited his canvas *Calle solitaria*, acquired by the Comisión Nacional de Bellas Artes, Italo Botti attracted much attention and especially "among those of the trade," who—a rare case!—are to-day his most enthusiastic panegyrists.

Since then he has been under observation, and his gifts have been recognized as in no wise common: felicity in picturing the landscape, the wise simplicity of his technique, and the unique gift of perceiving beauty where others do not find it.

The group of the few of us who, some years ago, already appreciated the fineness of spirit and the profound emotion stored up in these melancholy canvases, was increased with each new exhibit of the young artist.

Most people, however, in the presence of the supreme distinction of a form of expression all in the small; despising the

nakedness of its beautiful soul; deceived by the sober disposition of the means of expression, followed afar off, without comprehending, as always. (In this not always resides the evil that is the worst for the artist, for it seems to us common that they are the ones that least understand beauty, and all the more when it assumes restrained forms of absolute simplicity, difficult to be appreciated in an environment in which show and noisy frivolity are what count).

Even to-day, in spite of the unanimous consensus of the critics, agreed, as they seldom are, in favor of eulogizing, we do not find it strange that he should be deemed excessively simple, quite bare, if you will; but, that the poetry of a restrained, untrammelled and noble emotion should find less appreciation among the common run of people than that obtained by the sentimental means of certain versifiers does not signify that the latter are superior to the former: "a question of temperament" allege the misguided in poetry; "a manner of seeing" will say the near-sighted and the far-sighted.

Italo Botti's sincerity is his strength, and thereby he is able to take his stand in the presence of nature free of prejudices. In attempting to reproduce it, his sincerity aids him, and his fervor in comprehending it gives him courage. Let us observe that this modest artist does not possess an *atelier*, nor does he retouch landscapes removed from their environment. Only by means of this sincerity are obtained the freshness of tones and the richness of tints that make the works of this fine landscapist unmistakable.

Those that seek in art only the artificer that has at his disposal rich resources subject to his whim; those for whom the chief enjoyment of art is found in the titillation of color on the retina; those that esteem a painter for the firmness of his long strokes with a brush filled with coloring materials, can not understand, and will not pause in the presence of, the work of this painter of small, humble things.

It is evident that, to appreciate Italo Botti, preparation is necessary. Disposed, as we are, to judge of a landscape by its inner charm (has not Amiel said with deep

beauty that it is a state of the soul?), we recognize the necessity of possessing treasures of emotion, bestowed with sincerity by the vision of nature in its infinite parts, rich in dreams. It is thus that Botti achieves those magic skies that contribute to it all: the grace of certain little trees, the solace of a few huts, that break the long stretch of the dusty roads; and along them certain minute splashes that have the knack of revealing to us in their smallness all the anguish of their insignificant lives; for these little dots are men, women and children that live!

Not even Fernando Fader, with his indisputable technical science, has achieved the realism of the dry trunks that Botti stamps upon his canvases; in them we readily perceive how the sap stirs secretly and prepares for the budding.

Nor is it idle, in recognizing the exceptional gifts of this exquisite artist, to recall great names: Sisley, Pissarro and Renoir. A marine that we saw might well have been done by Boudin, the great painter of seascapes.

It would be impossible to deny that our artist has passed under the influence of these great painters, for it is evident that his arms were forged in the great battles of impressionism—a term as common as it is misunderstood—and that those worthy exemplars “impressed” him. Removed from these influences, but treasuring their teachings, it is to be hoped that he will continuously excel in his work; and, mastering the problems that present themselves to the great artist—light and mysterious clouds, startling skies and the drapery of the trees, seldom solved, because not only is every plant an individual, but in the smallest leaf the attentive ear can perceive the rhythm of life—he may eternalize his work.

Italo Botti, if he is not so already, will be considered a true artistic value, and as he is worthy to be, soon, very soon.

FATHER GUILLERMO BUTLER

NOT only because of his social quality, as we may call it; because of his ability in the selection of his themes, with those beautiful landscapes of the “cities of silence,” which he prefers in his environments

full of suggestiveness; because of the reproduction of Tuscan panoramas, with their sweet hills that charmed the pagan spirit of Anatole France, at the very spot where the rivulet of Mugnone toward the Arno descends from Fiesole, the cradle of that Fra Giovanni who, because of his austere virtue and the softness of his sublime strokes, was called *beato angelico*; and because of the fervor devoted to the accomplishment of his daily tasks, thus sublimating things as in a constant creation; but because the artist seems to mix his colors with the serenity of the cloister does he remind us of the primitive painters.

He seeks to reproduce in the landscape the harmony of the whole in vast perspectives that stamp him as a sober draftsman. Applying a wise and opportunist technic, he solves problems of chiaroscuro with methods akin to divisionism, at times, and to impressionism, at others, when not fusing them; and when the case requires it, he uses a brush that softens the hardness of the lines, and he employs supplementary tones to harmonize the constant vividness of certain colors.

Another very interesting gift, and one that gives promise of future works of importance, we observe in the interest he displays in the architectural line. This painter loves, perceives the charm of, the human structure, the edifice that rises like a hope that never fails. He seems to us very inferior in his treatment of the figure, because he attempts to carry to it an effectist stylization, at times, and at others, an ingenuous one.

PEDRO DELUCCHI

EXCESSIVE facility, the premature transmission of objective sensations prior to their complete inner assimilation, are characteristics that stand out in the innumerable works of this painter who, after so many years of residence in Europe, has exhibited no progress whatsoever, there remaining, as the only genuine expression of his talent, the vigorous etchings wherein appears the claw of the notable draftsman appreciated by all.

This rapidity is so abominable that it spoils the gifts that marked Pedro Delucchi as an artist with an assured future.

ATILIO BOVERI

**N**O ARTIST has shaken with so much vehemence the stationary environment as this painter who, for the first time, has organized an exhibition of his paintings, winning a permanent place by his really notable landscapes.

Enamoured, or, we might say, drunk, with the luminosity of Mallorca, he has been able to retransmit to us, as in a fantastic dream, the enchantment of that land where nature has lavished its gifts.

Carried away by this grandiose theme, he has been able to produce pictures in which one knows not what to admire most, the richness of the color or the splendor of the environment. He is par excellence a decorative painter, whose landscapes assume vast proportions because of the continuous meditation that magnifies and at times deforms the primitive vision, which attains to its maximum stylization in certain cases.

He devoted many years to his art with a full comprehension of the enormous difficulties that were to be overcome; and only just now, when the consciousness of his own merit has triumphed over his modesty, has he decided to face the judgment of others. Atilio Boveri, like all our painters, is not without defects. Engaged, as we are, in the ungrateful task, we may reproach him with the following, among others: carelessness in the treatment of level surfaces, and excessive and arbitrary contrasts in his anxiety to transmute colors and juxtapose them, in order to obtain effects not always admirable.

Boveri, if he progresses, will give a good account of himself.

JOSÉ A. MEREDIZ

**J**OSÉ A. MEREDIZ renders evident his torture to find the new expression.

Carried hither and thither by the recent and contrary modernistic currents, we see him struggling to attain to absolute synthesis and the naked truth. This manner, which we already had occasion to observe when the artist exhibited a series of paintings in 1913, has not yet yielded all its fruits; preoccupied with obtaining volume, he neglects the ensemble; desiring to secure

luminosity, he abandons to their own fate the level spaces, which lose their adequate position.

His skies are equal, monotonous, with few clouds of indisputable reality; and his sensation is still incomplete.

Nevertheless, even in his very errors we see a fine spirit, and, at times, we can observe gleams of beauty that show that the interpreter is not wanting in talent.

VALENTÍN THIBON DE LIBIAN

**W**HEN, in 1916, this disputed artist exhibited *La fragua* [The Forge], one of the national creations that confer greatest honor on our museum, few were able justly to appreciate the deep sense of beauty that animated the singular picture. Many roundly denied it. Others, little versed, or wounded by the superior emotion that flowed from it in abounding warmth toward the cold environment, pleased to find a tranquillizing definition, and basing their judgment on an external likeness, made a comparison that seemed to them the discovery of genius, and in chorus they said: "Degas . . . what a pity he reminds one so much of the great Degas . . ." and, like batrachians in the mud, they repeated their litany.

This ought not to seem strange: the great are always precursors, and it would be well to recall that those who then rejected the artist, because of that cherished work of his, are to-day the most fervent in defending it, convinced that by exalting the earlier production they are destroying his present work; and it is these dullards of other years that would have us believe them to-day, when they speak of the stationariness, if not of the decadence, of Thibon de Libian!

We are the first to recognize that in the works that he exhibits to-day there is inequality, that some of them are very superior to others and that there are not wanting those which, frankly, do not please; but, from this recognition to wishing to disparage, with turns of hollow phrases, as some try to do, works of the importance of *Los canillitas* or *La agencia de colocaciones* and several others, is a long step, and to attempt it is absolutely puerile: for "from saying to doing, there is much ruining."

In an environment in which there is an almost entire lack of scholarly elements—an essential foundation—as they are to be found in Europe, apprentices inevitably find themselves obliged to feel the influence of, even if not to imitate, any artist of recognized prominence, at times, with a false reputation. Only those that possess a sure instinct can avoid the enormous danger.

Valentín Thibon de Libian, fortunately for him, happened to be in Europe when the parabola of the impressionistic school was culminating. Impressionism—which gave imperishable glory to Manet, Pissarro, Sisley, Monet, Renoir and a few others, soon after having found the solution of the problem of luminosity by going deeply into the particular analysis of nature—yielded an immense host of colorless artists, without personality and infatuated with the indisputable triumphs that they themselves had not achieved. At the moment, our artist was able to foresee that the hope of attaining new impressions of art was to be sought elsewhere. Thus he was able to understand to what an extent it would be necessary for him to obtain the future art by renewing himself perennially through the fusion of great qualities of a technical order, preponderant in the impressionists over those of a realistic and more profound character; in short, the synthetic achievement of natural forms.

So Thibon had to abandon his conformism. Desiring to find the great expression, his disquietude increased in proportion as his life became more intense and his sentiments, deeper. Not being a conformist like the rest, might he not have been repelled by the bold aversions of Degas? Was it possible for him to remain indifferent in the presence of the blows of Toulouse-Lautrec, the vivisectionist of Parisian filth, in that search of his for souls? The asperities—just as in life—synthesized by Paul Cézanne in any of his canvases, failed to find echoes of profoundly human sympathy in his pitying soul.

Unquestionably these impressionistic artists must have left well marked traces on his spirit; just as it seems evident to us that the artist must have remained for

hours in the Luxembourg, hypnotized, as it were, by the green eyes of the child shining amid the shadows of the admirable *Maternité de carrière*.

Well then: this artist has been able to understand these much disputed artists as well as those that have been accepted by all the world; is he therefore to be called an imitator of Degas when there stretches between the two a distance as great as, we might say, between Harlequin and Pierrot?

As we have remarked, in Degas may be observed the preponderance of the draftsman over the painter. The admirable creator of "the ironers" seems to have concerned himself more with his eurythmy than with the sentiments that move his subjects: whether he surprises his dancers stretching their legs, tying their ribbons or gathering up the strings of their corselets.

On the other hand, Thibon is more interested in the present drama of their souls and the tragedy of the morrow, forefelt with fine intuition. Degas is sensual and at times cruel; Thibon is always patient, gentle, compassionate.

Can it be because of the deep sense of reality that animates the painting *Los canillitas* that we prefer it to other pictures?

In this case the artist succeeds, with chaste affection, in retransmitting to us his anguished vision of vice, the result of poverty—a plant that thrives in the soil of our economico-social imperfection—exposed in all its nakedness: boys that have lost their mothers; night with its shadows, propitious to the phthisis that triumphs in badly nourished bodies; winter helps it with its cold, and to drive it away, only the heat of premature sensuality.

*La agencia de colocaciones* is without doubt an enduring work. In it Thibon de Libian does not seek effects of color; he seeks rather to avoid them. To make his heterogeneous personages live, the painter has selected a somber interior, monotonous in appearance, in which he develops all the treasures of his gray-greens: a disconcerting thing to all and one that proves his admirable mastery of the pictorial media. Suppose we take some of the different figures: the Spanish immigrant, who, lolling in his chair, seems to be a

prey to *morriña*,<sup>3</sup> thinking of his mortgaged lands and his relatives, so far away and so dear; the creole *compadrino*,<sup>4</sup> always seeking a job that he never finds; the moustached Italian, with his characteristic instinct for adventure, following his nose according to his whim. The action is completed by an old cook, dried up by the heat of the fire; another woman, who satisfies her curiosity by gazing upon the central scene; a girl dressed in black, doubtless an orphan, with a wonderfully modeled form that awakens a desire for possession in a green old man who, when her back is turned, shows his desire by a nervous movement of the hand that is squeezing the gloves. On the face of the girl is stamped a future martyrdom.

It should be said that in both these and his other works the artist freely employs all the resources of the brush, with

<sup>3</sup>Figuratively, "homesickness," "melancholy," "depression."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Diminutive of *compadre*, godfather: a word applied by the godfather and godmother (*comadre*) to the father of the godson or goddaughter, or by the father or mother of the godson or goddaughter to the godfather; whence, "friend," "partner," "chum," "my good fellow" (as a term of address only).—THE EDITOR.

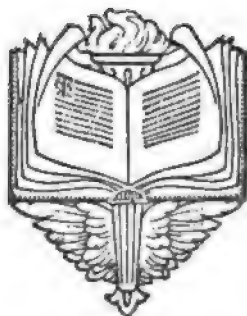
fresh coloring, never *criard*, even when he uses reds; for it can be asserted that Thibon knows, as few know, how to employ the most difficult colors in a masterly way.

The drawer of the pastels *Fainá* and *Ajenjo* [Wormwood], reveals all that is in him.

The landscape is—it must be said—poor. Not thus, however, is the pleasing note of *Procesión de victoria*, in which the fusion of the free environment with the figures that animate it is complete.

An artist that succeeds in suggesting so many things with his palette, while always remaining personal, enables us to make certain remarks that bear as much on literature as they do on pictures, an operation that in truth displeases one of our artist friends, who objects to all literature in the criticism of art, as he holds one should speak of technical qualities alone.

Perhaps he is right; but, nevertheless, without attempting to invade the domains of literature, we ask for the critic the right to pass freely from one realm of the plastic arts to another; but, if in this excursion the critic can carry an attractive flower in his hand, so much the better.





# LIBERTY

BY

AMADO NERVO

History has recorded the death of Amado Nervo, but he still lives, and there are indications that his life will become more real to the world with the passing of the decades. Like many of the great poets, his feet were planted securely on the ground, and he lived with ordinary people; he was very human, and he was interested in all humanity's problems, troubles, sufferings. Being what he was, then, why should he not live for ever?

This article is an illustration of his sanity: it shows what becomes of individual liberty under certain circumstances.—THE EDITOR.

**R**AMÍREZ leaves his house for the shop.

The fresh air stings his face and tones up his nerves.

The day is clear; the light of the sun invades the street in waves of gold, gilding the edifices and transfiguring the snow of the distant mountains.<sup>1</sup>

Ramírez feels happy to be alive and he experiences the joyous need to work that characterizes healthy men.

On reaching the shop, he will continue the carving of a piece of furniture in the Louis Quinze style, on which he has set his heart.

What he has in hand is a back of walnut crowned by a casque with a great crest, surrounded by vague motives: volutes, in which the softness of the curves shows in all its grace; ringlets; a thousand undulations in which the imagination can give form to all the figures of its dreams.

Ramírez is at peace with life, with society, with himself, and he is satisfied with his strength and his intelligence.

Ramírez is an optimist.

Everything contributes, in other respects to Ramírez's being an optimist.

In his home—modest, but comfortable and clean—he has enjoyed his large cup of coffee with milk, which the affectionate, active hands of his cheerful young wife have served him in the small room filled with the cooings of two little brown cherubs that are still playing in bed.

He earns good wages. The master likes him. With the savings that his wife—solicitous and far-seeing—is laying up,

Ramírez will end by opening a shop. He will give his children a good education and he will bestow upon them an honest patrimony. Is not this morality in action?

When Ramírez reaches this part of his thought, he begins to hear loud voices, songs of lively airs, and cries, and here calls that many workmen of different factories have decided to call a strike, for the usual purpose: an increase in wages, a shortening of the hours of labor, or both at the same time.

They have spoken with him about organizing a group, of speaking at a meeting, of influencing the minds of those that work with him, in order to induce all, absolutely all, to respond to the summons: and he has refused roundly.

"I have nothing to complain of," he had replied.

The crowd of workmen was approaching in the meantime, and when they recognized Ramírez, the intensity of their voices increased.

First they called him "shirk;" next, "traitor."

A delegation then approached him and invited him, in words uttered in threatening tones, to join them.

The leader of the delegation, one of the most influential strikers, pointed out to him that he ought to do it.

"Ought? Why?" asked Ramírez.

"Out of sympathy," replied the leader, condescending to argue with him.

"I do not agree with you fellows," said Ramírez. "I am satisfied with my present job. I need to work, and I shall work."

"You shall not work," said the other,

<sup>1</sup>The city of México fulfils the requirements.—THE EDITOR

"because you have got to become one of us."

"I can not," replied Ramírez, "join people that think differently from the way I do."

"There are, however, mutual duties."

"They will never be greater than the ones I have toward my wife and children."

"We are working for justice and liberty."

"Then begin by being just toward me; begin by respecting the liberty of a workman that wishes to work."

"It is that by working you aid the tyranny of capital."

"And by not working I submit to a worse tyranny: yours, that of the strike. Be it so: between the two tyrannies, I prefer the tyranny of one to that of many; the one that I choose to the one that is forced upon me."

"Striking is a right."

"But not a duty."

"If you are not for us, you are against us."

"Neither one nor the other. Strive to obtain what you please; I do not oppose; but, since you demand rights, begin by respecting an unquestionable right: that which I possess to do what I please; my right to work."

"You shall not work."

"I will work. My wife and children

have to eat. Strike, the rest of you, if it pleases you to do so."

"Your fellow-workmen come first."

"My wife and children come first."

"You shall not work."

Whereupon shouting began.

"Death to tyranny!"

"Hurrah for liberty!"

And between a "Death to Tyranny!" and a "Hurrah for liberty!" Ramírez was "tyrannized" to the point of not being able to use his "liberty" to work; and, obliged to vindicate the common "right," he lost his own: "his right" to eat, "his right" to live.

This took place . . . this has taken place . . . in Spain, in France, in Buenos Aires, one day, several days, many days.

Ramírez and all those that think like Ramírez are convinced that there is nothing more tyrannical at times than liberty; and, wearied with this comedy of rights, played behind the scenes by thirty ambitious leaders, who laugh at the collective imbecility of the masses, they will end by making a counter-revolution whose motto will be this:

"Liberty for everything . . . even for renouncing one's liberty."

"A right to everything . . . even to renounce one's rights."



# EDUCATION IN ECUADOR

## PHILOSOPHICAL CULTURE DURING THE COLONIAL PERIOD

BY

JULIO ENDARA

A sketch, first of all, of the material, intellectual and religious background of colonial life, particularly in the northwestern part of South America, and more especially in the provinces that afterward became the republic of Ecuador; and, second, of the educational tendencies, philosophical influences and personal contributions that characterized the first three centuries of Spanish rule in the regions indicated.—THE EDITOR.

**T**HIS summary effort, far removed from all pretense at being an outline of the national culture—which would be a work to be undertaken by a person of greater weight and authority—is but a résumé of the leading facts worthy of note in the intellectual life of Ecuador during the colonial period. The stages of its mental development are pointed out, in the main, rather as historical values than as ideological tendencies. The intellectual progress of our people was not guided yesterday, as it is not to-day, by philosophical standards, and therefore very little can be said regarding them. Our life was limited then, just as it is now, to the impulse of fact in the presence of the impulse of reaction, as a result of the political moment. Nevertheless, there glimmered from time to time intellectual disquietudes of positive value, and therefore they ought not to be abandoned to the cold caresses of oblivion.

**T**HE conquest of America was, beyond doubt, a very unfortunate accident. In particular, the empire of the Incas, whose degree of civilization seems to have attained a respectable height, under the pressure of exceptional circumstances, was subjected to the dominion of an ignorant power hampered by prejudices and difficulties. It is impossible to compare the advancement of the American civilizations of that time with the appalling prostration of Spain.

The continent of America, at the time of its discovery by Columbus and of its attempted conquest by Spain, contained a number of peoples

of very advanced culture, the societies of which had assumed such advanced forms that—as was the case in the type of the Incan social organism—even to-day, in the full blaze of the twentieth century, they attract deep attention.<sup>1</sup>

In the Incan civilization, even religious tolerance, a form of culture of the highest and most significant character, had reached the noblest and most magnanimous point; for the beliefs of the conquered peoples were respected, nothing more being demanded, according to the historians, than conformity to the political and economic organization, in so far as it was socially imperative. Individuality also was respected. The equanimity of the governmental system was expressed in the methods followed by the Incas in the conquest of new peoples. A proof of it was the establishment of the *mitimaes*.<sup>2</sup>

How was the Incan social life organized? The great sociological interest that inheres in the study of the Incan social organization is to be found in the fact that we are dealing with a country in which society was based on the most absolute social solidarity and in which each individual developed his activities, not according to his own whim or initiative, but as a member of the entire group and as a part of a social organization, in order to harmonize the movement of the whole. It thus achieved in practice the most advanced ideals of the later socialistic doctrines: the welfare of the community was the decisive criterion applied to all the acts of life, and according to it were modeled all the social

<sup>1</sup>Ernesto Quesada: "El desenvolvimiento social hispanoamericano," *Revista de Filosofía*, Buenos Aires, November, 1917, page 473.

<sup>2</sup>Transplantations or forced migrations of tribes or peoples removed by the Spaniards from one part of the country and settled in another for political or economic reasons.—THE EDITOR.

phenomena. Inequalities among the members of the community were thus rendered impossible, and consequently there could be no rich and no poor, capitalism could not become established, and antagonisms between capital and labor were prevented, since capital did not exist, and all were immensely rich.<sup>3</sup>

Hence it is not surprising that, with the appearance of the Spanish forces—so poor and so slightly cultured—these precious materials for reformation or advancement should not have been duly esteemed, and that, on the contrary, the Spaniards should have destroyed even the last vestiges that were of a positive value, in their insatiable greed for treasure. It would not be wholly wrong therefore to make a comparison between the conquest of America and those marriages between useless old men and strong and lusty young girls, effected by self-interest, with the sacrifice of love, and the offspring of which is a weak and sickly generation. The colonists from Spain subjugated the aborigines as if they were dealing with wholly indomitable and wholly savage beings. They fancied themselves among cavemen, in the fervor of their heroic hallucinations, curiously adulterated with the leaven of mysticism, and they did not appreciate the value of these aborigines—good, humble and ingenuous—whose deeds—as in the instance of Atahualpa—were proofs of loyalty and magnanimity, virtues unknown to the bearded white men.

Although the lordly conquerors of the New World had but one origin, the Spanish invaders went in two directions, thus giving rise to two civilizations or societies, different in many ways. Toward the north, in all the extensive territory of the Incan dominion, abounding in legends overlaid with filigrees of gold, were lands rich in mines and sources of wealth apparently inexhaustible, better qualified by their advanced civilization to maintain a struggle against the invaders: lands shrouded in mystery, rich in promise of gold, the only sedative for the insatiable thirst of the new masters; toward the south stretched the Plata and vast, arid plains, immense and gloomy. In the north spread lands bounded by precise frontiers; in the south,

fields open to all currents. From the very beginning it was clear that those that would seek to extract the coveted wealth from the soil by continuous labor would find illusion, while the north, possessed of fabulous treasures, was ready to yield them to those that might wrest them by force or astuteness, without appeal to the aid of patient labor. All this, indeed, is confirmed by the goodly host of the Rioplatensian writers. Mitre, Groussac and Ingenieros have remarked the preponderance of the Cantabrian element—strong and laborious—which was to turn the lands of the south into the favored resort of immigration.

Thither, from the period of the conquest, came the inhabitants of old Europe with greater freedom; ideas and doctrines found an atmosphere propitious to their acclimatization; tendencies of culture that had triumphed in the old continent could be assimilated marvelously, until it has become to-day the very land of promise; therefore the north, alien to every movement toward renewal, sank, hour after hour, into ignorance, while the struggle for wealth multiplied as in a fertile soil.

THE bases of our political and social organization are censured daily. Men and events seem to be slaves of hidden forces, for we withdraw ourselves more and more from the tendencies of higher contemporary culture, which, in countries like Argentina, Brazil and even Perú, et cetera, has given rise to the spirit of nationality.

Critics and journalists go from surprise to surprise as they contemplate the continuous failures of our social life: partizan leadership is made the propitiatory phantasm of all these misfortunes; people cry out against the abuses of authority; there is a palpable longing to rebel against established forms; and they perhaps grow desperate, unable to find the remote causes of these misfortunes, in order to indicate the proper remedies for them. Unfortunately, however, they seek them where they are not to be found.

At bottom, the problem is very simple. If it were possible to synthesize it in a word, that word would be pathetically and exactly: "ignorance." I am well aware that, written in precisely this manner, it will

<sup>3</sup>Work quoted, page 465.

seem harsh and irritating to many. It may be so; but the word is not unjust. What is the genealogy of this ignorance? The answer is complex, and it requires explanation.

It has been produced by two factors: one of them is found in ourselves; it is, if it be accepted, race; the other is environment. Therefore it is proper to say that the present generations are not responsible for all this failure. Destiny or chance, or both together, make us a gift of a past laden with responsibilities. These generations are but the links of a chain with a long past and a doubtful future. In large measure, the energy that impels us toward un wisdom is but the prolongation, or rather the persistence, of the impulse stamped upon men by the ancient intellectual culture. The stone cast into the lake sends out a great number of waves, each of them the result of the preceding one; so our life flows from past error. This past left such deep and firm traces in the living protoplasm that we continue along the course, opened formerly, toward doubtful goals, if, indeed, the surprises produced by these misfortunes do not cause us to react and to go to seek the aid of alien cultures.

The experience of our past has been prolific in pain. Our present personality, in spite of its airs of extremism and in spite of prevailing fanaticisms, is too amorphous. We know not what we are able nor what we wish to do, heedful as we are of the exigencies of a *vegetative* life, in the individual and the social sense. Thoroughly examined, the facts that merit censure resemble one another in that they possess the common characteristic of being unconcerned with the future. It seems that the national spirit has lost a sense of time, or, if you will, to be more exact, of future time. It lives happily under the shelter of the past. . . .

It is not strange to find in the manifestations of the day the likeness of ancient disquietudes, since we lack a philosophical ancestry capable of imparting an upward trend to our actions. The Spanish mentality of the sixteenth century, in imposing upon America, through the conquest, the standards that governed it, wrought the incapacity of the future. Once more we must repeat the belief of every sociologist

that studies the subject. Never, as in that period, has it happened that a people on the verge of the maximum of decadence should embark on an undertaking that was logically obliged to diffuse culture, initiate progress and foster reforms.

The Spanish mentality has invented little to improve the condition of man in the world, and the Hispanic-American peoples owed to its influence, during the colonial period, their ultimate political incapacity to make use of democratic institutions, since everywhere public liberty has existed in an inverse ratio to fanaticism and superstition.<sup>4</sup>

Never, I repeat, could occur a case of greater decadence in a nation or one of less aptitude as the teacher of peoples. Spain had attained at that time extreme inculture, expressed in every kind of fanaticism, to such a point that merely because of her geographical position did she form a part of the European continent. Politics, religion, whatsoever is the product of intellect, was trailing in the dust. Literature alone rejoiced in its age of gold. Philosophy, whose mission is to mark the route for men and events, had reached such a degree of inferiority that, if it were necessary to make use of precise terms, its absolute disappearance ought to be affirmed, since, in truth, the tissue of fanaticisms, with a mingling of dialectics and startling rusticity, which prevailed at the time, merits this opinion.

The supreme ideal of life for the Spaniard of the sixteenth century was not knowledge that would enable him to live in the present, but knowledge that would lead to blessedness beyond the tomb, and even the most festive of the Spanish thinkers—the great Quevedo—defined science as “the vain presumption of the ignorance of others,” while he made wisdom to consist “in schooling one’s self to detest life and to love death.” In the same period, in truth, Felipe IV, adopting the Mussulman routine of conduct, declared confidentially to Sor Marfa de Agreda that “the only means of securing what we desire to obtain is to depend on nothing but the will of God.”<sup>5</sup>

The Deity therefore was not the fountain of comfort for religious disquietudes, but

<sup>4</sup>Agustín Álvarez: *La berencia moral de los pueblos hispanoamericanos*, pages 21 and 22.

<sup>5</sup>Agustín Álvarez: work quoted, page 23.

the true *Deus ex machina*, the chargé, the employee, on whom idleness reposed, obliging him to solve all kinds of moral and intellectual difficulties. So much did God intervene in social affairs that, even at the risk of using a paradox, it may be supposed that the Spaniards of the day were absolute enemies of God and of religion. I shall explain myself.

The position of the sincere believer, the religious soul, however delicate and spiritual, changed religion and the object of his worship into the confidant of his intimate concerns, his secret desires. True religion becomes, in periods of higher comprehension and tolerance, the imperishable fruit of education. Well then: the Spaniards did not understand Christian fervor in this way, but, quite to the contrary, as the complacent deposit of all crime, strife or violence.

The Spanish universities, losing the idea of propagating culture, were given over absolutely to the Aristotelian mandates, without achieving any perceptible advancement, in their desire to spread out like a malign tissue, beneath whose weight moaned everything that possessed any value. Vives, in spite of the vigor of his doctrines and the intensity of his propaganda, was relatively overthrown by the impulsiveness of the prevailing "Suarism."

Suarism was the most genuine intellectual expression of theocratic Spain; in this sense it was the most Spanish of the philosophies cultivated in the peninsula. After Catholic scholasticism, no original philosophy can be pointed out in Spain, efforts to introduce any European system having failed, although all systems were tried. In Suarism, Catholic Spain placed her soul: it was the banner and the shroud of her philosophical culture, changed into an instrument of the counter-reform. Don Emilio Castelar did not exaggerate when he wrote his irrefutable words: "Spain has committed suicide in order to save Catholicism."<sup>6</sup>

It is well known that this scholasticism, the "second scholasticism," as it has been called, was the product of refuse cast off by Europe, in the face of the impetus of the Reformation and the Renaissance, in her eagerness to free herself of hindrances, and

which, in an evil hour taken up by Spain, was elevated to a directive system of thought. Rejected by the Reformation, Father Suárez, the possessor of a lively talent, injected scholasticism into Spain as the heroic medicine for her decadence, a hallucinating drug that presented as mirages of intense life what were only fanaticism and ignorance.

To the spirit of the Spain of the sixteenth century, agonizing, inactive, already inapt for rational speculation, sensual dreams of other lives were necessary. Dantesque visions were needed to conceal the barrenness of the fields; opium was necessary to cause impotence and real pain to be forgotten in exchange for feverish visions of hell. Such was the part played by the Holy Office.

IF THIS was the intellectual spirit of the mother-country, the neighbor of highly civilized nations, it is easy to understand how America—and for the special case, what is to-day the republic of Ecuador—was able to orientate herself in philosophical instruction.

The first fifty-three years after the Spaniards established the city of Quito may be called, without offense, years of ignorance. The truth is that, from the beginning, several orders of regular clergy were founded and that they had large convents. Among them were doubtless not a few learned men; but they were not of sufficient numbers or in circumstances that enabled them to teach learning to the public. The only learning, which was studied privately, and that by a very few, was a little Latin and ethics in the precise degree necessary to obtain ordination as priests.<sup>7</sup>

That the quality of the teaching may be judged, it will be necessary to quote another paragraph from Father Velasco, in which he tells us of the introduction of advanced studies:

The first major studies that were taught in the kingdom were those that were established by the Jesuits in the city of Quito. They were asked and called for with great insistence and with the offer of a rich college foundation, from the time that the first mandates of San Fran-

<sup>6</sup>José Ingenieros: "La cultura filosófica en España," *Revista de Filosofía*, June, 1916, page 88.

<sup>7</sup>Juan de Velasco: *Historia del reino de Quito*, volume iii, part iii, which embraces modern history. Quito, Imprenta de Juan Campuzano, 1842, page 58.

cisco de Borja reached Perú in 1568. It was not until 1575 that they were able to go on to Quito, where, the foundation bankrupt by an unforeseen accident, they were maintained for ten years, until 1585, in a miserable hospice house. They then had a new but incomplete and meager foundation, and, as there were only five priests two years later, they were compelled by the city not only to teach Latinity and humane letters, but also to conduct the first course of theology with the aid of many ecclesiastics, even of advanced age, and of monks of divers sacred orders. After two years more, possessing a better equipment and a greater number of teachers, they were obliged to prepare all the classes and courses of advanced studies that they began in the year 1589. For the first course in philosophy that was conducted that year were brought together the youth not only of the kingdom of Quito, but also of the new kingdom of Granada, where they were not yet acquainted with the Jesuits or had any knowledge of studies. So also to these institutions their own youth were sent by the reverend Dominican, Franciscan, Augustinian and *mercedarios*<sup>9</sup> fathers; and they continued to do so afterward for a long time until teachers were trained in their respective houses.<sup>9</sup>

By this brief outline it is made only too evident how bereft Quito was of philosophy, when such simple occurrences attracted attention; and all the territory of the former Incan empire suffered from this neglect, for the search for gold took precedence over all philosophical teaching. This was recognized by González Suárez also:

The ancient kingdom of Quito was never one of the important provinces of the many that formed the vast monarchy possessed by the kings of Spain in the New World.<sup>10</sup>

Apart from the mediocre teaching of theology, it may be said that there was an almost absolute lack of institutions of public instruction. According to the same historian, the first establishment worthy of the name was the Seminario de San Luis, founded by Bishop Solís in 1592. Its very curious régime is worthy to be noted:

<sup>9</sup>Those of the order of La Merced or Santa María de Las Mercedes, established by Jaime I of Aragón about the year 1232, for the redemption of captives.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>Juan de Velasco: work quoted, page 59.

<sup>11</sup>F. González Suárez: *Historia del Ecuador*, volume vii, page 2.

By a special law the seminary was forbidden to receive the sons of artisans; and those that sought admission as students had first to establish, by means of a full judicial investigation, the purity of their blood, to which end it was necessary to prove that none of their ancestors had ever worked at a trade; for, according to colonial prejudices, work was dishonorable and idleness was very honorable.<sup>11</sup>

The schedule and plan of subjects taught in this seminary were as follows:

Instruction in Latin grammar extended over two years, and in philosophy, three years; the study of the Latin language was indispensable, because in that language were given the courses not only in theology, but also in philosophy. The philosophy taught was pure scholasticism, with all its subtilties of ingenuity and its manifold questions regarding subjects often of no importance. The professors followed preferably the philosophical doctrines and influence of Aristotle, whom they discussed and explained.<sup>12</sup>

A hundred and ninety-nine years after the foundation of the seminary, and as soon as a long, curious struggle between the Dominicans and the Jesuits was brought to a conclusion, the Colegio de San Fernando was founded. By means of it the Dominicans established a very laudable precedent, due to the enthusiasm they demonstrated in its foundation. Nevertheless, the rivalries between the colleges did not cease,<sup>13</sup> and a proof of it is that the Colegio de San Luis conferred the degrees of

<sup>11</sup>*Ibidem*: page 7.

<sup>12</sup>*Ibidem*: page 11.

<sup>13</sup>To make it possible to understand the genesis of these curious struggles between the monks over the foundation of establishments of learning, I recall the very just opinion of José Ingenieros: "The instruction imparted in America had, finally, a concrete aim: the immediate material and social prosperity of those that imparted it, theoretically confounded with the teaching of the faith. Practically, as in the inside politics of the church, there was no cessation of intrigues for dominance among the Jesuits and the *mercedarios*, the Franciscans and the Dominicans; in all America we find these orders disputing for the support of the *mestizos*, sometimes fighting in the streets with weapons in hand, and almost always trying to outstrip one another in the establishment of a lecture room attached to their convents, in order to gain favor and create favorable conditions in fact."—"Notas sobre la mentalidad colonial," *Revista de Filosofía*, March, 1917, page 264.

A *mestizo* is, according to regional usage, the result of a crossing between a European and an Indian; as an adjective it is descriptive of the characteristics, customs, dress, et cetera, of the *mestizos*.—THE EDITOR.

doctor in theology and doctor in philosophy, and the Colegio de San Fernando, the same degrees, but only on its graduates. The faculties that conferred these degrees were proudly denominated: the one under charge of the Jesuits, Universidad de San Gregorio Magno, and the one directed by the Dominicans, Universidad de Santo Tomás. In both colleges, philosophy was studied in Latin, according to the texts that the professors had prepared and that the students copied; for it was not customary to teach either philosophy or theology with printed works, but rather with manuscripts. The teaching of algebra, geometry and the other branches of mathematics was not begun in the colleges of Quito until long afterward. As to physics: what was found in the books of the scholastic philosophers, expounders of the doctrines of Aristotle, was taught under this name. As to astronomy: all the philosophers believed in and maintained the system of Ptolemy, embracing it with conviction, as if it were the only one to be accepted.<sup>14</sup> As a means of fostering a knowledge of these subjects, public contests were held in which were stated and discussed syllogisms and subtle problems, elaborated in harmony with the philosophical opinion of the period.

In 1767, Carlos III, a monarch that recognized the necessity of improving the defective institutions, decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits from the New World.

The text of the decree of expulsion runs thus:

#### TO THE GOVERNORS:

I clothe you with all my authority and all my royal power that you may at once, aided by armed force, betake yourselves to the house of the Jesuits. You will take possession of all the monks, and, in the quality of prisoners, you will cause them to be conducted to the port that shall be indicated to you, in the unprolongable period of twenty-four hours, where they shall be embarked on the vessels designated for the purpose. At the very moment of effecting, you will seal the archives of the house and the private papers of its individuals, without permitting any one of them to carry away with him anything more than his breviaries and the clothing that shall be absolutely necessary for the journey. If, after the embarkation, there shall exist or still

remain in that city a single Jesuit, although he be ill or dying, you will pay with your heads.

I THE KING.

Reasons were not lacking for this expulsion: they were chiefly of a political nature. In the realm of public instruction, in consequence of the diplomatic mission of conquest, inherent in the order of Ignatius de Loyola, the Jesuits managed exclusivism in such a way and from so early a time that they did not cease to hinder all that desired to exercise their activities in the education of the young. Their proud self-sufficiency, too ill understood, together with manifold designs of self-interest, induced the Jesuits to move heaven and earth to preserve their leadership and the privilege of public instruction. This attitude, with the passing of the years, might have been excused, if they had at least devoted themselves to introducing reforms in the method of teaching philosophy. Their defects dated from long before. Regarding them, note this curious act:

On March 14, 1602, don Lope de Mendoza *corregidor*,<sup>15</sup> told the *cabildo*<sup>16</sup> that, as Luis Ramón had begun the teaching of grammar, and as many children were attending his school, the father rector and the other monks of the Society of Jesus had regarded this as a grievance and they wished to close the school, since they did not consent that others should be permitted to teach; in view of which the *cabildo* ought to decide what it considered proper. It was ordered that Ramón should not give instruction or bring together for teaching—whatsoever might be the condition, in any house or elsewhere—children or any other persons, whether laymen or priests.<sup>17</sup>

Numerous similar facts induced ignorance in the colony, where women that knew how to read were considered on the road to hell, since, it was said, the ability to read is the fountain of corruption. The people, the great mass, as a logical consequence, lacking ideals and unaware of the

<sup>14</sup>Without an exact equivalent in English: literally, a corrector, but in practice, an officer, appointed by the crown, who exercised in a more or less definite district the functions at the same time of magistrate and mayor or civil governor.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>A municipal corporation, one of its meetings, or the place where it meets.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>17</sup>*Apunte cronológico de las obras y trabajos del cabildo y municipalidad de Quito*, volume i, page 62.

<sup>14</sup>F. González Suárez: *Historia del Ecuador*, volume vii, page 19.



energies that lay within themselves, were submerged in the great sadness of their ignorance. If the Indian manifested already the melancholy that still characterizes him, the creole lived in the mazes of an eternal fog.

The theologians, who are better able to see in the light of the future than in the clarity of the present, repudiate the light that shines for today, while those that are engaged in prodigality, irregularities in administration, the corruption of judges, the depravement of the clergy and inhumanity in the exploitation of the indigenous races repudiate order.<sup>18</sup>

The popular psychology was exactly opposite that of the government, for, in spite of the display of religiosity on the part of the clergy and the government, it was merely a gross simulation, which contrasted with the enforced belief of the anonymous masses, who saw in religion—in certain religions—the means of facilitating existence. Consciences were never renewed by any liberative breeze, because that great mass lay submerged in the contemplation of the Beyond, a divination, rather, in which were not solved the difficulties of the reality; and yet to such an extreme did imposed fanaticism go that every solution of human and natural difficulties had to be divine.

The preponderance of the friar and the soldier in the Spanish ordering of social life arose from mysticism, which made the Spanish people better acquainted with hell than with the world, more virile for the arts of death and more infantile for the arts of life, because the adulterer that fears God and the devil, like the child that fears a bogey, he that burns candles in honor of a saint for the cure of illness, he that prays to an image in order to bring rain, he that makes promises to a piece of wood in order to induce it to work a miracle, possesses for these phenomena of the real world the same mental recourse as that of the child who waits for the toys that are to be brought by the Magi kings at Christmas.<sup>19</sup>

It is true that the devotions characteristic of a religion are reasonable, but when fanaticism is carried to an extreme, it

ceases to be a religion and becomes a mechanism, which is in no sense divine. In a certain sense, it ought to be qualified as irreligion, however much the habit of causing images and other symbols of religion to participate in the administrative functions may find excuse in ignorance.

Thus was solved in Quito the famous rebellion of the *alcabalas*,<sup>20</sup> and, to be more precise, it is proper to cite the following provisions of the *cabildo* of Quito. In 1612,

General Sancho Díaz de Zurbano, the *corregidor* of this city, proposed to the *cabildo* that the *cabildo* and the prebendaries be asked to make public processions and rogations, bearing one of the images held in the greatest esteem, in order to entreat God to send rain, because the drought was ruining the crops, and the city was suffering from an epidemic of serious illness. It was voted that this be done and that the image of our Lady of Guápulo should be borne in procession.<sup>21</sup>

On September 26, 1674:

It was voted that the same image be borne in procession in order that by this means might be stayed the death of so many people from the epidemic that had developed in the city.<sup>22</sup>

These provisions reveal the mental state of the period, in which the people confided in any case in the divine interference, without troubling to combat their misfortunes through means within the reach of human knowledge. Religion was therefore changed into idolatry, and hope into resignation. How different was this civilization from the Incan, which abounded in facts that pass for discoveries in modern times!

What shall be said regarding the intimate life of the monks, open to criticism and censure throughout the entire colonial period? Quito seems to have led in scandalous occurrences. It is sufficient to read the pages of Jorge Juan and Antonio Ulloa, companions of the French academicians, to convince one's self of it—let it be remembered that we have reached the middle of the eighteenth century.

During our residence in Quito, the time came to convene the chapter in the religion of San

<sup>18</sup>Taxes on sales or barter.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>19</sup>Álvarez: *La berencia moral de los pueblos hispano-americanos*, page 28.

<sup>21</sup>*Apunte cronológico, et cetera, et cetera*, volume i, page 74.

<sup>22</sup>Work quoted, page 156.

<sup>20</sup>A. Álvarez: work quoted, page 33.

Francisco, and as we lived in that quarter, we had an opportunity to see in detail everything that happened. Beginning fifteen days before the celebration of the chapter, it was amusing to see the monks as they came into the city with their concubines, and for more than a month after the chapter adjourned it was diverting to see departing those that were about to return to their new appointments. On this same occasion it happened that a monk, who lived with his family in front of the house where one of us lodged, lost one of his sons by death. That very day, at two in the afternoon, all the community went to sing him a response.<sup>25</sup> The monks and all those that are not permitted to marry, because to do so is contrary to their state, not only live in the enjoyment of matrimony, but they possess advantages over those that are truly married, because they are free to change women, either because they do not suit their disposition or because they have lost their beauty through age.<sup>24</sup>

#### Furthermore:

Inasmuch as sons inherit there the names of the distinctive callings of their fathers, there may also be seen—and not without wonder—in the city of Quito an infinitude of provincial women of all the religious orders—"prioresses," "superioresses," "readeresses," and so on in all the exercises of religion—so that sons preserve as titles of honor those of the dignities of their fathers, and in public they are almost never known by any others.<sup>26</sup>

Can it be believed that such a life was illuminated by a noble philosophical sense? Is it necessary to accumulate farther proofs in order to recognize the ignorance of those charged with the mission of education in general, when they had attained to such practices in sensualism? No ethics, no philosophy, could be cultivated by men in bondage to the pleasures of the moment, and therefore incapable of comprehending mental doctrines of a noble and disinterested character, which are the soul of philosophical systems. Daily debauches and lack of preparation prevented most of the monks from appreciating anything that smacked of culture, study, instruction. What could persons who, according to the testimony of reliable historians, did not know how to

read correctly and who possessed not even a smattering of bad Latin, know of philosophy? It is not surprising then that notable professors should have been few, and that even they should have had so slight a foundation in doctrine. So it was that La Condamine could be so surprised at the advancement of the creoles in culture, as may be seen in a curious paragraph:

*Notre séjour à Élen, chez don Joseph Davalos fut sur-tout remarquable par ses circonstances. Nous n'avions guère trouvé à Quito que trois ou quatre jésuites allemands ou italiens qui sussent le françois; personne ne le parloit à Élen, ce qui n'avoit rien d'extraordinaire; mais ce qui l'étoit beaucoup, tout le monde l'entendoit, du moins par écrit. Le maître de la maison avoit des livres françois; & sans parler cette langue, il l'avoit apprise à ses enfans. Je fus témoin que son fils unique don Antoine Davalos, jeune homme d'une grande espérance, qu'il perdit peu de temps après par un cruel accident, traduisit en deux jours en espagnol la préface des Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences par M. de Fontenelle. Don Antoine avoit trois sœurs, dont la cadette étoit un enfant de dix ans; on peut juger quelle fut notre surprise en les voyant traduire le Mortéri a l'ouverture du livre & prononcer couramment en espagnol tout ce qu'elles lisoient des yeux en françois.*<sup>27</sup>

Religious culture proclaimed its superiority by the number of converts to Catholicism, and its propagators believed that when they had baptized the savage Indians of these lands their instruction was terminated. It was also supposed to show concern for the Indian to present him as more restless than he was in truth and make much of having found the solution by imposing worship upon him, when in truth the benefit of the missions, in their general aspect, was, the rather, meager and contemptible. The colonial masses, people of color, never won over to Christianity, accepted with resignation the beliefs of their white masters.<sup>27</sup> What shall be said of the savage tribes catechized by the Jesuits, whose exaggerated religiousness became dimmed with the expulsion of their mentors? The American aborigines, par-

<sup>25</sup>Jorge Juan and Antonio Ulloa: *Memorias secretas de América*, edition of the *Biblioteca Ayacucho*, page 172.

<sup>26</sup>Work quoted, page 182.

<sup>27</sup>Work quoted, pages 176, 177.

<sup>28</sup>*Journal du voyage fait par ordre du roi, a l'équateur, servant d'introduction historique à la mesure des trois premiers degrés du méridien*, by M. de la Condamine, 1751, page 66.

<sup>29</sup>José Ingenieros: *Notas sobre la mentalidad colonial*, page 156.

ticularly those that had not been educated according to the Incan manner, have always been and are incapable of assimilating culture. They have reached adult life without any notion of an education, and the practices imposed by the missionaries, in spite of their being repeated at every moment, did not and can not have any other value or significance than that of an ape-like imitation, that is, of a functionalism of a mechanical order.

As to the inhabitants of the more or less civilized cities, they were equally ignorant of a religious sense:

In the middle and wealthy classes, composed of white Europeans, religion was better comprehended, because of their very origin; the young were not very fervent, but those of advanced years were, as a rule, since only religious activity could give them and their families the worldly position they believed worthy of them when they had accumulated some fortune. The religiosity of the inhabitants of peninsular origin was a means of not having themselves excluded from social consideration in that village life that knew of no other meeting place than the church. Nevertheless, the rigid observance of religious practice was always greater than devotion itself, mystical fervor not being even remotely comparable to the theatrical displays that surrounded ceremonies of religion.<sup>28</sup>

**H**OWEVER—the environment and materials having been described in synthesis—it is time to pass to the chronological part of the cultivators of philosophy and to learn of their place in the colonial university. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, many vicissitudes hastened the decadence of philosophical studies in the colony. In spite of the good will of Doctor Cuero y Caicedo, the attempt to continue teaching with profit in the seminary failed from the beginning. On the one hand, the confiscation of the property of the seminary, which was supposed to belong to the Society of Jesus; and on the other, the employment of professors relatively ill prepared rendered teaching difficult. "Until the end of the eighteenth century there was no such thing as a university, in any proper sense: what had existed earlier was nothing more than university facul-

ties,<sup>29</sup> for, under the names of Universidad de San Gregorio and Universidad de Santo Tomás were disguised colleges with extremely incomplete programs of study. Subsequent to the decadence of both these institutions, the teaching of theology was intrusted "to the Franciscans, with particular instructions to explain the theological doctrines and opinions of Scotus. . . ." "It was almost a quarter of a century after the expulsion of the Jesuits that a true university was established in Quito: the one directed by the Dominicans was declared secularized, and it was constituted with an entirely different regimen, although it continued to be called the Universidad de Santo Tomás de Aquino." Bishop Calama then imposed his very celebrated program of studies, with courses in theology, philosophy, canons, civil law and Latin grammar. The Universidad de San Fulgencio—under the Augustinians—was a university only in name, and it is hardly worth while even to recall it, as it was merely a stagnant pool of academic ignorance, ready to go to any extreme of misinformation in order to maintain itself.

Therefore the Universidad de Santo Tomás, the only one that kept going, became the only source of culture. There abounded men, illustrious in theology, who had issued from its halls; and before proceeding, I shall cite the names of the Dominicans Ignacio de Quesada and P. García, who made an especial effort to introduce the study of canons and jurisprudence; but these names ought to be pointed out and recommended to posterity also because, thanks to them, although in a rudimentary form, was begun instruction in medicine and mathematics about the close of the eighteenth century. Unfortunately, about the year 1806, the school of medicine was forced to close for lack of students, in view of which it was decided that the course of medicine should last four years. Studies were based on wretched texts and commentaries, and for practice the students had to go to the hospital every day, in order, according to a naïve ex-

<sup>28</sup>F. González Suárez: *Historia del Ecuador*, volume vii, pages 2 and 26.

<sup>29</sup>Work quoted, pages 256 and 257.

pression of the regulations, "to learn how to take the pulse."

Before the secularization of the Universidad de Santo Tomás, in the halls of the Universidad de San Gregorio, directed by the Jesuits, nothing worthy of note occurred. The list of works by monks, published by don Pablo Herrera,<sup>30</sup> is a most eloquent proof of this sterility, as they were almost all limited to wearisome comment on Aristotle. They believed at the time that Friar Antonio Ramón Moncada was a shining light in science and learning. This monk wrote a treatise, *De usu et abusu scientiæ mediæ*, and he was perhaps nothing more than an able orator. After him, the decadence of the university followed its course, and few, very few, were those that excelled in philosophical learning. Regarding this subject, Gonzalo Zaldumbide<sup>31</sup> has well affirmed that we must go to Espejo in the main for testimony, since Espejo was almost a contemporary and one of the best informed, he assures us.

Logic was truly a kind of intricate metaphysics, and from being an exact investigation of the truth it became an eternal disputer over contemptible and incomprehensible subtleties. . . . Logic, which perfects the understanding, which guides it in its search for truth, which teaches us how to think justly and methodically, was merely the art of exercising one's talent over imaginary puzzles, of enervating the reason and of subjecting to shameful idleness the judgment, one of the most excellent and necessary of mental faculties, and one that gives value to a man of ability. . . . Hardly even the preceptors showed themselves to possess an idea of true logic; their chief interest was in the famous question of distinctions between metaphysical predicates.<sup>32</sup>

It is not surprising then that the true designation of the teaching of *logic* was *sophistic*, as Doctor Mera informs us in

<sup>30</sup>*Anales de la Universidad Central*, volume i.

<sup>31</sup>A young Ecuadorian man of letters and a journalist: he has lived for a number of years in Paris, where he serves as secretary of the legation of Ecuador and devotes himself to literature and journalism. For articles by him, see "José Enrique Rodó," *INTER-AMERICA* for October, 1918, page 44; "A Peruvian Author Who Died for France," *INTER-AMERICA* for December, 1918, page 73; and "A Great Journalist Dead," *INTER-AMERICA* for August, 1919, page 362.

—THE EDITOR.

<sup>32</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, volume i, pages 343 and 344.

*El nuevo Luciano*, so prodigal in censures and through whom Espejo complained:

. . . and I have heard one say—and he was indeed a Jesuit of standing—that it is a proof of good understanding to be able to utter sophisms. This is an evidence, I say, of the faulty manner in which logic was studied, and of the fact that it taught us to make much of paralogisms.<sup>33</sup>

He then spoke of Father Juan B. Aguirre, who unquestionably was one of the few that worked in truth and that succeeded in stamping traces on colonial culture, even if not in the realm of philosophy. This belief is based on Espejo's opinion—which I shall transcribe—and in which is cited in passing the authority of the Jesuit Tomás Larraín, the author of *Divina justificatione*, prior to Father Aguirre, who "appears in the first place as one of the innovators of the method of teaching the doctrines of philosophy." "Even the terrible Espejo recognized that 'he treated metaphysics with dignity.'" However, he was not, as don Francisco Campos would have it, the first to depart from scholastic Aristotelianism and introduce a principle of reform. Father Magnín had already undertaken, in 1736, to implant the Cartesian system, and Father Tomás Larraín<sup>34</sup> of Quito had also begun certain reforms.

Espejo, impelled by the fervor of the moment, seems to have judged Father Aguirre with passion. Thus he said, through the mouth of Doctor Mera:

Entertain no doubt that the mind of this father was greatly influenced by the Guayaquillian temperament, all warmth and evaporation. In Guayaquil there is no judgment. You must know that Father Tomás Larraín, a Jesuit of great doctrine, formed here a collection of philosophical questions, in order that, Aristotelianism being abandoned in the main, modern systems should be followed in his colleges and universities. There arose then, emphasized by our Father General Centurión, the questions

<sup>33</sup>Work quoted, page 345.

<sup>34</sup>Gonzalo Zaldumbide: "Un gran poeta guayaquileño del siglo xviii," *Revista de la Sociedad Jurídico-Literaria*, new series, volume xxi, number 62, 63, 64.—Gonzalo Zaldumbide has just devoted to Father Aguirre this study—vigorous and worthy of his pen—unfortunately not appreciated hitherto at its true value by our men of thought; a study to which we shall refer more than once.

—especially of physics—that had been presented in this province regarding the plan elaborated by this Father Larraín; and what happened? That my teacher Aguirre always ran after the most showy systems and the opinions that had just come into existence, with no examination as to which were the most likely. He was always saying to his discreet opponent: *Novitatem no veritatem amo*.<sup>35</sup>

According to appearances, and although Father Aguilar had displayed his talent in the effort to become independent of the system of Aristotle earlier than Father Aguirre, it was Father Aguirre, unquestionably, to whom was due a positive reform, although he may not have exercised great influence on the national thought or even perhaps on that of the university, and even less to the extent of introducing a new current of ideas.

. . . in an exposition still involved in the meshes of syllogism, in the vagueness of the ontological symbols, out of reverence for the argument of authority and other formulas of the unbreakable scholastic coat of mail, runs now, relieved of trammels, the intuition of modern methods and of the new sense of philosophical truth, of the importance, not to say transcendency, of experimentation as a regulative criterion. He divined that none other was the direction of true science.

He seems to have been more inclined to questions of pure physics, and perhaps better adapted to it than to speculation. Having studied only from curiosity and pleasure a little medicine, he became so enamoured of it that even the physician of Clement XIV consulted him very often, according to report.<sup>36</sup>

Speaking of this, it seems indispensable that acquaintance should be made with certain biographical details regarding Father Aguirre, who, beyond doubt, it is just to consider, after the rehabilitation effected by Gonzalo Zaldumbide, as one of the few eminent men of the colonial period.

It is known that Juan Bautista Aguirre was born in Daule and not, strictly speaking, in Guayaquil, April 11, 1725. His parents were Captain don Carlos de Aguirre y Ponce de Solís (although Herrera says don Francisco Aguirre) and doña Teresa Carbo y Cerezo, both natives

of Guayaquil. He came early to Quito to pursue his first studies in the Colegio Seminario de San Luis, and at the age of fifteen years he entered the Society of Jesus—on the very day that he attained this age: April 11, 1740. He assumed the habit at the age of thirty-three, August 15, 1758. A professor of philosophy first, and of moral theology later, he exercised the influence to which we have called attention in the Universidad de San Gregorio Magno; as prefect of the congregation of San Javier, and, after 1765, as consulting secretary of the provincial of Quito, Father Manosalvas; and he shone in all these positions, both by his learning and his virtue.<sup>37</sup>

Gonzalo Zaldumbide recalls at great length the victories achieved by the talented Jesuit in Europe, where he went to live, after the expulsion of his order, in the midst of admirers and those that sought his noble theological and moral counsels. His successes at Ferrara and Rome, instead of being a continuation of those obtained at Quito in the professorship of philosophy, seem to reveal a new—and perhaps more admirable—phase of his personality. His gift as a satirical poet appears to have been lost in order to give place to elevated reflection, subtle discussion, fervent and helpful counsel and lively and delicate oratory. The consultations of eminent European theologians testify to the knowledge of the learned ecclesiastic. There is good reason then to cherish the memory of him as a man of wisdom and learning, that we may thus forget the wounding arrows of his fragmentary anthology, too widely diffused. In Europe,

we ought to think of him as gifted, above all, by his sprightly nature with that personal irradiation of conviction and sympathy that gave him a first place everywhere. Such we know him to have been, according to the testimony of one that knew him intimately, Monseñor Pimienta, archdeacon of Tivoli. Easy and agreeable, audacious and brilliant, he began to display with sagacity the treasures of his learning, and he won over his illustrious interlocutors. "Possessed of a perspicacious talent and an admirable memory," says the report written in 1815 by the archdeacon just mentioned, "he enchanted all those that heard him; everything that he had written was recalled; all gathered round him to admire his

<sup>35</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, volume i, pages 345 and 346.

<sup>36</sup>Gonzalo Zaldumbide: work quoted, pages 9 and 10.

<sup>37</sup>Work quoted, page 13.

doctrine, and every one wished to draw near to learn of him; and he listened to everybody with patience, although he was constantly occupied in giving the many opinions that he easily gave and sent to Rome.<sup>38</sup>

He wrote two books: a complete treatise on philosophy, wrought out in Quito (on logic, physics and metaphysics), which is preserved, it seems, in the library of the Jesuits in this city; and the *Tratado polémico-dogmático*, written in Rome, which, according to his commentator and critic, served as a text in the college of Tivoli.

**A**FTER Aguirre ought to be mentioned Father Hospital, Aguirre's successor in the professorship, who maintained and increased the impulse imparted to instruction by Father Aguirre. What in the latter was novelty, perhaps dilettantism, if we believe the author of *Nuevo Luciano*, possessed in Father Hospital the character of a serene, and therefore a methodical, renovation.

Father Hospital, who succeeded Father Aguirre, gave more thought to subjects and devoted more investigation to opinions, as to which might be more likely, among all the atoms and corpuscles of the Cartesians, Gassendists, Newtonians, Maignanists, et cetera. So the physics of these two Jesuits, treated according to modern methods, gave the first ideas of experimental physics in Quito; hence my teacher was held by the readers of philosophy of the other schools to be an unjust overthrower of the peaceful Aristotelian rule.<sup>39</sup>

This show of innovation—surprising and startling—caused the conservers of systems to react to the point of inaugurating a veritable campaign against the newfangled clergymen. For more than one reason, and with greater propriety, Father Hospital, rather than Father Aguirre, may be compared with the illustrious Maziel, who, in Buenos Aires and at about the same time, in drawing up a report to determine the disposal to be made of the property of the Jesuits in Argentina (1771), maintained—and this was fundamental in the report of Vertiz, the introducer of the printing-press in Buenos Aires—that uni-

versity teaching might depart from Aristotle and follow—if such were the desire of the professor—Descartes, Gassendi or Newton, but always subject to experimental data: *following only the light of experience by observations and experiments*.<sup>40</sup>

Aguirre and Hospital, prodigal in reforms, certainly comprehensive and liberal, did not take into account the disdain of the environment toward their reforms. A proof of it is that, in spite of the insignificance—at bottom—of their innovations, and in spite of the probable complicity of Father Aguirre's flashing oratory, the reaction soon became evident. Docile students and the rest of the learned teachers protested against the "blasphemies" uttered by Father Hospital against Aristotle; and perhaps they foresaw the early breaking up of the old doctrines, always venerated by professors and students.

In justice, it should be said that these apparently revolutionary reforms could not have been more inoffensive, when, in truth, they were but milder expressions of the same doctrines. Descartes, Newton and Gassendi were very far removed from the sensualism that was already appearing in Europe with Condillac, perfected a little later by Cabanis and Destutt de Tracy: the sensualism that seems to have guided the precursors of independence in all the Hispanic-American countries. In respect of the reaction provoked by the experimental tendency of Aguirre and Hospital, we ought to recall that the similarity of culture in all the Hispanic-American countries was so marked that nothing has occurred in one of them that has not had its like in another.

A proof of this is seen in the reaction mentioned above, which assumed an extreme form when Father Hospital was succeeded by Father Muñoz in the chair of San Gregorio. Espejo's mouthpiece, Doctor Mera, said of Father Muñoz:

This Riobamban father, filled with the prejudices of his ancestors, and too lacking in intellect to be able to get rid of them, applied to

<sup>38</sup>Gonzalo Zaldumbide: work quoted, page 12.

<sup>39</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, pages 346, 347.

<sup>40</sup>José Ingenieros: "El contenido filosófico de la cultura argentina," *Revista de Filosofía*, number 1, 1915, page 82.

both logic and physics the most vulgar and antiquated method of Aristotelianism.<sup>41</sup>

An identical reaction is to be observed in Argentina. The intelligent designs of Maziel—the introducer of experimentalism—who was appointed *cancillerio*<sup>42</sup> of public studies and director of the Real Colegio de San Carlos, ended in failure. Let it be sufficient to say that the professors of this college, presided over by a believer in observation and experience, paid no attention to his instructions, and, quite on the contrary, they clung all the more to the old and illogical dictates of the scholastics taught by the Jesuits. The labors of the Argentine professors, Fathers Carlos José Montero (1773), Luis Chorroarín, Manuel G. Álvarez, et cetera, confirm what has been said.<sup>43</sup>

The reader will inquire, of course, as to what was the extra-university influence of the teaching of philosophy in the Universidad de Quito; and the reply could not be more distressing: None. This assertion is based on the innumerable difficulties encountered by young men that wished to enter the schools.

"Poor city," said Espejo, speaking through Mera, "in which outsiders were ignorant of everything, and our people were no better even if they were minded to be different, because experimental physics could not be studied like a course in arts, nor in a place where money and instruments were lacking, as in this province." However, under the supposition that the halls of learning were for all the social classes, for all who, anxious to learn, sought the fountain where they might allay their disquietudes and quench their thirst, nothing could have been accomplished, for in addition to material obstacles, in themselves great enough to retard all intellectual movement, existed others, still more unyielding and unconquerable: the methods of teaching.

On the one hand, the ignorance that prevailed in the mother-country—the only probable source of culture and learning, a

source sadly sterile, exhausted and decadent—I say, this ignorance, which was of an alarming character, more than sufficed to kill all longing for liberty and knowledge at its birth. On the other hand, the efforts of rulers and professors, in deplorable agreement to keep the colony in ignorance, in the interest of that mother-country, constituted an alarming and hostile whole. Every manifestation of culture was therefore proscribed in these humble lands that belonged to the Catholic sovereigns.

In order to give a more exact idea of the method of teaching philosophy in the eighteenth century and, in large measure, in the nineteenth century—during which university studies continued their course of degeneration until the closing of the university by García Moreno<sup>44</sup>—I transcribe other opinions of Espejo as to methods, of great value, if we bear in mind the scarcity of documents for the investigator:

The old metaphysics was the worst, the most difficult and the most happy-go-lucky that could be taught; in truth, this void continued even in Europe until the beginning of another century. Leibnitz, Clarke, Locke, Wolf and others methodized and considerably augmented it, because the metaphysics of Aristotle was merely an addition to physics; it did not have as an object what our metaphysics has to-day. So in it the ancients included lessons in logic and in physics, rather than abstract and intellectual things and especially the science of being and all its common properties, like the philosophers of the present, more felicitous in this respect. Our Jesuits Aguirre and Hospital treated metaphysics with sufficient method and dignity.<sup>45</sup>

Besides, their ideas regarding experimentation revitalized this study, at the same time that they endowed it with a suggestive, attractive and brilliant character, then unknown. Although their innovations, I repeat, did not go far, their *disposition* was sufficient to admit of freedom, that their courses might be animated by new figures and higher aspirations.

<sup>44</sup>Gabriel García Moreno (1821-1875): an Ecuadorian politician, he was president of Ecuador on two occasions; he was assassinated after having held the government for fifteen years; he was a representative of the Catholic party and he was distinguished for his love of Spain.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>45</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, pages 349-350.

<sup>41</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, volume i, page 347.

<sup>42</sup>The chancellor of a university, whose duty it was to confer degrees.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>43</sup>José Ingenieros: work quoted, pages 84 and following.

If, indeed experimental doctrines were meager, they served as *ferments*, and they contributed not a little to future advancement. It is true that these ferments suffered from inconsistency, because they did not constitute the logical fabric of a system, capable of shaping opinions in definite directions; but even as isolated cries of alarm, or as fagots lighted on a dark night and soon quenched, they perhaps awakened in men's minds disquietude and curiosity, which later, in an imagination like that of Espejo, were to be changed into an attempt at an urgent and admirable encyclopedism.

If we wish to understand with still more clearness the importance of these apparently childlike innovations, let it be sufficient to recall, with Espejo himself, the characteristics of the teachings to which I have already alluded. It ought to be said therefore that as the predecessors of Hospital and Aguirre wrought from metaphysics the prolegomena of scholastic theology, so they based its characteristics of infinitude, transcendency, universality, possibility, contingency, futurity; predication, relationship, et cetera, on a wearisome ergotism.

Here the philosophy of the Jesuits ended, and not a word was said in it of ethics,

a part of so much importance in perfecting conduct by means of the knowledge of virtues and vices, the limitations of liberty and the nature of laws, that there is nothing else more useful or more necessary to the man that is to devote himself to public instruction.

Then:

Even the Jesuits of Spain did not become acquainted with it or cultivate it by means of the public or domestic lessons that were given them in their colleges. So in Spain the work, written by Father Hospital's teacher, Father Antonio Codornín, with the title of *Índice de la filosofía moral cristiano-política*, was a work of much and novel merit. It is not that our *ratio studiorum* overlooked material of such importance; it had it in view, although not for the purpose of seeing to it that there should be written and presented a methodical and well arranged work on ethics; but that in the education of the young care should be exercised as to the manner of nurturing them in good habits.<sup>46</sup>

<sup>46</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, volume i, pages 362 and 363.

Without the study of ethics, whose power of suggestion in those days, as in modern times, brings into discussion great problems of thought, it would have been difficult to impart noble tendencies in the colony, as has already been said. This does not mean to say, on the other hand, that negative tendencies had not arisen.

**P**HILOSOPHICAL ideas, strictly speaking, were barely germinating, but the grievances of the environment, subject, as it was, to all kinds of oppressions and exploitations, provoked, at the close of the eighteenth century, currents of reaction among the natives of America, whose discontent became more evident at every step. Events generated events. The environment, with an oppressive atmosphere, was propitious for rebellions, and possible insurrection was vaguely foreseen, like those that arose over the *alcabalas* of earlier times. Ideas of emancipation manifested themselves as a consequence, blindly and without being able to find a way and without being crystallized.

Before continuing, however, let us make a slight historical résumé of the state of the university at the close of the eighteenth century and of the noteworthy occurrences that took place at the time. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, the president of the royal *audiencia*,<sup>47</sup> the señor Diguja, appointed as professors of the Universidad de San Gregorio, the property of the Jesuits, monks of other orders. In 1777 it was extinguished by a decree of the board of temporalities, which ordered that all the courses be given in the Colegio de San Luis under the direction of the Dominicans and "with the name of the Universidad de Santo Tomás," the only one that contrived to exist thereafter.<sup>48</sup> In 1787 the statutes of the university were decreed, while Doctor Blas Sobrino y Minayo was bishop of Quito, and the señor Nicolás Carrión, doctor of laws, was appointed first rector of the university. In 1791, while don José

<sup>47</sup>In the legal sense, literally, "a hearing;" thence it came to mean a place where a hearing was granted, and the court of justice that included a certain demarcation or territory.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>48</sup>Juan A. Villagómez: "Ensayo de monografía: la Universidad Central," *Anales de la Universidad Central*, new series, number 6, page 253.



Pérez Calama was bishop, an "edict extraordinary" was decreed to introduce the study of governmental policy and political economy: a truly remarkable event, for these studies were not yet known in Spain. Nevertheless, the benefit derived from this instruction must have been very slight, to judge by the results, in spite of the enthusiasm of Bishop Calama, who began a very praiseworthy labor of propaganda and intellectual organization and also the task of introducing discipline in the friarly class, an undertaking in which, nevertheless, he was not successful.

Under these circumstances, the lack of philosophical direction prevented any political movement from being carried out as a result of the intellectual fermentation, as clear ideas of the aim and of solution did not exist. This in general; but in many particular cases there were to be found veins of extra-university culture. Accident or fate had placed in the hands of many families books in which European thought was agitated.

Without knowing it, without wishing it, perhaps, the future patriots were acquainted with the labors, fragmentary, perchance, of the encyclopedists: labors that were engendered by the French revolution.

The other regions of Hispanic America were also receiving a new baptism of sensualism, and Diderot, Voltaire, et cetera, found admirers. Descartes and his school, previously looked upon as fortunate discoveries of civilization, were being cast aside unconsciously. Like a drop of oil let fall on paper, sensualism and encyclopedism spread beyond the walls of colonial ignorance in curious coincidence with the economic and administrative difficulties of the moment. In vain had knowledge and education taken refuge in the libraries of the convents; in vain was it sought to impose the rigors of absolutism; nothing could restrain the philosophical and literary production that abounded in France and that tended to overflow and invade new lands; and in none of them was it more apparent than in those of the New World. There were intuitive hunger and thirst for novelties among the rich and cultured creoles, who at a given moment could direct a movement.

The general tendency of European ideas during the eighteenth century was away from Cartesianism and toward encyclopedism and the economists. From this change arose naturally the principles of political, economic and philosophic liberalism that were represented thoroughly by Rousseau, Quesnay and Condillac, preparing the bases on which afterward was set up the "ideologistic" philosophy that predominated for a quarter of a century.<sup>49</sup>

One of the most distinguished writers of the present time, don Francisco García Calderón, in a paper read before the congress of philosophy in Heidelberg in 1908,<sup>50</sup> affirmed that only after the establishment of American independence did the philosophical currents find entrance into these lands, which, in short, is equivalent to saying that little or no influence was exerted by the European culture of the eighteenth century on the first American revolutionary movements. This is not true. According to the affirmation of Carlos Arturo Torres—one of the most positive realities as a thinker in our America—the speculative spirit maintained an assiduous commentary on political questions, and therefore the influence of the philosophical ideas that prevailed at the time is indubitable. Caldas and the other members of the botanical expedition to Colombia, in subjection to rigid scientific instruction, caused an intense philosophical awakening. Even earlier, the journey of the French academicians, who came to measure the arc of the meridian, left the seed of a liking for study.

Don Pedro Vicente Maldonado,<sup>51</sup> and later, don José Mejía, were marked specimens of it. Almost at the same time as that in which Maldonado died, Espejo was born, and, along with him, systematized ideas of emancipation. His philosophical culture was not, could not be, a vain illusion.

Books that told of the great development of the period, imported clandestinely, read avidly and commented upon in gatherings of the most distinguished men of the colony, elaborated a spirit that was at once to shape the revolution, whose first act was the translation and propa-

<sup>49</sup>José Ingenieros: work quoted, page 87.

<sup>50</sup>F. García Calderón: *Profesores de idealismo: "Las corrientes filosóficas en la América latina,"* page 151.

gation of *The Rights of Man*, which Nariño took from a history of the constituent assembly and which he hurled at the country as the doctrine and message of American aspirations.<sup>51</sup>

The intellectual action of the French revolution therefore preceded independence in our country: it propagated its ideals and it prepared it through the great intellectual leaders of that period, who were Nariño, Camilo Torres, Zea, Caldas, et cetera.<sup>52</sup>

The study of the biography of Espejo, which was given us so solicitously by Doctor González Suárez, makes known the accusation uttered by the interested persons against the encyclopedic Quitan, when they charged him with being friendly to the ideas of "French revolutionaries," in order to make him odious to the people "by treating him as impious and heretical." In the meanwhile, Espejo attempted to explain with a criterion of justice the several acts that constituted the French revolution, making careful distinctions, for the purpose of using certain ideas in the interests of the patriots.

How strange it was that Espejo should have been qualified as impious at the time, all the more so when the agents of the government were interested to cause the Americans that desired the independence of the colonies to be regarded as unbelievers and the enemies of religion.<sup>53</sup>

Espejo was, besides, so addicted to argumentation that he strove to analyze those acts of the French revolution that were laudable and those that were held to be irreligious, according to the current ideas of Catholicism.

It has already been said that the first voices lifted in behalf of independence—which it was Espejo's lot genuinely to represent—seem to have originated with the study of certain philosophical tendencies that served this patriot as a basis for the plan of a very complete administrative regimen, which presupposed a knowledge of numerous directive principles: principles then new and powerful, with sufficient strength to provoke a reform in the social scaffolding of those times. The journey of

Espejo to Colombia, his contact and agreement with Nariño, a man essentially of principles, the depths of his works, all reveal the philosophical disquietude of the reformer. It is true that the novelties of the period, as well as the commentaries of Espejo on the philosophers of the times and the application of his theories, are not found to constitute a body of doctrine, nor does each occupy the place that belongs to it; and it is that this is observed when the severe and persistent practice of the commentator or even of the philosopher has been exercised; and Espejo was neither the one nor the other.

Thanks to patient studies, he acquired a knowledge of many new ideas, of theories hitherto unknown and in absolute contradiction to the thought of the rulers, and which were true molds into which to pour the nascent longings. Espejo did therefore a comparative work. He saw that the then recent doctrines, characterized by a fervent spirit of liberty, because formulated in harmony with the demands of nature, were better suited to contribute to the advancement of the nation than those already known. Patriot as he was, he found them so suggestive, so opportune, that he did not see in them any censurable elements; on the contrary, he examined and admired them because of the benefits they afforded, which were true national guaranties.

He therefore admired the new philosophical tendencies, and he became a supporter of them, convinced, as he was, of their excellence. His talent as a sagacious observer, animated by a fervor of patriotism, made him a specialist in pointing out and commenting upon the defects that existed in Quito, whether in institutions, literature or politics; he indicated them with acridity. His temperament as a reformer of manners and customs, or rather, as a censor, did not lead him to depart from the psychology of those of his cast. Like every combative person, he was an extremist. In his censures could be discerned a desire to vent suppressed impulses, however slight the pretext. Fiery, indomitable, unjust at times, encyclopedic, Espejo was the type of the fanatic of ideas, characteristic of an epoch such as his, when vice and corruption dogmatized.

<sup>51</sup>C. A. Torres: *Idola Fori*, pages 205 and following.

<sup>52</sup>*Ibidem*: page 209.

<sup>53</sup>*Obras de Espejo*, prologue by González Suárez, page xxiv.

Espejo could not have been, in such a case, the possessor of a wise and measured equanimity, which is constant when the elaboration of culture springs the rather from the esthetic sentiment. In periods of calm, improvement and the true evolution are sought, and not change or revolution such a time is propitious to the birth of systematic thinkers, conservative at bottom, in spite of their efforts at perfection; it is the classic period fruitful in artists and artisans.

The closing years of the eighteenth century in Quito were in no sense pleasing. It was an environment genuinely romantic: on the one hand, those that saw in the traditional state the inexhaustible source of their interests nourished intrigues; on the other, the discontented—patriots, romantics or revolutionaries—it was all the same—who tended to reaction against the conservative elements.

All these existed in Espejo. Hence, in spite of the dominant exaggeration of his writings, it is possible to observe through them the state of philosophical teaching during the last days of the colony. In the strict sense, his opinions were, in large measure, unjust, but events seem to have confirmed them: such was the state of colonial decadence and prostration, where everything was filled with conceptions of the past, and they were acquainted with no sense of the future.

The life of Espejo, I repeat, was that of a revolutionary. Writing his works almost in secret, issuing his challenge to rulers, he lets us contemplate the depths of his psychology, in every way out of harmony with the environment. He seems at times to have been a policeman of facts and ideas. If in the intimacy of his soul he cherished a recess of kindness, prompt to admire and to love, the surroundings prevented him from becoming expansive and trustful, thanks to the continuous injustices, disorders and improprieties, which could cause nothing but disillusionment in select souls. From this sprang Espejo's irascibility. His sincerity proclaims it. Like the visionaries of the future, hallucinated by the mirage of future action, he perceived of the reality only that which stimulated his intentions; accustomed as he was to the

contact of pain, his senses seemed hyper-estheticized, which well explains his constant and acrid censuring of rulers, orators, men of letters, et cetera.

He was born in disharmony, and he soon perceived it, with exquisite tact, as a means of securing harmony, in order to attain the realization of an ideal, matured and tested, in productive vigils and in fruitful intercourse with disregarded books.

"With Espejo began to dawn in Quito what we might call the power of public opinion," said González Suárez. "How was so interesting a person formed? What were the influences that stamped him with an enduring character after his own manner?"

Espejo was born in Quito in 1747; his father, who was the son of an Indian of good blood and a woman of the people—María Catalina Aldás y Larrancair—changed his Indian surname and adopted that of Espejo. Espejo was graduated as a doctor of medicine in 1767; later he was licensed in civil and canonical law, and he also exercised the profession of barrister. He aroused the suspicions of the rulers; whereupon President Villalengua forced him to go to Colombia to be judged by the viceroy of Santa Fe. Afterward, Muñoz, president of the royal *audiencia*, imprisoned him for some time, owing to the unexpected disclosure of his revolutionary plans. The prison was so cruel that he became seriously ill. His family obtained permission to take him home to try to cure him, but a short time afterward he died (1795.)

As the secretary of the Sociedad Económica de Amigos del País, formed at his initiative, along with noble creoles, he published the newspaper *Primicias de la Cultura de Quito*, the editing of which was under his charge. "The publication of the first number of the newspaper, which was issued on Thursday, January 5, 1792, was a real event that interrupted the monotony of the colonial life."<sup>44</sup> In it Espejo's vast information was poured out with prodigality and offered to the public in its manifold phases, all extremely interesting, although it is proper to note in his writings his slight dexterity and elegance, a defect

<sup>44</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, prologue of F. González Suárez, volume i, page xxxii.

imposed by the inevitable affectation of the period. He demonstrated the elevation of his thought, novelty clothed with violence, and a rich vein of culture.

Finally, to establish a new claim to encyclopedic knowledge, already recognized and admired by many, he was the first librarian of Quito.

All these singular occupations greatly influenced Espejo's personality. From his stay in the university, he assuredly did not receive any great benefit, as it may be easily seen that his culture was in no wise academic. It appears in his writings only as the favorite mark for criticism. On the contrary, his learning, like his ideas, took a direction opposite to what is called official. From this fact it may be deduced that he acquired the whole mass of his learning *in spite of* the class room and by no means in it.

We may indeed wonder how he formed himself by his own efforts in the isolation of the obscure and backward *audiencia* of the Quito of the period, and how he unlearned what he had been taught in the college, in order to make himself at once, by means of reactionary labors, the master of himself and the peerless reformer of the sacred oratory of the colony.<sup>55</sup>

The work of Espejo, because of the very multiplicity of its phases, itself explains the want of harmony among them, the absence of methodical study, the inconsistency characteristic of times in which culture is acquired by a labor exclusively individual, without the guidance of teachers; and it is not surprising that Espejo's intellectual personality should have presented this perspective, if we remember that in his period, owing to the difficulty of bringing in foreign books, any book that reached his hands, merely because it was unknown, would attract his attention and would satisfy to a certain degree his avidity as a reader. Sometimes the book encountered would be good and at others, bad; and, lacking, as Espejo lacked, the habit of method and selection—characteristic, as a general thing, of university culture—one part of his work would, of necessity, be lost. Hence Espejo's encyclopedism, at times unsubstantial; and hence his censurable

redundancy, which perhaps may have been but a revelation of the bitter inner conflicts between knowledge and the obstacles to attaining knowledge.

Any impartial reader will miss in Espejo's works the eloquence of phrase, the agility of conception, that inner rhythm, as it were, which seems to relieve the style, giving it force and flexibility. The works of the Quito writer are wanting in the *quid divinum* that gives wings to ideas and music to words. We may not therefore reproach him retrospectively, for this virtue is characteristic of such as have lived and studied in superior environments, where the spirit acquires agility from the beginning and where the abundance of fruits conduces to selection. Quite different from this was the colonial environment, in which, search wheresoever you might, the eyes and the intelligence found threatening walls. Ignorance and fanaticism could but occasion violent reactions. The idea of political emancipation involved therefore a multitude of reactions and promised the longed for liberty.

We should err—in view of what has been said—if we endeavored to find in Espejo's work either serenity of ideas or ripe judgment. Designed for the aggressiveness of the period, Espejo's psychology stands out in its own setting—fiery, severe—and why not?—admirable, with its throbs of tried patriotism. His broad culture—many-sided and variable—seems to us, at a distance, to have been in the attitude of observing all roads at the same time, under the pressure of a lively disquietude: a disquietude over the future.

It is true that, as a consequence of this prodigality of attention, he lacked depth, but we must excuse him in recognition of his discernment of the future, manifested in his longing for freedom, so well harmonized and studied that even to-day they are suggestive.

Our compatriot has discussed the political emancipation, not only of the *audiencia* of Quito, but also of all the Hispanic-American colonies, which, after freeing themselves from Spain, ought to constitute themselves in independent nations under a republican-democratic form of government. These ideas were original with Espejo, and he had acquired them from his

<sup>55</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, work quoted, volume i, page lii.

reflections on the independence of the English colonies of North America and the events of the French revolution. Doubtless he meditated much upon this grave and transcendent project, and he cherished it in his heart, rejoicing in secret over the hope of seeing it achieved; but he foresaw the almost insuperable difficulties that would have to be overcome in order to put it into practice, and so he communicated his ideas to only a few persons, all creoles and sincere friends of his, thoughtful, as he was, of the well-being and glory of the country in which he was born.<sup>66</sup>

The truly admirable feature of the plan elaborated by Espejo, in all its completeness, was that, according to it, the first cry of independence should have been given in each of the capitals of the viceroyalties; and he prepared the form of a subsequent government, with all the prolixities of an administrative system. So therefore it is

<sup>66</sup>*Escritos de Espejo*, prologue of F. González Suárez, entitled, "Estudio biográfico y literario sobre Espejo y sus escritos, page xvii."

not difficult to infer, in view of the facts, the marked influence exerted on Espejo's mind by the suggestions of the French revolution. Let there be added his moral sense, trained by the reading of Bacon, Hugo Grotius, Hobbes, Locke, et cetera, and an idea will be obtained of the proportion in which philosophical ideas entered into the redemptive work initiated by the encyclopedic creole, whose carriage—somewhat affected and difficult—had the air of the superiority of the power of thought seeking solicitously to translate itself into will.

To conclude:

Espejo and the Jesuits Maguñ, Aguilar, Hospital and Aguirre may be indicated as the most visible incarnations of the movement of ideas in the Andine city on which should be based the claim to priority that Quito is entitled to set up among the revolutionary initiatives that resulted in the establishment of Hispanic-American independence.<sup>67</sup>

<sup>67</sup>Carlos Arturo Torres: *Los ídolos del foro*, in Biblioteca "Andrés Bello," page 210.

## ECUADOR

### GENERAL STATISTICS

Area: 714,860 kilometers.—Population: 2,137,202.—Annual increase of population: 30,000 (average during the last five years).

Primary schools: 1,664.—Pupils in the primary schools: 105,374.—Colleges of secondary instruction: 18.—Students in the colleges: 1,984.—Universities: 3, and one independent faculty.—Students in the universities: 702.

Fiscal revenues: \$15,500,000 (without including the municipal).—Fiscal revenues per capita: \$7.20.—Municipal revenues of Quito: \$445,938.37.—Public debt: \$58,213,000.—Public debt per capita: \$27.20.

Value of exports: \$27,500,000.—Value of imports: \$16,700,000.

Railways in operation: 661 kilometers.—Railways in construction: 279 kilometers.

Post-offices: 229 (including two in the eastern provinces).—Personnel of post-offices: 427.

Telegraph lines: 5,484 kilometers.—Telegraph offices: 159.—Wireless telegraphy offices: 3.

Telephone lines: 1,186 kilometers.—Telephone offices: 22.

Navigable rivers: distance in kilometers: 5,000, more or less

Cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants: 2 (Quito and Guayaquil).—Cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants (and of less than 100,000): 2 (Cuenca and Riobamba).

Ports on the Pacific: San Lorenzo, Esmeraldas, Bahía Caráquez, Manta, Cayo, Machalilla, Guayaquil, Puerto Bolívar and Tumbes.—Port on the Amazon: Iquitos.

—A folder issued by the Consejo Escolar, Quito, Ecuador.

# LATIN-AMERICAN UNION

## EDITORIAL

A plea for intelligent coöperation among the so-called Latin-American peoples, from the standpoint of one of them.—THE EDITOR.

THE nations that form what is commonly called "Latin America" are continually inviting one another to celebrate festivities in honor of the days rendered sacred by glory or political importance. We behold them summoning one another, day after day, to participate in congresses, scientific, fraternal or professional. For some years they have been spending huge sums to send special embassies to this or that center, without these efforts resulting in anything practical, while the purpose of them ought to be, before everything, the union and solidarity of the Indo-Latin countries. If we paused to study with a little thoroughness the object of these visits, we should see that they tend only to the immoderate expenditure of public funds for the entertainment of envoys in banquets and festivities.

Our republics—for many causes weak—ought to concern themselves a little more with questions of a more vital character than those that spring from simple platonic friendship, expressed in a multitude of discourses, inflated with pompous promises of reciprocity, and which leave afterward, as we say vulgarly, "nothing between two plates."<sup>1</sup>

We ought to give another turn to our Latin-American international relations. We ought to find the procedure that will yield mutual advantage and economic strength, in order that, some time, we may become powerful, and capable, should occasion arise, of making ourselves respected by the law of force. It goes without saying that we are not imperialists, but it is necessary, when the power of right shall be exhausted, to change the formula.

<sup>1</sup>This Spanish phrase is so common, so characteristic and so expressive that we have rendered it literally. It is used to express superlativeness of nothingness as the result of superlativeness of preparation and display.—THE EDITOR.

This does not need theoretical demonstration. Practice, or the reality, speaks to us only too brutally.

There are in the world two nations that may serve us as examples, to proclaim to us, with abundant reason and argument, the need of a Latin-American union. They are the United States and Germany. No one will disagree with us when we assert that they owe their greatness to their union.

Could we not do what they have done, in order to accomplish what they have achieved? Yes; we could do it, not by copying them servilely, but by seeking a solution, in accord with our idiosyncrasies, that would produce the same result.

We ought to recognize that our nations are wholly incapable of effecting a federation in the same sense as those just mentioned; but we can bring about a union, for example, by taking from one and the other the good of each, and changing and adapting it to our needs.

We are sure that a *Zollverein* or customs union, after the manner of the German, would be of advantage to us. It would bring with it the development and increase of our infant industries, thus expanding the markets that are to-day limited to the producing country and providing our natural products with other markets. We should then see how the Latin-American union would be a splendid reality among us.

Our countries exhaust themselves, separately, by a multitude of expenses, which, united, we could meet in a better manner and with greater benefit, thus reducing the expenses of each nation and enabling our governments to give attention to outlays of more importance, which, by the imposition of fewer taxes, would lead to greater commercial expansion.

Let us imagine, for example, the North American federation, dissolved and each of

the forty-nine<sup>2</sup> states governing itself, by and for itself. Every country has a number of expenses, as, for example, those of its representatives, which, in the case of the states, would swamp the entire forty-nine<sup>2</sup> of them; and, those incurred in the maintenance of an army for the territorial states and an army and a navy for the coastal states, expenses wholly impossible to be borne by each for itself, separately, but which we, extremely poor nations compared with any one of them, undertake to do; and we have, as a result, as may be seen in reality, armies and navies, which are such only in name, and because of which, when the case arises, we have to accept with humility the conditions that any strong nation may choose to impose upon us. Here are the countries that groan to-day under the yoke, as living examples of our wisdom.

Instead of spending so many thousands of dollars on special embassies, we believe that our countries, all together or divided into ethnic groups, might well hold an international congress for the purpose of discussing the few points, which we note and explain below, that would produce as a result what no Latin-American country fails to desire at this moment: the aggrandizement of our countries; the broadening of our markets for purchases; and the solution of frontier questions under genuinely Americanistic auspices and ideals.

1. This congress ought to study the question of the reduction or absolute abolishment of customs duties on any product or manufacture of our peoples, in order that we may enter into reasonable competition with the producer outside the union, thus abandoning selfish interests as they are constituted at the present time, and the means on which our republics depend for the chief source of their incomes, that is, the custom-houses, since it would be possible to obtain the same incomes by economizing in other directions, by the increase of the tariff on articles that will still pay duties and by several other legal methods that peoples have for obtaining their revenues.

2. It should consider the creation, by countries or according to coasts (inasmuch as almost all of them are maritime, and those that are not, have access to the ocean in one way or another), of national or international merchant marines, supported and aided by the governments, inasmuch as, without this requisite, the first point would be vain, because of the serious effect it would have on the shipping and commercial interests of the other countries, which, by means of an increase in freight charges for us and a diminution of them for themselves, would completely destroy the effects of this Latin-American custom-house union.

3. Attention ought to be given to the question of postal service, which at present is of no advantage whatsoever to our countries: for a letter that is to go from Colombia to Argentina must first pass through Hamburg or some French port,<sup>3</sup> which is an absolute absurdity, and which should be of cardinal importance for our commercial development.

Then, later, the congress could be empowered by the participating countries to address itself to many other international questions, such as those relating to frontiers, armaments, et cetera.

It might be argued that in such a case, as a reprisal, the countries affected by this measure would not buy our products, or that they would not supply us with what we are incapable of producing.

This menace is remote. The union would give us strength. Latin America is the best market the other nations have for their manufactures, and at length the hundreds of millions of inhabitants that there would be of us would abate that menace; and our natural products would always have their markets, because we are the chief source, or one of the chief sources, of the world's supply of foods.

We believe that the problem, stated in such general terms, would not be without defects; this we take for granted; but it is at least not beyond the range of possibility as an immediate realization, that is, it is not a utopia, which is admissible only in letter, but not in practice.

<sup>2</sup>The author is evidently disposed to be generous in giving the number of states.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>*Código postal de la República de Colombia*, 1907, chapters iii-lxxxviii, part second, page 240.

# TIRADENTES, HERO AND SAINT<sup>1</sup>

BY

JOAQUIM DA SILVEIRA SANTOS

An obscure movement and a pathetic hero that is almost wholly unknown in the world of English speech are here clearly and strikingly sketched. The author demonstrates once more that the blood of a martyr may be the seed of a vigorous nationality.—THE EDITOR.

## I

### THE GENERAL COMMEMORATION

THE provisional government of the school republic in process of organization—one of the innovations effected by the recent reforms in public instruction, for the laudable purpose of fostering the civic education of the teachers by practical experience—has done me the courtesy, of which I am deeply sensible, to invite me to speak on this happy occasion in which the thought of culture predominates. I am aware that among my companions in work are young men of greater brilliancy of expression, greater power of oratory, greater elevation of thought and a deeper knowledge of history, who could lend to this undertaking a grandeur, a reality and a splendor that none may expect from me. I did not, however, insist on my first impulse, which was to decline. So, senhores, I am charmed with the idea of joining you in this eminently patriotic ceremony and of being here to kneel before the altar of my country in order to pay the homage of my love and gratitude to one of the greatest men of our national history. I rejoice that I have already spent more than three decades in this ungrateful and obscure but consoling work of forming the souls of future generations, and I am de-

lighted at the thought of coöperating, even if as *minima pars*, in an undertaking that is, above all else, eminently humanitarian, deeply patriotic and signally educative, which is this one of commemorating our great names and our notable dates.

Yes, senhores; one of the most serious evils of our disturbed present lies in a revolutionary tendency to attack everything, to combat everything, to destroy everything. An insidious endemia that does not respect age, sex, class or condition, it constitutes one of the most depraved manifestations, of the kind that Auguste Comte denominated "the disease of the occident." "A result of the inevitable decadence of beliefs peculiar to the middle ages," said he in the eighth *Circulaire Annuelle*, "it has its primitive seat, as it were, in the intellectual region of the brain, but what constitutes its chief gravity springs from its being extended spontaneously to the affective region, thus stimulating pride and vanity, and diminishing veneration and therefore the other two altruistic sentiments (tenderness and kindness)." A social scourge that characterizes periods of transition; a hurtful habit that vitiates, as noxious weeds our abandoned lands, these manifestations of the destructive instinct result from a lack of moral culture, and they proclaim the absence of religion, which disciplines souls, which coördinates acts, which directs, in short, men and society.

The radical remedy for such a state will be found in the prevalence of a universal faith, which will reestablish moral discipline in individuals, and the lost equilibrium in society; which will cement the fraternity that binds men together; which will quench discord and strife; which will make, indeed, of earth a paradise, dreamed

<sup>1</sup>A lecture delivered before the Escola Normal of Piracicaba, Brazil, April 22, 1921.

The editor of *Revista do Brasil*, from which this lecture or article was taken, makes the following comment: "In this paper, which may be deemed truly exemplary as a didactic lecture—for orderliness, method, clarity and elevation—a cultured member of the teaching body of the public schools of São Paulo throws into perfect relief the lofty moral figure of Silva Xavier, one of the greatest saints of the nation, vainly belittled in certain writings that are only slightly veridical, and are evilly inspired and destitute of nobility."—THE EDITOR.



of by the great souls of all ages. Will any society attain to this supreme ideal? Without a doubt; and it is toward this lofty goal that human civilization is marching; and through the midst of all decay, all discord, all war, all deceptions, humanity approaches it century by century.

However, senhores, this blessed age of peace, of repose, of happiness, which the coming generations are to enjoy, demands work. Our efforts ought always to seek to hasten this evolution as far as possible; our activity, in whatsoever realm our lot be cast, should always be subordinated inevitably to this our supreme duty. Yet what can we do at present to diminish revolutionary agitation, to minimize the effects of the "disease of the occident" that is torturing us, that is afflicting all society?

Give heed. Altruism, which is innate in man and even in the higher animals, functions, indeed, in a very limited area, a quite circumscribed region, of the brain. Therefore it is subject to a biological law according to which exercise develops the organism, just as inaction atrophies it. Now, if the tendency to revolt, irreverence, destruction, springs from an overflow of pride and vanity (which are also cerebral functions); if it indicates compression and inactivity of the organs of altruism, which are affection, veneration and kindness, let us bring these organs into action! Let us exercise the cerebral region whence they spring! Let us do for sentiment what is done with so much ardor by the youth of our days to invigorate the muscles and the vitals; let us subject it to the same continuous and thorough gymnastics; let us tone it up.

In what way, however, can we reach the altruistic layer of the brain? How shall we carry to this privileged region the exercise and activity to which we subject the muscles, the lungs, the glands? To accomplish this there are only two effective means: the practice of altruistic deeds, and devotion paid to those to whom we owe everything; a proper esteem of our domestic benefactors and the worship of great men. Let us reëstablish then the dominion of the past! Let us accustom our contemporaries, the young especially, to know, to love and to respect all the company of great

personages to whom we are under obligation for the benefits we enjoy! Let us speak to the heart of youth. Let us feed in it the innate flame of good sentiments; let us teach it to love our land in whatsoever it possesses of greatness, and our people in their loftiest exponents! Let the souls of the young exult and become inflamed in the contemplation of the figures that have shone in the events of our history and have glorified humanity! Let us set up the religion of civism!

Senhores, this is one of the days that best lend themselves to this object of culture. It is one of the most stirring in the civic calendar established by the republic. Tiradentes belongs to the number of those eminently representative figures that possess as much of the real as of the ideal. He was the embodiment of the legitimate aspirations of the people in a decisive moment of their evolution. He was patriotic and he was brave; and because he sacrificed himself for his ideal he was a hero, he was great; and since—the son of his people that he was—he died for the common aspiration, the popular soul laid hold of his memory, surrounded his name with a halo of glory and made of it an object of a particular worship.

The very conditions in which he arose favored his civic canonization by those that came after him. Of his manly individuality, history merely records in bold outline his passionate love for the patria, his heroism in misfortune, the stoicism and firmness with which he endured to the end the martyrdom of an ignominious death. We lack full and minute data regarding the cardinal points of his domestic life. We have not even a photograph, an authentic portrait, of him. Hence popular idealization can exercise itself freely, completing that real, masculine, unmistakable figure with the touches inspired by tenderness, affection and gratitude.

His subjective action, the growing influence of this posthumous life, continued to spread with the passage of time, and it received, even in the days of the monarchy, an initial impress of official consecration. Note, senhores, the virtue of this influence, because it is characteristic. In 1867, while president of what was then the province of

Minas, Joaquim Saldanha Marinho ordered the erection in Ouro Preto of a column of stone to the memory of Tiradentes; and three years afterward Saldanha Marinho was a prominent figure, one of the founders of the nascent republican party!

To this epic figure is consecrated this day. Let us evoke him.

## II

### THE SPECIAL COMMEMORATION

I SHOULD weary your attention by giving a minute account of the conspiracy of Minas, with which you are acquainted, at least in its fundamental lines. I shall relate of that sanguinary episode only what will suffice to throw the figure of its immortal leader into relief.

This movement was merely a new manifestation of the political antinomy that was becoming accentuated between the Brazilians and the Portuguese; a vehement demonstration of the feelings that animated the spirit of the colony; and also an energetic warning that it could not continue its political union with the mother-country. It was inevitable that it should be so.

About two generations after the systematic colonization of Portuguese America was undertaken, the formation of a genuinely Brazilian population, whose nationalistic spirit became more and more vigorous, was begun. This spirit showed itself timidly at first in the acts of those modern Titans, the Paulist *bandeirantes*,<sup>2</sup> who, with a view to capturing the Indians and discovering mines, were devastating the interior and making their way toward the frontiers of the Portuguese colony in the direction of the Pacific. We see it clearly in 1640, when the same Paulists acclaimed Amador Bueno as their king, instead of Dom João IV. It manifested itself very strikingly afterward, in 1645, when, against the will of the kingdom, the Brazilian born organized the Pernambucan insurrection, which terminated at length with the expulsion of the Dutch. This

<sup>2</sup>"Paulist" (Portuguese, *paulista*), as used ordinarily in Brazil, was derived from São Paulo, the name of the province (now state) and city that have played so prominent a part in the history of Brazil; the *bandeirantes* were members of armed bands called *bandeiras* (flags).—THE EDITOR.

national spirit broke out later in the public square, in 1710, against the Portuguese of Olinda, and, almost at the same time, at Minas, in a sanguinary struggle between the Paulists and the *emboabas*.<sup>3</sup> and more energetically, and aimed directly at Portuguese rule, it reappeared in 1720, in the seditious movement headed by Veiga Cabral, which had as an epilogue the ferocious execution of the partizan leader Phillipe dos Santos with unheard of barbarity.

Now, since the same grounds of conflict persisted everywhere—that is, the mother-country's dislike of the colony, her tendency to keep it in a state of subjection, the suspicious arrogance of the royalists, who treated the natives as if they were a second rate and vanquished people, and the consequent costliness and difficulty of living, contrasted with the enormous takings of the government—it was natural and logical that the desire for political independence and willingness to break the yoke that was becoming more and more intolerable should continue to be vital, grow ceaselessly and spread in all directions.

Note the following concrete data, which well characterize the condition of Brazil in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. According to Oliveira Martins, during the government of Dom João V (1707-1750) alone were sent to the crown 130,000,000 *cruzaados*,<sup>4</sup> 100,000 pieces of gold; 315 silver marks; 24,500 gold marks; 700 *arrobas*<sup>5</sup> of gold dust; and more than 40,000,000 *cruzaados*' worth of diamonds. There were, besides, the monopoly of brazil-wood and the tax of a fifth, which yielded the treasury annually more than 1,500,000 *cruzaados*. As a modern historian has said, "the territory of Minas Geraes had its breast opened. Gold, and diamonds and other precious stones spouted from its fecund bosom in astounding quantities." From 1700 to 1799 alone,

<sup>3</sup>"Strangers," "outsiders," "base fellows;" according to Rio Branco (*Esquisse de l'histoire du Bresil*), *emboaba* was derived from the Guarani word *amã*, "far," "far off," "at a distance," and *abã*, "man," so that *emboaba* would be a "man from afar," an "outsider."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>*Cruzaado*: a Portuguese money and coin; the old *cruzaado*, now but a tradition, was equivalent to 400 *reis* or 43 cents; the new *cruzaado* is equivalent to 480 *reis* or 52 cents.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>The Portuguese *arroba* is equivalent to 32 pounds.—THE EDITOR.

36,687 *arrobas* of gold was extracted in Minas Geraes, naturally without including in this estimate the gold that went out as contraband, the proportions of which certainly would reach an equal amount.

Along with these financial exigencies there came from the mother-country the Draconian measures addressed to preventing the industrial development and prosperity of the colony. The royal letter of July 15, 1776, abolished in Brazil the trade of silversmith, and one hundred and fifty-eight silversmiths' shops were demolished and their forges and instruments delivered to the police agents. The charter of January 5, 1725, compelled the abolishment of all the factories, manufactories or workshops of laces or embroideries of gold or silver, silk, cotton, linen or wool, excepting those of coarse make intended for the slaves and the poorer classes. Orders were given for the closing of the printing-press that existed here, and the importation of the works of Rousseau, Voltaire, Spinoza, Hobbes, Boyle and La Fontaine was prohibited. Now did not all this constitute a perpetual challenge to the nativistic spirit, dignity and feelings of the Brazilians?

It is natural therefore that the sentiment of independence should endure throughout Brazil as a logical aspiration that would be strengthened in proportion as the colony should develop; but this aspiration must have been livelier in Minas, which became, in the course of the eighteenth century, the most intense center of industrial and national activity. This was what happened.

Among jurists and men of letters was formed that first plan of a conspiracy, which perhaps would not have gone beyond platonic confabulations, the vague aspirations of theorists, had it lacked the support of a man of action, who turned out to be the soul of the movement: Tiradentes. He was really the center, the axis, the leader, the unique man of a unique conspiracy, not only because of the activity he developed as a propagandist, but because of the unsurpassable moral greatness he revealed while suffering the infamous punishment imposed upon him. His legendary figure always lived in the popular imagination, and it continued to grow with the

passing of time; and as this figure constituted a lively remorse, a permanent censure hurled at the Brazilian dynasty, an imperial courtier, a writer that had access to the court of Dom Pedro II, the Senhor Joaquim Norberto de Souza e Lima, took upon himself the ungrateful task of misrepresenting, vilifying and blackening the figure of the heroic victim. He was the leading writer that had in his possession all the documents of the process that dealt with the conspiracy of Minas: documents gathered in bulky volumes; and therefore his judgments were accepted with confidence by the historians, beginning with Varnhagen, by the publicists and by the cultured public. Twisting the evidence of some of the traitors, misrepresenting the expressions of others, adulterating at times, commenting upon them according to his fashion, he succeeded in presenting the effigy of the hero by which he has been generally known: an ugly, unlikeable man, with a repulsive face and a frightful expression. He strove to destroy the reputation of Tiradentes by painting him as a light, talkative and imprudent man, without any personal influence; an ignorant and bragging plebeian, who served only to compromise his companions in conspiracy. All in vain. The truth has in itself the unyielding strength of facts, and there is no human power capable of suffocating it; and this is what happened in the case of Tiradentes, as will be seen.

Joaquim José da Silveira Xavier was born in 1748 in the territory of Pombal in the town of San José d'el-Rei, to-day the city of Tiradentes. His parents were Domingos da Silva Santos and Dona Antonia de Encarnação Xavier. He had three brothers, two of whom were priests, and one sister. From his brother—Father Domingos—he received his primary instruction, including French. He did not take an academic course; but the strength of his intelligence, cyclopedic aptitude and the tendencies of his spirit are well established by the fact that he devoted himself to the study of dentistry, medicine and mineralogy, as well as engineering. Of all this there are sufficient proofs. He was an expert dentist, and hence it was that he

became known to history as "Tiradentes" (tooth-puller). As a physician, he was successful in the treatment of important cases even in Rio de Janeiro. Because *he had an understanding of mineralogy* he was chosen by the governor of the captaincy-general—Dom Luiz de Cunha Menezes—for a very important service in the interior of the captaincy-general, accompanying Major Galvão Martinho; and the proof of his ability as an engineer is that he presented to the viceroy, Dom Luiz de Vasconcellos, a project for the setting up of sugar-mills in Saude, and for the damming of the rivers Maracanã and Andarahy in Rio de Janeiro. The learned people of the day made a joke of this project. Nevertheless, it was afterward accomplished during the rule of Dom João VI.

As to his position in society, it is sufficient to know that in the list of his confiscated belongings were articles of value and clothing for formal occasions, such as would be used only by persons of standing, in an age in which dress was subject to official regulation. Moreover, from a letter or order of Dona Marial, of 1782, Tiradentes was placed "in charge of the goods and other furnishings needed by the guard of the Caminho Novo, on the way to Rio:" a proof of confidence that was given only to persons of reputation and social responsibility.

Owing to the tendencies of his mind or from personal necessity, Silva Xavier traversed the interior of Minas, while at the same time following the business of itinerant merchant. He extended his journeys as far as São Salvador da Bahia, where he was able to acquaint himself with the intellectual situation at the time. There he learned of the democratic tendency that had begun to disturb France and there he was informed of the political movement in the United States that terminated in the independence of that country.

To these intellectual and material circumstances were united his moral qualities. Tiradentes possessed an ardent, passionate, vibrating soul; he was sincere, loyal, courageous and devout. To his devotion to the weak, eloquent testimony is borne by the fact that he was imprisoned in Villas Novas for having tried to prevent the punishment of a slave.

Finally, in contradiction of the courtly legend that presented the great patriot as an extravagant, crack-brained, gruesome figure, we have the authentic testimony of three persons worthy of belief. One of them, Dona Ignacia Simplicia de Souza, who was eighty-five years old in 1862, and who knew him personally, declared—in addition to other information that she gave—that *Tiradentes was a handsome man*. Another, Canon Joaquim Camillo de Brito, affirmed that Canon Rodrigues de Costra, who was one of the conspirators, had said repeatedly that *Xavier was an attractive fellow*. Finally, Captain Antonio Dias Barbosa gave this information, which was published in the *Correio Mercantil* of May 9 1860:

Many troops formed, with a great concourse of people; at midday came the sufferer, whom I knew personally, and on whose face shone resignation and courage: he was of medium stature, he had light hair and he was of a good appearance.<sup>6</sup>

Now that we can reconstruct, although obscurely, the image of the hero, and just as he was in reality, let us accompany him in his rapid ascent to glory and immortality.

After the troublous life that he had led at the beginning, Silva Xavier followed the career of arms, rising to the grade of ensign of the first regiment of dragoons. In this position he always distinguished himself by the correctness of his conduct and the exactness with which he discharged his military duties, carrying out with promptness and gallantry the most dangerous orders. In the meantime, he was the victim of frequent injustices, being pushed aside in promotions by those that depended on favoritism and the patronage of their superiors. So that, owing to the direct knowledge he possessed of the condition of the colony; to the oppression of which he beheld his fellow-citizens to be victims; to the extortions of which all complained; in short, to the vexations to which the Brazilians were subjected—vexations that he himself had experienced—it was impossible that the collective longing for political emancipation should fail to assume form in his brain. In that ardent soul, refined

<sup>6</sup>José Feliciano: *Tiradentes e a educação cívica*, 1907.

by the breath of torture, it would be impossible that the voice of the oppressed and the cries of those that had been sacrificed to the ideal of liberty should not come like an echo or distant clamor.

Tiradentes became transfigured when he spoke of the oppressed people, when he spoke of his despised and outraged country. At that moment his eloquent voice assumed moving tones, his face lighted up, his eyes gleamed and burning tears flowed copiously from his eyes.<sup>7</sup>

Discontented with the injustices that he had suffered in the military life, he asked leave, and he devoted himself to mining, in which he did not succeed. He next went to Rio and presented to the viceroy the projects of which we have already spoken.

At that time arrived from France a young man of Minas, Doctor José Alves Macial. It was in September, 1788. Tiradentes went to visit him. The recently arrived youth informed the great patriot of the European situation, now deeply stirred by liberal ideas, which in the following year were to loose over France the terrible storm, the most fateful and indispensable that ever renewed the face of the world. He told him also of the recently acquired freedom of the United States, and of the steps that had been taken by José Joaquim de Maia and other Brazilian students with Jefferson, the representative of that republic in France, with a view to obtaining for the independence of Brazil the support of the United States. All this information fell like live sparks into the soul of Tiradentes, giving fervor to the ideas that were leading him on.

When he returned to Ouro Preto, he intensified his propaganda, transmitting with the ardor of an apostle and with the temerity of a visionary the evangel of the redemption of the patria. These designs were now the object of the cogitations of a group of jurists and poets in the literary gatherings that brought them together frequently. Thence was formed the conspiracy that grew in breadth and in consistency. Valuable elements lent their adherence to it. Among them were priests,

merchants, miners, even the governor of the fortress, Lieutenant-Colonel Francisco de Paula Freire de Andrade. Finally a fortunate opportunity presented itself to the revolutionaries. The Viscount de Barbacena, who had just reached Ouro Preto, urged the obligation of appeal to taxation for the executive collection of the duty of the fifth, then in arrears. This duty amounted in 1778 to the fabulous sum of 539 *arrobas* of gold. The people, who could not meet so great a demand, considered it an extortion. They must revolt; the revolutionary movement therefore had come. A final meeting was then held between the conspirators, in which the plan of the revolution was entirely agreed upon, and the part that each one was to play at every moment was distributed. To Tiradentes—as was reasonable—fell the most dangerous and important act; in accord with the plans agreed upon, he went to Rio de Janeiro, for the purpose of seeking the adherence of the capital to the projected movement; just as did Father Corrêa de Toledo, a native of Taubaté, to obtain the support of São Paulo.

At the same time, however, a miserable, contemptible, vile delegation, headed by Joaquim Silverio dos Reis, carried to the Viscount de Barbacena the news of the movement planned and the names of all the conspirators. The rest you know. The governor suspended the taxes; and the conspirators, imprisoned and thrust into chains, were taken to the capital of the colony. Tiradentes, who was in Rio, attempted to escape the wrath of the viceroy by taking refuge under shelter of his devoted friends. He was discovered by an act of treachery and taken to prison with a great show of force (April 10, 1789). The trial was then opened and it continued until April, 1791.

As soon as the prisons were filled, the authorities immediately began the examination, which lasted for about three years; and it is not necessary to tell you, since it would be long and wearisome, of that painful test imposed on the prisoners for the frightful crime of having dreamed of national independence. I shall say merely—and with profound sadness—that all succumbed in that terrible trial. It was a

<sup>7</sup>*Memoria historica do bi-centenario de Ouro Preto, "A inconfidencia mineira."*

tremendous shipwreck of characters, in which the criminals denied their coparticipation in the movement. They contradicted themselves, they mutually accused one another, they tore their hair, and they went so far as to grovel at the feet of the officers, imploring their pardon. Just two figures saved human dignity in that doleful episode: Father Corrêa de Toledo, who confessed without circumlocution to his participation in the conspiracy; and Tiradentes, who showed on all occasions, at every stage of this lugubrious tragedy, the temper of an adamant soul, the boldness of a Spartan, the impassiveness of a stoic and the lofty serenity of a Savonarola. He was subjected in those long and interminable years of life in a dungeon to eleven extended and minute interrogatories. In the first three, he confined himself to a simple and serene negative. Beholding, however, the conduct of his prison companions, he set forth frankly and without more ado his republican ideas, the propaganda that he had made, the part that he had taken in the plot, but without incriminating any one, without retaliating. On the contrary, he took upon himself alone the responsibility of all that had been done, and he sought to defend his companions, including Gonzaga, who was his personal enemy. He preserved the same firmness, the same courage, the same stoicism until the final scene of this painful drama.

On the night of April 17, 1792, the conspirators—to the number of twenty-one—were taken from the prison to the oratory of the public jail. The ministers of the tribunal, who came from Portugal especially for this judicial act, began to draft the *accord* of the sentence, which was read to the prisoners at day-break on the nineteenth. By this sentence were condemned to death no less than eleven of the conspirators; some were absolved; and others were condemned to perpetual degradation or to temporary exile on the coasts of Africa.

When, on the morning of that day, the terrible news flashed with the rapidity of lightning through the city of Rio de Janeiro, the consternation was general and indescribable. Of course! Never had been

witnessed in Rio such a spectacle; never within the memory of men had there been such an effusion of blood, so barbarous a slaughter. The following day an enormous gibbet—sinister and of unusual height—began to rise, threateningly and terrifyingly, in the fields of Lampadosa. The hours sped, and the public consternation increased. The executions were soon to take place.

Yet, hark! An order of the tribunal commands that those that are under sentence of death be again assembled in the oratory of the public jail. There, after the conventual mass, the judge of the tribunal reads to the conspirators a royal letter in which Dona Maria I authorizes the tribunal to soften the fate of the accused; and by virtue of this authorization, the court changes its sentence, commuting the penalty of ten of the condemned to perpetual degradation in Africa. Only Tiradentes, as the ostensible and recognized head of the projected rebellion, is to suffer capital punishment.

The scene that followed this declaration was indescribable, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses. Like corpses snatched from the tomb, feeling the intense joy of persons just restored to life, the condemned uttered cries, laughed, embraced one another, as the irons were removed from them; and in the midst of this striking picture, this atmosphere of tumult and joy, only one man remained in a corner, bent under the weight of shackles and fetters. It was Tiradentes.

As the propitiatory victim, who was to be immolated on the altar of the patria, he showed at this decisive moment that he was worthy of the benedictions of posterity and of the glory that was to hallow his name. From the spot where he stood he joyfully congratulated his companions, smiling at them compassionately and saying that he felt happy to die alone, without the sorrow of dragging them with him to the gallows.

The new tidings spread with the same rapidity as the first, and the effect they produced in the minds of the awestricken crowd must have been remarkable. A sense of relief replaced the unbearable torture that oppressed every one; and in this

state of momentary excitement, in this unexpected tumult of mind, took place what was to be expected: the people gave themselves up to noisy demonstrations of joy, which the clemency of the tribunal had awakened in them. It is true that there was still to be a victim, but what did this matter, if ten Brazilians were absolved, and the one that was going to die—not even this was certain?

The proceedings of the tribunal were addressed to just this object. It knew already that it was going to apply the last pain to only one of the conspirators, who was the chief or head of the plot. However, in order that this act might not arouse protest, but, on the other hand, provoke manifestations of applause, as if conducting to the interests of the mother-country, it prepared all that hypocritical scene of calculated and deceitful severity. It ordered the gatherings in the oratory of the jail, funereally decorated with black; it announced the condemnation of the twelve prisoners, in order, at once, to produce a letter that it had had in its possession eighteen months, as if it had been received at the moment, in order to limit the application of the death penalty to a single man! Unfortunately, we can not overlook it that the Catholic clergy of the time lent the aid of religion to serve the deceitfully Machiavellian purposes of the Portuguese government: there were showily funereal masses to terrify, sermons laudatory of the official act, and a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving.

On the following day, which was Saturday, the martyrdom of Tiradentes was consummated. The government made a great effort to surround with all possible pomp, to attach all the signs of a public rejoicing to, that execution, which was to serve as a lesson to the people, as an example of the fate that awaited all that might be inclined to embark on the same daring undertaking.

The departure of ships was prohibited; in the capital, there was an excessive movement of troops in all directions. The streets along which the condemned prisoner was to pass were showily decorated, as if it were a day of great public festivity; and

the *carioca*<sup>8</sup> multitude, in spite of the repulsion aroused by all effusion of blood, acted as if it had fallen in with the designs of the government to a certain extent. It is hard to have to say so, but we may well be surprised, senhores, that, after the acts of calculated preparation, which we have described psychologically, there should not be in the population of Rio at least one movement of sympathy for the Brazilian that was about to die, or one look of repulsion and reprobation at that display of force. There was not, however; and the government could thus execute with a free hand and with clever hardness its terroristic plan of consummating in the public square itself, in the heart of the city and in the presence of the stupefied multitude, a sentence of death, which it was the custom to execute in secret, far from the terrorized gaze of the public.

Indeed, on that festive Saturday, in the light of the radiant sun, from the public jail came the funeral procession that brought forth the glorious Brazilian by force. With the same heroic resignation, with the same Spartan firmness, he submitted to all the preparations of that terrible solemnity, requesting only that they hasten the execution, that they shorten his martyrdom. That you may understand how he was heeded in this request, it is sufficient to tell you that the procession took almost three hours to go the length of the road that is to-day the Rua da Assembléa and the Rua da Carioca. After Tiradentes reached the site of the gallows, he still had to endure the sermon with which a priest, Frei José de Desterro, prolonged his martyrdom.

Thus, serene, resigned, imposing, as if taking off for his flight to glory, dropped from above that august figure, which remained suspended from the arm of the gallows between heaven and earth.

### III

#### EFFUSION

**T**HY Martyrdom was consummated, Tiradentes! After three years of incomparable suffering in the somber dun-

<sup>8</sup>The feminine form of *carioca*, an adjective and substantive whose origin has not been made clear to us, and which designates an inhabitant of Rio de

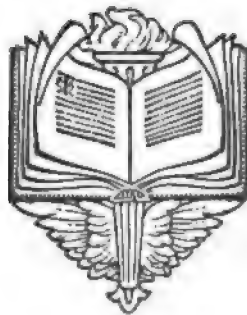
geons; after those interminable, exhausting examinations, those confrontations in which thou didst affirm the enduring quality of thy faith, in which thou didst not defile thyself, even in the slightest, thou wast finally delivered to the judicial wrath of the executioner! Thou didst expose thyself to the mockery of the public. Royalty saw in thee not a criminal that was about to pay in the ignominy of the gallows the crimes that he had committed, but an instrument of vengeance against aspirations of national independence, an expiatory victim that had to pay in behalf of the Brazilian people the crime of dreaming of political liberty! What matters it! Thence thou didst begin to lead a mighty existence, a more intense, a more fruitful one; thou beganest to live in the heart and in the spirit of successive generations! Ah! Never wast thou so terrible, so revolutionary, so dangerous, to the interests of the mother-country as thenceforth. Thou didst dream of breaking the political bonds that bound us to Portugal. Thou didst seek to make Brazil independent and to change her into a republic. From the hour of the gallows thou didst become a patriarch of republicans, the invisible leader that has stirred all to fight a good fight. Thou didst stand beside the immortal phalanx which, in 1814—that is, hardly

Janeiro or what pertains to or is characteristic of this city; it is sometimes used in the sense of "creole."—THE EDITOR.

twenty-five years after thy martyrdom—proclaimed the premature republic of Pernambuco, so cruelly suffocated in blood! In 1822 thou didst guide the strength and the wisdom of the great statesman Andrada, who accomplished the first part of thy task: the political separation of Brazil. Afterward thou didst direct in 1824 the action of the patriots that proclaimed the republic of Ecuador. It was still thy gigantic countenance that exalted the minds of Bento Gonçalves and the legionaries of the republic of Piratinim. Thy influence, however, doubled, intensified, grew, beginning in 1870 with the foundation of the republican party. At every moment thou wast remembered in party meetings and consultations; it was thy flaming word which, through the mouths of patriots, convulsively stirred the multitudes in the speeches of the public square and caused the hearers of the addresses to burn with enthusiasm.

Therefore thy glorious figure, thy image, revived, like a throb of joy, in the souls of patriots when at the dawn of day on November 15 was proclaimed the republic of Brazil. Completed is the task that ravished thy soul at school. From that moment, thy incomparable figure was united for ever with the images of José Bonifacio and Benjamin Constant!

Hail, tutelary numen of the Brazilian nation! Hail, Tiradentes!





# THE POLICEMAN'S DOG<sup>1</sup>

BY

ALBERTO F. PEZZI

The sentimental history of a philosophical and patriotic cur.—THE EDITOR

TO INTRODUCE myself to the readers of *La Nación*, it is unnecessary to make once more an explicit declaration of my humble canine character, my absolute lack of aspirations and my proverbial modesty, since, by merely remarking that I am a dog, all this would be said and much more. As, however, man's ridiculousness has taken a fancy to classify us in races and types, and as his ingratitude and injustice have excluded me from the former and disqualified me for the latter, I, who am not from Newfoundland or Saint Bernard or Pomerania; I, who have neither country nor race nor lineage, wish to proclaim, nevertheless, in the face of the whole world, the glory of my apostolate, and to vindicate the effectiveness of my race and the tangibility of my high designs.

I am the policeman's dog. My fate is to be at his feet; and I live happily.

Of my past I recall hardly more than the stirring memory of the tin cans that the urchins tied to my tail; I lack then parchments to honor me with a long line of illustrious ancestors; and, as I am lopsided and bench-legged, and my back is mottled with spots of different sizes, and I have a broken ear and watery eyes, I therefore do not hope to have recourse to an advantageous marriage to improve my social condition.

I entertain no hope of it, because, among dogs, social relations are different from what they are among men. My readers—and even those that do not read me—must know already of a thousand cases of unequal marriages in which, thanks to the fortune of some bourgeois, the daughter of a noble family puts away all her pride, and of an equal number in which the splendor

of the jewels and the magnificence of the clothes diverted attention from the humbleness of the bride.

Female dogs, since they have no prejudices or ambitions, possess an advantage over ladies, in that they can permit themselves the luxury of choosing from among their swains the one that pleases them most; and if their ethics is better than women's, their esthetics is infinitely superior. This is an eighteen-carat truth, and it gains weight from the circumstance that it is uttered by one who, because he is a cur, bench-legged and ordinary, has wandered through this dog's life without finding a partner that might welcome him to her caresses.

My first love therefore has been the policeman of the corner; and you can not imagine, my readers, how I have constituted myself his inseparable companion, after having sworn eternal fidelity to him.

It cost me infinite thought to understand who that curious personage could be that passed the hours standing on the corner and who, every little while, took from his pocket an apparatus of metal, blew in it and produced a strange sound.

The personage had seemed to me to be singular in the extreme; and, as my occupations were not many, I set myself to observe him; and from the sidewalk in front my watery eyes followed him for several hours on his monotonous beat from one corner to the other.

Yet from my examination I was unable to draw any conclusion, and I was just beginning to lose heart in my undertaking when a vagabond dog that ate every morning from a garbage box in front of a fine house came to my aid by explaining to me that what I had seen was called a policeman, and what he blew, some called a fife and others simply a whistle, and that the mission of the personage that attracted my attention so much was to await the arrival of the sergeant.

<sup>1</sup>The original is illustrated with a picture of the protagonist: a lackadaisical, common-place, somewhat subdued dog, whose attitude suggests, at one and the same time, a willingness to placate and doubt as to success in the effort.—THE EDITOR.

Entering into details, my friend added that he had heard a story of a policeman that prevented, on a certain occasion, some rascals from abusing a dog of the neighborhood. This circumstance at once drew me to the fellow, and, resolved to be his friend, I went to take my stand again at the place that had served me the afternoon before as a lookout.

The policeman promenaded slowly, with the martial and impressive air that only those can preserve that have a vocation for their great duties and a full understanding of their lofty destiny.

It is clear that, in the presence of the magnitude of his splendor, I was not one to feel small because of the slight attention he seemed to pay to my insignificance.

However, at the end of many goings and comings, he got tired of walking, and, taking a few steps toward the sidewalk, he placed one foot on the curb, lowered his arm and let his hand fall upon my dirty, bristly back. That was a strange and at the same time a sweet sensation. I had never received a caress; but, from having dreamed of it so much, I delighted in it as in something with which I was already acquainted. The hair of my back lost its roughness; a sweet tranquillity filled my soul; and two round salt tears trickled down into my mouth.

After that we became inseparable companions. From the little that I heard him say and from the much that I deduced from "personal" observations, I succeeded in gaining a clear idea of the constitution of society, the formation of institutions and the principle of authority.

I sleep during the day on the doorsteps and exactly at twenty<sup>2</sup> o'clock (I have learned to count the time like the managers of the railway) I am off to the beat, which I do not abandon until six.<sup>2</sup>

Beside my lord and master I no longer think of amorous adventures. I have forced myself to be a celibate, sacrificing the impulses of my heart to the dictates of

duty; and thus I should be completely happy, if I were not agitated by a passion. I hate police dogs.

When I see them pass, led by a chain, with shining hair, and pride in their looks, I feel my bristles rise, and my heart thumps against my ribs.

What nonsense to call those delicate and sickly creatures that sleep on pillows and eat biscuits, "police dogs!" What do they know about police ordinances or the blowings of the whistle?

Could they distinguish, perchance, between a case of drunkenness and a scandal in public life or an assault with weapons?

Oh! the eternal injustice of men! It is worth something to behold with what an air of contempt their masters view me, and how, when some Dobermann is minded to approach me, they pull at his chain, as if to say: "Come here; don't go near that cur!"

Nevertheless, I have at my "fingers'" ends the police ordinances; I can distinguish between the cords of the commissary and the aide, and the stripes of the sergeant; and when the policeman has gone to sleep against a tree or when he has not been able to resist the kind invitation of the warehouseman of the corner (who is also a fine chap), I know how to take his place without discredit and to warn him in time, of the approach of his superior or of the patrol of the neighboring beat.

Yet why continue, if my cry is not to be heard? Henceforth I shall behold them pass with Olympian disdain, and I shall wait, trusting in the justice of Heaven, which is slow in coming, but which always comes. In this respect, I cherish a decidedly optimistic philosophy.

I have seen, it is true, many citizens held on simple suspicion, but they have all recovered their liberty in a few days, and not without receiving previously all kinds of explanations and excuses. I trust therefore that my vindication will some time become a reality. When? I know not. It will come, however, and therefore the last days of my life will be passed tranquilly with the solace of an easily obtained pension, or in some asylum for ancient dogs auxiliary to the police, where, as is natural, there will be no place for either a Pinscher Dobermann or a Malinois.

<sup>2</sup>For the benefit of those that have not been initiated into the intricacies (or simplicities) of the Belgian and Argentine railway method of indicating the time of day, it should be explained that, beginning with midnight, the hours run their course, without a midday set-back, from one until twenty-four o'clock; hence the "twenty o'clock" of the text would be eight in the evening, and the "six o'clock" would be six in the morning.—THE EDITOR.

# BARTOLOMÉ MITRE

## HIS INTELLECTUAL PERSONALITY

BY

RICARDO ROJAS

(Conclusion)

This article was begun in the December number of INTER-AMERICA, in which appeared an account of the special number of *La Nación* from which it was taken, with a list of the other articles whose authors paid their tribute to the memory of the distinguished Argentine on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of his birth.—THE EDITOR.

### VI

#### LITERARY CRITICISM

THERE has been much dispute as to the merit of Mitre's verses. He has one poem, *El inválido*, that has been honored with a place in all the anthologies and the censure of not a little gossip; but those that criticize it have forgotten that Mitre was but sixteen years old when he wrote it, and that, nevertheless, he must have interpreted the popular sensibility, since these verses have been learned by heart by three generations. Besides, the muse of Florencio Varela soared no higher, nor that of Rivera Indarte, nor is it by this popular song of an adolescent soldier that we ought to judge Mitre as a thinker. When Echeverría alluded to the "manly frankness of the movements of his muse," and to a certain timbre of his martial voice, which reminds us of the vigorous tones of other civic poets of antiquity, his eulogy seems to find justification in one or another well done stanza, such as this, from one of his civic odes:

*¿Quién es el vil que ríe, canta y danza  
Cuando el lamento de la patria suena,  
A sus hijos llamando a la venganza?  
Y si el cañón de la batalla truena,  
¿Quién el torpe que el miedo no sacude  
Y al grito ronco del honor no acude?*<sup>29</sup>

<sup>29</sup> Who is the churl that laughs and sings and dances,  
When sounds the lamentation of the country,  
Summoning all her children to avenge her?  
And if the martial cannon vents its thunder,  
Who the craven that does not shed his terror  
And hasten to the strident call of honor?—THE EDITOR.

If it was not, indeed, the hendecasyllable of the odes, it was the simple octosyllable of the ballads that lent to his voice the proper and easy rhythm for some narrative of battle:

*En la inmediata cuchilla  
Un relámpago de fuego  
Brilló, rugiendo con furia  
Del cañón al ronco trueno.  
Núñez avanza atrevido  
Con setecientos guerreros,  
Blandiendo lanza potente.  
Montado en tordillo negro,  
Es imponente su marcha,  
Y por su rostro moreno,  
El entusiasmo asomaba  
Como en la noche un reflejo.  
Al marchar de sus campeones,  
Al relumbrar de sus hierros,  
Y al tremolar su estandarte  
Los enemigos buyeron.  
Los libres, en vez de rostros,  
Espaldas tan sólo vieron.<sup>30</sup>*

Not only was the soldier-poet successful in the sobriety of the epic narrative, but at times he let his sentiment flow couched in

<sup>30</sup> Yonder on the crested summit  
Stark a flash of fiery lightning  
Shone out, roaring in its fury  
To the thunder of the cannon.  
Núñez advances with boldness  
With his seven hundred warriors,  
His powerful lance displaying.  
Mounted on a dark gray charger,  
How imposing is his carriage!  
And over his nut-brown features  
Enthusiasm now is shining  
Like a reflection at midnight.  
At the marching of his champions,  
At the gleaming of their sabers,  
At the waving of his standard,  
The enemy fled in terror;  
The freemen, instead of faces,  
Could feast their eyes on backs only.—THE EDITOR.

genuine music, as when he evoked through the recollection of our popular music the vision of the patria, remembered in the wilderness by the homesick poet:

*No suenan en mi oído las dulces vidalitas  
Que en medio de la noche modula el tucumano,  
Ni los sentidos tristes que repite el riojano,  
Ni el alegre cielito que el porteño hace oír,  
Cantares de mi patria, al abrir yo mis ojos  
Susurrabais suaves a la par de mi cuna.  
Y vuestro eco inefable en las noches de luna  
Es música del alma que el alma sabe oír.<sup>21</sup>*

That frequently happened in Mitre's verses which also occurred in those of Echeverría: rarely did the stanza or poem maintain the same level, with no decline, either in form or inspiration.<sup>22</sup> Whether it was insufficiency of inspiration, the prosaicism of defective taste or the result of a romantic disorderliness due to immaturity, it is unquestionable that our present exacting taste encounters faults in prosody and composition that could easily have been avoided. It is perhaps owing to this that certain of the poems in popular style, such as *Armonías de la pampa*, or certain translations, such as Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, or certain

<sup>21</sup>No longer in my ears sound dulcet *vidalitas*  
By the son of Tucumán at midnight modulated,  
Nor the touching *tristes* repeated by the Riojan,  
Nor the Bonaerensian's gleeful *cielito*.  
Songs of my country, as mine eyes I open,  
You murmur softly to my cradle's rocking,  
And your ineffable echo by moonlight  
Is music for the soul to which it harkens.—THE EDITOR.

*Vidalitas* are Argentine folk-songs, composed typically of hexasyllabic verses, like the *tristes*, *yarávies* and *cielitos*, and of a sad and sentimental character. For discussion and specimens of music and verses, see *Historia de la literatura argentina*, by Ricardo Rojas, volume i, pages 198 and following.—THE EDITOR.

*Rimas*: "Recuerdos de Buenos Aires."—The Mitres left the capital for Patagonia in 1821, Bartolomé recently born. It is not known when they returned, but by 1839 they were in Montevideo. Mitre is very sparing in the recollections of his infancy and youth, and consequently the chronology prior to 1839 is difficult.

<sup>22</sup>The composition, *Noches de diciembre*, *Rimas*, page 270, was included as if by Echeverría in his *Obras completas*, volume iii, page 362. This error of Gutierrez's was corrected by him in volume iv, page lxxvii, with these words: "The first literary efforts [of Mitre] showed the influence of the master, and he succeeded at times in imitating him so closely in light compositions, that we improve this occasion to return to him the proprietorship of the poem entitled: *Noches de diciembre*, which by mistake we attributed to Echeverría."

short pieces, such as the sonnet *A la América*, should be the ones that can occupy a place in an anthology with less difficulty. The sonnet was not a form much cultivated by the romantics (nor of great inspiration among the colonials); hence the one that I have just mentioned is worthy to be transcribed here as an example:

*Por las fieras hambrientas perseguido  
Cruza indómito potro las llanuras,  
Y amarrado con fuertes ligaduras  
En sus bombros Mazeppa va tendido.*

*Por la carrera al fin desvanecido  
El bruto cae sobre las breñas duras,  
Y libre de sus recias aladuras  
Mazeppa se levanta rey ungido.*

*Así América gime entre cordeles  
Al rudo potro colonial atada,  
Seguido por jauría de lebreles;*

*Y exánime y sangrienta y lacerada,  
Corre, cae, se levanta y de laureles  
Resplandece su frente coronada.<sup>23</sup>*

Shortly after he returned to his country, Mitre collected his verses of exile, and, with the title of *Rimas*, he gave them to the world by means of the press of Casavalle (Buenos Aires, 1854.) The artilleryman that fought against Rosas was fighting now against Urquiza, and he was, besides, a leader, legislator and journalist. In the midst of his new responsibilities as a man of action he wished to give public proof of his undiminished love of poetry. He placed, as an epigraph to the volume, a thought of Schiller's, in which he said he did not seek the glory of remote posterity with his songs, but that he sought the noble echo of contemporary hearts: an echo as fleeting as the emotions whence they sprang. If he sought only this, we must confess that he obtained it, for a few years later he

<sup>23</sup>Pursued by the hungry wild beasts,  
An untamable colt crosses the plains,  
And, bound with strong fetters,  
On his withers rides Mazeppa outspread,  
But at length, the wild career ended,  
The brute upon the hard crags drops prone,  
And, freed of his strong bonds,  
Rises Mazeppa an anointed king.  
Thus amid shackles groans America,  
Lashed to the wild colonial colt,  
Followed by a band of greyhounds;  
And, exhausted and wounded and bloody,  
She runs, falls, rises, and with laurels  
Her forehead is crowned resplendent.—THE EDITOR.

republished the volume, and the readers of his period repeated the eulogy that Echeverría had written ten years earlier.

## VII

### THE "DEFENSE OF POETRY"

THE notes and prologue of the *Rimas* are documents of great value in our literary history. The prologue is a letter dedicated to Sarmiento, in which he combats the aversion that the author of *Facundo* confesses for verse.

In *Páginas literarias*<sup>34</sup> Sarmiento makes this confession regarding another book of verse:

This collection of verses comes dedicated to General Sarmiento, who, according to common knowledge, is but little inclined to poetry. Rimed poetry has always seemed to us a *perfection* of the present age; for ideal beauty is disinclined to enter those molds and little boxes that are called verses, without having to shrink and lose its forms in order not to exceed or at least fill the space with little pads, that the idea may not be left like a loose tooth dancing in a socket too big for it. It is a notable fact that the great modern poets—Lamartine, Victor Hugo—cease to be versifiers when they descend to the great lists of public life, which proves that these forms are too strait for modern, practical, extensive, popular thought, in form and in substance. From the versifiers—which are hundreds—to the poet, who is *rara avis*, there is a long stretch, and in this respect many are the called and few the chosen. Only on one side does the exercise of versification appear wholesome, and it is that when this constriction of the spirit is produced by words, the student learns to manage his language, to make the sense precise and to arrange the words symmetrically, until he adjusts them exactly to measure, as the type-setter does with spaces. It might be said that what is learned is the art of writing, for thought is superfluous or it comes in advance, taking form to fit into the receptacles that have been assigned to it.

No less disinclined than Sarmiento to imaginative literature was Alberdi. The two thinkers that exercised most influence on Argentine culture were, in reality, proclaimers of utilitarian progress. Over against their teaching rises that of Mitre and Gutiérrez, informed with a more complete and noble conception of civic life, whose crown is in the glory of art.

<sup>34</sup>*Obras*, volume xlvi, page 192.

In his *Rimas*, Mitre made an impassioned "defense of poetry" by showing its influence on civilization. In those days in which Sarmiento and Alberdi heralded economic and material progress as the enterprise of the new republic, Mitre's *Rimas*, with his prologue and his notes, was a reputable affirmation that poets also were needed by the new republic.

Mitre's vocation for letters manifested itself very early, with that poem of 1838, *No tengo un nombre*, whose title reminds us of the celebrated phrase of La Bruyère: "It is very easy to have a name; the difficulty is to make it for one's self." Mitre proposed to make one of his own, and from that time he worked with persistence, showing an assimilative curiosity and capacity as varied as tenacious. In pure letters, which were the first form of his vocation, he cultivated, besides lyric poetry, the novel, with *Soledad* (Solitude) and *El botón de rosa* (The Rosebud); the drama, with *Las cuatro épocas* and *Policarpa Salavarrieta*. Who recalls any longer those remote efforts? Of *El botón de rosa*, it has hardly been possible to find one copy as a museum relic.<sup>35</sup> As to *Soledad*: it is known that it appeared as a *folletín*<sup>36</sup> in *El Comercio de Valparaíso*, in 1848, when Mitre, an exile in Chile, directed that newspaper. Regarding *Policarpa Salavarrieta*, I can only say that it was an historical drama on the death of that heroine of Bogotan liberty, who died in 1817, and who was known also under the name of "la Pola." *Las cuatro épocas* was a drama on a patriotic subject, in six scenes, played for the first time in Montevideo, May 26, 1840, with great success. . . All this, however, was but a youthful effort, and Mitre himself sought to forget it.<sup>37</sup>

After those first essays, there is no in-

<sup>35</sup>The catalogue of the Biblioteca Nacional, volume iii, page 271, says: *Soledad, memoria de un botón de rosa*, as if it were a question of a single work, owing to this miscopying of the title-page of the reprint that was made of the two in a single volume by the Chilean publicist don Pedro Pablo Figueroa, in 1907.

<sup>36</sup>A novel or story, usually serial, printed across the bottom of a newspaper and separated by a line from the rest of the text.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>37</sup>In Alberdi's *Escritos póstumos*, volume xv, page 551, is found an article by Alberdi, published in Montevideo, on *Las cuatro épocas*. According to it the play was a great success, and the friendship of the two patriots was then excellent.

timation that Mitre cultivated the poetic style, except in the indirect form of translation. From his early youth he set about learning European languages, as later he strove to make himself familiar with the native languages of America. His iron will and his admirable memory qualified him for the acquisition of new languages, and he was able to use them in his works of erudition, without abandoning entirely the worship of the muses. Thus he translated some short poems of Hugo, Longfellow, Byron and Gray, and later, Hugo's *Ruy Blas* and the *Odes* of Horace, and, finally, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, in tercets, which, in spite of defects inherent in undertakings of the kind, constitute a formidable monument of literary conscientiousness and intellectual abnegation.

Faithful to his inclinations as a polyglot and proceeding this time in harmony with his sentiments as an historian, he gave himself to the study of our indigenous tongues, until he collected in his private house one of the best libraries of American linguistics. With this material he wrote, when he had already entered upon maturity, his monographs on the Quechua poem *Ollantay*; and others on *El mije*, *El zoque*, *El araucano*, *El allentak* and *El tupí*, besides numerous bibliographical pamphlets on dictionaries and grammars of the Indies, which together constitute that imposing *Catálogo razonado de las lenguas americanas*, published by the Museo Mitre as a posthumous work of the eponymous hero and masterly leader of its valuable linguistic collection. To this same kind of work belongs also his book entitled *Las ruinas de Tiabuanaco*, based on his visit to the region during his stay in Bolivia.

There was in Mitre the youth a poet who, although he abandoned the lyre in maturity, never wholly died in the illustrious man. His quality as a bard animates all the work of the man of thought and that of the man of action, throughout his long career. The man of action, who began as an artilleryman on the battlefield, made himself a statesman and a civic leader. The man of thought, who began as a versifier of the romantic presses, made himself an historian and a scholar in

the things of America. The original language endured in both activities as an harmonious development of the same personality; and the poet of 1838 remained faithful to the muses in the worship of oratory, which is a commentary on his labor as a politician, and in the worship of history, which was the crown of his work as a thinker. The animating numen of eloquence that creates future action, and the animating numen of legend that evokes past action were known through Mitre's genius. Oratory had its muse in antiquity, history also had one; and both—Calliope and Clio—together watched over the leader, down to the days of his glorious old age. So the sacred inspiration of the youthful days persisted in the new forms of his thought and action.

## VIII

### THE MUSES OF THE HERO

MITRE'S discourses began, I may say, with his political activities after Caseros.<sup>38</sup> Improvisations in the public square, reconstituted afterward, debates in the parliament, proclamations in the administration, appeared in newspapers and pamphlets, and they were gathered later, by their author himself, in several volumes and under the single title of *Arengas*, as he himself baptized them. Mitre was not an academic lecturer, but a political tribune, with all the qualities and defects of the period, the environment and the kind of expression. The most of the discourses are interesting as biographies and documents, rather than as literature. Famous in their day were those pronounced against the compact of San Nicolás (1852) and on the constitution of Buenos Aires (1854), the trial of Rosas (1857), the oath before the national constitution (1860), the national guard of Pavón (1862), the war of Paraguay (1868), and on internal policies in 1872, 1883, 1889, 1890 and 1891. Some of these discourses, pronounced in the street or in the parliament, aroused the frenzy of the hearers. There has come down to us the oral tradition of the

<sup>38</sup>A battle fought between the party of patriotism and reconstruction and the tyrant Rosas, in 1852, in which Rosas was finally overthrown.—THE EDITOR.

magnetic effect that his utterances produced on the Bonaerensian multitudes. The manly beauty of the orator, the civic legend that surrounded him and the timbre of his voice completed in him the silhouette of the genuine tribune. Public utterance, however, is fleeting; its adornments, like the flowers of the festivity, wither on the following day. The reader of later days demands, in written discourse, less theatrical expression and more permanent substance. Hence in Mitre's *Arengas* pleasure is derived from other pieces, of more permanence and sobriety, whose themes were race, education, morality or history. Yet, of all Mitre's discourses, the one that remains most fixed as a surpassing model of eloquence, because of the sincerity of its feeling, the greatness of its ideas, the austerity of its form and the prestige of the occasion, is his *Oración del jubileo* (1901), a sacerdotal prayer of mysterious beauty, such as it has seldom been given to the patriarch of a people to pronounce.<sup>39</sup>

If so many of Mitre's discourses belonged more to action than to literature, there are others that are closer to history than to politics. It was in funeral orations, or those pronounced in apotheosizing eminent personages, that the tribune gave way to the historian. Paz, Brown, San Martín, Mármod, Valentín Alsina, Juan Carlos Gómez, Elizalde, Rawson, Gambetta, Garibaldi, were glorified by his word at the burial or repatriation of their ashes or at the unveiling of their monuments.<sup>40</sup>

The two predilect muses of the author seem then to have blended in a graver rhythm, different from that of the fiery speech that electrified his young partizans in the public square or that took the heart out of his old enemies in the parliament.

It is, however, in the realm of history

<sup>39</sup>Of the *Arengas*, there was an edition in 1875; another in 1889, augmented; and another, complete, that of *La Nación*, in 1902. The last contains the discourses from 1848 until 1902, in three volumes.

<sup>40</sup>In the Museo Mitre may be seen a "Biografía de Simón Bolívar," an article from the *Encyclopédie Nouvelle*, written by Reynaud and translated into Spanish by Bartolomé Mitre for his friend Andrés Balmes in 1845. It is a manuscript autographed by Mitre, with his rubric, but unpublished. It was one of Mitre's first intellectual works, and it is a sheaf of manuscript of more than fifty pages.

that Mitre's work is destined to survive with greater solidity and prestige. We have already seen that history—according to Echeverría—was also the object of his first vocation. It was so during his whole life, and it received his greatest efforts, with a fruitage that might well have filled him with pride. He composed brief biographies of Rivera Indarte and Lavalle, anecdotes of Las Heras in Chile, and of San Martín in Guayaquil, martial scenes on land and sea, silhouettes of obscure heroes like Falucho and Cabral, bibliographical notes on the origin of the printing-press in America and the first colonial chronicles, polemics on the war of independence; but his principal works are *Historia de San Martín y de la emancipación americana*, *Historia de Belgrano y de la independencia argentina* and *Comprobaciones históricas*, which together constitute a single monument to the revolution in our country. Hence because of these books Mitre is rightly considered the founder of our patriotic history.<sup>41</sup>

Mitre's work as the historian of the Argentine revolution and the biographer of its heroes could be rectified and surpassed, as is always the case with historical works, and as he himself foresaw; but for several generations the traveler through the national traditions will have that monument as a landmark. The cleverness of the theory in its great lines, the abundance of printed and inedited materials that he brought together, the clarity of his method, the sincerity of his judgment,

<sup>41</sup>When Mitre's book appeared in 1856, Sarmiento wrote in *Los debates*: "The *Historia de Belgrano* is therefore the restoration of a monument now half buried beneath the shifting sands driven by the *pampero*; and the merit of the author of the *Historia* lies in his having returned to the admiration of his contemporaries the most inimitable of the good models.

"The history of Belgrano comes to-day like a symbol of what the people wished and hoped for in respect of him while he lived; the society of to-day is resolved to continue the work from where he left it, now that calm has fallen over the whirlwind that buried his army and disorganized the 'united provinces,' and that the rule of kings, as an object of execration, has been succeeded by the expulsion of the partizan leaders, in the great purposes of the period.

"Everything in the present epoch is similar to the epoch of Belgrano, and every one feels himself to be an artificer of the same work that filled all the days of the life of that simple and good citizen."—Sarmiento: *Obras*, volume xlv, page 383, article on Mitre's book.

the disinterestedness of his effort, the masterliness of his doctrine, will be admired throughout all time. Mitre, unaided, accomplished the titanic work that has been achieved in other countries by the collaboration of academies for several generations; and, although his personal prestige, his political experience, his long life and his staunch health may have favored him and contributed to explain the magnitude of his effort, there will always remain in him that mysterious something that is not to be achieved save by genius, a sort of familiar demon that accompanies the true historian in the unusual discovery or inspires him in the fortunate evocation. Therefore was history, in its origin, a branch of the epic.

The muses of his youth continued, as may be seen, to inspire his work, although he abandoned verse for prose, and although he left the intimate themes of amatory song to devote himself to those others, in which also he was a bard, since it was a question of a civic priesthood amid a nascent people.

## IX

### THE POLEMIC ON HISTORY

OF ALL our literary polemics, two have left a more durable memory in our intellectual spheres: Sarmiento's polemic with Alberdi, regarding the policy of the national organization (1852-1853), and that of Mitre with don Vicente Fidel López, regarding the history of American emancipation (1881-1882). Because of the lofty stature of these contenders, because of the importance of the themes debated, because of the voluminous works to which they gave rise, these two polemics will be remembered perpetually in the tradition of Argentine culture; but Sarmiento's *Las ciento y una*, and Alberdi's *Cartas sobre la prensa*—the latter the outgrowth of the former—are bitter books of personal rancor; while Mitre's *Comprobaciones históricas* and López's *Debate histórico*—the former the result of the latter—are more ample and serene books, although not on this account exempt from that slight touch of passion that is left by *amour propre*—the *granum salis* of ridicule

and irony—in the strong flavor of these polemics. It was because Alberdi and Sarmiento debated, after Caseros, a theme that concerned their respective destinies in the politics of the Plata: a grave occasion in which both belittled themselves by exaggerating in their aggressiveness what was personal. Not so in the case of Mitre and López who, in debating a retrospective theme of philosophical interest to all America, both increased their stature to the extent that they were able to illustrate it. Which of the two defended the truth more generously, and which was better able to keep to the platonic domains of pure intelligence is something that our studious reader will judge for himself.

The *Comprobaciones* began to be published in the *Nueva Revista de Buenos Aires*, directed by don Vicente G. Quesada. Only the first section had appeared in the number of August (page 244) when that of October (volume I, page 242) announced that the work would be continued in *La Nación*, a daily of Mitre's. On September 1, 1881, *La Nación* gave notice of this change, in more or less the same words that served afterward as a prologue to the work, when its chapters were gathered in a volume. By the middle of December, 1881, this work was already put into circulation, since the *Nueva Revista* of that month published the pertinent bibliographical information. The publication of it in *La Nación* had extended over a little more than two weeks. To accelerate the speed, Mitre must have taken it from the *Revista* in which the first section was published in August, and have decided in favor of his own daily; for if he had continued it in the former, a longer time would have been needed, with too great intervals for a work of this character. Published in a daily, the work gained in vividness and timeliness. A more extensive public took an interest in it; and for this public its chapters were gathered in the volume already mentioned. In the meantime, López had begun in *El Nacional* his *Rectificaciones*, which a few months later also went to form two large volumes under the general title given above.

López's refutation was in turn answered by Mitre in a new book, which, in its



original form, was entitled *Nuevas comprobaciones*, et cetera,<sup>42</sup> but that same year the recent volume, united with the earlier one, was republished in a definitive form with the general title of *Comprobaciones históricas, Primera parte y Segunda parte*, corresponding to the two books mentioned. Nothing in the text was modified in the reprint. On the contrary, I think that the very type of the second was utilized, with the sole variation of the covers. To this reprint, however, Mitre added a general analytical index, corresponding to both volumes, in order to recast all the materials in the essential unity of one theme and one purpose. This index was placed at the beginning of the first part (volume I), preceded by a prologue in which the author explained the work. Mitre sought to accentuate thus the doctrinal character of his work, and the importance that he attached to it, less fugitive than that of a simple polemic.

In this debate was discussed the objective definition of certain "facts" of our history, whose truth was proven by documents; but there was discussion also of the criterion with which one ought to address himself to the interpretation of these "facts." The Colonia del Sacramento, Governor Garro, the treaty of 1850, the policy of the Braganças and Bourbons in America, ships of register, the colonial censuses of Buenos Aires, the English invasions, the actors in them and the plan of attack, the conspiracy of Alcaza, Liniers, and Napoleonic influence on the Plata, the royal oaths, the *junta* of Montevideo, et cetera: such were the concrete questions debated by the two historians in the first tilt. In the second—that is, in the *Rectificaciones* of López and the *Nuevas comprobaciones* of Mitre—the field of discussion became still more ample. The events of the English invasion were more clearly defined, above all, in respect of the attack on Santo Domingo; the ideas of the revolution of May were treated more seriously; the personality of San Martín and his liberative campaigns in America were then brought into the discussion by both historians. This general conception of history, the value of our documentary sources, the method in which archives ought to be in-

vestigated and the testimonies of our past considered: all this was equally clarified, from it issuing not only the "truth," substantiated by the "facts," but a general notion of our historical method.

I do not need therefore to tell the reader that these books do not minister to the sporting and vulgar pleasure of a simple personal encounter between eminent men, but they were, on the contrary, a definitive lesson in intellectual probity and love for the patria, which remains for us as the fruit of that discussion itself. Therefore, without denying the biographical value of this episode—both in the life of Mitre and in that of López—I think the essential of this polemic was not, as in other polemics, the debate itself, but the things that were discussed in it. We could recall other occurrences of the kind in which the motives of the encounter were forgotten, and only the protagonists and their weapons were beheld: the young bodies showed the joy of battle, delicate and quivering as rapiers; the spring was agile, the stroke improvised, the guard elegant; epigram sparkled, ridicule budded, sarcasm slashed; everything was concentrated on the martial and stirring spectacle; it might be said—looking on—that rancor has its dialectics and revenge its esthetics.

Something of all this there was in the set-to between Sarmiento and Alberdi, but the tilt between Mitre and López was not like the one that took place between Sarmiento and Alberdi. Let it be sufficient to recall that it sprang from the challenge of a book, and the offended one took up the gauntlet in another book; for Mitre wrote more than four hundred pages for his *Comprobaciones*. His adversary answered him with eight hundred; and Mitre replied to him with a second volume of four hundred pages. Here you have a characteristic trait of this solemn and grandiose polemic. However rapidly they wrote, the battle assumed a meditative slowness. As in trench warfare, the line was long, the attack was well sustained, and the mechanism difficult; but the spectacle of the ancient pitched battle disappeared between the smoke and the mines, until it really concerned only the technicians of this war and the philosophers of our civilization.

<sup>42</sup>Published by Casavalle, 1882.

Such is the impression that this polemic leaves as a whole, because Mitre and López discussed their persons less than their works; and in defending his *Belgrano*, Mitre succeeded in elevating the discussion—let us say it to his honor—to the intellectual and moral level of a truly scientific polemic.

## X

## ARGENTINE TRADITION

I SHALL say, first, that neither Mitre nor López had reached the height of his respective works when they discussed them, and that the two champions were very jealous, as they were the first occupiers of a field that they found almost virgin.

As I have already recalled, López's *Estudio*, published in the *Revista del Río de la Plata*, and reprinted later by Casavalle with the title of *La revolución argentina*, was not the famous "historical" work that has attained ten volumes, and of which there has remained unpublished—it is said—a third form, corrected and augmented by the author.

It is also known that the *Historia de Belgrano* was published first in 1858 as a simple biography of the great man, in the *Galería de celebridades argentinas*; the second, in 1859, complemented with new documents and with events subsequent to the battle of Tucumán; the third, in 1876-1877, with new amplifications, after the polemic with Vélez; and the fourth edition, the definitive one, in 1887, after the polemic with López. The discussion with López took place, consequently, between the third and the fourth editions. It is worthy of remark that this last edition was notably perfected. Mitre was not guilty of the presumption of supposing that his *Belgrano* (that of 1877)—the source of the discussion—was a perfect work. He considered it a useful work, even in arousing the effort at rectification that its very defects would render necessary. Great, because of their discerning serenity, are the following words with which he judges his own book, in the second part of this polemic:

And so, just as it stands, with all its defects, which we are the first to recognize in it, we be-

lieve this book reflects the internal movement of the Argentine revolution, by following through it the gradual development of the idea of independence, of which Belgrano was, without doubt, one of the first precursors and one of the most illustrious and willing founders; but aware as we are of its organic defects and those of execution, considered as an historical and literary work, we have sought that from this very defectiveness there should result at least some benefit from the history; and with this idea we give to it the consistency of a document, as raw material classified, which others may be able to utilize better, thus saving those that are to come some labor.<sup>43</sup>

Mitre recognized then that his work was vulnerable, especially in its original form prior to 1887, but he did not believe it vulnerable to the weapons of López. Mitre understood the value and the need of criticism, since it vitalizes a book before it is written and complements it after it is written. He censured the trivial benevolence of our environment; but he also censured capricious acridity. He desired objective and just criticism. In history nothing is more necessary, but at the same time nothing is so difficult. It demands in the commentator as much effort as in the author.

Criticism, and, above all, comparative criticism, is proper and necessary as the complement of historical elaboration, and without it its progress would be slow, and the public conscience would not be formed in respect of it save very imperfectly; of all criticism, as we have already said, the best is that of example, accompanied with the comparison of documents studied in the light of a broad and sure judgment, which shall supply solid foundations for the truth demonstrated, shall present it in its true light by reproducing the life of the past and shall cause its actors to move on the great stage of history, illuminated by the light of the time.<sup>44</sup>

Therefore, if he criticized López in the realm of history, he produced his proofs in support of the truth, and he accepted proofs in opposition to his own work, if any one was able to present them; this, however, was not a boastful challenge on his part, but rather a summons to collaboration. Owing to his having delved among so many "sources," he understood how

<sup>43</sup>*Nuevas comprobaciones*, first edition, page 359.

<sup>44</sup>*Ibidem*, page 359.

provisional all truth is, especially historical truth. So it was he who by temperament and by method placed himself in the true philosophical attitude.

López, on the contrary, believed that history ought to be written as *he* conceived it. Stimulated to the task by the historical environment of his patrician home, he became alarmed when he beheld Mitre engaged in the same undertaking, with so different a method. Throbbing with youth and fired with patriotic zeal and literary passion, they had to depend on their own capacities. National historical material was almost virgin; tradition was unwritten and the archives were unexplored. It was necessary to forge the instruments of labor. European example would serve only in part. Everything here was unforeseen or new. The tradition of historical studies in our country was not a pattern for the masters of 1881. The colonial historians had written, as Ruy Díaz de Guzmán had, in an imperialistic sense, or as Father Lozano had, in a theocratic sense; and all, even such laymen as Azara, Leyva and Araujo had preceded independence. Dean Segurola, later, had been, like de Angelis, but a meritorious gatherer of documents, and Dean Funes, a survivor of the colonial period, to such an extreme that his *Ensayo civil* is a rhapsody on the Jesuit chronicles, in its first part, and a discolored sketch of the revolution, in the second. The essays of Varela, Lamas, Domínguez or Alberdi<sup>46</sup> were fragmentary and superficial. Mitre and López, plunged into this new field, each of them filled with his own intellectual dream, came together with the violence or necessity of two opposite temperaments, which, in the domain of the spirit, is, as in space, in contrary directions. Mitre published his *Belgrano* (1859) as a simple biography, converted later into history, as I

have already explained; and López published his *Estudio* (1872) as a simple monograph, changed afterward into an *Historia de la revolución*. When the field of his labors was invaded by methods that he considered mistaken, Mitre did not conceal his opinion, either among the adepts of the historical school, who began to recognize him as leader, or among the intimate friends of López. Thus began at length this polemic, which was important because its authors were able to raise it above the vulgar character of personal animosity, in order to convert it into a tourney of historical criticism, in which were defined themes, sources, methods and judgments regarding the Argentine past and the beginnings of our independence.

## XI

### THE ACADEMIC DEBATE

THE dispute did not degenerate into something unworthy of such authors, although unpleasant memories were mingled with it. On the contrary, Mitre had established for himself chivalrous duties in advance: what was called a "premise of literary urbanity." López, in his *Rectificaciones*, courteously accepted it in these words that gleam from his book like a salute of swords at the beginning of an assault: "It is undeniable that when parliamentary debates and literary polemics are accompanied by urbanity and gallantry on the part of the contestants, the combat is all the nobler in proportion to the measure of respect with which each of the parties shall seek to treat the other, while imposing on him tacitly the same duty" (page 5); and then he added (page 7): "In this debate over history there is a previous consideration: the consideration of urbanity, set as an introduction to his *Comprobaciones* by the señor general don Bartolomé Mitre. It is he that has given a preferred place to this preface regarding the ceremonial that ought to prevail between two gentlemen that find themselves face to face in an historical polemic in which neither the one nor the other has failed in the rules of courtesy by violating them with motiveless attacks." (Nevertheless, there was a moment when the arrows flew back and

<sup>46</sup>Mitre, in the prologue to *Belgrano* (1859), eulogized Alberdi as an historian in this manner: "The revolution of May 25, 1810—the most prominent event in Argentine history—has not been narrated hitherto, with the exception of half a page that was devoted to it by the superficial pen of Dean Funes and of a 'chronicle' in the dramatic style, written by Doctor Juan B. Alberdi, which has at bottom more historical truth than its capricious form would lead to suppose." This opinion persisted at the beginning of the definitive edition of *Belgrano* (1887), that is, several years after the definite rupture between Mitre and Alberdi.

forth, although the dignity of the debate was always preserved).

However much the horizon was broadened and however much the style of the argumentation was elevated, it was impossible that this polemic should be absolutely free from literary vanities and personal passions; and we have already seen who discharged the first poisoned arrows. However, from this personal element sprang not a little of the scientific interest in the polemic, for, since Mitre and López were of contrary temperaments, there resulted two different ways of investigating and of understanding and of writing on the things of the past. One gave heed to oral tradition, to imaginative synthesis, to extemporaneous expression; the other to dispassionate and just expression. They believed themselves to be antagonistic and, naturally, they clashed. Both had just entered—each with his own resources—the unexplored field of those studies. They conceived that they were opposed to each other, but their two points of view were complementary; for, logically, oral tradition is valuable only when documents are lacking or when it rests on them; and imaginative synthesis can only be wrought out of elements that investigation analyzes or describes; and colored expression has no esthetic or scientific value except when it circumscribes or adjectives a substance already established by truth. All this, which is clearly perceived to-day, they could not perceive with equal clarity, since they moved in an environment without precedents of culture; and they fashioned their own creation according to their own temperaments. Once placed in this almost exclusive attitude, Mitre was more logical toward himself, since he was more sincere; and toward his country, since he founded his history on documentary facts. Therefore Mitre's work has turned out to be more solid, and it accomplished all the purposes that its author had in mind.

However, let us give heed to the protagonists themselves, when each expounds his method of conceiving and writing history.

López formulated his profession of faith in this passage from his *Introducción*.

I know not whether this method of developing history by means of the "local color" and the "dramatic resurrection" of the times regarding which one writes will still seem venturesome and strange among us, because of its considerable departure from the method "that others have followed." Yet I must confess that since I was able to read and appreciate the portentous vitality that local color and drama gave to the inimitable history of Thucydides, in ancient times, and, to Thierry, and, above all, to Macaulay, who is, in my opinion, the genius of historians among moderns, I have thought that only thus, in this style, could be written a history that should be "ours," that is, that should bear the stamp of Argentine originality, with its men and its affairs; for otherwise the record of events and dates can yield no other result than a commonplace narrative, inanimate and destitute of all the peculiarities that make us what we are at present and what we shall be in the future, by reason of causes and effects of precisely what we have been in the past. In order that our history may have the importance that it merits in the literature and politics of our times, it is necessary to show it as it has been, that is, as a planet (remote and unknown hitherto, if you will), but which has its own light and its assigned orbit in the solar system of the freest and most highly civilized peoples of the nineteenth century.<sup>47</sup>

Mitre, on the other hand, also formulated his profession of faith in the definitive prologue to *Belgrano*, in which he explained how he accomplished his task:

... lighted on our way by the testimonies of the past as well as by the admonitions of the present, we believe we have discharged it conscientiously by penetrating the true spirit of the men and the value of the things of the period historified, and by seeking to master the totality of them in order to find its correlation, its harmony and its significance, to the end that there may flow from the documents themselves, without preconceived purpose, unity of action, truth of characters, dramatic interest, movement and the coloring of the scenes, and that the philosophical or moral spirit of the book itself may spring from their concrete mass: conditions essential to every historical work, and without which, although it be exact, it will not be true.<sup>48</sup>

This doctrine of Mitre's was unquestion-

<sup>47</sup> *La revolución argentina*, edition of Casavalle, volume 1, page 139.

<sup>48</sup> *Historia de Belgrano*, edition of 1897 (the definitive one), page 63.

ably the prudent one; but the dust raised by the combat clouded the air, which should have remained clear in order that the scientific truth might be recognized. López went to the extreme of confusing the philosophy of history with the process of abstraction and synthesis in which the historian engages with a given group of events in order to objectivate them in space and time; he seemed to claim for the imagination of the historian a freedom almost absolute, not conditioned by the previous objective comprobation of things; he robbed the "document" of value by circumscribing this name to written testimony, and by forgetting that all documents form part of the "tradition" whose complex forms constitute the different sources of history. The error consisted in simplifying too many of the terms that were deemed to be antagonistic at the beginning of the debate. "The philosophy of documentation;" "documents on documents and tradition on tradition;" "the philosophical metaphor and historical clarity;" "what remains to be done and to be redone in Argentine history," et cetera, are epigrams employed by López, which express with clearness the extremes of the polemic, stylized by the temperaments and passions of the combatants, in the scheme of such summary syntheses.

## XII

### CONCILIATION OF SCHOOLS

IT IS not that Mitre bound himself to the diplomatic documents alone; he accepted other sources, from iconography and numismatics to art and literature of the imagination. He did not reject oral tradition, either, as might be supposed by the terms of this polemic. He had not had, as a source of testimonies, an illustrious father, like the author of the *Himno*,<sup>49</sup> the

<sup>49</sup>Vicente López y Planes (May 3, 1784-October 10, 1856): the author of the national "hymn" of Argentina, which begins:

*Oíd mortales, el grito sagrado:  
¡Libertad, libertad, libertad!*

He was born in Buenos Aires and educated in the Colegio de San Francisco and the Colegio de San Carlos; after an experience of four years as the proprietor and manager of a "general store," which he had opened in 1804, he went to Chuquisaca, where he was graduated in law; he served later in several im-

father of his adversary; but he too had oral traditions in the living sources that were within the reach of his curiosity; and with secret pride he thus enumerated these sources:

I shall begin with the most modest and the most beloved. He was one of the first that initiated me into the intimate knowledge of the men and things of his times, my father, don Ambrosio Mitre, who, like any one of many private soldiers of the revolution lost in the mass of citizens, played a part in Monteagudo's Sociedad Patriótica, on whose program his name was inscribed, and who, as a military employee of the treasury in the armies of the revolution, came into intimate relations with many of the men that occupied the historical stage down to 1820.<sup>50</sup>

Next to his father, he mentioned the father of his wife, general don Nicolás de Vedia, who was also a witness to and an actor in many of the events narrated, and who was for Mitre, as he confessed, "a true collaborator," with his memories and suggestions. Not less interesting is the revelation he makes us regarding generals Las Heras and Rondeau, to whom he was bound by strong ties. From both young Mitre received numerous confidences: the former left him his sword: the latter, his walking-stick, as if the two leaders had discovered, in the romantic writer previous to 1853, the future historian of our independence.

If he did not reject oral tradition, above all, when it vitalized and contributed a setting to written documents, neither did he reject the criticism of the latter, either as to their authenticity or their contents. It was the force of this method, precisely, that had given him the resources to combat history founded on fragmentary or apocryphal documents. He accepted criticism against his work, but on condition it be effected by the methods that he himself had followed. "It is therefore to be seen that the *Historia de Belgrano y de la independencia*," he said, "has been able to give and can give to criticism a vast field in which to exercise itself, with great benefit to the

portant public capacities and wrote fugitive verse, of a patriotic or martial character, in the main.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>50</sup>*Comprobaciones históricas*, volume, I, page 352.

study of history, without having to pause over minute details which, if they are correct, will remain, when they are worthy to be remembered; and if they are false or inaccurate, time corrects them or wipes them out, as testimonial, on the monument of absolute or relative truth."<sup>61</sup> Taking this attitude, he created a pretty difficult situation for criticism; he condemned it to silence or to searching as many archives as he himself had searched in order to be able to correct him. If the facts turned out to be proven, all the better for his books; if other aspects were discovered, all the better for the consciousness of his country.

Finally, he did not reject the aid of art and philosophy in the labors of the historian; but he considered literary imagination or style difficult in those that must accumulate materials by delving in the past like day-laborers; and he considered premature the work of sociological synthesis as long as the knowledge of a particular truth, that is, the slow work of investigation and analysis, were lacking. What López considered intuition was simply creative imagination; and what he judged to be the philosophy of history was premature abstraction. Mitre recognized that history as an art must follow on the heels of history as a science, although he did not say it in so many words. His words are clearer and more conclusive as a definition of his attitude in that polemic, and of his conception of the work accomplished by the historian. "We have already said," he exclaimed in the last part of *Nuevas comprobaciones*, "that the historians of to-day can aspire to no more, nor do the materials necessary to the compilation of a history complete in its records and in its philosophy exist in an orderly form. It is impossible to produce historical alchemy, for just as gold can not be made without gold, so history can not be created without documents. Our task is the task of the laborers that take out the rough stone from the quarry and, at most, deliver it hewn to the architect that is to construct the future building; and in this sense we believe we have executed ours conscientiously, without attaching to our work more value than that which it possesses or than is bestowed

upon it by the materials of which it is fashioned."

Thus that noisy polemic closed in 1882, and time and the culture of our nation tend to do justice to these words of Mitre's. Time has respected his work; culture has given confirmation to his methods in the direction assigned them. Mitre showed therefore that he was one of the fathers of Argentine history, with López at his side; but he alone was a precursor of modern critical history and a founder of its auxiliary teachings, flourishing to-day in the country. A legion of young and laborious specialists is being produced to-day in sciences that he fostered, and they are striving to create the present renaissance in American historical studies, under the lofty shadow of his memory.

As to the historical work of López, let us say that it performed an important political and esthetic function; it stirred the Argentine conscience in its day, thus causing to revive the passions of parties and regions; it initiated, finally, a laudable effort toward the elaboration of our history as an art. If the most of its fruits have been spoiled, it is due to the prematureness of his effort, and not to the limitedness of his native faculties as a man and a writer, for he possessed them in no small degree, according to the recognition, already quoted, of Mitre. That effort was premature because he was too near the parties and men that he attempted to evoke or judge, and still too far from the time in which the pure work of the writer could be consummated among us. The personages he sought to evoke by the prestige of art seem to us at times grotesque, because he saw them from very close at hand (Artigas, for example); and his judgments seem to us impassioned, since they were the echo of contemporary hearsay (Alvear, as a case in point). Hearsay forms a part of history, but it is not all of history. Like the chronicles of contemporaries, it belongs to the category of primary documents, but it in turn needs to be subjected to criticism, like the documents of the sources. López suffered from an excess of personal passion, and he was lacking in scientific method. He wrote as a Bonaerensian of the colonial bourgeoisie, too near the hatred of Monte-

<sup>61</sup>*Ibidem*: page 359.

video and the federal leaders. His excessive facility was his own enemy. Time has not pardoned what he did without its collaboration.

There was in the temperament of López and in the doctrine of Mitre a precedent that it would be well to use to-day when historical studies have had a rebirth on the Plata, after a sterile period of political hybridism, literary Byzantinism and intellectual cosmopolitanism.

Let us make clear, above all, the profoundly nationalistic tendency of López's effort, when he attempted to write "a history that should be 'ours,' that is, that should bear the stamp of Argentine originality;" as his words confess. A beautiful ideal, doubtless, which, if it was not realized suddenly by his inspiration, has left us a propitious germ, a good seed of fruit in a state of immaturity.

I say to youth: Sow that seed in your garden, but cultivate it with methodical persistence; science does not exclude art; the wisdom of your husbandry will be propitious to the beauty of the tree.

To the future Argentine historian I say: Write a history that shall be ours, but do not believe that the stamp of Argentine originality consists in improvisation and disorderliness. Learn to doubt, to investigate, to create. López disdained archives and method, and it is for this reason that his work is perishing. If you prefer him for your master, as he preferred Thierry, who verged on Walter Scott, go to the novel; but do not forget that if in history has appeared Taine, who did not scorn archives or give rein to improvisation in form, in the novel has appeared the patient Flaubert, with his *Salammbo*, a rosy flower of art sprung from the tough trunk of genuine history.

When the years passed and the passions of rivalry subsided, Mitre and López recognized in each other fraternal and complementary workers in the same enterprise. Posterity has given them the rank of founders of our political history.

### XIII

#### EPIC ACTION

IN HIS "defense of poetry," already mentioned, Mitre had said:

The word "poetry," comes from a Greek word that means "to create," "to compose," "to fabricate," "to constitute;" in short, it is a truly cyclopedic word that worthily represents creative power par excellence, which, after the manner of the Creator over the clay, breathes out an invisible idea and gives it form and life, and immortalizes it without the aid of reproduction.<sup>62</sup>

This poetry, defined by Schiller as a synthetic and animating power that includes everything—the imaginary world and the real world—is what Mitre practised in action. He was the architect of an ideal republic, the fashioner of a people, and, like the founders of nations, he was a poet that ceased to rime verses in order to rime the discordant forces of Argentine life. Into the clay of our reality he sought to infuse his dream, and the platonic archetype accompanied him to old age, when, in the *Oración del jubileo*, he confessed his delight at seeing the country aggrandized and constituted, like the artist who, at the fall of evening, contemplates the finished work that he has conceived during the night and begun in the vague glimmering of the dawn.

Mitre's performances in the military career may be summed up in the following chronology: in 1837, he was a distinguished soldier in the academy of the fort of San José del Uruguay; in 1838, an ensign of artillery; in 1839, aide-de-camp at the battle of Cagancha; in 1840, a captain of artillery; in 1842, a major in the campaign of Entre Ríos; in 1843 and 1844, a defender in the siege of Montevideo; in 1846, a lieutenant-colonel and instructor on the line of fortifications. In the year 1847, Mitre abandoned the Plata and went to Bolivia, where he served as an artilleryman in the Bolivian army. He organized and superintended the Colegio Militar of Sucre. He took part in the battles of Malava and Vitike. He was decorated for his conduct in the latter action with the shield of merit of the grade of hero. In the year 1851, after a fleeting stay in Chile and Perú, he reappeared in Uruguay, as a general of the army and took part in the battle of Tonelero. When the pronouncement of Urquiza was issued against Rosas, Mitre

<sup>62</sup>*Rimas*, prologue, page xxi, edition of 1854.

accompanied the artillery of the allied army; he was victorious at Caseros, and he was advanced to the rank of colonel on the field of battle. In 1852, he was an artilleryman in the camp of Palermo, chief of the national guard and minister of war in Buenos Aires; in 1853, in the siege of the capital, he was chairman of the committee on fortifications and chief of the defense; in the affair of Potrero de Langdon, he sustained a wound in the forehead during the siege; in 1854, he was the chief of the general staff at the battle of Tala; in 1855, he was minister of war in campaign; in 1856, he took part in the combat of Sierra Chica; in 1857, he engaged in the campaign against the Indians; in 1858, he was the leader of a regiment of infantry; in 1859, he participated in the campaign of Cepeda; in 1860, was made a brigadier general in the provincial army of Buenos Aires and he was in charge of the military code; in 1861, he led in the campaign and the battle of Pavón; in 1862, he was commander-in-chief of the forces on land and sea, as president of the republic. During his presidency, he commanded the allied armies of the Argentines, Brazilians and Uruguayans against the tyrant López of Paraguay, and in that war, in which he took part personally, buried in the forests and swamps of the north, he directed several combats and won several decorations; from 1865 to 1868: Uruguayana, Arroyo del Ombú, Isla Alta, Ensenada, Paso de la Patria, Itapirú, Tuyutí, Estero Bellaco, Yataití Corá, Curuzú, Curupaití, Yataití and Tuyucué. After his presidency ended, he spent some years in retirement, but in 1874 he appeared at the head of a revolutionary army, and he was defeated and taken prisoner by the legal government and he must have been condemned to death. Reincorporated into the army in 1877, he asked for leave in 1880, and he was reincorporated again in 1883 with the rank of lieutenant-general. At that time he was working on the history of our war of independence, which he published in several volumes: he translated Dante and Horace; he arranged his archives of documents for the history of our war with Paraguay and of the civil wars of our national organization.

This man, who, as a soldier, chose the arm of artillery and was a teacher of soldiers at Montevideo and in Bolivia, pitted his military science against Rosas, against Urquiza and against López, always at the service of the democratic ideal as he understood it; and in the meanwhile he found time and means to distinguish himself in civic activities, as a journalist, leader, tribune, legislator and ruler. The chronology of this part of his career seems to me, besides, of revealing interest: in 1852, he was a representative of the people in the legislature of Buenos Aires; in 1854, came a new election; in 1856, he was a minister; in 1858, deputy; in 1860, governor of the province of Buenos Aires; from 1862 until 1868, president of the republic; in 1871, a national senator; in 1872, a diplomatic commissioner to Rio de Janeiro; in 1895, again a senator; and, finally, in 1902, after his jubilee, he resigned a third senatorship to retire to private life. The period of his presidency (1862-1868) was almost all absorbed and, in a certain manner, rendered sterile, by the exigencies of foreign wars and certain uprisings of revolutionary bands in the interior; therefore, in that position, as in ministries and in legislatures, his undertakings and discourses of public interest were in themselves the recompense of an eminent life, because of the intensity of passion and the activity they implied. As his lot was cast in a turbulent period—with Indians that rose on the frontier, when he was intrusted with the government of the city, or with governments that resisted him in the city, when he had at times to rouse the plains; a party leader with great responsibilities, forced to revolution against presidents that were his adversaries, and to repression, as president, against hostile leaders—his stormy political activity, which was military in a certain manner, placed in the wound on his forehead the best testimony to the character of the embryonic period in which it was his fate to develop.

To measure the extent and character of his distinguished influence, I desire to recall with another chronological résumé, the honors that were paid him in his country and abroad. In 1847, the government of Bolivia conferred upon him the shield of



merit; in 1852, the emperor of Brazil conferred upon him the order of the rose; in 1861, the Academia de' Quiriti of Rome elected him a member; in 1863, he was elected an honorary member of the Institut Polytechnique of Paris; in 1873, the Academia de Bellas Artes of Chile made him an honorary member; in 1891, the Trinity Historical Society of the United States also made him an honorary member; in 1889, the Instituto Histórico y Geográfico of Brazil did likewise, as did also, in 1892, the Academia de Ciencias of Lisbon, and in 1905, the Sociedad Jurídico-Literaria of Quito. Official and academic honors of this character came from abroad, while here in his own country they were conferred by the most varied corporations, from the national congress, which in 1902 decreed that his name should be given to one of the streets of the city, to the center of culture in a remote village, which made him honorary president; from the Universidad de Buenos Aires, which in 1885 appointed him an academician of the faculties of letters and law, to the Sociedad de Tipógrafos, which gave him rank as a lay patron in their records.

It would be worth while to mention all those manifestations of homage, even at the risk of wearying the reader with their monotony, were it not that their very number counsels me to refrain from doing so; but among the many corporations that honored him, I desire to mention only one, because of its significance: the Regia Accademia Araldica Italiana, in 1874, named him a member in a diploma that contains this motto, taken from Dante:

*La stirpe non fa nobili le persone;  
Ma sì le persone la stirpe,*

a sentence that he understood in all its Dantesque truth. Parchments, medals, effigies, came abundantly to the patriot's residence, above all, in the last period of his life, and testimonies of that popular esteem are the numerous objects that enrich the collection of the Museo Mitre, on the site of his former dwelling. This house was itself a token of homage, for the people had presented it to him by subscription, when he retired poor from the presidency of the republic.

## XIV

### THE HOUSE OF THE PENATES

I HAVE wished to show in these columns on Mitre the harmonious unity of his spirit in the variety of his effort. It was the poet of youth that continued to manifest himself, as he did formerly in song, so now, in action. There is only one Argentine life that may be compared with his: that of Sarmiento, strong, many-sided, long-lived and laborious, like him; but Sarmiento "created" in the tumult, as an element of nature: while Mitre obeyed the numens of a superior harmony, like the logos in chaos. The master of his passions, he dominated the passions of others and he subjected his own life and that of his country to the canon of ideas. He was looked upon as an Olympian, disdainful and cold, but he also suffered from an inner flame, without which these titanic lives are not achieved. His passion, without airs, was that of a Pythagorean tranquillized by the contemplation of the stars. He showed his solar lineage in the Apollonian beatitude of his thought and in the herculean character of his labors, as formerly, while he was young, he had shown it in the liberative rebellion of his will. He carried the science of numbers into the artillery of our semibarbarous wars in the times of the revolutionary bands; and he also carried it, by the cultivation of verse, into the convulsive discourses of our romantics. He was an architect in our politics and in our history, a constructor, in a word, a poet; and so sincerely did he live a kind of poetry in action, and with so much of the sincerity of the true bard did he love verse above action, that, now a mature man, after having known the glories of power, he found pleasure in repeating this simple apologue with which he closed the prologue of his *Rimas*:

A poor shepherd, speaking to himself, said:  
"Ah, if I were a king!"

"If you were, what would you do?" asked one that heard him without his being aware.

"What should I do? I should mind my sheep on horseback," replied the shepherd.

"I say the same," commented Mitre: "If I were a king, I should make verses."

A king he was, a natural king, in the

sense of *rex*, "leader," which Carlyle gave to the political hero; and if he was one, earlier, he cultivated epic poetry, after being one, in the form of history, in imperishable books that evoke the American tradition, from the dead Incas to the immortal liberators.

His herculean capacity for work, his stoical abnegation, his scientific mind, his knowledge of the times, rendered him exceptional. He left the presidency of the republic and gave himself to humble tasks, in a humble house, which is now a monument. The house, silent, is still as if filled with the presence of his spirit. It has retained the footprint of his true life: the inner life. In it will the new generations reëncounter the secret of his new glory; and there was never a more propitious moment for the elaboration of this coming glory of Mitre; no longer of Mitre the general, nor of Mitre the leader, but of Mitre the man of letters, of the great man considered as a hero of the intelligence. I could wish, as one might say, to rob him for a moment of his martial garb, which was acquainted with the powder of war, and of his proverbial soft hat, which had recognized the tributes of enthusiastic applause. When his body should be thus stripped of its official trappings, we could see better the soul in the crystal of his breast; and his brow being thus bared, we could see in it—the pure light of his star—the aureola of spiritual heroism.

All this, however, cannot be seen by his people, save in the course of long years, when criticism shall have trodden, in books like his, the stony path of study that the lofty spirit of Bartolomé Mitre opened for the glory and the culture of his country.

While the arduous social task was performed under the direction of wise men, a new generation arrived to replace, in the cultivation of belles-lettres, those statesmen of advanced age that were poets in their youth. Some of them were born during the emigration of their fathers—

Bartolito Mitre, Lucio López, Miguel Cané—or they were pupils of those masters—Nicolás Avellaneda, Carlos Guido y Spano, Olegario Andrade—who were not strangers in their infancy to the horrors of proscription and who, about 1880, appeared in our literature, when already the former patriarchs were passing into old age and death, and a new historical cycle was beginning in Argentine evolution. Echeverría died in 1851, without seeing the triumph of his prophetic thought; Mármol died in 1870, when the new constitutional structure was still vacillating; Gutiérrez died in 1878, without seeing the federation of Buenos Aires; Alberdi, a perpetual proscrip, had reappeared hereabouts in 1880, like a disenchanted and disorientated phantasm, to absent himself again in Europe, where he died four years later. Sarmiento, always discontented, continued to growl in the press until 1888, when, old, sick and poor, he went to end his days in Paraguay. López died in 1903, withdrawn from politics. In 1906, Mitre died, the last survivor of those seven great men of the proscription.

I knew Mitre in his home in the Calle San Martín, when he was the last great man that remained to us of the heroic days. I returned several times to that illustrious house in the course of my studies, and when I returned to it, it revived in me the recollection of the first visit that stirred my youth. Anointed by the glory of independence, whose archives he exhumed, and by the glory of proscription, in which he was an armed paladin and eloquent leader; the grand oration of his retirement having now been pronounced; serene in his old age and confident of the greatness of his country, he spoke to me, regarding his crowned life and my incipient vocation, serious words that I have not forgotten and the emotion of which palpitates, as a personal note, in these pages that I have dedicated to his lofty memory.



# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

SAN MARTÍN - - - - -	BARTOLOMÉ MITRE	201
<i>La Prensa, Lima, Perú, July 28, 1921: supplement to the centenary number</i>		
THE CONFERENCE ON THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS	ESTANISLAO ZEBALLOS	210
<i>La Prensa, Buenos Aires, Argentina, December 18, 1921</i>		
A BIOGRAPHY OF SUCRE - - - - -	SIMÓN BOLÍVAR	214
<i>La Prensa, Lima, Perú, December 17, 1921</i>		
THE ECUADORIAN CAMPAIGN: 1821-1822 - - -	CARLOS A. VIVANCO	219
<i>Boletín de la Biblioteca Nacional del Ecuador, Quito, Ecuador, November-December, 1920</i>		
THE SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE -	BELTRÁN MATHIEU	232
PREHISTORIC PERU - - - - -	JULIO TELLO	238
<i>A version of the opusculé entitled <i>Introducción a la historia antigua del Perú</i>, Lima, Perú, November, 1921</i>		
PERUVIAN TRADITIONS: I. THE FIRST STEAMBOAT; II. THE "ACHIRANA" OF THE INCA; III. THE TWO MILLIONS - - -	RICARDO PALMA	251
<i>Tradiciones peruanas, Barcelona, 1894, volume III, page 223; volume II, page 11; volume I, page 105</i>		
THE TONAL SYSTEM OF INCAN MUSIC	ALBERTO VILLALBA MUÑOZ	257
<i>Música de América, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July, 1921</i>		

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NUMBER 4

# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

BARTOLOMÉ MITRE, poet, philologist, orator, bibliographer, historian, soldier, journalist, president, patriot, untiring worker, man of action, was born in Buenos Aires, June 26, 1821; banished by Rosas, he lived in Uruguay, Bolivia, Perú, Chile and Brazil, distinguishing himself as a journalist in each of these countries, as well as serving in the Uruguayan army (1838-1846) and in the Bolivian army (1847); he took part as a colonel in the events of 1859, defending Buenos Aires against the forces of Urquiza; on the establishment of peace, he was made a brigadier-general; in the contest between Buenos Aires and the rest of the provinces, he overthrew the troops of President Dergui, and he was elected to the presidency, with great benefit to the country. In the war of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, against Paraguay, Mitre served as commander-in-chief. He died in Buenos Aires, January 9, 1906. Among his many works, two stand out as of paramount importance: *Historia de Belgrano y de la independencia argentina* (3 volumes); *Historia de San Martín y de la emancipación de Sud América* (4 volumes). Two important institutions owe their origin to him: the newspaper, *La Nación*, and the Museo Mitre, with its invaluable library. For an article by him, see "Maipú, 1818-1918," INTER-AMERICA for August, 1918; and for an article on him, see "Bartolomé Mitre: His Intellectual Personality," by Ricardo Rojas, INTER-AMERICA for December, 1921, page 69, and February, 1922, page 181.

ESTANISLAO SEVERO ZEBALLOS, lawyer, educator, publicist, journalist, was born in Rosario, Argentina, July 27, 1854; he was educated at Rosario and at the Colegio Nacional of Buenos Aires and at the Universidad de Buenos Aires, where he was graduated in law in 1874; in addition to the practice of his profession, he has edited *El Mensajero* and *La Prensa*

of Buenos Aires, and he has founded and directed a number of reviews; he has been a member of the chamber of deputies for several terms, and minister of foreign relations, director-general of Correos y Telégrafos, minister at Washington and a member of The Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration; he is the author of numerous legal and historical works, among which may be mentioned: *Apuntes sobre quiebras*; *Proyecto de códigos y procedimientos en materia civil para los tribunales nacionales de la capital* (in collaboration with Doctor A. Alcorta); *La dinastía de los Piedra*; *Painé y la dinastía de los Zorros*; *Remí y la dinastía de los Pinares*; *Alegato de la República Argentina sobre la cuestión de límites con el Brasil en el territorio de Misiones*; *Apuntaciones para la bibliografía argentina*; *El escudo y los colores nacionales*; *Le crédit et le régime hypothécaire de la République Argentine et dans le Nouveau Monde*; *La nationalité au point de vue de la législation comparée et du droit humain*; *El derecho privado humano y la legislación de emergencia*; and *Cuestiones y legislación del trabajo*.

SIMÓN BOLÍVAR, patriot, general, statesman, and Liberator par excellence, was born in Caracas, Venezuela, July 24, 1783, and he died at San Pedro Alejandrino, near Santa Marta, Colombia, December 17, 1830. It would be an impertinence to give more than the bare outline of dates and facts, for the refreshment of the memory, in the case of one so well known throughout the world. He received his formal instruction in Caracas, from Simón Rodríguez his tutor, and the famous Andrés Bello, and in Madrid, especially in mathematics, languages and literature; he went to Spain at the age of fifteen; after three years there he visited France, and the same year he returned to Spain and was married, going immediately afterward to Venezuela; he returned to Spain in 1803; he then visited France, Italy, Germany and the

United States; he took part in the revolutionary pronouncement at Caracas, April 19, 1810, and he was appointed a colonel; shortly afterward he went to England on a diplomatic mission; he returned to Valencia, Venezuela, in 1811; after the capitulation of Miranda in July of that year, Bolívar emigrated to Curazao; he returned and made himself master of Teneriffe on December 23, 1812; then he freed the Magdalena, won battles at Aguada, Salazar, El Yagual, San Cayetano and Cúcuta; on October 14, 1813, Caracas appointed him captain-general and gave him the title of "Libertador;" he was victorious at San Mateo, March 25, and in the first battle of Carabobo on May 28; cut to pieces at Aragua de Barcelona, he was defeated at La Puerta and he returned to Cartagena, his point of departure; he then went to Bogotá and shared in the civil strife; early in 1815, owing to the overwhelming strength of the Spaniards and to internal dissensions, he left the mainland and went to Kingston, where he came near being assassinated and where he wrote his famous "Jamaica letter;" later he sought help in Haiti; he returned to Venezuela in 1818 and was victorious at Calabozo, but he was defeated again at La Puerta; he participated in the congress of Angostura in 1819 and intermittently in the political life of Colombia, as president or dictator, during the following years; the great victories at Boyacá, Carabobo (second battle), Pichincha, Junín and Ayacucho, brought the contest to a close and established independence.

BELTRÁN MATHIEU, the ambassador of Chile at Washington, was educated as a lawyer, but since 1886 he has been a career of diplomatic and public service, as follows: secretary of the legation of Chile at Washington, 1886-1889; deputy to the national congress, 1891-1896; minister to Ecuador, Colombia and Central America, 1896-1901; minister of war and marine, 1901-1902; minister of Chile to Bolivia, where it fell to his lot to negotiate the Chileno-Bolivian treaty of 1904; a delegate of Chile to the Pan American conference held in Buenos Aires in 1910; minister of industry and public works, 1910-1911; am-

bassador of Chile to the United States, since 1918.

JULIO CÉSAR TELLO was born in Huarochiri, Perú, April 12, 1880; he was educated in the schools of Lima and at the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, where he was graduated as a doctor of medicine; he spent two years—1909-1911—at Harvard University, where he gave special attention to anthropology and where he was awarded the master's degree; he returned to Perú in 1911, and since then his time has been mainly devoted to archaeological and ethnological investigations; for several years he has been a member of the chamber of deputies; he was a delegate to the Second Pan American Scientific Congress, held in Washington, December 26, 1915-January 10, 1916, after which he spent several months visiting universities and learned societies in the United States.

RICARDO PALMA was born in Lima, Perú, February 7, 1833, and he died at his home in Miraflores, a suburb of Lima, October 6, 1919; in his youth and early manhood he spent much of his time traveling in Europe and the United States; later he played a prominent part in politics, occupying important offices of the government until 1873, when he became the director of the Biblioteca Nacional, thenceforth devoting himself exclusively to the development and care of the library and to literary pursuits. It is not too much to say that during his prime he was one of the chief literary figures of America. Among his numerous works, the following may be mentioned: *Anales de la adquisición de Lima*; *La Bohemia Limeña de 1848 a 1863*; *Verbos y gerundios*; *Tradiciones peruanas*; *Apéndice a mis últimas tradiciones*; and *Poesías completas*.

ALBERTO VILLALBA MUÑOZ is an Augustinian monk of Spanish origin and a brother of the celebrated musician Luis Villalba Muñoz, also an Augustinian and the musical director of the Escorial; he has lived in Perú for fifteen years; he is the musical director of the church of San Agustín, Lima; he is the author of several volumes of music.

# THE GIFT<sup>1</sup>

BY

AMADO NERVO

O LIFE, reservest thou for me some gift by any chance?  
(Closes the night. Now in the belfry sounds the orison.)  
O Life, reservest thou for me some gift by any chance?

Amid the stark dead branches the plaintive breezes murmur;  
The creeping twilight sheds its blood in vivid runlets;  
O Life, reveal to me what final gift thou hast in store.

A love beyond comparison . . . will this thy guerdon be?  
(Haply eyes of azure and scarlet lips in flower!)  
Oh, what joy, what happiness, if it were a great love!

Or will it be a great peace . . . the one that is sore needed  
By my poor spirit, after all my wandering and pain?  
Yes; a great peace perhaps . . . a peace deep as infinity!

Or, rather, will the Enigma in whose train I follow  
Yet be cleared, bursting into iridescence like a star  
Deep in the looming heavens, and I at last find God?

O Life, thou that still unwindest this tangled skein  
Of my tenebrious days, now sounds the orison;  
The evening closes in. . . Hasten, hasten, to bring thy gift.

February 2, 1915

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<sup>1</sup>Copyright, 1922, by Peter H. Goldsmith.

# Inter = America

APRIL 1922

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## SAN MARTÍN<sup>1</sup>

BY

BARTOLOMÉ MITRE

The celebration of the centenary of independence in Perú, which occurred in 1921, has again turned the strong light on the three great figures—Bolívar, San Martín and Sucre—and we are therefore bringing together articles regarding them. This epilogue of Mitre's, recently republished in a Peruvian newspaper, is a comparison between the great leader of the north and the great leader of the south. Under his pen San Martín and Bolívar live again in the flesh, through the last bitter hours of their ostracism, to rise glorified in the immortality of universal appreciation.—THE EDITOR.

I

POSTERITY has pronounced its final judgment upon the liberators of southern America, whose public life, involved in the revolutionary movements of their times, we have related: San Martín and Bolívar.

The two were great in their own measure: after Washington, the greatest men that America has produced, worthy to figure in the universal pantheon as contributors to human progress. Both fulfilled their liberative mission in the realm of events, one of them giving the first signal of the continental war whose plan he conceived, and the other ending it gloriously. San Martín in the south of the continent, and Bolívar in the north: it is impossible to conceive how one of them, without the other, could

have effected the condensation of the revolutionary forces that achieved the final victory, or been able to complete his task of liberation. Both erred, but as politicians, and they remained below the level of public reason and even of the instincts of the masses they stirred, and they were not able and they knew not how to direct the revolution they led, militarily, in its organic developments. Time, which dissipates false glories and increases true glories, has effaced the shadows that partially obscured, during life, these typical personalities, the symbols of an epoch, who marked the advent of a new republican world, which is the most considerable political phenomenon that has been witnessed by the nineteenth century. Their outlines show clearly on the horizon of history, and both have merited apotheosis of their posterity, after having attained to their centenaries, subject to the testing of time in the presence of their work.

In the great drama of the Hispanic-American revolution, which had for its theater a vast territory equal to a fourth

<sup>1</sup>This article, although we have taken it from *La Prensa* of Lima, formed the Epilogue of the *Historia de San Martín y de la emancipación sudamericana*, second edition, Buenos Aires, 1890, volume iv, pages 159-177. When the Epilogue was published in *La Prensa*, the foot-notes were omitted. We ourselves have introduced them from the *Historia*.—THE EDITOR.

part of the globe and which extended from Cape Horn to the Gulf of México and from ocean to ocean, the first two actors, and the two great continental figures, were the two liberators, who, setting out from opposite extremes, converged upon a central point, moved by the forces they organized and directed. Their life and their work possessed the unity of the *épopée* of the emancipation of a new world, with their genius, their heroic action, their tragic character, their weaknesses and their deliriums; and they coincided even in the melancholy catastrophe that involved them. The fate of the one being shattered before the conclusion of his work, and that of the other, in the midst of his apogee, the revolution continued its logical movement, just as in the ancient chariot races, when the driver fell in the arena, the triumphant car reached the goal, the steeds abandoned to their noble instincts.

The two liberators represented alternately the hegemony of two great groups of peoples that struggled for their independence, but with different tendencies and contrary international objectives, although with the same immediate purpose.

It fell to the lot of the Argentine Republic and to Chile, led by San Martín, to uphold and cause to triumph the banner of revolt in the south of the continent and to carry their liberative arms from sea to sea and from the temperate region to the equatorial line, along with Perú; there was effected the conjunction of the battling forces of South America; and there the two liberators embraced and repelled each other. The hegemony of the south could only conditionally consolidate its own independence, leaving incomplete its work in Alto and Bajo Perú,<sup>2</sup> although it contributed effectively to complete that of the north and to render its extension possible.

To Colombia, led by Bolívar, fell the task of causing to triumph the insurrection in the northern part of South America, thus freeing Venezuela and Nueva Granada, and Quito in conjunction with the arms of Perú, Argentina and Chile; of establishing the independence of Perú and Bolivia; and of indirectly guaranteeing for ever that of

the other republics of South America that had liberated themselves by their own efforts and upheld the banner of revolution when it was trailing low in the rest of America, including Colombia.

The logic of history was fulfilled in the two liberators, as leaders of the hegemonies they represented in action and in conflict. San Martín gave place to Bolívar, delivering to him the destiny of the South American revolution, which Bolívar could cause to triumph in battles better than he. By his abdication he set a lofty example of civic virtue, but, above all, of prudence and good sense, inasmuch as it was an act imposed by a fate to which he had the courage to yield. Bolívar crowned the work, and the two triumphed definitively. San Martín beheld without envy that Bolívar, with whom he shared the glory of freeing half a world, should attain and merit the wreath of final victory, modestly recognizing himself as inferior to him in effort and achievements, although he might be morally and militarily greater, and even though, in the order of elementary principles, the posthumous victory was to belong to the hegemony he represented. Fatality rendered them equal: both died in ostracism.

## II

THE fate of the emancipators of action and thought in South America was tragic. The precursors of the revolution in La Paz and Quito died on the scaffold. Miranda, the great herald of emancipation, died alone and naked in prison, delivered to his enemies by his own people. Moreno, the numen of the Argentine revolution, who propagated the doctrine of democracy, died expatriated, in the solitude of the ocean.<sup>3</sup> Hidalgo, the popular leader of the revolution in México, suffered death on the gallows. Belgrano, the harbinger of Argentine independence, who saved the

<sup>2</sup>Alto Perú (Upper Perú) became Bolivia; Bajo Perú (Lower Perú), the present Perú.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Mariano Moreno, an Argentine juriconsult, journalist and patriotic leader (1778-1811): in addition to occupying a number of important positions in the first republican government, he was the editor of the *Gaceta de Buenos Aires*, the leading organ of the revolutionary *junta*, during the first months of its existence. His end was said to have been hastened by the captain's having administered to him the wrong drug, by mistake, according to report. For a brief article on him, see "Mariano Moreno," *INTER-AMERICA* for August, 1918, page 355.—THE EDITOR.



revolution in his country at the battles of Salta and Tucumán, died in obscurity and want, amid civil war. O'Higgins, the hero of Chile, finished his days in proscription, preceded by Carrera, his rival and his fellow-worker, whom fatality dragged to the scaffold in a foreign land. Itúrbide, the true liberator of México, died before a firing squad, the victim of his ambition. Carlos Montúfar, the leader of the revolution in Quito, like his companion Villavicencio fomenter of that of Cartagena, was hanged. The first presidents of Nueva Granada, who stamped character on her revolution—Jorge Lozano and Camilo Torres—died sacrificed by the restoration of colonial terrorism. Piar—he that gave the military basis of operations to the Colombian insurrection—died, sentenced by Bolívar, to whom he had pointed out the road to final victory. Rivadavia, the civil genius of South America, who bestowed the formula of her representative institutions, met death in exile. Sucre the victor of Ayacucho, was assassinated treacherously by his own people on a desert road. Bolívar and San Martín died in ostracism. That of San Martín was the deliberate act of his own will, although imposed by his fate; that of Bolívar, although pronounced by himself when his vital forces were exhausted, began with his apogee and ended with his catastrophe.

The ostracisms of the two liberators partook of the character of their acts in contemporary life and in the prolongation of their posthumous influence. That of the one was stoic. That of the other was in torture.

San Martín, after seeing closed for ever the book of his destiny, which he had believed to be opened slightly for a moment when he was summoned to Perú after his abdication, passed from Mendoza to Buenos Aires, where he was received by the contempt of popular indifference. He had no country, wife or home, and the illustrious captain of three republics had no place in which to pass in review with the Argentine army. He took in his arms his daughter bereft of a mother and made his way silently into exile (at the close of 1823). There he was brought face to face with poverty. The funds on which he relied for

subsistence in Europe, intrusted to the fidelity of a friend, had been gambled away by him on the London exchange. In this manner his hands were stripped of the gold that had attached to the heroic bronze of the liberator.

Five years later he felt the necessity of breathing the air of his country, and he returned to Argentina with the intention of finishing his days obscurely in his native land. The war between Brazil and the Argentine Republic had ended gloriously for the latter. When San Martín reached the roadstead of Buenos Aires on February 12, 1829, the anniversary of his glorious victories of San Lorenzo and Chacabuco, he encountered a placard written by Argentine hands, saying: "Ambiguities: General San Martín has returned to his country after an absence of five years; but also after having learned that peace had been made with the emperor of Brazil."<sup>4</sup> As it has been said, the reply of San Martín had been uttered two thousand years earlier by the mouth of Scipio, insulted by his patriots on the anniversary of one of his great battles. "On such a day as this I saved Rome. We are going to the temple to give thanks to the tutelary gods of the capitol, that she may always have generals that resemble me." He did not make this reply nor did he order inscribed on his sepulcher: "Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones." He returned to everlasting exile, and he gave his reply modestly and generously from the tomb: "I wish my heart to rest in Buenos Aires."

### III

**B**OLÍVAR, despoiled of the supreme command, retired to the neighborhood of Cartagena, without being reconciled to the loss of power and without making up his mind to abandon the shores of his country.<sup>5</sup> There he learned of the

<sup>4</sup>See the newspapers of Buenos Aires: *El Tiempo*, numbers 229 and 230, of February 11 and 12, 1829; and *El Pampero*, number 21, of February 12 of the same year.

<sup>5</sup>Rejected by his enemies and a great number of Colombians, he resigned the chief command with reluctance; and by not leaving the country, as he had offered to do, and as it would have been well for him to do, he added new pabulum to the calumnies of his enemies.—Restrepo: *Historia de la revolución de Colombia*, volume iv, page 416.

death of Sucre, who had written him two years before that if he [Bolívar] did not retire in time, he would lose his head. Bolívar was dying, but he did not lose hope of being the providential man of Colombia, as he had not been able to be so for all America, according to his designs. He had predicted anarchy, and it supervened almost at once. He beheld it burst forth with complacency, and he encouraged it indiscreetly by his attitude and words.<sup>6</sup> He was embittered still more by a communication from President Mosquera, his old friend, notifying him that Venezuela stipulated, as a condition of peace with Nueva Granada, his perpetual withdrawal. It was then that he exclaimed: "No; I shall not go away dishonored!" The personal partizans of the Liberator proclaimed that he alone could chain the furies of armed force, and that principally for this reason they considered the perpetuation of his influence necessary. Events seem to have demonstrated that they were right. Part of Venezuela and part of Nueva Granada rose in arms in favor of his dictatorship. Quito and Guayaquil followed the example of Venezuela: separating from Colombia, they formed an independent state, which took as its name "República del Ecuador" (May, 1830). Mosquera's government was overthrown at Bogotá. Civil war was kindled. His victorious friends of the capital, led by Urdaneta, summoned him to put himself again at the head of the republic in order to reestablish Colombian unity. Puffed with vanity and embittered, he had the weakness to accept. His answer to the revolutionists was:

I ought not to excuse myself for contributing, as far as my faculties enable me, to the re-establishment of order, the reconciliation of brothers at strife and the restoration of national integrity. In order to accomplish these vast designs, I offer to the patria all the sacrifices of which I am capable. I shall at once set out for the capital, in order to reiterate my solemn

<sup>6</sup>It was his most loyal friends and confidants that said this. Posada Gutiérrez, who favored the continuance of his rule, gave, in respect of it, authentic details as a personal witness in his *Memoria histórico-política*. Restrepo, in his *Historia de la revolución de Colombia*, volume iv, page 351, said: "As to himself, personal pride was flattered by the reaction that began in favor of him and against his enemies, who had so cruelly torn his reputation to tatters."

promises to obey the laws of the country and the legally constituted authorities.<sup>7</sup>

Death saved him from the opprobrium of feeding the flames of the intestine war of Nueva Granada, and of a war of an international character with Venezuela and Ecuador. His moribund ambition was in keeping with his being;<sup>8</sup> it led him fatally either to ascend to power again, exalted by the pretorian bands he had caused to prevail over institutions, thus alienating public confidence and esteem, or to be conquered anew by the moral power of public opinion and the irresistible action of the peoples he violated.<sup>9</sup> As his illness became aggravated he retired to Santa Marta, seeking the vivifying breezes of the sea. He took up his abode in San Pedro de Alejandría,<sup>10</sup> ten kilometers from the city, and his agony began there. His last words were set down in writing, in an address to the people of Colombia dictated by him, and which was read at the time he received the eucharist: "My prayers are for the happiness of my country. If my death contributes to the abatement of parties and the cementing of the union, I shall descend tranquilly to the grave." The Liberator, who listened to the reading seated in an easy chair, added in a hoarse voice: "Yes; to the grave . . . it is what my citizens have provided for me . . .

<sup>7</sup>A despatch of Bolívar's to General Urdaneta, in charge of the revolutionary executive power, of September 19, 1830, at Cartagena.—See Montenegro: *Geografía*, et cetera, volume iv, pages 526 and following.

<sup>8</sup>"Bolívar never desired the monarchy, although he cherished the idea of life authority and rule without subjection to law."—Restrepo: *Historia de la revolución de Colombia*, volume iv, page 416.

<sup>9</sup>Restrepo, in his *Historia de la revolución de Colombia*, volume iv, page 241, said: "The civil authorities"—under the administration of Bolívar, of whom the historian himself was a minister—"were powerless, and they were despised in the sight of the people, who abhorred the tyranny and excesses of liberators. It was at this time that the saying, 'there will be no liberty while there are liberators,' became very popular. The liberators, infatuated with a silly pride, thought they alone had bestowed independence upon the republic. They in no wise appreciated the sacrifices of the people and they seem to have been persuaded that Colombia ought to be their patrimony. They attributed the idea to Bolívar, in the main. The Liberator therefore lost the popular esteem."

<sup>10</sup>Thus in Mitre's *Historia*, and the error was repeated in *La Prensa*: the correct name of the historic town is San Pedro Alejandrino, as given in the Biographical Data of this number.—THE EDITOR.

but I pardon them! Would that I might carry with me the consolation of their remaining united!" They were the last connected words of his that are remembered.<sup>11</sup> The delirium that harbingered death set in immediately. He expired on December 17, 1831, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the age of forty-seven years, four months and twenty-three days. He died with the victorious sword of Colombia broken in his hands, and Santa Marta later witnessed his posthumous apotheosis.

## IV

A YEAR after Bolívar's death at Santa Marta, San Martín was attacked by cholera, which was scourging Europe at the time (October, 1832). He lived in the country with his daughter, and his sole dependence was the poor resources that had come to him from the sale of the house presented him by the Argentine congress for the victory of Maipú.<sup>12</sup> His fate, according to his own words, was to go to die in a hospital. One of his old companions in arms of the war of the peninsula, a Spaniard, the wealthy banker Aguado, came to his assistance and saved his life by rescuing him from poverty. He enabled him to acquire the small country residence of Grand Bourg on the banks of the Seine, near the elm which, according to tradition, was planted by the soldiers of Henry IV that were besieging Paris. There, in a simple habitation surrounded by trees and flowers, among which abounded American plants, which he himself cultivated, he

lived long years, sad and meditative, but serene, bearing the weight of his voluntary ostracism, complaining at times of the ingratitude of men and deploring the sad lot of the peoples for whose independence he had worked so hard, although without despairing of their destiny. Only once was his former enthusiasm aroused, and it was when, because of a narrow judgment that constituted a part of his nature and his historical antecedents, he thought he saw threatened the independence and honor of his country by the questions that had risen between France and England, on the one hand, and the tyrant Rosas, on the other (1845-1849). He explained, with the authority of his name and military experience, that America was unconquerable by Europe. His instincts as a creole were aroused. As a consequence of this view of the subject, he bequeathed to the tyrant of his country "the saber that has accompanied me throughout the war of independence in South America"—run the words of his will—"as a proof of the satisfaction I have had as an Argentine in beholding the firmness with which General Rosas has upheld the honor of the republic against the unjust demands of foreigners that sought to humiliate her." In the presence of death, as in the course of an heroic career, he did not see and he did not wish to understand anything but independence, which was the passion of his life to which he sacrificed everything, although condemning the cruel acts of the tyrant he honored after his [San Martín's] death.<sup>13</sup> It is impossible to issue immaculate from the struggle of life, and it is a misfortune of great men to survive their epoch,

<sup>11</sup>Those transcribed above, belonging to his final address to the Colombians, are generally given as Bolívar's last words. The ones he really pronounced are those given in the text, taken from the account of his death written by the French physician that attended him at Santa Marta during his illness, who was Doctor Réverend, and which is recorded in *Documentos para la historia de la vida del Libertador*, volume xiv, number 4558. The address to which reference is made is found in the same work under number 4553.

<sup>12</sup>Written *Maipo*, *Maipó*, *Maypo*, *Maypó*, in Chile, and *Maipá*, *Maypá*, in Argentina: a name associated with an important battle, which took place on April 5, 1818, between the united army of Chileans and Argentines, on one side, and the royalist army of Spaniards and Spanish sympathizers, on the other, in which the patriots won a complete victory, capturing many prisoners, guns and supplies.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>13</sup>In the *Diario de viaje* of Doctor Florencio Varela, the most distinguished representative of the thought of the enemies of Rosas, is to be found an interesting page regarding the visit he made San Martín at Grand Bourg on Sunday, April 7, 1844. After relating his conversation with him on historical subjects, he said: "During the dinner the general had much to tell me of Buenos Aires. Over the dessert young Balcarce said to him: 'Father, if you please, we shall drink to the happiness of having with us the señor Varela and to his prosperous return to his family.' As the general, on whose right I sat, paid me some compliment as we lifted our glasses, I told him that I should die happy after knowing the man to whom my country owed most victories. The general, after drinking, said, shedding real tears: 'Barbarians! Not to be commended in fifteen years with persecuting honest men!'"

when they have no mission to accomplish on earth, and when, out of touch with contemporary life, their souls do not respond to the gusts of the passions that surround them.

At length came the end of his onerous existence. Death began with his eyes. A cataract, that shroud of the vision, began to weave its funeral cloth. When the famous oculist Sichel forbade his reading—another of his passions—his soul became steeped in the darkness of profound sorrow. Death aimed its last blow at the center of the organism. The aneurism that he had always borne latent in his bosom dulled the beatings of his great heart. He was removed to Boulogne-sur-Mer, in search, like Bolívar, of the invigorating breezes of the sea, and there he realized that his end was at hand. On August 13, standing on the shore of the English channel, with his extinguished vision lost on the nebulous horizon, he felt the first symptom of death. Carrying his hand to his heart, he said, with a wan smile, to his daughter, who accompanied him like an Antigone: "*C'est l'orage qui mène au port!*"<sup>14</sup> On August 17, 1850, his final agony set in. "This is the weariness of death," he exclaimed, and he expired in the arms of the daughter of his love, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the age of sixty-two years and six months, to be reborn to a life of immortality. Chile and the Argentine Republic have erected statues. Perú still owes to him the one she decreed him.<sup>15</sup> The Argentine nation, united and constituted in accordance with his prayers, repatriated his mortal remains, celebrated his apotheosis and raised a funeral monument to him in the cathedral of her metropolis as the greatest of her transcendent men of conscious action.

<sup>14</sup>"It is the tempest that bears to port."—A translation of author's translation.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>Since Mitre wrote these words, Perú has doubly paid her debt: first, through the donation of an individual, by erecting, in the Plazuela de la Exposición, a marble column, with a statue of the general standing in the attitude of bestowing independence; and, second, by provision of the republic, which unveiled, on July 28, 1921, during the celebration of the centenary of independence, an equestrian statue of bronze, in what were formerly the Plazuela de Lamichco and the Plazuela de San Juan de Dios, the two together now being called Plaza de San Martín in honor of the Protector.—THE EDITOR.

WE HAVE said that, in the definitive order of things, the final triumph of the elementary principles of the South American revolution was due to San Martín, although the glory of Bolívar be greater; because if the one was colossal and discharged better his active mission as a liberator, the other was morally, mentally, and politically greater and better poised, because of his character, his knowledge and his conscience, and because of the final results that sprang from his initiative.

In the public life of San Martín and Bolívar were unequally combined and distributed the two elements of which history is composed: one of them active and present, which forms the mass of events; the other distributive and transcendent, which constitutes the life of the future. From these two elements sprang a new one, which combined with both, and it was the impression on contemporary souls and the influence on posterity, which endured as an abstract idea and as effects of a prior cause, whose harmonious vibrations were prolonged in time. Bolívar represented one of these phases; San Martín, the other. The political work of Bolívar in the national and international realm died with him, and there remains only his heroic liberative epopee throughout the continent freed by him. The work of San Martín has survived him, and South America has become organized according to the provisions of his concrete genius within the geographical lines traced by his sword. The South American revolution, as has been indicated, was represented during the struggle for independence by two political hegemonies; first, the Argentine hegemony, which assumed a Chileno-Argentino-Peruvian character afterward, led by San Martín; and the martial hegemony of Colombia, captained by Bolívar.

The Argentine Republic, in giving the signal for an offensive war in 1817 and in reconquering Chile, instructed her general, as a rule of conduct, to proclaim to the peoples liberated by arms that "no idea of oppression or conquest, no intention of retaining possession of the country aided, led her beyond her territory, and

that the consolidation of the independence and glory of the united provinces of the south were the only motives that ought to be attributed to the impulse of the campaign."<sup>16</sup> Chile, liberated by the arms of Argentina, celebrated an alliance with her on the basis of their reciprocal independence for the purpose of guaranteeing the other American regions and of carrying forward their plan of armed propaganda in harmony with a new international law, which admitted only by exception interposition against the common enemy in the name of a solidarity of destiny, repudiating conquests and annexations as acts perturbative of the future equilibrium; and, as a consequence of this principle, the formation of the political map of southern America with its frontiers established by historical tradition without violating national particularisms. His object was emancipation, with all its logical and necessary consequences of fact and law, he freeing peoples to deliver to them their own destiny and thus to determine the rule according to which new nationalities were to be constituted in the future in obedience to their spontaneity. This program, carried out everywhere, furnishes the key to the explanation of the alternating and progressive movement of the South American revolution in its gradual development and in its later and final results. According to it, the United Provinces of the Río de la Plata were organized within their own coherent lines; Chile resumed her sovereignty; and the independence of Perú was declared, under the auspices of the Argentino-Chilean hegemony. The logical map of lower South America was traced. This was the part played by San Martín as a liberator, and this achievement was the South American international equilibrium, which has not yet been attained to by Europe.

The Colombian hegemony, more military than political, obeyed another principle and other purposes. Under the powerful hand of Bolívar, the revolution in the northern part of South America was condensed; the violated particularisms were confused, frontiers were wiped out,

and Venezuela, Nueva Granada and Quito formed a gigantic body of a nation, powerful as a machine of war, weak because of its lack of geographical and social cohesion. This is the type of the Colombiano-Bolivian policy: liberative, conquering and absorbent. Bolívar freed Perú, and he converted it into a feud of his personality. He sought artificially to unify the new autonomous states, thus to found a monocratic empire with life presidencies, contrary to natural laws and in opposition to the new law of nations set up by the Argentine hegemony; and, in reaction against the very tendencies of the revolution, he desired to cause it to go backward to the colonial system, in respect of administration, and to impose, in the realm of public law, institutions that were repugnant to the democratic character of the people.

The policies of these two hegemonies constituted the last international knot of the South American revolution. In the shock of these two continental policies, the higher principle, which was obeyed by events through natural gravitation, prevailed of itself. In a military sense, they operated in conjunction in Ecuador, and their arms combined to deliver the final blows to the common enemy, in Quito and in Perú. In Perú their divorce was accomplished. In Bolivia they came face to face. The Argentine Republic surrendered her historical rights and recognized the independence of Alto Perú, thus remaining faithful to her proclaimed principles. At the same time she declared to the Liberator, who sought to carry his arms as far as Paraguay to subdue her, that the traditional principle of her policy in respect of the different American regions was founded on the rule of not entering any territory of the national association by force and of not interfering in its internal affairs.

In this contact and clash, the policy of Bolívar was exhausted and vanquished. Perú freed herself from his tutelage, and Bolivia rose against his domination, resuming the integrity of her sovereignty. Colombia dissolved in the hands of her creator. Venezuela, Nueva Granada and Quito became independent republics, obeying the organic law of their nature. All

<sup>16</sup>See chapter xiii, section 7.

America was definitely organized internally and internationally, according to the geographical and political plan of the Argentino-Chileno-Peruvian hegemony represented by San Martín. The glory of Bolívar is imperishable, and his performance as a liberator was the most decisive of his times; but his political work died with him, and his designs, his tendencies and his ideals did not survive him, because they were in opposition to natural laws and because they disturbed the vital dynamism of the new South American social organizations. The work of San Martín survived him in its immediate effects and its subsequent results, and, with it, the decisive influence that belonged to him as the liberator of the southern part of the continent.

## VI

**M**EN of action or thought, who, like San Martín, accomplish great things, are impassioned souls that elevate their passions to the potency of genius and convert them into forces to act on events, either to direct or to serve them. They mark the intense pulsations of an epoch, from which is deduced a positive law, revelative of moral laws in activity, and of the echo of ideas that circulate in the human current. Being expressions of a manifold life and of an individual potency, condensers or generators of a fruitful movement, they exercise an influence upon their times as an efficient action or they hurl themselves into the permanent currents, and in this manner their influence is prolonged in future times as a durable fact or as a transcendent thought.

As every people has a general trait from which all the other traits are derived, and as the component parts of thought are deduced from an original quality, so also, in the case of men that incarnate the active passions of their period, all their characteristics and qualities are derived and deduced from a fundamental sentiment, the motor of all their activities. In San Martín, the chief trait, the generative sentiment from which were derived and deduced the qualities that constituted his moral being, was a genius for disinterestedness, of which he was the highest expression in the South

American revolution, whether he meditated in his limited intellectual sphere or struggled, destroyed, built up, according to his lights or commanded, obeyed, abdicated and condemned himself to everlasting silence and everlasting exile.

A posthumous judgment of him may be formulated according to these criteria and these syntheses, without exaggerating his severe historical figure, reduced to its natural proportions, or without attributing to his concrete genius, which was of limited ideas, a mystical character, when we recognize that seldom was the participation of a man more decisive than his in the destiny of a people, this explaining at the same time the apparent contradiction and fluctuation of his ideas and guiding principles in the midst of the struggle, because of the inflexible logic of the man in action in the face of the past and of the present, under the light in which he is viewed by contemporaries and in which future generations will contemplate him. As we have already said, the greatness of those that attain to immortality is not measured so much by the magnitude of their figures and the strength of their faculties as by the influence that the memory of them exercises on human consciousness, by causing it to vibrate, from generation to generation, in the name of a passion, an idea, a result or a transcendent sentiment. The greatness of San Martín belongs to this number. His was an influence and a result that have gone forth into the collective life and consciousness, more by intrinsic virtue than by qualities inherent in the man that symbolized them; more by the force of things than by the potency of individual genius.

San Martín conceived great political and military plans, which at first seemed to be madness, and then they were converted into a consciousness, which he changed into a fact. He, it was, who had the first intuition of the road to continental victory, not in order to achieve personal designs, but to multiply human power with the least possible effort. He organized strong armies that weighed with their bayonets in the scales of fate, not under the shadow of a pretorian flag or a personal pennon, but under the austere laws of discipline, he

infusing into them the passion with which he dowered them from his soul. He had the instinct of moderation and disinterestedness, and he always set the public good above personal interest. He founded republics, not as pedestals for his own uplifting, but that they might live and perpetuate themselves according to their free genius. He ruled, not because of ambition, and only as long as he deemed power a useful instrument for the long task that destiny had imposed on him. He was a conqueror and a liberator, without wearying with his ambition and his pride the people redeemed by him from slavery. He voluntarily abdicated the supreme rule in the very plenitude of his glory, if not of his power, without weakness, without tiresomeness and without anger, when he recognized that his task was ended, and that another could continue it with greater benefit to America. He condemned himself deliberately to exile and silence, not because of egoism or cowardice, but in obedience to his moral principles and as a sacrifice to his cause. Only twice did he speak of himself during his life, and he was ever thinking of others. He passed his best years in solitude, with stoical resignation, and he died without craven complaints on his lips, without bitter hatred in his heart, beholding his work successful, and his own glory in eclipse. The savior of the independence of his country at a moment when the Argentine Republic tottered on her foundations, he established two other republics and he coöperated directly in the emancipation of South

America. He was the first captain of the New World, and the only one that has supplied lessons and examples of modern strategy, in a new theater of war, with original combinations, developed on the spot throughout a vast continent, thus marking his military itinerary with mathematical victories and the creation of new nations that have outlived him.

San Martín's character was one of those that 'stamp themselves on history. His activity has been prolonged in time, and his influence has passed down to posterity as that of a man of conscious action. The germ of an idea incubated by him, which sprang from the depths of his native land, was deposited in his soul, and he was the champion of that idea. As a general of the Argentine hegemony, first, and of the Chileno-Argentine hegemony, later, he was the herald of the fundamental principles that have given to America her international constitution; to her component parts cohesion; and, to her independent states equilibrium. With all his mental defects and his political mistakes; with his limited and purely concrete genius; with his military science, more methodical than inspired; and in spite of his shortcomings during the course of his irksome life, he was the man of deliberate and transcendent, rather than of balanced action, who produced the South American revolution. Faithful to the maxim that ruled his life, "hew as what he ought to have been," and rather than be what he ought not to be, he preferred "not to be anything." Therefore will he be immortal.



# THE CONFERENCE ON THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS

BY

ESTANISLAO ZEBALLOS

A generous tribute to the discernment and statesmanship of the president and first minister of the United States, and a sprightly analysis, not so much of the conference, as of what the author conceives to have been the international situation previous to its assembling, a situation in which, according to him, the play of selfish interests, particularly those of Great Britain, seems to have been the main aspect he has deemed worthy of consideration. While his praise of our statesmen is pleasing to our national vanity, we do not accept as definitive his estimate of the motives that gave rise to the conference, for we can not rid ourselves of the impression that it was less prompted by sinister interests than one might infer from his critique.—THE EDITOR.

THE most intense and humanitarian task undertaken by statesmen during the tragic history of humanity is being accomplished at Washington. The conference of delegates of the powers on which depend the peace and prosperity of the world, or their sinking into an immeasurable abyss of new wars and prolonged misfortunes, was the preoccupation of the journalist Harding from the moment in which he accepted the presidential candidacy.

This modest Christian man, like Abraham Lincoln, abandoned the contingent and vicious demands of partizan life in order to comprehend what he owed to his nation and to humanity.

When he delivered his inaugural address last year, it was not understood in Europe or in America. A chorus of voices criticized that address as the expression of the selfish policy of a very rich and powerful state, which, concentrating its attention on itself, was abandoning Europe and the world in the supreme hour of anxiety, uncertainty and universal bankruptcy.

*La Prensa* was perhaps the first daily which, dissenting from this interpretation, called attention to the humanitarian and noble significance of the inaugural message. Its article of March 12, 1921, entitled "The Gaze of the World on the White House," maintained, in synthesis, that President Harding did not coldly disregard the misery of the world and that he offered it the generous support of his country, after solemn deliberation, with the con-

currence of the public authorities, as the federal constitution requires.

However, the carrying out of that noble and wholesome program was a masterly accomplishment, characteristic of true statesmen.

The president descried two paths as he began his journey: either he could follow the tradition, seldom interrupted, of delivering ministries (there they are headships of departments, with the exception of the department of state) to the sectional candidates or those recommended by them—a partizan or electoral cabinet—or he could make of it an organ of the nation and of humanity, at the moment in which the United States was summoned to face the most abstruse and serious problems of the history of all the continents.

The latter conception prevailed in the mind of the president, and his cabinet, freed from the shackles of subaltern and dynamic politics, was formed of illustrious men, in the respective spheres, with moral authority acquired at home and abroad.

Such were the guiding minds of the humanitarian policy that was to harmonize the nationalistic character of the government with its international mission; and such is the glory of President Harding, shared by his illustrious colaborer, the jurisconsult and statesman Hughes. Indeed, the Washington conference is the fruit of a most thorough diplomatic gestation in the face of events that upstart politicians could not have accomplished. Events presented two frightful prospects



and one consoling one. Militarily, a new war for predominance on the Pacific ocean and in the Far East was foreseen; economically, the bankruptcy of Europe and the world would be inevitable in an environment of discord. There was consolation, it is true, in the hope that, peace being assured, the foundation would be laid for the reconciliation and economic rehabilitation of Europe and the world.

To clear horizons covered with sinister presages, to prevent wars, at least during the long period of convalescence, and to begin the wise and solidary adjustment of the universal economic crisis: these were the objects kept in view by the statesmen at Washington.

They could afford to lose no time. The renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance was imminent; and it prevented the supremacy of the North Americans in the Pacific and in the Far East. The danger of war with Japan was publicly and strategically discussed, however much the amiable words of the governments made light of the dangers of the situation.

The urgency of the moment was felt to be so great that Harding, long before he entered the White House, had made his plans. Unlike so many South American rulers, who are born wiseacres, Harding brought together, in his modest home in Ohio, the ablest leaders of his party and of the opposition, and he obtained their opinion and discussed the subject with them. It is worthy of recollection that friends and adversaries, victors and vanquished, withdrew agreeing with him and offering him their support.

The diagram that is published by *La Prensa* to-day, which shows the military rivalry—the foundation of commercial predominance—in those remote oceanic and Asiatic regions, and which is based on the map of the mandates of the treaty of Versailles and authoritative North American data, demonstrates how the lines of attack and defense were stretched at the tragic moment in which the Washington conference was convened.

A fortified route, a chain of naval bases, united by divisions of British vessels, girdles a great part of the earth, from the north of Europe: the Shetland islands,

the English channel, Gibraltar, the Mediterranean, the Suez canal, the Indian ocean, the straits to Singapore. At Kudat the chain divides into two branches, which embrace, like the jaws of a pair of gigantic pincers, the Philippines (the headquarters of the United States in the Orient). One branch garrisons, on the south, the coasts of New Guinea and covers the possessions of Australasia. The other ascends toward the north and, taking the Philippines in the flank, as the south branch takes them in the rear, unites with all the military power of Japan, which, in turn, covers the oceanic line toward the face of Alaska.

The Philippines were surrounded and isolated, and the rearguard of the extreme south of the American line was dominated by the British naval bases. The United States began, however, to thrust forward her lines of defense and offense on the Pacific, after the manner of a wedge, driven in at Manila. She sent her formidable squadron of battle-ships and her most powerful cruisers to the Pacific. She covered the American coast with her naval stations from Alaska southward, thus fronting the Japanese lines; and she advanced to the southern center of the great ocean, founding naval bases, as an advanced line, on the Hawaiian, Near, Marcus, Jardines, Iguan and Philippine islands.

In short, the North Americans, flanked and surrounded, demanded the island of Yap, the essential strategic center of the submarine cables, which an act—not yet thoroughly cleared up—of President Wilson's at Versailles had delivered to Japan, thus opening a formidable breach in the North American offensive and defensive line.

This telegraphic knot, occupied by a powerful squadron, would be the key to the security of all the regions southward, northward, eastward and westward. The Japanese opposed the surrender of it, and thus they interrupted the Pacific highway of the North Americans to the Philippines. The defense of these islands lacked oceanic bases, and, surrounded, as they were, by the allied squadrons of Great Britain and Japan, they might fall into the power of the latter country. North American influence

in Asia would thus be eliminated, and the great republic would be forced to make a stupendous outlay of resources and effort in a war that would be a greater catastrophe for the world than the European war.

The future of peace or of war depended in the meanwhile on the spirit and policy of Great Britain; or, perhaps it would be more just to say, on Lloyd George. The sagacity and talent of the new government at Washington would therefore have to be exercised on the "Foreign Office."<sup>1</sup> That was the Gordian knot. Here we have then the diplomatic equation, skilfully and felicitously solved by Harding and Hughes.

Did Great Britain need the alliance with Japan? Before the downfall of the Russian empire she needed it. The advance of the Russian establishments in Asia and the occupation of Kiao-Chau by Germany threatened the great British possessions and flanked Japan. The alliance therefore opposed to Russia and Germany, in their rivalries of the Far East, on land, the powerful Japanese army, and on water, squadrons that did not require Great Britain to disgarrison the English channel, the Mediterranean and other possessions, in order to protect her Indies and her Chinese commerce.

After the decline of Spanish diplomacy, the most dexterous and felicitous of the world, down to the sixteenth century, appeared the British—sagacious, persistent, unyielding, ductile, elastic, whether it employed arms or flattery or money to dominate men and peoples.

Its method of converting the British islands into an immeasurable, universal empire has had no parallel, even in Roman expansion; and one of its characteristic and most frequent means has been that of destroying its rivals in Europe through the instrumentality of others. Great Britain has thus overcome all the powers by the use of her allies, from Spain and the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, to Russia in 1904, and the central empires and Turkey in 1920.

Her alliance with Japan signified nothing more or less than a fleet and a squad-

ron ready to restrain or attack Russia or Germany in the Far East; and the Russo-Japanese war was a work of art of British diplomacy.

When, however, the power of Russia disappeared in the east, and Germany was broken, Great Britain did not need Japan. On the other hand, she must understand the multiple advantages of a good understanding with the United States: economically, for the purpose of national and universal salvation; and, martially, because the United States is the only nation that is capable of surpassing and, in the end, of destroying the naval power of Great Britain, then to shatter the colossal empire, which the British fleet serves as a backbone.

On the other hand, the heroic continental supremacy of France began to pre-occupy the "Foreign Office."<sup>1</sup> The events that are developing in respect of this supremacy are grave and notorious.

In a serious conflict between Japan and the United States, what would have been the attitude of Great Britain, if Japan had demanded the fulfilment of the obligations of the alliance? Her most important dominions, and particularly those of the Pacific, have taken a stand against a renewal of the alliance. They do not wish to wound or to antagonize the United States.

Probably this was also the intimate thought of the British government, but a delicate and previous question of diplomatic ethics presented itself.

It was the part of justice not to offend the friend and ally of the period of danger. It was worth while to prevent Japan from accusing her ally of disloyalty. It was necessary that the alliance should terminate, as the inevitable result of events foreign to the initiative of Great Britain.

In this serious and critical hour the government at Washington laid its plans.

It was evident that these events would disclose new and striking aspects of British diplomacy; and from 1920 there have floated in the air vague rumors, uttered at times by authoritative voices, of the expediency and the possibility of founding the policy of the world on an understanding between the Anglo-Saxon peoples:

<sup>1</sup>Thus in the original.—THE EDITOR.

Great Britain, the United States, Canada, the British dominions of the Pacific, the Cape and India: without doubt, a colossal, incomparable power.

Which of the chancelleries took the first step? Apparently that of Washington, after studying these aspects of the international atmosphere.

When, in the military and diplomatic situation described, Harding's confidential invitation reached London, Lloyd George must have breathed with a sense of relief. Harding had thrown across the longed for bridge.

The understanding between the White House and the "Foreign Office"<sup>2</sup> being concerted—in an environment so favorable that Lloyd George's presence at Washington was not even necessary—the stormy horizon of the world cleared.

The war of the Pacific has been prevented. The alliance between Great Britain and Japan is unnecessary, and it has been terminated. Peace is assured between the major powers. This concert will permit the reduction or solution of the Anglo-French rivalry already outlined. The smaller nations will go on fighting, and the German and Russian problems and other complicated affairs that relate to the present and the future will continue to vex; but everything indicates that the new *entente* will be inclined to solve them in a conciliatory manner. France will resist, and Japan will become resigned; but one and the other nation will evolve, unquestionably, in face of the danger of remain-

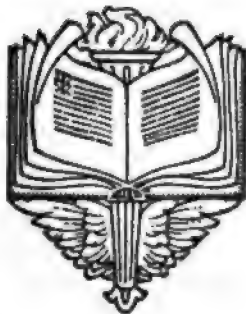
ing isolated in the presence of the concentration of the most powerful diplomatic, military and economic forces that have been recorded in the annals of the world.

Disarmament has been therefore a simple pretext to combine a policy of peace with one of universal economic reparation. *La Prensa* said at the proper moment that disarmament was impossible for Great Britain and especially for France; and it added that only a national equivalence, which would prevent the assault of the stronger upon the weaker, could be reached.

This is what has happened! Yet naval equivalence, in itself, is not an assurance of peace. He that finds it to his interests to fight, will fight, with weapons or with clubs. What is important, what is glorious, in the diplomatic tourney of Harding, Hughes and Lloyd George, is that they have found a means of starting the world along new diplomatic routes by allaying the spirit of strife among those that might desire to fight.

Let us salute with gladness the three heroes of peace, worthy to pass beneath the triumphal arches of all the continents. Let us hope that they will not abuse the enormous power combined by the new *entente*. Let us offer prayers that in South America may fructify the redemptive plant that flourished in Washington, and that those that play with the heroic and dangerous romanticism of armed peace may sing hosannas to the aurora of conciliation that illuminates the world, lay aside their arms and proclaim the reign of work and liberty.

<sup>2</sup>Thus in the original.—THE EDITOR.



# BIOGRAPHY OF SUCRE

BY  
SIMÓN BOLÍVAR

What one great man has said of another, a colleague's opinion of a colleague, that which discloses a rival's attitude toward his rival: this is always interesting and instructive. If, in addition, the writer in question was not only an eminent personage, as in this case, but also the wielder of a dexterous pen, his words become all the more impressive. The *Liberator* sketched the life of his ablest lieutenant, doubtless somewhat with a view to pleasing him, and, at the same time, to placating the public. The facts stand, however, and they give us an insight into one of the ablest and purest of the American military leaders. This article therefore may well serve as an introduction to the one that follows it.—THE EDITOR.

Believe me, general, no one has such regard for your glory as I. Never has a chief paid more honor to a subaltern. At this very moment is being printed a narrative of your life written by myself; obeying my conscience, I have written a tribute to your merits. This I say that you may see that I am just: I highly disapprove of what does not seem good to me, at the same time that I admire what is sublime.—BOLÍVAR.<sup>1</sup>

GENERAL ANTONIO JOSÉ DE SUCRE was born in the city of Cumaná, in the province of Venezuela, in the year 1790,<sup>2</sup> of wealthy and distinguished parents.

He received his first education in the capital, Caracas. In the year 1802 he be-

gan his studies in mathematics, in order to follow the calling of engineer. When the revolution broke out, he devoted himself to this arm, and he showed from the first moment an application and an intelligence that caused him to excel among his companions. Very soon the war began, and General Sucre immediately took the field. He served under the command of General Miranda with distinction in 1811 and 1812. When Generals Mariño, Piar, Bermúdez and Valdez undertook the reconquest of their country in 1813 in an easterly direction, young Sucre accompanied them in an enterprise of the most daring and temeritous character. Barely a handful of men, which did not exceed a hundred, attempted and effected the liberation of three provinces. Sucre always distinguished himself by his indefatigable activity, his intelligence and his valor. On the celebrated fields of Maturín and Cumaná, he was usually to be found beside the most audacious, breaking the enemy's ranks and cutting to pieces the hostile armies with

authority. I say to you with a frankness you must pardon, that you suffer from the mania of susceptibility, and this susceptibility is bound to prejudice you, just as it did at Callao. All were displeased with you then on account of your sensitiveness, and now the same thing is going to happen."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup>According to the *Diccionario Salvat*, volume viii, page 1052, Sucre was born in 1795; *The Century Dictionary and Cyclopaedia* gives the date of his birth as June 13, 1793; the *Diccionario enciclopédico hispano-americano*, Barcelona, 1887-1898, gives 1793; Ramón Azpurúa's *Biografía de hombres notables de Hispano-América*, Caracas, 1877, confirms the year 1793; while the *Biographie universelle*, edited by Louis Gabriel Michaud, Paris, 1880, gives February 3, 1793. It may be assumed, we think, that Sucre was born in 1793, while the month and day of his birth seem not to be so clearly established.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup>A paragraph from a letter written to General Sucre by the *Liberator*, dated at Lima, February 21, 1825.

In order that the passage quoted (which, as it appeared in the article, evidently was not taken directly from the letter, but was reproduced from a similar position at the head of Bolívar's *Resumen sucinto de la vida del general Sucre*, as arranged by Daniel F. O'Leary and placed at the beginning of his *Cartas de Sucre al Libertador* (1820-1826), edition of "Editorial-América," Madrid, 1919, volume i, pages 11-19) may be fully understood by those that are unacquainted with this interesting letter, we insert below a translation of the paragraph that precedes it, the original of which we take from *Documentos para la historia de la vida pública del Libertador de Colombia, Perú y Bolivia*, et cetera, Caracas, 1876, volume ix, page 598:

"You are characterized by a rare moderation. You do not wish to assert the authority of general that belongs to you, by a real exercise of command over the country your troops occupy; and you desire, nevertheless, to discharge a function that is legislative. I greatly regret that the comparison should be odious, but your conduct is like that of San Martín in Perú. The authority of the *Liberator-General* seemed very strong to you, and therefore you took it on yourself to issue a provisional statute, for which you had no

three or four companies of volunteers of the kind that composed all our forces. Greece afforded no greater prodigies. Five hundred armed countrymen, commanded by the intrepid Piar, destroyed eight thousand Spaniards in three battles in the open field. General Sucre was one of those that distinguished themselves among these heroes.

General Sucre served on the general staff of the army of the east during 1816 and 1817, always with the zeal, talent and knowledge that so greatly distinguish him. He was the soul of the army in which he served. He reduced everything to method, he directed everything, but with the modesty, the grace, that adorns everything he accomplishes. Amid the strife that necessarily results from war and revolution, General Sucre has frequently been the mediator, the counselor, the guide, without ever losing sight of the good cause and the right road. He was the scourge of disorder, and, nevertheless, he was the friend of all.

His attachment to the Liberator and to the government often placed him in a difficult position, when the domestic parties inflamed minds. General Sucre stood in the storm like a rock beaten by the waves, his eyes fixed on the patria, without losing, however, the appreciation and regard of those that were involved in the fray.

After the battle of Boyacá, General Sucre was appointed chief of the patriot general staff, and he acquitted himself in this position with his astonishing activity. In this capacity, associated with General Briceño and Colonel Pérez, he negotiated, in 1820, with General Morillo the armistice and the regularization of the war. That treaty is worthy of the soul of General Sucre: it was dictated by benignity, clemency, the genius of kindness; it will be everlasting, as the most beautiful monument of pity applied to war; it will be everlasting, like the name of the victor of Ayacucho.

Next he was sent from Bogotá to command the division of troops that the government of Colombia placed under his command to succor Guayaquil, which had risen in revolt against the Spanish government. Sucre displayed there his conciliatory, courteous, active and audacious genius.

Two consecutive defeats had brought Guayaquil to the verge of the abyss. All had been lost at that time; no one hoped for salvation save by a miracle of good fortune; but General Sucre was in Guayaquil, and his presence was sufficient to accomplish everything. The people desired to free themselves from slavery; General Sucre directed this noble desire with wisdom and glory. He was victorious at Yaguachi, and thus he freed Guayaquil; later a new army—strong and triumphant—appeared at the very gates of this city. General Sucre conjured it, defeated it, without combating it. His policy achieved what his arms would not have accomplished. The dexterity of General Sucre's cleverness obtained from the Spanish general an armistice that was, in reality, a victory. A great part of the battle of Pichincha was due to this able negotiation; because, without it, this celebrated campaign would not have taken place. Everything would have succumbed then, as General Sucre would not have had the means of resistance at his disposal.

General Sucre, in short, formed during that armistice a respectable army from the troops he raised in the country, those he received from the government of Colombia and the division of General Santa Cruz, which he obtained from the Protector of Perú,<sup>3</sup> as a result of his untiring perseverance in arousing everywhere enemies of the Spaniards possessed of Quito.

The campaign that ended the war in southern Colombia<sup>4</sup> was directed and commanded by General Sucre in person; in it he demonstrated his military talents and virtues. He overcame difficulties that seemed insuperable; Nature beset him with obstacles, privations and the severest suffering. Yet his fertile genius succeeded in remedying everything. The battle of Pichincha consummated the work of his zeal, his sagacity and his valor. He was then appointed, in reward for his services,

<sup>3</sup>General José de San Martín, called the "Protector," especially of Perú, as Bolívar won for himself, particularly in the five countries of the north, the sobriquet of "Liberator."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>"Southern Colombia," as used here by Bolívar, means Ecuador: the "Gran Colombia" of his imagination and of legend was composed of Nueva Granada, Venezuela and Ecuador.—THE EDITOR.

a general of division and the intendant of the city of Quito. The people of the region looked upon him as their liberator, their friend; they seemed to be better pleased with the chief that was assigned them than with the liberty itself that they received at his hands. Happiness endures but a short time; they soon lost it.

The pertinacious city of Pasto rose shortly after the capitulation the Liberator, with a generosity unexampled in war, had granted it. That of Ayacucho, as we have just beheld with surprise, was not comparable to it. Nevertheless, the people of Pasto, ungrateful and perfidious, forced General Sucre to march against them at the head of some battalions and squadrons of the Colombian guard. The abysses, the torrents, the heights and precipices of Pasto were dared by the invincible soldiers of Colombia. General Sucre led them, and Pasto was again reduced to the recognition of her duty. General Sucre was soon appointed to a double mission, military and diplomatic, near this government, the object of which was to have him at the side of the president of the republic to take part in the execution of the operations of the Colombian troops sent in aid of Perú. He had hardly reached this capital when the government of Perú insisted, repeatedly and strongly, that he take command of the united army; he declined to do so, adhering to his duty and his own moderation, until the approach of the enemy with very superior forces changed the acceptance of the command into a very honorable obligation. All was in disorder; everything was about to succumb, for want of a military leader that might put the stronghold of Callao in a state of defense with the troops that occupied this capital. General Sucre assumed command, against his own wishes.

The congress, which had been outraged by President Riva Agüero, deposed this ruler as soon as he entered Callao, and it authorized General Sucre to act as the supreme military and political chief. The circumstances were terrible, most urgent; it was not a time for hesitation, but for acting with resoluteness.

General Sucre resigned, however, the command that was conferred on him by

the congress, which persisted, always with greater and greater ardor, in the same desire, as he was the only one that could save the country in that tremendous conflict. Callao contained the box of Pandora, and at the same time it was in chaos. The enemy was at the gates with double forces; the stronghold was not prepared for a siege; the corps of the army that garrisoned it were from different states and of different parties. The congress and the executive were at each other's throats with mailed fists; all the world was in command in that place of confusion; and in appearance General Sucre was responsible for everything. He therefore decided to defend the stronghold on condition that the supreme authorities would evacuate it, as had already been determined in advance by the congress and the executive. He counseled the two branches to come to an understanding and compose their differences at Trujillo, which was designated as their place of residence.

General Sucre had definite orders from his government to uphold the government of Perú, but to abstain from interfering in its internal differences; this was his invariable conduct, he religiously following his instructions. Therefore both parties complained of indifference, indolence and apathy on the part of the Colombian general, who, if he had accepted the military command, had done so with great repugnance and merely to please the Peruvian authorities, but thoroughly resolved to exercise no other command than a strictly military one. Such was his conduct amid the difficult circumstances. Perú can say whether truth dictates these lines.

The operations of General Santa Cruz in Alto Perú<sup>5</sup> had begun successfully and hopefully. General Sucre had received orders to embark with four thousand allied troops for those parts. In reality, he set out with three thousand Colombians and Chileans; he disembarked at the port of Quilca and took the city of Arequipa. He opened communications with General Santa Cruz, who was in Alto Perú. Although he had received no request from this general for aid, he made everything ready

<sup>5</sup>Upper Perú: now Bolivia.—THE EDITOR.

to act at once against the common enemy. His troops had arrived worn out, like all that make the trip: horses and baggage had been obtained with great difficulty. The Chilean troops were naked, and they had to be clothed before undertaking a hard campaign. Nevertheless, everything was accomplished in a few weeks. General Sucre's division had now received a despatch from General Santa Cruz, who summoned it to his aid; and some hours after the reception of the message, the division was on the march, when the disheartening announcement of the dissolution of the Peruvian division, in the neighborhood of El Desaguadero, was received. Then the aspect of everything changed. It was therefore necessary to alter the plan. General Sucre held a conference with General Santa Cruz at Moquegua, and there they worked out their subsequent operations. The division commanded by General Sucre went to Pisco and thence passed on, by order of the Liberator, to Supe, to oppose the plans of Riva Agüero, who was acting in concert with the Spaniards.

In these circumstances General Sucre insisted that the Liberator permit him to take the valley of Jauja with the Colombian troops, in order there to cut off General Canterac, who was coming from the south. Riva Agüero had offered to cooperate in this movement; but he was perfidiously attempting to deceive us. His intention was to delay the movement until the Spaniards, his auxiliaries, should arrive. This wretched trick could not deceive the Liberator, who had foreseen it in advance, or rather, he had become acquainted with it by means of the intercepted papers of the traitors and the enemy.

General Sucre at that moment gave brilliant evidence of the generosity of his character. Riva Agüero had calumniated him outrageously: he had supposed him to be the author of the decrees of congress; the agent of the Liberator's ambitions; the instrument of his ruin. In spite of this, however, Sucre urgently and ardently besought the Liberator not to employ him in the campaign against Riva Agüero, even as a simple soldier. It was barely possible to induce him to follow as a spectator, and not as the leader of the united army; his oppo-

sition was absolute. He said that the participation of the auxiliaries was in no sense proper in that quarrel, and infinitely less his own, because he was understood to be a personal enemy of Riva Agüero's and a rival for command. The Liberator yielded with infinite regret, as he said, to the vehement clamors of General Sucre. He took command of the army in person, until General La Fuente, because of his noble resolution to stifle the treason of a leader and civil war in his country, arrested Riva Agüero and his accomplices. Then General Sucre again took command of the army; he cantoned it in the province of Huailas, where he put it in order. There his economy displayed all its resources to maintain the troops of Colombia in comfort and contentment. Thitherto that *departamento* had yielded the state very little, or nothing. Nevertheless, General Sucre established the strictest regulations for the sustenance of the army, while at the same time reconciling the people to their sacrifices and diminishing the burden of military demands by means of his inexhaustible goodness and his infinite kindness. So it was that the people and the army found themselves as well off as the circumstances permitted.

Sucre had orders to make a reconnoissance along the frontier, which he accomplished with his wonted thoroughness, and he gave advice as to the preparatory steps that would enable us to effect the next campaign. When the treason of Callao and Torre Tagle summoned the enemy to Lima, General Sucre received orders to counteract the system of perfidious machinations that had spread throughout the territory against the Liberator of the country, the glory of the Liberator and the honor of the Colombians. General Sucre combated with success all the adversaries of the good cause; he wrote with his own hand reams of papers to oppose the enemies of Perú and of liberty, to uphold those that stood for the right and to comfort those that were beginning to lose heart on account of the prestige of victorious error. General Sucre wrote to his friends that had taken more interest in the cause of Perú than in a cause that was their own or their families'. Never did he display so indefatigable a

zeal; but his services were not in vain; they succeeded in retaining in the cause of the country many of those that would have abandoned it but for Sucre's generous efforts. General Sucre at the same time took in charge the direction of the preparations that led to the marvelous feat of conducting the army to the valley of Jauja across the Andes, frozen and desert. The army received all the support required, due unquestionably as much to the Peruvian people that gave it as to the leader that had ordered it so opportunely and discreetly.

General Sucre, after the action of Junín, again devoted himself to the improvement and relief of the army. The hospitals were supplied by him, and the pickets that came in to the army were cared for by the general himself. These provisions supplied the army with two thousand men, who would perhaps have perished in want without the care with which he devoted his activities to this pious service. Every sacrifice for humanity and for the patria seems glorious to General Sucre. No kind attention is unworthy of his heart; he is the soldier's general.

When the Liberator left him with orders to carry on the campaign during the winter that was just beginning, General Sucre displayed all the superior talents that have conduced to his achieving the most brilliant campaign of the many enterprises that constitute the glory of the sons of the New World. The march of the united army from the province of Cotabamba to Huamanga was a notable operation, compara-

ble perhaps to the greatest achievements afforded by military annals. Our army was inferior by half to that of the enemy, which possessed infinite material advantages over ours. We were forced to defile over crags, passes, rivers, summits, abysses, always in the presence of the enemy, who was always superior. This short but terrible campaign had still another merit that is not well known in its accomplishment: it is worthy of a Cæsar to describe it.

The battle of Ayacucho was the climax of American glory and of the work of General Sucre. The disposition of it was perfect, and its execution divine. Skilful and prompt manœuvres vanquished in an hour a perfectly constituted and ably commanded enemy that had been victorious for fourteen years. Ayacucho was the despair of our enemies. Ayacucho, like Waterloo, which decided the fate of Europe, determined the destiny of the American nations. The coming generations will look back upon the victory of Ayacucho to bless it and to contemplate it seated on the throne of liberty, decreeing to Americans the exercise of their rights and the sacred law of nature.

General Sucre is the father of Ayacucho; he is the redeemer of the sons of the south; it was he that broke the chains with which Pizarro bound the empire of the Incas. Posterity will represent Sucre with one foot on Pichincha and the other at Potosí, carrying in his hands the cradle of Manco-Cápac and contemplating the chains of Perú, shattered by his sword.





# THE ECUADORIAN CAMPAIGN 1821-1822

HIGH LIGHTS ON GENERAL ANTONIO JOSÉ DE SUCRE

BY

CARLOS A. VIVANCO

This article, for which the *Liberator's* sketch of Sucre, published in this number, may serve as an introduction, is an account of the progress of the revolution in the provinces that to-day constitute the republic of Ecuador, from the declaration of independence by Guayaquil, in 1820, until the decisive battle of Pichincha and the occupation of the city of Quito by the patriots. It concludes with a description of Bolívar's visit to the south, and the honors paid to Sucre. The article seemed too long to reproduce in one number, consequently it has been divided, and it will be concluded in the June number.—  
THE EDITOR.

I

ON NOVEMBER 8, 1820, General Manuel Valdés, chief of the division of the south, received the following despatch at Cali:

SEÑOR COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE DIVISION OF SANTA FE, IN POPAYÁN OR LOS VALLES:

I have the satisfaction to communicate to you an occurrence of the greatest importance to the cause of the patria.—At dawn, on the ninth, all the troops of this stronghold, together with the people, proclaimed independence with the greatest enthusiasm, and they have observed such order that this event has seemed more like a public rejoicing than a revolution. I hasten to convey to you these tidings for the influence they must have on your military operations, with the understanding that I, as commander-in-chief of the armies of this province, shall omit no provision that will enable us to coöperate for the achievement of the freedom of the countries that lie about us, which at this moment ought to be moved, or at least prepared, to follow our example.—I improve this auspicious occasion to express to you my sentiments of friendship and fraternity.—God keep you for many years.—Guayaquil, October 13, 1820.

GREGORIO ESCOBEDO,

*commanding general.*<sup>1</sup>

Valdés had a transcript of this despatch sent the same day to Vice-President Santander.

The *Liberator* was at Barinas when he received the glorious news of the political transformation of Guayaquil by which

that province severed its relations with the Spanish government. Bolívar was filled with rejoicing, as he understood the great advantages this heroic step of the "pearl of the Pacific" would involve for the general cause; and in view of it he decided to go south in person to take part in the campaign of Quito. On November 26 he had signed at Trujillo a treaty of armistice for six months with the "pacifier," Morillo, and on the following day at Santa Ana he concluded one for the regularization of the war.

Bolívar, relieved of these responsibilities, went to Bogotá, which he reached on January 5, 1821. The *Liberator*, informed of the unfortunate occurrences in the valley of Cauca and in Popayán resolved to relieve General Valdés of the command of the army and of the direction of the war in the south, and for this purpose his mind turned to General Sucre. On January 10 he ordered General Mires to go immediately to Guayaquil to felicitate and compliment the government and people on their happy change, while at the same time presenting to the city the most sincere prayers and good wishes of the government and people of Colombia for their happiness and prosperity. Mires was in the south, under the command of General Valdés, and, as soon as he received this order, he hastened to carry out the commission. On January 11 the *Liberator* gave the necessary instructions in Bogotá that General Sucre should go to assume charge of the army of the south. However, be-

<sup>1</sup>*Archivo Santander*, volume v, page 300.

fore continuing this narrative, it is necessary to know who was the young General Sucre to whom this arduous enterprise had been intrusted.

Antonio José de Sucre was born in Cumaná, Venezuela, February 3, 1795.<sup>2</sup> His parents were don Vicente Sucre and doña Manuela de Alcalá. He received at Caracas the best education that could be obtained under the Spanish régime. The war of independence began, and Sucre, at the age of fifteen years, took up arms, joining the campaign and embracing the cause of freedom with ardor. He served with distinction under the command of General Miranda in 1811 and 1812. When Generals Mariño, Piar, Bermúdez and Valdés undertook the reconquest of the western part of their country in 1813, young Sucre accompanied them in this enterprise, the most daring and temeritous thitherto. Sucre was always distinguished by his indefatigable activity, intelligence and courage. In 1813 General Mariño made out his papers as lieutenant-colonel, and in 1817 he obtained those of colonel, issued by the Liberator at La Guayana. Notwithstanding, he was but slightly known, for "Bolívar had had little dealings with him and was still less acquainted with him, until the year 1819." Vice-President don Francisco Antonio Zea, without being authorized to do so, promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general; the Liberator was highly displeased, and it chanced that while he was descending the Orinoco, after the battle of Boyacá, he met a *flechera*<sup>3</sup> ascending the river. Bolívar asked:

"Who goes in that *flechera*?"

"General Sucre," they answered him.

"There is no such general," he replied in an angry tone, and he ordered both *flecheros* to tie up to the bank. Then Sucre explained to him that, although he had been appointed a general, because, perhaps, his services merited the honor, he had never thought of accepting the rank without the permission of General Bolívar. The latter understood the reproach, presented his excuses, and from that time on the two men that contributed most to

bestowing freedom on South America<sup>4</sup> were friends.

In 1820 the Liberator made him chief of the general staff of the army of liberation, and the same year he appointed him commissioner to arrange the treaty of Santa Ana de Trujillo.

General Florencio O'Leary<sup>5</sup> describes, in his *Memorias*, an occurrence that is worthy of being noted here, because in the story may be recognized the just esteem in which he was held by the Liberator:

A few months before intrusting the command of the army of the south to Sucre, the day the Liberator entered Cúcuta, returning from Cartagena, Sucre came out to receive him. When I, who did not know him, saw him coming, I asked the Liberator who was the bad rider that was approaching us. "He is," he answered me, "one of the best officers of the army; he combines the professional knowledge of Soublette, the kindly character of Briceño, the talent of Santander and the activity of Salom; strange as it may seem, he is not known, and his aptitudes are not suspected. I am resolved to bring him out into the light, persuaded that some day he will rival me."<sup>6</sup>

This then was the great man on whom

<sup>2</sup>O'Leary: volume ii, page 67.

<sup>3</sup>Daniel Florence O'Leary, known in Hispanic-American history as "General Florencio O'Leary," or as "General Daniel Florencio O'Leary," was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1801; he reached Angostura, now Ciudad Bolívar, Venezuela, in 1818, as color bearer of the "Húzares Rojos" (Red Hussars)—one of the companies formed in Great Britain in 1817 to fight for the cause of the independents of Venezuela—under command of Colonel Wilson. From Angostura he went to San Fernando de Apure, with the rank of lieutenant. There his remarkable career began. At Gamarra he was raised to the grade of captain, and in this capacity he made the campaigns of Apure and Boyacá. He was wounded at Pantano de Vargas. Anzoátegui appointed him his first aide-de-camp. On the death of Anzoátegui, the Liberator added him to his staff as aide. He took part in the battle of Carabobo in 1821. At Pichincha he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was made a brigadier-general at Tarqui, after having lost and then regained the Liberator's favor. He later played an important part in the military, diplomatic and civic life of the new states. His *Memorias del general O'Leary publicadas por su hijo Simón B. O'Leary, por orden del gobierno de Venezuela y bajo los auspicios de su presidente general Guzmán Blanco, ilustre regenerador de la república*, Caracas, 32 volumes, octavo, is of fundamental importance as a source of knowledge of the history of Bolívar, of the northern campaigns and of the incipient institutions of Venezuela, Nueva Granada and Ecuador. He died in Bogotá in February, 1854.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>O'Leary: volume ii, page 67.

<sup>5</sup>See note 2, page 214.

<sup>6</sup>In South American usage, a long, narrow, sharp-pointed canoe.—THE EDITOR.

Bolívar had set his mind as one that might undertake the direction of the war in the south.

## II

SUCRE set out immediately for his post and he found General Valdés retiring, surrounded by a thousand difficulties. His arrival and the notification given to the royalists of the armistice contributed to animate the army. Sucre's conciliatory conduct and his affable manners, united with the energy and firmness of his character, produced a favorable change in public opinion, so that circumstances improved within a short time, and affairs became established on a firm foundation.

The Liberator recognized that war on the royalists of Quito ought to be made from Guayaquil, and with a view to carrying out this great enterprise, he issued, on January 21 at Bogotá, the respective credentials to authorize Sucre to go to Guayaquil and assume charge of the mission that had been confided to General Mires; and, at the same time, he added ample instructions to take along a thousand troops, to open the campaign in that direction and to negotiate for the incorporation of that province with the republic of Colombia.

Sucre was at El Trapiche when on February 24 he received a letter from General Valdés, in which he told him to "come to receive an important communication from the Liberator by which another post was to be assigned to him."<sup>7</sup> He immediately set out for Popayán, where he arrived on March 1, and he informed himself regarding the order to go to Guayaquil.

Sucre turned over the command of the army of the south to General Pedro León Torres and he began to hasten his preparations for the journey, taking thought of what was necessary for the execution of his commission. On March 6 he was in Cali, where he sought to increase the number of enlistments in the "Santander" battalion which he had formed. He received from the Englishman Halton ten thousand pesos payable within three months, at Guayaquil or Quito. He acquired a small

medicine chest. He had a thousand uniforms made for the troops he was to take along; and, in short, he fitted out the expedition in the most satisfactory manner. He sent for the corvette *Alejandro*, which was lying at Esmeraldas, to transport him to the place of his destination.

Although all the necessary orders to supply Sucre with what he needed for the expedition had been given, he had to contend with the rivalry and envy of his companions. We call attention to this because Sucre himself, in his letters to General Santander, written from Cali, showed what slight willingness the leaders of the south manifested to fill the complement of a thousand men destined for Guayaquil and to give him sufficient money for them; and it is proved by the fact that when he left the Colombian shores he took only the "Santander" battalion, composed of four hundred men.<sup>8</sup> When he was once in Guayaquil, and after repeated requests, he succeeded in inducing them to send him small contingents, which not even thus completed the thousand men that he was to lead, according to the Liberator's orders.

This by no means disheartened him, because in his mind he had already conceived the idea of liberating Quito by crossing the majestic Chimborazo and camping on the sides of the famous volcano of Cotopaxi. On March 21 he despatched from Cali to Cascajal (Buenaventura) the "Santander" battalion, and three days later he set out after it for the same place, conveying the baggage and other equipment necessary to the enterprise. From Cascajal he requested of Colonel José Concha the recruits of Iscuandé and Barbacoas that had been gathered by his orders and the money necessary for the expenses of the troops, but Concha paid no attention to his request.

In view of all these contrarieties, he decided to start with the small force he possessed; and, on April 4, he embarked in the corvette *Alejandro*, carrying on board the battalion mentioned. On April 10 he reached Tumaco, where he left Colonel Illingworth<sup>9</sup> with orders to take the re-

<sup>7</sup>*Archivo Santander*, volume vi, pages 127, 177, 239.

<sup>9</sup>John Illingworth (known in Hispanic-American history as "Colonel" and later as "General" and then

<sup>8</sup>*Archivo Santander*, volume vi, page 81.

cruits of Barbacoas and convey them to Guayaquil. On the following day he left Tumaco, and on the fifteenth of the same month he touched at Río Verde in order to supply himself with provisions and water, which were beginning to run low. As soon as he had taken on these needed supplies, he continued the voyage, and, on the thirtieth, he reached Santa Elena, after a hard voyage, during which he had to buffet the elements. He disembarked at this point, compelled by an absolute lack of provisions and by the illness of his soldiers, for six had died in transit. As soon as he had landed with the battalion, he ordered the corvette to proceed to Guayaquil, carrying on board the stores, the ammunition and the extra clothing, and he instructed that General Mires and the government *junta* of that city should be informed as to the reason why he had been obliged to remain at Santa Elena. After having secured supplies for the troops and after having set up as good a hospital as he could—in which eighty-five sick men were placed—he started, on May 4, to Guayaquil, which he reached on the night of the sixth.

### III

ON MAY 7 Sucre appeared before the *junta*. He was received with manifestations of cordiality, but he could reach no agreement with it because of the illness of one of its members. Nevertheless, he attempted to communicate to the president of Quito that on May 26, or forty days after the seventh, the armistice would terminate; but the *junta* requested him to delay this communication until

as "Admiral Juan Illingworth") was born in Cheshire, England, March 10, 1786, of a good family, according to accounts. After serving with some distinction in the British navy and after not a little experience in warfare, he came to America in 1817 with Lord Cochrane, and he spent the rest of his life in Ecuador and the neighboring countries, fighting until independence was achieved, and then taking part in the civic life of the country, in which he became one of the distinguished figures. He died on his estate of Chonana, in the *cañón* of Daule, Ecuador, August 2, 1853. His face appears on one of the centennial postage stamps issued in 1920 in commemoration of the centenary of the beginning of the revolutionary struggle in Guayaquil. The student is referred to Camilo Destrugé's *Biografía del general don Juan Illingworth*, Guayaquil, 1913, an illustrated volume of 310 pages, for full information.—THE EDITOR.

it should be learned whether the complement of troops that were to come from Colombia would arrive.

Colonel Antonio Morales, who had gone to Quito, commissioned to announce the armistice to the royalist government, after discharging his commission, went to Guayaquil and from that place he set out for Buenaventura with the vessels that the government *junta* had equipped to transport the Colombian troops, in accord with the agreement signed by General Mires and the *junta*. These troops were those awaited by the government, and who did not reach the number of fifteen hundred men, stipulated by the treaty of April 12, 1821; in the first place, because this agreement was rendered ineffective by the presence of General Sucre; and in the second place, because the leaders of the south had not obeyed the orders of the Liberator, either because of the straitened condition in which they were or whether because of the slackness with which they conducted themselves in the south, where they were stopped in the presence of the immense barrier of the Juanambú by the competent royalist leader don Basilio García. Be this as it may, the truth is that the ship sent by the *junta* returned with a small contingent of only two hundred and eighty men, under command of Colonel Morales, after a large sum of money had been spent on the expedition.

Sucre acquired news of the enemy, as was natural, and many details, and on May 12 he sent from Guayaquil to the minister of war of Colombia a brief summary of the available forces of the three thousand men possessed by the royalists between Quito and Cuenca, which, compared with those he had—and which consisted of only eight hundred men—would not enable him to open the campaign, if the government did not send him the rest of the thousand men that the Liberator had ordered to come to this place.

Sucre was very zealous in the discharge of his mission. He succeeded in inducing the *junta* of Guayaquil to declare by an act, on May 15, that she placed herself under the protection of Colombia, conferring all powers upon the Liberator, for the defense and maintenance of her indepen-

dence, and giving to General Sucre the chief command of the patriot troops, with authority to enter into any negotiation with the government of Quito that would tend to the liberation of the country, offering, besides, to contribute to the campaign with troops and money.

On May 15 he despatched Captain Eusebio Borrero with communications for General Aymerich, to announce to him that within forty days hostilities would be resumed. At the same time he gave instructions to Borrero empowering him to extend the armistice, if the royalists wished to do so. Aymerich made Borrero a prisoner in Guaranda and sent him handcuffed to Riobamba. Sucre, in communicating the same day to the minister of war the declaration of the *junta* of Guayaquil, that it put itself under the protection of Colombia, set forth that his conduct was based on the following three points:

1. To leave the republic without serious compromises that would hinder negotiations.
2. To unite the interests of Guayaquil with those of Colombia; the province to recognize that it belongs to our association *de jure*, and, in a certain sense, *de facto*.
3. To facilitate the freeing of Quito, which is what is of importance.<sup>10</sup>

This success in wise diplomacy that tended to the incorporation of this province with Colombia being achieved, he left for Santa Elena in order to begin the reorganization of his troops, many of whom were sick as a result of the bad climate. On May 22, he reached Santa Elena, and two days later he despatched the "Santander" to El Morro. On the twenty-fourth he reported from Santa Elena to the minister of war that he had received tidings of the enemy, who had desisted from attacking the province when he learned of the arrival of the Colombian troops, and asking, in turn, for the speedy sending of the rest of the expedition. He went to El Morro and established hospitals to facilitate the recovery of the troops. On June 8 he increased his division by two hundred and eighty men brought from the coast of Barbacoas, recruits in the main, just arrived that day. On June 10, at El Morro, Sucre received Aymerich's answer,

in which he refused to recognize the armistice for Guayaquil, alleging that it belonged to the viceroyalty of Perú, and for this reason he requested that the Colombian troops be withdrawn from that province.

In view of this negative reply, Sucre realized that he ought to proceed with greater vigor in the organization of the troops. On the twelfth of the same month Sucre received a despatch from the government *junta*, urging him to come to Guayaquil. He obeyed the summons, and he reached it on the twelfth. He examined the offensive and defensive plans, and, because of the small number of troops on whom he could depend, he resolved to stand on the defensive until the arrival of those who, as he was informed, were coming from Buenaventura. He at once (June 12) addressed himself to the Protector, San Martín, saying to him that, inasmuch as San Martín had offered to aid Guayaquil, he should send him a division of from eight hundred to a thousand men, as it would be needed in order to shorten the campaign against Quito. At the same time he advised the minister of war of Colombia that, due to great effort, he had succeeded in forming a division of twelve hundred foot-soldiers and two hundred horse, of whom only six hundred belonged to Colombia, the rest being provided by the *junta*; he expressed to him his surprise that the leaders of the south had not obeyed the orders of the Liberator and provided him with a thousand men; and he said that this indolence had put the government of Guayaquil to the expense of forty-five thousand *pesos* in preparing the vessels. He also sent Colonel Paz del Castillo on the same day to Colombia to inform the government of all the details and to describe the obstacles he was encountering in the campaign for want of troops.

As he had been informed of the arrival of the brigantine *Ana* at El Morro with a hundred men of the "Albi6n" battalion and its quota of officers, he went to that place. The "Albi6n" had suffered desertions on its departure from Popayán, and therefore it was impossible to bring it to its destination undiminished.

The government of Guayaquil, fearing an invasion by the enemy, sent out one

<sup>10</sup>O'Leary: volume xix, page 44.

of its battalions toward Babahoyo and it insisted that General Sucre should take his troops to a place nearer Babahoyo in order to be prepared for any movement of the royalists. Sucre ordered the troops to Guayaquil. They arrived there on June 24, and two days later they went on to Samborondón. Sucre himself followed them, leaving Samborondón on June 29 to inspect Babahoyo, Sabaneta and Caracol, and returning to the headquarters at Samborondón on July 4. He ordered the squadron of dragoons, which he had organized, to take up quarters at Sabaneta.

On June 28 Colonel Morales reached Guayaquil with one hundred and eighty recruits in vessels bound for Cascajal [Buenaventura], and Sucre ordered these troops to remain at Guayaquil until he should place them. The hospitals of El Morro and of Guayaquil were filled with soldiers made ill by the severe winter,<sup>11</sup> which renders these places along the littoral unhealthy. On July 4, from Samborondón, he sent a despatch to the Colombian minister of war to detail the number of his forces, which now exceeded fourteen hundred men, among whom were included many that were down with illness; "for the troops," he said, "are well treated; they eat and they are present as never before, and they are fairly well clothed." At the same time he reported that the enemy was in camp at Guaranda, awaiting a reinforcement that was to come from Cuenca.

On July 16, from Samborondón, he communicated to the minister of war and to Vice-President Santander that he had despatched to Buenaventura other vessels, that the new troops offered might be sent him. The "Santander" battalion now consisted of five hundred and twenty men, fairly well disciplined. This battalion was the favorite of Sucre, who had given it this name as an expression of the genuine affection he cherished for Vice-President Santander. He had taken pains to discipline it and he had supplied it with decent dress uniforms: "red jackets and white trousers;" their fatigue uniform was of blue.

<sup>11</sup>The rainy season, the only winter experienced in these ecuatorial regions.—THE EDITOR.

## IV

IN THESE circumstances it appeared that on July 17 Captain Ramón Ollague rebelled, with six armed lighters that were lying in the harbor of Guayaquil, carrying off the corvette *Alejandro*, which had been anchored there, and making off toward the open sea.

On the nineteenth Colonel Nicolás López and Major Bartolomé Salgado, also having rebelled with their battalion at Babahoyo, began to flee toward Quito. Sucre received these tidings at Samborondón when he was attempting to mobilize his troops to oppose the enemy, who was beginning to open the campaign. He went to Guayaquil with the "Albión." He at once fitted out two ships and gave chase to the lighters with such efficacy that they were captured before they got out of the river; only the corvette escaped, passing the island of Puná with all sails spread and disappearing in the direction of Panamá.

Comandantes<sup>12</sup> Federico Rasch and Cayetano Cestaris, with a squadron, pursued López and Salgado, who, with the larger part of their small battalion, continued their flight; they overtook them at Palo Largo, and the rebels, lacking the courage to fight, permitted the battalion to break up, many of the men becoming incorporated with Rasch's detachment; so that López could present himself at Riobamba with but a small escort and a few officers. The plan of López and Salgado was to attack the troops at Samborondón in combination with Ollague, who was to take possession of the stronghold of Guayaquil; but the Guayaquilian officers—Abdón Calderón, Francisco de Paula Lavayén and Ciriaco Robles—when the scheme leaked out, had succeeded in fleeing in time, going in canoes to give notice to the higher authorities.

Sucre's prudence and self-forgetfulness enabled him to come off with success in all this turmoil, in spite of the divisions that existed between the inhabitants of Guayaquil, some of whom were attached

<sup>12</sup>According to Spanish use, a *comandante* is an officer in charge of a stronghold, a military position or a detachment or a body of troops, and especially a commander of a battalion, ranking above a captain and below a major.—THE EDITOR.

to the royalists, others desired to be united with Perú, and the larger part favored union with Colombia. In view of all these circumstances, Sucre decided to ask the government *junta* to convoke the electoral assembly to decide definitely to whom this province belonged. This meeting was not held, because, when Sucre learned that Aymerich's troops were marching upon Babahoyo, in conjunction with the royalist Colonel Francisco González, who came from Cuenca over the mountains to issue at Yaguachi, in order to reinforce Aymerich's expedition, he had to take to the field, postponing to a more appropriate time the question of affiliation.

## V

SUCRE went from Guayaquil to Samborondón, made ready his troops and massed them on August 7 at Babahoyo to oppose the royalist division that was approaching from Guaranda. Aymerich appeared on the twelfth on the outposts of Sucre, who set out to meet him at Palo Largo. The royalist general withdrew from this place on the thirteenth, and he did not engage in even a skirmish, although Sucre provoked him at every point. However, as Sucre was well supplied with spies, he received advices from the señor Icaza, a proprietor in Yaguachi, on the fourteenth, and at the same time a certain Pino of Cañar informed him that Colonel González was due at Yaguachi on the eighteenth. On the fifteenth and sixteenth Sucre occupied himself in deceiving Aymerich, for it was Sucre's purpose to give battle to the weaker of the two. At daybreak on the seventeenth he speedily got into motion and by night he had occupied Yaguachi. On the morning of the eighteenth a company of dragoons under Comandante Cestaris was detached to reconnoiter the enemy, with orders to capture a prisoner in order that they might examine him. This order was well executed, for Cestaris took all the enemy's pickets without a single man's escaping him. On August 19, at dawn, the division left Yaguachi to occupy the position that had been chosen the day before. After they had marched about three leagues they discovered the enemy, who was advancing at a rapid pace. Gen-

eral Mires, with the "Santander" battalion and a column of dragoons, sought to hurl him back, in order to occupy the ground indicated, joining battle at eleven in the morning. Mires ordered the company of light horse of the "Santander" battalion to move through the woods to attack the right flank, and a party of the first company of this battalion to attack the left flank. The intrepid Major Félix Soler attacked them, saber in hand, at the head of two companies of the battalion of the "Libertadores," at the same time that Captains Morán, Payares, Caicedo, Lozano, Cabal and Lieutenant Icaza charged them vigorously, supported by Cestaris, who performed prodigies of valor and daring at the head of his heroic "Dragones." After a hot but short engagement, the royalists were completely defeated, leaving on the field one hundred and fifty dead, three officers and seventy-six men wounded and as prisoners the royalist second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Francisco Eugenio Tamariz, twelve officers and six hundred men. Sucre took eight hundred and nineteen muskets and a great store of war supplies. The dead, among the republicans, were Major Soler and nineteen men; and the wounded, Captain Cabal, Second Lieutenants Vergara and Quintana and Cadet José Ariza, who fought with heroic valor. General Mires was slightly injured. The name of the field of this battle, which reflected so much glory on republican arms, was Cone, improperly called Yaguachi. The official despatch of the battle of Cone was drafted by Sucre and dated at the *hacienda* "Bodeguita," and it was sent at once to Guayaquil, where it was published in *El Patriota del Guayas*, the first newspaper issued in this city.<sup>13</sup>

Sucre pursued the enemy all the afternoon and part of the night, as far as Rio Nuevo with the "Santander," "Albión" and "Libertadores de Guayaquil" battalions, the royalist Colonel González and a hundred and twenty men alone escaping.

The news of the victory of Cone inflamed the enthusiasm of the sons of Guayaquil, and the government decreed, on August 21, the erection of a column to perpetuate

<sup>13</sup>Destrugé: *Episodios*, page 201.

the memory of the signal victory under the shield and arms of Colombia, as also it ordered that funeral honors be paid to Major Félix Soler and his companions.

The day following the victory, Sucre marched toward Babahoyo in order to engage Aymerich, who was advancing toward Yaguachi. When the republican vanguard appeared, Aymerich withdrew to Sabaneta, where he received news of González's defeat, and, on August 24, he retreated precipitately toward Guaranda, losing a great part of his ammunition, baggage and four hundred men.

It is well to retrace our steps somewhat in our narration in order to see what was being done by Colonel Antonio Morales in the city of Guayaquil.

## VI

THE province was alarmed by the invasion of the royalists, three thousand in number, and at the same time by the many partizans they possessed. After the insurrection of López, Sucre convoked a council of war, and it decided that the government should deliver over the military command of the province, with full powers, in order to save it. Colonel Morales was appointed to take charge, and the government surrendered to him the stronghold, and he succeeded in changing the opinion of the people, whom the enemy was winning over by falsehoods against the Colombians. He increased the naval forces and put them under the command of Colonel Illingworth, and the city was protected by them along the front. He caused fortifications to be built and he ordered cuts to be made in the road to Daule, establishing there a hundred infantry, from a squadron of this same place. He moved the military hospitals to El Morro. He embargoed all the vessels that lay in the roadstead in order to make emigration from the city possible, in case it should be invaded. The planning and execution of the order was placed in the hands of the señor Luzarraga, the captain of the port. He accumulated a great store of provisions, to be used in case of siege. He put on board a vessel the surplus artillery, the printing-press and the war supplies that were not needed for defense. He placed in safe keeping

the Spaniards that remained, as the larger part of them, seeing that their plans had failed, had fled to Piura and Trujillo. After a thousand exertions, he compelled Colonel Aranza and other leaders, López's accomplices, to leave the province. He supplied the army with medicine chests, horses, outfits, and some troops with whom he reinforced it. The right flank of the city was threatened at Naranjal by the sixth company of the royal battalion "Constitución," which had remained in Cuenca. Its movements were paralyzed by placing opportunely at the mouth of the river Naranjal two gunboats. He established an effective system of spies, and the results he obtained he transmitted promptly to General Sucre, who took advantage of them to give battle to the royalists at Cone. It was this active conduct of Morales's that won the approval of the commander-in-chief.

## VII

SUCRE, now in Babahoyo, proposed to General Aymerich an exchange of the prisoners captured at Cone for those that had been taken in the territory of Los Pastos. Aymerich accepted the proposal, and he commissioned for the purpose the royalist Lieutenant-Colonel Francisco Jiménez, who reached Babahoyo on August 27. He held an interview with Sucre, who, leaving General Mires in command of the army, went with Jiménez to Guayaquil. Jiménez, by Sucre's orders, presented himself at the pontoons and explained to the prisoners the object of his mission; but the soldiers replied that they would rather be prisoners of the republic than soldiers of the Spanish army; then they uttered cries in honor of Colombia and in execration of the king of Spain. Jiménez, wounded in his self-love in the face of so sublime an act, protested that he would serve the Spaniards no longer and he enlisted in the republican ranks, sending word to Aymerich as to all that had happened, including the decision he had made, not to serve the cause of the king of Spain any longer. Sucre liberated twelve royalist officers, after receiving their oath not to take service again until an exchange should be effected in their favor. Morales pre-



mented to Sucre a plan for the occupation of Cuenca. Sucre approved it, and Colonel Luco, with two hundred men, was appointed for the purpose, and he took the road to Alausí.

Under these circumstances the government took no action as to uniting with Colombia; far from it, there was a ceaseless bandying of seductive papers in favor of Perú. General Sucre, informed of this, sent a vigorous despatch to the government requesting the calling of a meeting of notable personages. The *cabildo*,<sup>14</sup> with some of the authorities, met on August 31, and by an act of that day it proclaimed that, as the province had decided to belong to Colombia, the electoral college should be convoked to discuss the question of adherence, the declarations of the attorney-general and the other members of the council, as an expression of the will of the province in respect of incorporation with Colombia, being deemed an essential provision. Leaving political affairs in Guayaquil in this state, Sucre resolved to continue the campaign.

### VIII

THE victory of Cone and the retirement of Aymerich delighted Sucre, and, without losing a moment, he ordered General Mires to set out with all the army from Babahoyo for the sierra, at the same time that he ordered Colonel Illingworth to march with three hundred men through El Zapatal in order to issue at Latacunga and threaten Quito. On August 31 Sucre wrote thus from Guayaquil to Santander:

I have not time to write at length on this occasion, because I am going to start at daybreak. Morales—who serves with much interest and efficiency and whose indefatigable work has been a comfort to me—remains here. I am going to engage the corps ("Santander"), my friend, in order to see if I can do with this handful of men what it was thought ought to be done with three thousand. You and the rest have played a joke on me, with all this about sending troops—"Mariquita," "Bogotá," the devil and my brother and nothing that amounts to anything—but it is necessary to do something definite and see what is going to be the result. If we do not expose ourselves, we shall lose

before winning. If they defeat me, patience, and you in Bogotá will have the blame. I am moving with fifteen hundred men in all, making a virtue of the morale of the troops.<sup>15</sup>

On September 1 Sucre left Guayaquil, went to Babahoyo, and, on the fifth, he joined his army at Palo Largo. He arrived at Guanujo, where he learned that Colonel Illingworth had occupied Pujilí, being resolved to make a movement to the left, come out at Ambato, through Pucobamba, in order to throw himself between the enemy and the capital. General Aymerich, either because of his advanced age or perhaps because of the campaign he was undertaking against Guayaquil, had left in command of his army his second colonel, don Francisco González, who occupied Mocha when Sucre set out from Guanujo, along the eastern side of Chimborazo. When the royalists learned of this operation, they abandoned Mocha and retired to Ambato; and immediately General Sucre occupied the village of Mocha.

Colonel González learned of Illingworth's appearance in the neighborhood of Latacunga, and he sent a small detachment to divert him. He planned to make a stand against Sucre, fortifying himself in the fields of Huachi. The patriot officers, and, in particular, Mires, urged Sucre to search out the enemy and give battle to him as soon as possible. Sucre therefore, wearied with the solicitations of his colleagues, in whose talents and wisdom he trusted, and carried away by their martial ardor, finally decided to attack the royalists in their own positions. On September 13 Sucre appeared with his army on the fields of Huachi. The Spaniards had their infantry distributed along the fences and in the groves of the *bacienda*, also called Huachi; they were superior in numbers and they possessed, above all, dashing cavalry. The republican infantry formed in two columns and entered the battle with indescribable enthusiasm, charging the Spaniards, to such an extent that they drove them out of the fences at the point of the bayonet; but, in the midst of the pursuit, the republicans were suddenly attacked by all the Spanish cavalry, whom they resisted for a long time, displaying

<sup>14</sup>A municipal corporation, one of its meetings, or the place where it meets.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>*Archivo Santander*, volume vii, page 110.

examples of bravery. A considerable number fell there on both sides. The extraordinary efforts of the republican leaders and officers to maintain order in the ranks and the energy with which Sucre personally re-formed the squares and urged the troops with his voice and his heroic serenity to resist the fury of the Spanish cavalry, could be maintained no longer, and at length they had to give way, falling back to the foot of the heights. The cavalry repeated the attack several times, and as often it was hurled back by steel and lead; but the republicans, surrounded on all sides, had to yield the field in defeat after three hours of rude combat. General Mires, thirty-six officers, six hundred men, including the wounded, and almost all Sucre's equipment, were the spoils of González. The greater part of the most gallant youth of Guayaquil lay dead on the field. However, this victory cost the royalists sufficiently dear, for they lost more than a thousand men, including the sanguinary Payol, the scourge of the inhabitants of the sierras, and as brutal and evil as Antofianzas, Quero or Cerveriz; hence the people, amid their sorrow, had at least the consolation of having rid themselves of that assassin, who, after the victory, would have returned to his former evil performances. Sucre, with a sprained foot and a slight wound in the left hand, was able to save himself by fleeing on his wounded horse, taking the road to Pilahuín, and pursued by the royalists to the foot of the Chimborazo. When Sucre reached Guaranda with Comandantes Rasch and Cestaris and his aide-de-camp, Captain Jordán, and some troops he had gathered together on the way, he took the precaution of informing Colonel Illingworth of the disaster of Huachi, advising him to retire before he was attacked by the enemy. Illingworth, eluding the column that was pursuing him, by a feint, retired on the night of the fifteenth, being now in the neighborhood of the capital. He took the road to Santo Domingo de los Colorados, in order to reach Balzar, and, after a hard march, he reached Daule about the middle of October, with almost all his column of three hundred.

Sucre continued his march, and when he

reached Babahoyo, he notified the Liberator, on September 18, of the action at Huachi, in a note in which he showed simplicity and serenity of mind, making light of himself, and at the same time taking on himself the misadventure: for he said:

How vain is hope and how inconstant victory! . . . This result has reduced me for the moment to the defensive, and I await the conclusion of my investigations in order to learn whether General Torres, more fortunate than I, is gaining certain advantages around Pasto and shall draw off there a part of the enemy, in order that I may attack Cuenca with whatever force I may gather. I am inclined for the moment not to undertake any movement. The importance of Guayaquil requires that we prefer her safety to an affair which, at this moment, would be very risky.

To Santander he said, on the same day:

You have in me the most unfortunate of the leaders that have participated in the campaign of 1821, when I thought I could count myself among the conquerors. I was flattering myself with this hope, only to receive the most terrible blow that any of our leaders have suffered, perhaps, and to be forced to reflect on my failure to fulfil the expectations of the government. What hardship, my friend! Victory had no sooner smiled on me for the moment at Yaguachi than she became disdainful and even hostile;

and at the same time he insisted with urgency that he be sent five hundred men to defend the province.<sup>16</sup>

With this event unfaithful fortune sought to test Sucre's constancy, his faith in his cause and the temper of his spirit. He was not disheartened by this great reverse. Always serene, laborious, active and vigilant, he raised new forces in order to satisfy the Liberator's desires and thus to carry out the order of his chiefs—like the true soldier he was—and give liberty and national character to territory that is today the republic of Ecuador.

## IX

THE military commander of Guayaquil, Colonel Morales, had no sooner learned of Sucre's defeat than he wrote, on August 17, to Colonel Tomás Heres, counseling him to seek aid of the Protector, San Martín, on account of Sucre's disaster,

<sup>16</sup> *Archivo Santander*, volume vii, page 141.

and urging him to come with the "Numancia" battalion.

Sucre went to Guayaquil, and on September 25, in a note to the minister of war, he said:

There is no hope of anything from Perú. I have pleaded with the greatest vehemence that a battalion be sent to assure the safety of this province; and, although the "Numancia" has also urged and insisted that it be sent, General San Martín has not assented hitherto.

Sucre therefore set all the machinery in motion for the organizing of his army and quickly ending the campaign. He had turned to Perú in search of aid and he had opened correspondence with Colonel Tomás Heres, who was the commander of the "Numancia;" but, in spite of all this, he received no soldiers; and, unable to be content to remain on the defensive, he said in the same letter of the twenty-fifth:

The coming of the Liberator to Cúcuta to continue southward would provide the surest means of ending the war hereabouts. Quito must not be viewed with indifference. If we leave the enemy in tranquillity for four months, he will have three thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry available. Let this serve to inform you that I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration. The people have been rejoicing greatly here over the coming of the Liberator, because there is an ardent desire to become acquainted with him.

On October 23 General Sucre addressed a note from Babahoyo to Vice-President Santander. He presented to him the plan for arming an expedition against Panamá, taking advantage of the stay of Lord Cochrane at Guayaquil, for said he: "Desiring not to be idle during the winter, I have caused to be made known to Lord Cochrane my desire for this expedition; and he has replied that he will consider it, and that the idea seems to him a very excellent one." This project of Sucre's produced no result, inasmuch as on October 25 Colonel Diego Ibarra, the Liberator's aide-de-camp, reached Guayaquil, sent by the Liberator, to secure transports and to conduct ten thousand men to this place, as Bolívar had conceived the idea of coming to Guayaquil and undertaking the campaign against Quito, since nothing had been accomplished in the

north, owing to the bad climate, and, above all, to the stubborn attitude of the people of Pasto, who opposed the republicans in every way, thus greatly aiding the royal army, so well disciplined and commanded by Colonel don Basilio García.

On October 27, Ibarra held a conference with the *junta* and Lord Cochrane. The *junta* replied that although it had gone to enormous expense to equip vessels and send them to Buenaventura and they had returned without any satisfactory result, it would, nevertheless, do what might be possible to assist in the bringing of the troops by supplying provisions. Admiral Cochrane, however, roundly refused to lend his ships and he even declined with evasive answers to supply the vessel that had been asked of him for the Liberator.

When Sucre learned of Ibarra's arrival, he hastened to Guayaquil, which he reached on the twenty-eighth, and he and Ibarra aided in securing some transports, but for only a thousand men. They were also successful in inducing the *junta* to fit out in the most brilliant manner the brigantine *Sacramento*, which was to go with the commissioner of the *junta*, Lieutenant-Colonel Isidro Viteri, to conduct the Liberator from Buenaventura.

On October 30, Sucre received news that the enemy was approaching Babahoyo; and, leaving everything arranged for the sailing of the vessels on November 3, he left Guayaquil on the first of the same month for Babahoyo.

Sucre, due to his activity, had succeeded in increasing his army to eleven hundred infantry, one hundred cavalry and five hundred recruits. With these troops were included those that had reached him from Colombia recently; for on October 19 had arrived at Manta the "Paya" battalion, consisting of four hundred and sixty-eight men, under the command of Major Leal, brought by the brigantines *Sacramento* and *Venturoso*. This battalion, which had rested at all the towns along the route, reached Daule by land on November 4, after having crossed the mountains of Jipijapa.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>17</sup>The region of Jipijapa acquired fame by giving its name to the fiber from which the *jipijapa* hat, vulgarly known as the "Panamá" hat, is made. This fiber

On November 6, Sucre wrote to Santander from Babahoyo demanding of him the rest of the "Paya" battalion, which was to consist of eight hundred men, according to the advice of Santander himself, saying to him that the vessels bound for Buenaventura were costing thirteen thousand, six hundred *pesos* a month, and insisting that he despatch with the least possible delay the troops intended for Guayaquil in order to avoid greater expense.

## X

ON SEPTEMBER 27, General Aymerich sent to Sucre a despatch in which occurred the words:

With regret for your precipitate flight and your being wounded, as I have been informed, the campaign of the twelfth on the field of Huachi has not seemed wholly satisfactory to me. The officers and troops sent out by me chased you, longing for the moment in which they might save you from greater and more serious results that might happen to you.

Aymerich, in this note, lamented that he had not achieved a definitive victory, and, nevertheless, in his official despatches, scattered throughout all the territory, he boasted of an absolute victory over Sucre; when the truth was that the Spanish general suffered as heavily as the Colombian, since the latter was able to protect his rear and to retire with the remainder of the troops, in spite of the pursuit of the royalists. Far from seeking to pit himself once more against the patriots, after having come off victorious, in reality, and from continuing to harry them in order to complete their destruction in the sierra, he remained stationary at Guaranda; for not until forty or fifty days later did the royalist Colonel Tolrá mobilize for the purpose of going after the patriots, who by that

time had concentrated their forces at Babahoyo to defend Guayaquil. On November 12, Tolrá appeared at Sabaneta. Sucre learned of the presence of the enemy, and that same day he retired with the troops that garrisoned Babahoyo, who were one hundred cavalry and two hundred infantry, to Baba, determined not to risk a battle until an advantageous occasion should present itself.

Tolrá, instead of attacking him, requested an interview with Sucre in order to arrange a suspension of hostilities. Sucre, desiring to give his soldiers a little rest and at the same time to have an opportunity to organize them and to increase them with the aid asked of Colombia and Perú, accepted Tolrá's proposal, and on the nineteenth the two held a conference at Babahoyo. As the result of this conference, they signed the next day (November 20) an armistice for ninety days. Sucre informed the *junta* of Guayaquil of this occurrence, and the *junta* accepted and ratified the treaty on November 21. According to it, Sucre had retired to Baba, where he received, on the twenty-third, a note from Tolrá, dated the previous day at Sabaneta, in which the following addition was made to the treaty, "that the troops of Guayaquil and Colombia should not give aid of any kind against Panamá, and without this stipulation the truce shall be considered broken, after the passage of forty-eight hours." Sucre immediately replied, refusing the absurd condition, and he declared the treaty void. Tolrá, when he received the negative, was compelled to strike out the proposed addition, and the treaty was ratified at Sabaneta, on November 24. The government of Quito did not approve of this treaty; nevertheless the engagements of the armistice were fulfilled. The boundaries that were to be respected by the two armies were: "The natural ones of the provinces of Quito and Cuenca, and the natural ones of the southern division of the republic, that is, the province of Guayaquil."

Sucre, after having concluded this treaty, went to Guayaquil, whence he sent a despatch, on November 29, to the Protector, San Martín, to request of him permission to open the coming campaign through

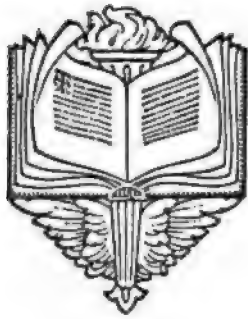
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is a fine, flexible and tenacious strand, drawn from the leaf of the screw-pine (*Carludovica palmata*). The best *jipijapa* hats are still made in this region of Ecuador. The fiber may be worked only when it is slightly damp, and, according to the popular conception, the hats are woven only during the early hours of the morning and late in the afternoon when the atmosphere is damp. The process of making a single hat of the finest and most delicate fiber extends over many months. Such hats may be rolled and carried in the pocket, and stories are told of extraordinarily fine specimens that can be passed through an ordinary finger ring.—THE EDITOR.

Piura. The next day he informed Vice-President Santander of the armistice agreed on and the advantages that would result from this suspension of hostilities. Tolrá, with his division, returned to Riobamba. For this reason Aymerich did not attempt

another attack on Guayaquil. Thus Sucre was enabled to organize his troops and to open, at the beginning of the following year, the glorious campaign that ended at Pichincha. To grant time to any enemy like General Sucre was to court defeat.

*(To be concluded in the next English number.)*



# THE SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE<sup>1</sup>

BY

BELTRÁN MATHIEU

The speaker emphasizes the importance of international ties based on intellectual interchange; he holds that peoples may not be differentiated by "a supposed unlikeness in mentality," and he opposes the widespread idea that the Hispanic-American peoples are over susceptible or sensitive and "must be treated at times with flattery and at others with severity;" for, he points out, "the sources from which minds have been nourished are common to all." He then finds the chief obstacle between peoples, one that separates them relatively, to be "the difference of the languages in which the mentality must express itself." He emphasizes the richness of Hispanic literature, and he shows that the Hispanic-American nations have maintained the traditions of the mother-country, enriching the literature of the language by important contributions in many realms.—THE EDITOR.

THE state of intranquillity that has existed in the world since the close of the war may be likened to the days that follow great storms at sea. The barometer has risen, the atmosphere is clear and the horizon is clean, but the vessel continues to be assailed by the heavy waves raised by the tempest that has fallen astern, until, little by little, equilibrium being restored, confidence returns with it to the terrified passengers.

Such, however, is not the case with learned societies, which, like your association, work ceaselessly and tranquilly beneath the protecting ægis of the spirit of your universities. There are no more worthy servers than those that devote themselves unselfishly to the formation and development of national culture. Your satisfaction must consist in feeling that you are laborers for peace and harmony among the peoples, at the same time that you are the guides of the minds of the new generations, leading them toward a more noble conception of patriotism and social well-being.

The work of the internationalist, who seeks to infuse greater trust in the right than in the two-edged sword of the warrior, is your task, just as it is that of the engineer, who applies his constructive genius to prog-

ress, that of the physician, who strives to prolong life or to alleviate its sufferings, or that of the sociologist, who, however limited human foresight may be, is—according to the phrase of one—but an amended edition of the past.

Never has been exacted of universities a greater store of effort than at present in the endeavor to supply the elements of reconstruction that the world requires. The field of their activities has broadened more and more in this moral and intellectual realm, which belongs to them, and to which education and science ought to contribute. The mere acquisition of knowledge is no longer sufficient; there is need of intellectual training for all the contingencies of life, without limitations; and modern universities are meeting this demand satisfactorily.

We all know how the American universities excel in this work of expansion by opening wide the door of science, and it would be unnecessary for me to lay greater stress on ideas of this kind, if it were not that I desire to mention a fact with which you are doubtless acquainted, and which I recall with a certain satisfaction, because of the part played in it by the nation I have the honor to represent. I refer to the exchange of professors between your universities and those of some of the Latin-American republics. I think there is no more appropriate and effective means than this exchange of professors for awakening sentiments of friendship and the spirit of

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered by the Chilean ambassador at a dinner given at the Franklin Square hotel, Washington, by the American Association of Teachers of Spanish, held under the auspices of the George Washington University.—THE EDITOR.

coöperation between peoples, while at the same time dissipating ignorance and overcoming prejudice, widely diffused, unfortunately. Commercial interchange, which also creates international ties, is important, unquestionably, since it must be based on honesty and good faith; but I think we shall not assign to a second place these intellectual influences of which I am speaking; for we recall that, according to the Holy Scriptures: "Man shall not live by bread alone."

In speaking thus, I am inclined to dissent—probably because of a natural and personal feeling, rather than because of lessons derived from the study of history—from the opinion that would differentiate peoples, not only according to their differences of color and race, but also according to a supposed unlikeness in mentality. In my judgment, from this wrong preoccupation spring certain misunderstandings, because from the moment in which we attribute to another people a mentality different from our own, we create automatically, as it were, a barrier of distrust between two peoples, thus excluding that frank interchange of ideas which, between nations as between individuals, is the source of friendship, pleasure and even of benefit.

Nor—and I must say so frankly—do I concur in the idea, very wide-spread, of deeming all the Latin-American nations possessed of the same susceptible and almost infantile character, which must be treated at times with flattery and at others with severity.

No; by no means. None of those that think thus are willing to take it into account that our nations were formed equally by the refusion of the mingled races of Europe, nor that the sources from which minds have been nourished are common to all, to the extent reached by the book, the magazine and the newspaper. Latin, yes; probably by race, certainly by tradition, since our republics were colonized by our mother Spain, who bled herself white in giving birth to them; but it ought not then to be forgotten that Latin also was the first codification of man's natural laws, by which half the civilized world has been ruled. Can it be that we have inherited these traditions in vain? Could we not invoke

the warmth of that great Roman spirit for the scions that have taken root in this new world?

Such prejudices have not prevailed in this enlightened democracy, which the youthful Latin-American nations seek to approach in their ideas, their institutions, their desire for progress that are leading them toward a common destiny.

Not in a difference in mentality ought then to be sought the obstacle that separates us relatively; that difficulty, if I am to judge it by what is happening in my own case, inheres rather in the difference of the languages in which the mentality must express itself. If I have called it a merely relative obstacle, it is precisely because I am speaking before you, who are teachers of Spanish, who have taken upon yourselves the mission of overcoming it, which is sought with equal zeal in our countries by giving preference to the learning of English. Spanish and English are the two languages that include a greater extent of territory and population in a world every day in easier and more frequent contact, owing to the surprising means of communication with which human genius tends to suppress distances.

You, ladies and gentlemen, are, in truth, engaging in a work of good fellowship, full of material and spiritual promise, and your students will have much to be grateful for, probably more for the latter than for the former, when once they are enabled to penetrate the treasure-house that incloses the riches of Spanish literature. Is it not true that the structure of the Castilian language rests on solid foundations, in which rigidity of logic combines with beauty of form? Is it not true that it is at once soft and melodious, and elevated and vigorous?

Ah! how the cadenced rhythms of its verse, the well rounded sentences of its prose, sound in the ear with echoes of musical harmony!

It may be possible, perchance, to forget that the great empires of Rome and Charlemagne were succeeded by the powerful Hispanic empire—the discoverer and colonizer of a world and on whose domains the sun never set—but that which can not be blotted from the memory of man is the debt

that human culture, in its most elevated forms, owes to Spanish letters: so certain is it that the products of the spirit prevail over those of force!

The Latin poet could boast with reason when he said that he had erected a monument more enduring than bronze.

Imperishable also is the monument that was erected to Spain by her poets and thinkers, especially those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, called the age of gold of Spanish literature, in which flourished Cervantes, Lope de Vega and Calderón, geniuses so powerful that each of them would have been sufficient to give luster to an epoch, and in which, beside them, without being obscured by those stars of the first magnitude, shone with their own light Fray Luis de León, Santa Teresa de Jesús, Quevedo, Tirso, Moreto, the great historian Mariana and a galaxy of illustrious writers that will render immortal the name of Spain and the genius of the Spanish language. There will be compensation above measure for those that bestow effort on mastering it, in the inexhaustible fountain of intellectual joy that will spring for them when they drink from the pure spring at its source.

In our Hispanic America, along with the language has been inherited a taste for the cultivation of literature, and not a few are the geniuses that have honored it, in the different sections into which the continent is divided politically. The grandeurs of the nature amid which we were born—broad oceans, majestic mountains and rivers, immense, impenetrable and silent forests, fertile and smiling valleys—have inspired our poets. When it was not these motives, as many other themes for their songs have been found in the characteristics and history of the aboriginal races, the gigantic work of the discovery and conquest, the glorification of the heroes of independence, the painful efforts to establish nations. We ought not to exclude, certainly—but it is proper, rather, to give them the favored place in their poetic tendencies—the eternal, manifold and complicated subjects of the heart, on which all dwell, and those of feminine beauty, also in the presence of which all live prostrate for a time.

A curious circumstance that I shall mention in passing: the one epic poem, according to the literary canons, written in the Spanish language, although not by an American, but, indeed, in America—*La araucana*—was inspired in don Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga<sup>2</sup> by the exceptional character, the indomitable courage and the love of liberty of one of the indigenous races, that of the Araucanians of Chile. The conquest of this people, which Spain did not accomplish during three centuries of continuous strife, was a problem the republic was later to inherit and solve.

Our Hispanic America has had notable poets, and, I may say, even the founder of a school, if we recall the illustrious Rubén Darío,<sup>3</sup> who acquired universal fame. To be sincere, and laying myself open to the charge of heresy, I have never been carried away by this school, perhaps for lack of comprehension, and because, in respect of regional poetry, my preference inclines rather to the virile accents of Mármol<sup>4</sup> and the plaintive accents of Guido y Spano,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup>A Spanish soldier and poet, the sixth child of Fortún García de Ercilla y Arteaga, the celebrated juriconsult, he was born in Madrid, August 7, 1553; with but meager opportunity for education, he became in 1548, at the age of fifteen, the page of the *infante* Felipe (afterward Felipe II), accompanying him on his travels to Flanders, Germany, et cetera, returning to Spain about 1554, and setting out the same year for England with the prince. In October, 1555, he sailed to America, reaching Lima in 1556, and stopping there until 1557, when he went to Chile. In Chile he took an active part in the struggle against the Indians of Arauco, laying the foundation for his great epic, *La araucana*, the first part of which he published upon his return to Spain in 1563, after an absence of eight years, "the most flowery period of his life," as he said; later he married doña María Bazán, and, with numerous vicissitudes in Portugal and elsewhere, he died, November 29, 1594, leaving to posterity his monumental poem and an imperishable name.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>For biographical data, see INTER-AMERICA for December, 1920, page 71; for an interesting article, entitled "Rubén Darío," see the first number of English INTER-AMERICA, that of October, 1917, page 1.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>José Mármol: for biographical data, see INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 130, and for an article on him, see "Centenary of José Mármol, December 2, 1817–December 2, 1917," by Mariano de Vedia y Mitre, INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 131.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>Carlos Guido y Spano: he was born in Buenos Aires, January 19, 1827, and he spent the years of his youth in Brazil, where his father, General Tomás Guido, represented Argentina as minister; he then traveled in Europe, later returning to Rio de Janeiro, and once again to Europe, to spend some time in Lon-



Argentines; to simplicity in the expression of sentiment, as found in Lillo<sup>6</sup> or in Blest Gana,<sup>7</sup> Chileans; or to the classic lyricism of Olmedo,<sup>8</sup> the great singer of Junín, an Ecuadorian; or to the sentimental notes of the Mexican Acuña,<sup>9</sup> to allude to but a few from among so many.

Prose writers we have had also, well worthy of celebrity in the different realms of literature, there coming to mind immediately the name of Juan Montalvo of Ecuador, the great literary precisian, of a very artistic style pregnant with thought, and, above all, a polemist of great power, who with his pen alone succeeded in overthrowing a decadent régime of government that had enthroned itself in his country. Not unworthy of a place in this category was the Peruvian Ricardo Palma,<sup>10</sup> the

don and Paris. After the fall of the tyrant Rosas, he returned to Argentina, and from that time until his death in September, 1918, he was a notable figure, of the Whitman type, in the literary life of his country. His *Poestas completas*, ninth edition, was published by Maucci Hermanos, Buenos Aires, 1911. For an article, see "Carlos Guido y Spano," by Ricardo Rojas, *INTER-AMERICA* for December, 1918, page 120; and for a translation of his popular poem, *Nenia*, see "Funeral Song," *INTER-AMERICA* for June, 1920, page 324.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>The allusion is evidently to Samuel A. Lillo, who has published *Poestas*, 1900; *Antes y hoy*, 1905; and *Canciones de Arauco*, 1908.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>Alberto Blest Gana: a noted Chilean novelist, born in Santiago in 1831, he died about the end of the last century; he was the author of many books, among which may be mentioned: *Engaños y desengaños*, Valparaíso, 1858; *El primer amor*, Valparaíso, 1858; *La fascinación*, Valparaíso, 1858; *Juan de Aría*, Valparaíso, 1859; *La aritmética en el amor*, Valparaíso, 1860; *El pago de las deudas*, Valparaíso, 1861; *Un drama en el campo*, Santiago, 1862; *Martín Rivas*, Santiago, 1862; *El ideal de un calavera*, Santiago, 1863; *Durante la conquista*, Paris, 1897; and *Los trasplantados* (2 volumes), Paris (no date).—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>See the article entitled "Olmedo," by César E. Artoyo, *INTER-AMERICA* for February, 1918, page 147.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>Manuel Acuña: for an article see "Manuel Acuña," by Juan de Dios Peza, *INTER-AMERICA* for December, 1917, page 126; in the article is a metrical version of Acuña's widely known poem entitled *Nocturno*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>Ricardo Palma was born in Lima, Perú, February 7, 1833, and he died at his home in Miraflores, a suburb of Lima, October 6, 1919; in his youth and early manhood he spent much of his time traveling in Europe and the United States; later he played a prominent part in politics, occupying important offices of the government until 1873, when he became director of the Biblioteca Nacional, thenceforth devoting himself exclusively to the development and care of the library and to literary pursuits. It is

author of the *Tradiciones peruanas*, so popular and so delightful. We have had cultivators of the language, and in the first place stands don Andrés Bello,<sup>11</sup> a Venezuelan by birth and a Chilean by adoption, the author of the best Spanish grammar that has been known. This "modest American savant"—as Menéndez y Pelayo called him—yielded a considerable literary product that might be consulted with propriety and pleasure in the edition of his works with which the Chilean people sought to erect a monument worthy of the services he rendered to American culture. The Colombians Cuervo,<sup>12</sup> Marraquín<sup>13</sup>

not too much to say that during his prime he was one of the chief literary figures of America. Among his numerous works the following may be mentioned: *Anales de la inquisición de Lima*; *La Bohemia limeña de 1848 a 1863*; *Verbos y gerundios*; *Tradiciones peruanas*; *Apéndice a mis últimas tradiciones*; and *Poestas completas*. For articles by him, see, in *INTER-AMERICA* for June, 1918, page 280, "The Opening of the Peruvian Academy corresponding to the Spanish Royal Academy," and in *INTER-AMERICA* for December, 1918, page 88, "The Christ in Agony"; and for articles on him see, in *INTER-AMERICA* for February, 1920, page 131, "Ricardo Palma, the Man of Marked Literary Personality," by E. G. Hurtado y Arias.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup>Andrés Bello, a man of letters, philologist, jurist, consultant and statesman: was born in Caracas, Venezuela, November 29, 1791; he studied in the monastery of La Merced, the seminary of Santa Rosa and the university of Caracas; from childhood he delighted in reading the Spanish classics; he began his career as a private teacher, numbering Bolívar among his pupils; his acquaintanceship with Humboldt broadened his horizon; for a while he was in the government service as a secretary; he earnestly and ardently espoused the cause of independence, and was sent by the junta of Caracas, with Bolívar and López Méndez, on a mission to London in 1810; in 1823 he was one of the publishers of *Biblioteca Americana o Miscelánea de Literatura, Arte y Ciencias*; for some time he was the secretary of the legation of Colombia in London; he left there in 1829 to accept the invitation of the government of Chile to become the first official of the ministry of foreign affairs. Chile became to him a second patria, where much of his activity was manifested and whose intellectual development he influenced profoundly; he was the first rector of the Universidad de Chile, and he edited the Chilean civil code, promulgated December 14, 1835. He died on October 15, 1864, in Santiago, leaving a name venerated throughout Hispanic America. An idea of his versatility may be formed from the fact that among the dozen or so volumes that make up his works figure the *Filosofía del entendimiento*; *Poestas*; *Gramática castellana*; and *Derecho internacional*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>12</sup>Rufino José Cuervo: a noted Colombian scholar, who died on July 17, 1911, while the sixth edition of his *Apuntes críticos sobre el lenguaje bogotano, con frecuente referencia al de los países de Hispano-América*, was on the press.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>13</sup>José Manuel Marraquín (1827-1908): a man of

and Caro<sup>14</sup> also accomplished a valuable work for the preservation of the purity of the language in America.

Historians—although restricted to the field of their own national history—such as the Argentine Mitre,<sup>15</sup> the Chilean Barros Arana<sup>16</sup> and the reverend archbishop of Santiago, Errázuriz,<sup>17</sup> Paz Sol-

letters and a politician, born in Bogotá; he wrote for a number of newspapers with the pseudonym of *Pero Pérez de Perales*; he served for a time as vice-president; he was the author of many poems, as well as of *Tratado de ortografía castellana*; *Tratado de ortología*; *Diccionario ortográfico*; *Tratado de métrica*; and *Lecciones de urbanidad*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>Miguel Antonio Caro: a statesman and man of letters, born in Bogotá in 1843; from early youth he showed a decided liking for letters, and in 1870 he was made a corresponding member of the Real Academia Española de la Lengua; in 1871 he founded the newspaper *El Tradicionalista*, which he directed for five years; he served as president of the council of state and as vice-president of the republic; in addition to many poems, he was the author of the following works: *Americanismo en el lenguaje*; *Del uso en sus relaciones con el lenguaje*; *El verso endecasílabo: sus variedades, su origen*; *Tratado del participio*; *Gramática latina*; *Bolívar y los incas*; et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>Bartolomé Mitre, successively or simultaneously, poet, philologist, orator, bibliographer, historian, soldier, journalist, ruler, always an ardent patriot, untiring worker, man of action, was born in Buenos Aires, June 26, 1821; banished by Rosas, he lived in Uruguay, Bolivia, Perú, Chile and Brazil, distinguishing himself as a journalist in each of these countries, as well as serving in the Uruguayan army (1838-1846), and in the Bolivian army (1847); he took part as a colonel in the events of 1859, defending Buenos Aires against the forces of Urquiza; on the establishment of peace, he was made a brigadier general; in the contest between Buenos Aires and the rest of the provinces, he overthrew the troops of the president, Dergui, and was elected to the presidency, with enormous benefits to the country. In the war of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay against Paraguay, Mitre served as commander-in-chief. Later, he again occupied the presidency for a short time, until he gave way to Sarmiento. He died in Buenos Aires, January 9, 1906. Among Mitre's many works, two stand out as of paramount importance: *Historia de Belgrano y de la independencia argentina* (3 volumes); *Historia de San Martín y de la emancipación de Sud América* (4 volumes). Two important institutions owe their origin to him: the newspaper, *La Nación*, and the Museo Mitre, with its invaluable library. For an article by him, see "Maipú, 1818-1918," INTER-AMERICA for August, 1918, page 363; for an article on him, see "Bartolomé Mitre: His Intellectual Personality," by Ricardo Rojas, INTER-AMERICA for December, 1921, page 69, and February, 1922, page 181.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>16</sup>Diego Barros Arana (1824-1908): a distinguished Chilean historian; his complete works were published in Santiago (1908-1914) in sixteen large octavo volumes.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>17</sup>The Right Reverend Crescente Errázuriz, the present archbishop of Santiago: a member of the Facultad de Filosofía y Humanidades and corresponding member of the Real Academia Española, and the

dán<sup>18</sup> of Perú, Bishop González Suárez<sup>19</sup> of Ecuador, Alamán,<sup>20</sup> of Mexico, are those that I recall at once in order to bring them to your attention, without overlooking the monumental work in colonial bibliography which, with infinite labor and great erudition, has been accomplished by the Chilean Medina.<sup>21</sup>

After certain attempts at the novel here and there, such a liking for literature of this kind has been developed that a host of novelists has appeared everywhere with productions that are already revealing originality and local color, as was manifested in the first novels of the Chilean Blest Gana. The *María* of the Colombian Jorge Isaacs<sup>22</sup> was one of the most popular,

author of a number of sterling historical works, among which may be mentioned: *Historia de Chile: Pedro de Valdivia*.

<sup>18</sup>See INTER-AMERICA for April, 1922, page 257, article entitled "The Tonal System of Incan Music," by Alberto Villalba Muñoz, foot-note 2.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>19</sup>Federico González Suárez, a distinguished prelate, historian and man of letters, born in Quito in 1844, died in 1918: he joined the Society of Jesus, which he abandoned later, and he became canon of the cathedral of Cuenca, whence he passed to Quito as archdeacon, later being elevated to the archbishopric of Quito and the apostolic administration of Guayaquil; he was a man of deep and broad culture, and few of his South American contemporaries have made so considerable and sterling a contribution to history and ecclesiastical literature; among his works may be mentioned: *Exposición en defensa de los principios católicos*; *Estudios sobre el poder temporal de la Santa Sede*; a series of *Rectificaciones históricas*; and *Historia general de la república del Ecuador*.

<sup>20</sup>Lucas Alamán (1812-1853): he was born in Guanahuato; he filled a number of important public offices; he engaged in industry, founding the first lithographic press of México, and he wrote a number of works on the history of his country, his most notable book being *Historia de Méjico desde los primeros movimientos que motivaron su independencia, en el año 1808, hasta la presente época*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>21</sup>José Toribio Medina: a contemporary Chilean historian and bibliographer, the author and compiler of more than two hundred and thirty works, some of which are of monumental proportions. A brief epitome of his works, published in Santiago in 1914, which does not include the score or so of his books that have appeared since, fills eighty-eight small pages; the *Imprenta en México* consists of eight quarto volumes, listing more than thirteen thousand titles of works published during the colonial period; señor Medina has probably done more for American bibliography and history than any other living person.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>22</sup>Jorge Isaacs was born in Cali, Cauca, Colombia; (1837-1895); he was a novelist and poet; he served several terms in the popular chamber of the national congress and occupied several cabinet positions; in 1872 he was appointed consul-general in Chile, and while there he contributed several

while at one time it stirred the hearts of all the young Americans until, with the advent of realism, their imaginations have begun to demand stronger and more complicated elements of passion, not with advantage to them nor to literary taste, I think.

The store of Hispanic-American literature is becoming, as may be seen, appreciable, and it is enriched day by day, as life is facilitated and politics ceases to constitute the necessary path to reputation. However, in this same vocation of politics which has created a certain taste for platform and parliamentary oratory, Americans have wrought for themselves a place of some distinction, such as the Uruguayan Rodó,<sup>22</sup> who, besides cultivating with brilliancy other kinds of literature, was, in

articles to *El Mercurio*; he published many poems, among which may be mentioned *La tumba del soldado*; *Río Moro* and *La noche callada*; his most notable work in prose was his famous novel *Maria*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>22</sup>José Enrique Rodó; he was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, about 1870, and he died in Palermo, Sicily, May 3, 1917; a man of letters and a philosopher known and honored throughout the world; the following are among his principal works: *Rubén Dario*; *Liberalismo y jacobinismo*; *Motivos de proteo*; *Ariel*; and *El mirador de Próspero*. For a specimen of his style, see "A Dialogue between Bronze and Marble," *INTER-AMERICA* for April, 1918, page 197; for articles on him, see "Rodó: an Evocation of the Spirit of Ariel," by Armando Donoso, *INTER-AMERICA* for October, 1917, page 23; and "José Enrique Rodó, by Gonzalo Zaldumbide, *INTER-AMERICA* for October, 1918, page 44.

reality, a great tribune; but, above all, the Chilean MacIvor, who did not belie the great traditions of British parliamentary eloquence, in which school this illustrious orator nourished his spirit and learned the sober and worthy art of expressing it.

I have doubtless been guilty of many omissions in delineating this brief sketch, both from fear of speaking too long, and because I have not had at hand the means of consultation that would permit me to refresh the slight memory that remains to me after having been an assiduous reader. This ought also to be my explanation for having mentioned with greater frequency the writers of my own country, perhaps without doing due justice to the merits of others, doubtless as worthy or worthier of mention.

On reaching this point, I ought to remember that the French are much given to using the word *measure*, in the sense of "moderation," of keeping within the just limit of things, a function that would almost correspond to a sixth sense, as important as that of the other five senses with which we are endowed.

Well, then, ladies and gentlemen, I much fear, on this occasion, that I have much exceeded this *measure*, to the abuse of your benevolence, for which I must thank you.



# PREHISTORIC PERÚ

BY

JULIO TELLO

An article based on the study of excavations, extending over a number of years, conducted by the author himself, or of archaeological remains or museum objects to which he had access in Perú. In it the author develops what he deems a new theory of the primitive cultures of Perú and of the origin of the Incan peoples and civilization.

The cuts that illustrate the original article are so novel and interesting that we have departed from our established custom of not illustrating, and we reproduce the most of them, availing ourselves, for the purpose, of the original photographs and drawings, for the use of which we are indebted to the courtesy of the author.—THE EDITOR.

## PROEM

THE new theory regarding the primitive cultures of Perú outlined here is the result of observations and studies undertaken by the author and made, in the main, on the spot, during recent years, for the purpose of carrying forward, although in a very modest sphere, the work accomplished by Peruvianists, principally by Doctor Max Uhle, who may properly be considered the founder of the science of archæology in Perú. The bases on which this theory rests, the detailed description of the objects mentioned herein and the new archæological discoveries that confirm it will be set forth with amplitude in a future publication.

## CHAPTER I

### THE POLYGENISTIC THEORY OF THE PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATION OF PERÚ

#### A LAND OF CONTRASTS

ARCHÆOLOGICAL labors carried on by a number of investigators for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the history of pre-Colombian man in Perú have established topographic, ethnic and culture elements which, apparently, possess particular individuality and characteristics, at times so different and contrasting as to furnish reasonable ground for the thought that Perú is a land of contrasts in respect of topography, race and culture.

#### VARIETY OF TOPOGRAPHY AND RACES

The cordillera of the Andes, in its varieties of topography, climate, altitude, flora, fauna and its conditions of living as a po-

tential environment for man, have forced us to consider as limited, in the geo-ethnic sense, regions that give rise to different racial types of culture. It is supposed that an especial type has been made out in the Amazonian forests; in the Andine valleys and gorges; on the plateaus and *punas*,<sup>1</sup> in the broad valleys of the Costa,<sup>2</sup> and, finally, on the shores of the Pacific. The Indians themselves call the inhabitants of the forests *Antis*,<sup>3</sup> those of the Sierra, *Kesbwas*,<sup>4</sup> and those of the Costa, *Yungas*,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Applied in general to any elevated Andine mountain region, especially that which has an altitude of from 3,000 to 3,500 meters; sometimes used in Perú as a synonym of *páramos* or *sabanas*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>According to Peruvian usage, Costa, Sierra and Floresta or Montaña, usually begun with capitals in this peculiar sense, are used to denote, respectively, the region between the ocean and the foot of the cordillera of the Andes; the western slope of the cordillera; and the region east of the crest of the Andes, well watered and abundant in vegetation, while the first two regions are rainless in the main and consequently bare.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Indians of the province of Anta.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>We give the author's spelling in this case, although we do not accept it as reasonable or proper. The accepted Spanish spelling is either *Quechua* or *Quichua*; and, as the Indians had no written language, in the European sense, when the Spanish arrived, and as many Indian words have passed into history and literature through the medium of Spanish, we deem it preferable to adhere to the Spanish orthography. Besides, the author is not consistent; if he were, he would give us *Kesbua*, instead of *Kesbna*; and his text contains both *Tiabuanaco* and *Tiawanako*; and, although he says *Nasca* for *Nayca*, he does not say *Cusco* for *Cuzco*; he usually says *inka*, but he has an occasional *inca* (the traditional Spanish form); and, while he gives us *Wanka* for *Huanca*, he does not despoil us of *Huailas* in favor of *Waylas*, or of *Vilcasuamán* for *Vilcasuamán*, or of *Chicama* for *Cbikama*. We therefore follow the traditional orthography throughout the article.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>Derived from Yunga, a tribe that inhabited the valley, and sometimes used as a common adjective or substantive to designate valley people.—THE EDITOR.

as if by these names they had meant to designate three different ethnic types. Tschudi pointed out the Huanca, Chíncha and Aimara types; the modern anthropologists down to Hrdlicka agree on the existence of the brachycephalic type in the Costa and the dolichocephalic type in the Sierra; to which ought to be added the not very well differentiated one of the Floresta.

#### VARIETY OF CULTURES

The study of the monuments and objects of antiquity has revealed the existence of manifold and varied culture structures, forms and styles of ornamentation, which has caused them to be considered as representations of different civilizations that existed simultaneously or that succeeded one another in different periods and constituted different historical strata. Thus are described as different entities the cultures of Chimú, Chancay, Rímac, Ica, Nazca, Recuay, Chavín, Tiahuanaco, Cuzco, et cetera, there standing out in the systematic classifications the most salient characteristics, such as the sculptural or realistic tendency of the ceramics of Chimú, the polychromatic and conventionalized ceramics of Nazca, et cetera.

#### VARIETY OF LANGUAGES

Before the propagation of the Quechua language, which took place, it seems, only during the Incan rule, the tribes of the Andine confederation that the Spaniards called "empire of the Incas" spoke languages and dialects of their own; even the chroniclers and writers of the conquest and those that concerned themselves with the natural history of the Indians, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, called attention to the bilingual character of the aboriginal population: the existence of a general language—that of Cuzco—and another, the especial one of each of the tribes. There exist certain vocabularies and grammars of different extinct languages; and even to-day are to be found in different parts of the territory linguistic remains, mainly in geographical names and in the flora and fauna, in the nature of survivals of very ancient exotic languages.

#### VARIETY OF RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

The basis of social organization and of religion was belief in certain animal divinities, which the mind of the indigenes localized by magic art in the most conspicuous places of the geographical environment. On the peak of a mountain, on a snow-capped summit, on a cliff, in an island, a lake, a spring, resided the ancestral being of the group or *ayllu*,<sup>6</sup> that is, all those who, united by family ties, enjoyed the products of the same portion of ground, and were animated by the same religious sentiment. As each group, tribe or confederation had its *pacarina*,<sup>7</sup> the whole number of divinities that formed the aboriginal pantheon was many and varied; hence the practice of idolatry that was so repugnant to the Spanish conquerors, and the destruction of which so earnestly preoccupied the primitive propagators of Catholicism in Perú; and hence also the manifold social ag-groupments which, in general, bore different names, thus causing or increasing the chaotic confusion of the aboriginal institutions.

#### MERE STYLES OF CULTURE CONSIDERED AS INDEPENDENT ENTITIES

Topography, ethnic type, culture, language, religion, all appeared, as may be seen, in a miscellaneous whole, as if in different periods Perú had received populations and civilizations alien to her soil, which had followed parallel directions in their development. It has been supposed that the cultures were exogenous, partially or totally; that they received the impulse of other advanced civilizations; there has been mention of specific cultures—Incan or pre-Incan; of megalithic, Chimú, Nazca, Chavín and Tiahuanaco cultures. Belief has been entertained in the existence of a great pre-Incan empire, attention being given solely to certain phases of culture. Too much importance has been attached in some cases to the peculiarities of styles in structures; and, in others, to the simple forms and ornamentations of pottery.

<sup>6</sup>Or *ayllu*, as we prefer it: a Quechua word corresponding in the main to our "clan."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>Quechua: place of meeting or for resting: from *pacari*, to rest.—THE EDITOR.

There has been confusion in ethnological characteristics—which, as a rule, are the products of the environment—to end by creating specific individualities in culture.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MONOGENIST THEORY OF PRIMITIVE PERUVIAN CIVILIZATION

**I**N THE present state of our knowledge it is proper to set aside, although merely while the archæological materials are being studied and comprehended, the theories that advocate the Aryan, Chinese or Assyrian sources of Peruvian civilization, and to confine ourselves to the acquirement of a better knowledge of what exists within our own borders, studying it as a whole and from a monistic point of view.

*For the purpose of giving greater clarity to the monogenistic thesis that is about to be set forth, we have prepared a diagram,<sup>8</sup> of which the following is the explanation.*

#### *Explanation of the Diagram*

The cut is divided by vertical lines into three sections: the Costa, the Sierra and the Floresta; and by horizontal lines into five sections, denominated successively and from below upward: *primitive era; archaic era; era of the apogee of the local or pre-Incan cultures; Incan era, or that of Tabuanti-Suyo; and the contemporary era, or that of European civilization.*

In the nature of a simple hypothesis and merely with a view to clearing up somewhat the problem of the chronological succession of the cultures, the following approximate dates have been assigned: 200 before Christ; 200–800 after Christ; 900–1150 after Christ; 1150–1530 after Christ; and 1530–1921 after Christ, which correspond to each of the respective periods mentioned.

#### PRIMITIVE ERA

A heavy line crosses obliquely the section that corresponds to the primitive epoch: it marks the hypothetic direction of the primitive human migrations, which, in all probability, appeared on the northern or northwestern side of Perú. A dotted line, which runs directly from the region

of the Floresta, indicates the source of the primitive migrations of forestal hordes whose culture survivals have remained in certain customs and linguistic peculiarities of the Andine peoples.

#### FIRST EPOCH

These first migrations of nomad or semi-nomad tribes, which perhaps possessed certain rudimentary pastoral or agricultural arts, followed in their route the lines of least resistance, thus occupying the valleys, gorges and plateaus with a climate and with topographical conditions more in harmony with those of the regions to which they were originally accustomed. Thus they populated, first, the northern area; afterward, the middle area; and, finally, the southern area; therefore, in the diagram, from the line that marks the northern area, issues, first, the line of the middle area, and from it, in turn, that of the southern area.

In the Andine archaic era may be distinguished two periods: the first period, in which appeared a primitive or embryonic and homogeneous culture, and a second period, wherein the same precedent culture appears differentiated in other partial or local cultures which, when the second epoch began, acquired individual physiognomies. The subterranean tomb dwellings, the particular arrangement of stones in the structures, the use of sculptural human heads and those of felines as ornaments of the structures, the peculiar kind of ceramics, of a primitive and rudimentary character, are some of the illustrations of the first period, which appear with a certain uniformity in all the Andine region, and seemingly in its most ancient stratum of culture. The great pyramidal temples of Callejón de Huailas, the ceramics characteristic of the Recuay and Chavín type and certain culture manifestations common to the cultures of Cuzco and Tiahuanaco are also some of the illustrations of the second period of Andine culture.

The line in the diagram that corresponds to the Costa starts higher up than that of the Sierra; because in the former the first archaic stratum is not well identified; and it is possible that culture existed earlier in the Sierra than in the Costa; however, certain tombs discovered by Uhle in Arica

<sup>8</sup>See diagram that faces page 243.—THE EDITOR.

and Taltal seem to possess very primitive characteristics, and the arrangement of the odontoid *adobes* in some of the structures of the Costa recalls that of the structures of the Sierra, in the first stage; these culture remains might be only Andine survivals. On the supposition that civilization began in the Andine region, the primitive culture of the Costa must have originated from simultaneous or successive radiations that would have taken place after the first stage of the archaic era; doubtless small human groups established themselves in the places that were most favorable to their maintenance, such as the marine shores and the narrow cis-Andine valleys, more suitable for the development of an incipient agriculture and less unhealthful than the broad valleys of the lowlands.

In the second period of the archaic era were developed local cultures that preserved relations of kinship not only among themselves, but also with those of the Sierra. Illustrations of this period of culture are not scarce; some of them will be mentioned later. Varieties of culture are designated in the diagram by merely local names, as *pre-Tallanes*, *pre-Chimú*, *pre-Chancay*, *pre-Ica*, *pre-Nazca*, *pre-Tiahuanaco*, *pre-Cuzco*, *pre-Chavín* and *pre-Recuay* cultures.

#### SECOND EPOCH

Local cultures, barely differentiated in the preceding epoch, acquired their highest degree of development and became differentiated in the second epoch. Each of them, thanks to certain individual manifestations, came slowly to constitute typical cultures, some thoroughly specific, like those of Tiahuanaco and Chavín, in the Sierra, and those of Chicama and Nazca, in the Costa, which correspond to the two tendencies in art: respectively, the sculptural tendency in the north, and the pictorial in the south. The simultaneous development of the cultures and characteristics of each of them is seen in the diagram: the former, by the prolongation of the lines that start from the archaic era, run parallel and cross all the section of the second epoch; and the latter, by the slight explanation that is given of each of them, in the following order, from left to right:

*The culture of the black realistic ceramics; the culture of the red sculptural ceramics; the culture of the white ceramics, as an archaic survival; the culture of the red ceramics, with geometrical ornamentation; the culture of the pictorial polychrome ceramics; the culture related to the monolithic façade of Tiahuanaco; the culture of the ceramics of the Aribalos; the culture of the Huancas; the lithic culture of the mythological representations; the culture of the colored ceramics of the archaic survival.*

#### THIRD EPOCH

As the second epoch was closing, some of the local cultures came to predominate over others, due perhaps to conquests or tribal alliances or confederations, some of which were notable during the era of the Incas, such as the confederations of Chimú, Chinchá, et cetera. In the Andine region, for causes hitherto unknown, the culture of Chavín was arrested in the second period; and in the regions of Cuzco and Tiahuanaco they amalgamated, thus forming the culture of the Incas. The Incas in turn, by means of alliances, confederations and conquests, extended their dominion and culture throughout Perú, forming the Tahuanti-Suyo, or empire of the Incas. The diagram shows the union of the lines that correspond to the cultures of Cuzco and Tiahuanaco, and their prolongation throughout the whole of the Incan period, and toward the latter converge the lines that correspond to the local cultures of the second epoch.

#### RADIATIONS OF ANDINE CULTURE

Dotted lines traced obliquely from left to right mark the radiations of Tiahuanaco: the first of them, which must have taken place at the end of the archaic era and the stratum of which appears mainly in the culture layers of southern Perú; the second, which occurred in the second epoch and was much vaster than the preceding one, as it left its traces not only in the southern region, but also in the middle and northern regions of Perú.

The culture of Chavín, already specified, radiated also over the northern region of the Costa. To this radiation belonged the beautiful vases recently found in the valleys of Chicama and Piura.

Also the specific culture of Recuay radiated in the second epoch over the cultures of the valleys of northern Perú.

Finally, with the conquests of the Incas, the culture of Cuzco radiated in all directions, occupying more than the western half of the South American continent.

## PRIMITIVE ERA

(200 before Christ—?)

Since there have been found hitherto no archæological remains that may be deemed to have belonged to particular civilizations of this continent or other continents, it is necessary to suppose that man reached Perú in a very low state of culture: he must have entered from the east or the north, nourished himself on the products of the chase or on wild roots and fruits, dwelt in caves, and led, in general, a semi-nomad life. He must have spread over the territory in different directions, following the lines of least resistance and stopping at the places that afforded him the best means of existence; perhaps he thus reached the coast of the Pacific.

## FIRST EPOCH

### ARCHAIC ERA

(200 before Christ—800 after Christ)

#### THE FIRST ASSOCIATIONS OF SHEPHERDS AND HUSBANDMEN

Afterward followed the development of culture, which had as its foundation the domestication of certain animals, such as the llama and the alpaca; and the cultivation of certain nutritious plants, such as the yucca, potato, sweet-potato, maize, oca,<sup>9</sup> et cetera. To judge by the geographical distribution that was probably attained by the wild plants and animals that gave rise to the cultivated and domesticated ones, this culture must have begun to develop in the temperate plateaus and gorges of the Andine region, where, in turn, the climate and the physical conditions would have stimulated the exercise of

man's activities, and where effort put forth to achieve the first successes would have strengthened the energies and assured the normal development of civilization. It was there that the first associations of shepherds and husbandmen must have been formed, and there must have been produced the material elements of the culture that characterized the period and were the products of a sedentary life.

### ASPECTS OF CULTURE

The first clans must have constructed their dwellings beneath the ground, as may be seen in Catac (Recuay) and other places in Callejón de Huailas. They buried their dead in holes and caves, whose walls were lined with stones, and they made lots for their cattle. Their structures were characterized by the use of walls laid out in spaced rows, in the intervals of which they placed small stones. They modeled roughly, in granite, figures of their warriors and divinities;<sup>10</sup> and they used a profusion of human heads as trophies or as symbolic attributes. They employed wool in the manufacture of their clothing which, to judge by what may be seen in the statues of their warriors, must have been ornamented with divers conventional zoömorphie figures. Their ceramics had a primitive character, in which predominated anthropomorphic and zoömorphie types,<sup>11</sup> geometric ornamentations and the constant employment of a zoömorphie figure, perhaps symbolic.<sup>2</sup>

### HOMOGENEITY AND THE RADIATIONS OF THE ANDINE ARCHAIC CULTURE

Certain aspects of culture present marked homogeneity and common characteristics, as if they belonged to a definite period or to a definite stage in the evolution of art. The monoliths or statues, the peculiarity of the structure of the walls and the embellishment of stones with human or feline heads appear with a certain uniformity of technic and ornamentation in all the archæological centers, from Yaino in Pomabamba to Tiahuanaco.

In the valleys of Santa, Huarmey and

<sup>9</sup>Either of two plants—*Oxalis creanata* or *Oxalis tuberosa*—which flourish in western South America; they were cultivated for their potato-like tubers; the leaf-stalks of the *Oxalis creanata* are also esteemed in Perú for their acid quality.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>Plates i and ii.

<sup>11</sup>Plates iii and iv.

<sup>12</sup>Plate v.





**PLATE I. FIRST EPOCH:  
ARCHAIC ERA**

A stone statue of a warrior;  
from Aija, province of Huaraz,  
*departamento* of Ancachs: Uni-  
versity Archaeological Expe-  
dition of 1919



**PLATE II. FIRST EPOCH:  
ARCHAIC ERA**

A stone statue of a woman;  
from Aija: University Archaeo-  
logical Expedition of 1919

**PLATE III. FIRST EPOCH:  
ARCHAIC ERA**

Ceramics: long necked water-jars with  
ornithomorphic handles; from the  
ruins of Copa, district of Carahuaz,  
province of Ancachs: Museo Arqueo-  
lógico de la Universidad de San Marcos



**PLATE IV. FIRST EPOCH:  
ARCHAIC ERA**

Ceramics: water-jars from the ruins of  
Copa: Museo Arqueológico de la Uni-  
versidad de San Marcos

[illegible]

Scenographic ceramics ornamented with mythological picture writing: from the ruins of Copá: Museo Arqueológico de la Universidad de San Marcos

Chancay and in the valley of the Rímac have been found evidences that establish the radiation of Andine culture toward these places. A vertical cut made in 1912 in the *buaca*<sup>13</sup> of "La Centinela" in Tambo de Mora, for the purpose of setting up a cotton-gin, and which passed transversely through the hillock and reached some meters below the surface of the soil on which the *buaca* had been constructed, made it possible to study the structure and contents of the latter, by exposing to view two kinds of tombs of different form and contents, which belong in turn to two different phases of culture. The tombs of the *buaca* were great family mausoleums that contained many bodies, and objects of the styles of Tiahuanaco and the Incas. Those of the subsoil were individual, and each of them therefore contained but a single body. The infants had been buried in urns of the style of Nazca. The *cántaros* [water-jars] were similar, on one side, to those that prevailed in the first layer of Nazca and that characterized this first epoch; and, on the other, to the style characteristic of the valley of Ica, which, as is well known, persisted until the time of the Incas, and which proves that in certain places *cántaros* of this kind developed independently without being interrupted in their form or ornamentation, and possibly that the Incan *buaca* of "La Centinela" was built when the primitive cemetery had been abandoned by the originators of the culture or style characteristic of Ica.

There is a relation of evident kinship in the archaeological remains that belong to the earlier strata of the *departamento* of Ica, of Callejón de Huailas and of the western and eastern slopes of the Cordillera Negra and the Cordillera Blanca of the *departamento* of Ancachs. The use of *adobes* of the odontoid type in the Costa seems also to have originated during this epoch.

#### THE BIFURCATION OF ANDINE ART

The geographical area of this culture must have embraced almost all the Andine region. Nevertheless, in the development of plastic art, two marked tendencies be-

gan to manifest themselves: one of them, realistic and sculptural, which predominated in the north; and the other, of a coarse and primitive modeling, but of rich pictorial and polychromatic ornamentation, in the south. These primitive sculptural and pictorial differentiations of Andine art radiated toward the Costa, forming therein the first stratum of culture that gave rise to the different styles that prevail in this region.

#### ADVANCES DUE TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF HUSBANDRY AND THE DOMESTICATION OF ANIMALS

The man of this epoch, thanks to the progress attained in agriculture and in the domestication of certain animals, advanced rapidly in civilization: he constructed dams and irrigating ditches; he mastered the art of working in stone; he transported great masses of it to construct his buildings; he cut and polished granite and carved on it the figures of his gods, priests and chiefs; he made a great advance in pottery; he crossed the territory in different directions; he practised, empirically, admirable surgical operations on the cranium; he perhaps established commercial exchanges between the different climates and products; and he propagated his culture toward the Costa and perhaps also toward the Amazonian Floresta. He thus succeeded in adapting himself to the geographical environment, assuring his safety and progress and laying the foundations of a national and typical civilization: the aboriginal Andine civilization.

As may be seen, the most stupendous monumental works began to rise in this period, thanks to advances in agriculture, which supplied the vital resources of the population. Only a people well fed and strong, very numerous and highly organized, could construct great dams and irrigating ditches, whose length, in not a few cases, was measured by leagues, could prepare artificial lands for cultivation by means of a system of terraces; and could leave us in all their works manifest proofs of their intelligence, laboriousness and individual and social well-being. Even wars must have been but slightly frequent, because they would have prevented the

<sup>13</sup>Indian sepulcher.—See INTER-AMERICA, volume iv, February, 1921, page 157.—Compare *buacos*, idols (usually of clay) buried in the *buacas*.—THE EDITOR.

progress of civilization; and sedentary populations, so numerous and of so uniform a culture, would not have been formed.

## SECOND EPOCH

### PRE-INCAN ERA, OR THAT OF THE APOGEE OF THE LOCAL CULTURES

(800-1150 after Christ)

#### GROWTH AND DIFFERENTIATION OF ANDINE CIVILIZATION

In the succeeding stage, the homogeneous character of Andine culture seemed to become weakened, owing to its greater development and consequent differentiation. Lacking a unifying central political power, and each province or human aggroupment being subject to its own fate, there began to be formed divers sections of culture, which developed and became differentiated with a certain independence, following different directions and acquiring, each of them, a peculiar physiognomy. In the Sierra flourished, first, Chavín, and afterward, successively, Tiahuanaco, perhaps Vilcashuamán and Cuzco, which ought to be deemed the four pyramids of culture raised in the Andine region, and which in certain historical periods were political and religious centers of great importance.

In the Costa the cultures which, during the preceding stage, had been in an incipient state, continued to develop, some of them attaining considerable advancement and subjecting to their dominion more or less vast portions of the littoral, localized in one or another valley. Thus were formed the cultures of the black vases of the territory occupied by the Tallanes; the culture of the colored and realistic vases of the valley occupied by the Chimús, and whose center seems to have been Chanchán; that of the vases, considered as their own, characteristic of the valley of Chancay; and that of the vases of Ica, Pisco, Chincha, Nazca and Moquegua.

The ruins of Tiahuanaco and Chavín represent the highest degree of advancement attained by man in Perú, both in architecture and in sculpture. The great temples that existed in these two abori-

ginal metropolises unquestionably required for their construction the coöperative and simultaneous labor of many persons. The statues, high reliefs and obelisks<sup>14</sup> of Chavín are notable for the complexity of their designs, the symbolic character of their representations and the ability displayed by the artists, who carved on hard stone the extremely complex idealized figures of their animal gods, without neglecting the harmony between the whole and the details, and without wasting space.<sup>15</sup>

#### THE RADIATION OF CULTURE TOWARD THE COAST

During the apogee of the cultures of Chavín and Tiahuanaco numerous radiations took place also toward the Costa. Vases of the style of Chavín, characterized by the representation of the head of a feline, by means of a system of lines carved or in relief, appear also on the tombs of the valley of Chicama, mingled with objects characteristic of this latter culture.<sup>16</sup> Structures and objects of the style of Tiahuanaco are to be found likewise in almost all the Andine region, and in the Costa they form a culture stratum easy to identify.<sup>17</sup>

#### REPRESENTATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY

The ceramics of the black vases of the Tallanes and of the colored vases of Chimú constitute the most illustrative and genuine historical document of Peruvian antiquity. Indeed, in these ceramics have been represented certain aspects of the geographical environment and of the utilizable flora and fauna. Almost the whole history of man has been represented by means of clay, both his purely biological history and that of his various activities, usages, customs, occupations and religious beliefs. The mountainous territory appears covered with vegetation, elaborated at times by a system of terraces, with certain cacti and bushes, or animated by human scenes, such as country dances, deer hunting, et cetera. In

<sup>14</sup>Plate vi.

<sup>15</sup>Plate vii.

<sup>16</sup>Plates viii, ix, x, xi.

<sup>17</sup>Plates xii, xiii, xiv, xv.

PLATE VI. SECOND EPOCH: PRE-INCAN ERA

A stone obelisk from the ruins of Chavín, district of Huan, province of Huáraz, *departamento* of Ancachs; its entire surface is covered with sculptured figures in relief, highly idealized, of the feline god, designed according to the style of Chavín; dimensions of the monolith: height, 2.54; breadth at base, 31 centimeters; University Archaeological Expedition of 1919



PLATE VII. SECOND EPOCH: PRE-INCAN ERA

A fragment of a monolith, with mythological figures in relief; from the ruins of Chavín; Museo Arqueológico de la Universidad de San Marcos





**PLATE VIII. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramic: A representation of the head of the god jaguar of Chavín, from the valley of Chicama: Museo Arqueológico Víctor Larco Herrera.



**PLATE IX. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramic: a black water-jar, with relief ornamentations that depict idealized jaguar heads; characteristic of the Andine culture of Chavín; from the valley of Chicama, province of Trujillo, departamento of La Libertad: Museo Arqueológico Víctor Larco Herrera



**PLATE X. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramic: a sculptural representation of the god jaguar of Chavín; from the valley of Chicama: Museo Arqueológico Víctor Larco Herrera



**PLATE XI. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramic: a representation of the head of the god jaguar of Chavín; from the valley of Chicama: Museo Arqueológico Víctor Larco Herrera

other cases are seen men and women engaged in gathering land mollusks, which, without doubt, were used as food. Different kinds of roots and fruits were represented with notable realism: cucurbits, *anomas*,<sup>18</sup> cucumbers, *tumbos*,<sup>19</sup> *lucumas*,<sup>20</sup> plums, figs, red peppers, *arracachas*,<sup>21</sup> pineapples, *pacaes*,<sup>22</sup> *llacones*,<sup>23</sup> sweet-potatoes, yuccas,<sup>24</sup> potatoes, *mitos*<sup>25</sup> and different kinds of leguminous plants, the utility of the vase being almost always sacrificed to the faithful representation of them, as if the desire of the artist had been to achieve, above everything, a perfect imitation of the objects represented. Scorpions, mussels, different kinds of sea-shells,<sup>26</sup> crabs, shrimps, lobsters, fishes, amphibian reptiles,<sup>27</sup> birds and mammals,<sup>28</sup> all represented with such fidelity and in such considerable numbers and variety that as a whole they present magnificent illustrations of the fauna of the region, it being impossible to identify in many cases—in view of the abundance and care with which the representation of the morphological details have been made—not only the zoölogical genus, but also the species. Not only do animals appear thus modeled after the manner of portraits, but in different attitudes and in many other aspects and details of their biological activity. There are to be seen birds brood-

ing or flying about the nests that contain their little eggs; in the attitude of fighting; humming-birds feeding; falcons, hawks, owls, condors and other birds of prey, some of which are carrying in their beaks reptiles, rats or fishes; others, different kinds of small mammals; as well as embryos and skeletons of mammals; skulls of llamas; and, finally, deer, and llamas, tied, loaded, harnessed, standing or lying down, ruminating or scratching an ear with a foot or in many other curious attitudes.

#### REPRESENTATIONS OF HUMAN LIFE

All that relates to the natural history of man appears there, not only what has to do with the physical type, but also what treats of his usages, customs, occupations, food, pleasures, pains and even vices: heads and other parts of the human body, modeled sculpturally, and in which certain anatomical and morphological details stand out, that enable us to designate the ethnic type that prevailed in those times; representations of almost all the ontogenetic processes of man, from birth until death: pregnancy and parturition, in their different states; suckling, the care and petting that a mother lavishes on her child; the way she rears it and carries it; certain aspects of infancy and adolescence, of adult age and old age; marriage scenes and sexual aberrations; the different attitudes taken during sleep; the sick, the lame, the maimed, the blind,<sup>29</sup> the hunchbacked; persons taking *coca* and lime, and substances of other kinds, which they seem to extract from an especial wrapping; and even those that are combing their hair and removing and eating the lice. We see also the preparation of foods; plates, bowls and cups that contain peanuts, green corn [maize], pepper, *cuyes*,<sup>30</sup> pigeons, fishes, so vividly represented that they seem to be dressed and ready to eat; different personages, perhaps priests or chiefs, who wear elegant and elaborate garments, personal ornaments, paint and tattooings on the face and on the body; brow-bands, earrings and nose-rings; heads that exhibit different

<sup>18</sup>Singular, *anona*; a tree and its fruit, of the order *Anonaceae*, of which there are some sixty species, mostly natives of tropical America; the fruit of the commoner species of the wild trees is not unlike the cultivated *chirimoya* (fruit of the *chirimoya*: *Anona cherimolia*, vulgarly known in English as "custard-apple," but inferior to it in size and flavor.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>19</sup>Quechua: fruit of a creeper, that somewhat resembles the *papaya*, but smooth.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>20</sup>The *lucuma* is a tree of middle America that at times attains a height of thirty meters, with broad, ovate leaves of a dark-green color, white flowers and an edible, agreeable fruit.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>21</sup>Quechua: edible tubers, not unlike the potato.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>22</sup>A species of native Peruvian almond.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>23</sup>Quechua: a sweetish, refreshing tuber that is eaten raw.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>24</sup>Plate xvi.

<sup>25</sup>Quechua: the fruit of a species of cactus.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>26</sup>Plate xvii.

<sup>27</sup>Plate xviii.

<sup>28</sup>Plate xix.

<sup>29</sup>Plate xx.

<sup>30</sup>Quechua: a small edible, tailless animal, not unlike the guinea-pig.—THE EDITOR.

kinds and styles of dress; crowns adorned with feathers and pieces of metal; caps made of the skins of certain mammals and birds; casques, *llautos*,<sup>31</sup> turbans, plain or adorned; mantles ornamented with geometrical, symbolical or mythical figures; garments of feathers, et cetera; warriors decked out in elegant trappings and wearing as trophies heads and other parts of the human body, armed almost always with clubs, slings, *estólicas*<sup>32</sup> and shields;<sup>33</sup> musicians playing different instruments: rattles, whistles, different kinds of *queñas*,<sup>34</sup> *antaras*,<sup>35</sup> trumpets, drums, cymbals; varied hunting and fishing scenes, dances, battles et cetera, et cetera; types of prisoners, naked, bound and subjected to cruel tortures; scenes of the curing of diseases, funeral ceremonies and a multitude of scenographic drawings of a purely ornamental character; human skulls and other isolated skeletonic pieces; divers fantastic scenes of skeletons, et cetera: all these and many more figure in the ceramics of the epoch.

#### THE IDEALIZATION OF FRUITS AND ANIMALS, AND HUMAN SACRIFICES

Fruits, idealized partially or wholly, and thus converted into half anthropomorphic divinities; animals of different degrees of idealization, also transformed into half anthropomorphic divinities, perhaps totemistic; different scenes in which these divinities are playing a part; representations of a mythological personage, a feline god, who stands out among the other zoömorph deities, and who is almost always accompanied by two great serpents;<sup>36</sup> divers scenes of human sacrifice, enacted in the presence of this deity;<sup>37</sup> persons par-

tially sacrificed, whose faces and extremities show mutilation, and who drag out a miserable existence, crawling on the ground, supporting themselves on staffs, mounted on a llama, and in the attitude of mendicants: all these are visible.

#### THE CERAMICS AND TEXTILE HANDWORK OF NAZCA

We have access too to different pictorial and scenographic representations in the delicate and elegant polychromatic ceramics of Nazca, where, apart from the purely descriptive ones, appear those of their totemistic divinities, who display beautiful and fantastic garments.

Textiles attained a high degree of development in this epoch: the embroidered mantles<sup>38</sup> extracted from the valley of Pisco, above all, pieces of tapestry, done in the style of Tiahuanaco, are so rich in artistic conception that they have been compared with the Coptic and Byzantine tapestries and even with the silk tapestries of China. The skill attained in technic, the variety of the dyes, the indelible character of them and the harmonious combination of colors have surpassed the most important achievements of modern art and industry.<sup>39</sup>

In different parts of the Costa of Perú have been formed collections of objects of silver, gold and turquoise that seem to have been extracted and wrought by the Indian artists themselves—vases, plates of gold, diminutive idols of turquoise, admirably executed—served perhaps as offerings sacred to the gods or as ornaments on the ceremonial garments of royalty.

#### THE GEOGRAPHICAL DOMINION OF THE CULTURES OF THE COSTA

A little before the conquest of the Costa by the Incas, some of the cultures of that region must have extended their dominions beyond their native soil. The culture represented by the black vases probably extended not only throughout the northern section, but even throughout a great part of central Perú; in certain valleys where at the beginning prevailed the culture of the colored sculptured vases may be noted

<sup>31</sup>Quechua: tiaras of wood or precious metal.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>32</sup>*Estólica*: a word apparently of obscure origin—the Quechua name has not been discovered—used by the ethnologists to designate a throwing-stick formerly in common use among the Indians of Perú and Bolivia: not unlike the Australian *wummerab*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>33</sup>Plate xxi.

<sup>34</sup>Primitive flageolets or pipes: short, rudely fashioned—ordinarily—and made of bones of human beings or beasts, or of reeds, clay or hollow wood.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>35</sup>Quechua: Panic flutes.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>36</sup>Plate xxii.

<sup>37</sup>Plate xxiii.

<sup>38</sup>Plate xxiv.

<sup>39</sup>Plate xxv.





**PLATE XII. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramics: water-jars and bowls; culture of the second radiation form Tiahuanaco; from the valley of Nazca



**PLATE XIII. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramics: water-jars of the style characteristic of the culture radiated from Tiahuanaco; the style is chiefly representative of the conventionalized feline head; from the cemeteries of Huarmey and of Culebras, province of Santa, *departamento* of Ancacha



**PLATE XIV. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramics: water-jars characterized by relief figures similar to those found in the ornamentation of the statues and monoliths of the inter-Andine valley of Callejón de Huailas, *departemento* of Ancacha; Museo Arqueológico de la Universidad de San Marcos



**PLATE XV. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramics: a style characterized by the representation of zomorphic figures in the attitude of running; culture of the first radiation from Tiahuanaco, as seen in southern Perú; from the valley of Nazca



PLATE XVI. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA

Ceramic: a realistic representation of the yucca (*Manihot haipi*); apogee of local cultures; pre-Chimú, northern area; from the valley of Chicama: Museo Arqueológico Víctor Larco Herrera

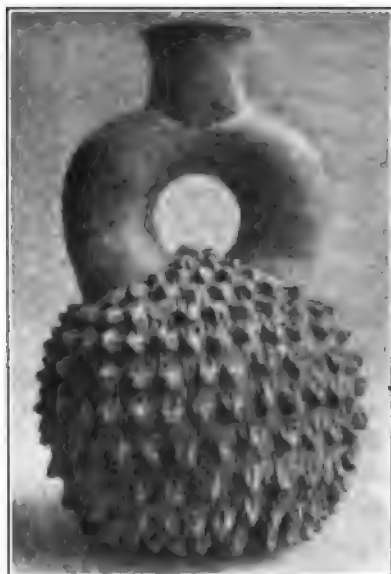


PLATE XVII. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA

Ceramic: a water-jar in the style of Chavín, realistically representative of a shell (*Spondylus*); from the valley of Chicama: Museo Arqueológico Víctor Larco Herrera.



PLATE XVIII. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA

Ceramic: a realistic representation of a frog; apogee of local cultures; pre-Chimú culture; from the valley of Chicama: Museo Arqueológico Víctor Larco Herrera



PLATE XIX. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA

Ceramic: a realistic representation of the jaguar; culture, source and present whereabouts the same as of plate XVIII

a different stratification: the former appears superimposed on the latter. The culture of Nazca, which seems to have begun its development in the valley of the Río Grande, must also, although at a period far previous to the Incan domination, have extended northward to, and including, the valley of Pisco, and southward to Camaná: the embroidered mantles, with mythological figures or warriors, in the style of Nazca, almost all come from the valley of Pisco, and some specimens, also in the Nazcan style, have been extracted recently from the cemeteries near Camaná.

The progress of the cultures of the Costa does not seem to have affected the Andine cultures; the eastern limit of the former is clearly defined; in no region of the Sierra has been found hitherto any object that belongs to the thoroughly characteristic art of Chicama or of Nazca.

### THIRD EPOCH

#### THE INCAN ERA

(1150-1530 after Christ)

#### THE CIVILIZATION OF THE INCAS RESULTED FROM THE FUSION OF THE ANDINE CULTURES

The culture of the Incas, whose origin is unknown, continued to develop, perhaps from the beginning of the second epoch, in the valley of Urubamba, thus forming a new pyramid of culture from the Andine civilization. By means of confederations or conquests it succeeded in spreading slowly and progressively; in a period that must have been very remote it united with the culture of Tiahuanaco, to form the empire of the Incas: a transcendent event, this, which ushered in the third epoch.

The two Andine cultures of Cuzco and Tiahuanaco united when Chavín probably had not yet declined. The remains of the latter always appear in an independent stratum. The two Andine cultures—which sprang up almost independently, the former in the valley of Urubamba, and the latter perhaps in some of the valleys of the center or south of Perú, and which there acquired characteristics of their own—united and acted together, radiating beyond the frontiers of the present territory of Perú. In the *departamento* of Ancachs and in almost

all the valleys of the northern Costa are to be found the structures and objects in which the two original styles predominate, without becoming fused. In the Incan cemeteries of Nazca are encountered with great frequency sarcophagi that preserve wrapped mummies, with highly adorned artificial heads, and a multitude of offerings, with ornaments in both styles, as if the bodies might have been those of Aimaran or Tiahuanacan chiefs or priests of the time of the Incas; and as if they or their warriors or officials had constituted an upper class within the purely Incan or Cuzcan population. A mummy from Coyungo, which formed a part of the Pellanne collection of Ica, had on its back a bundle that contained a basket filled with *kipus*,<sup>40</sup> the greater part of the fabrics that served as adornments, as well as the funeral vases, were in the style of Cuzco.

#### INCAN PUBLIC WORKS

Great national monuments, such as the roads which, as is known, existed both in the Sierra and in the Costa, and from end to end of Perú, and the magnificent construction of which can be still appreciated even to-day, although the remains of them, to be found between Huari and Piscobamba, a distance of fifteen leagues, are products of the Incas, as also are many of the pyramidal buildings of the Sierra and the Costa. The structures of the valley of Urubamba, Huánuco el Viejo, Cuzco and, among them all, the imposing and majestic fortress of Saxaihuamán, are productions that reveal the great energy and genius of the aborigines. The Incas, it was, who perfected the admirable system of political organization, based on agrarian communism and statistics carefully kept by means of *quipos*; established the workshops of the *mamaconas*,<sup>41</sup> devoted themselves to the manufacture of the garments of the chiefs,

<sup>40</sup>The author, following his partially observed rule, thus spells the word which, according to the traditional Spanish form, is *quipos* or *quipos*: strands, tied in different kinds of knots and often of different colors, with which the ancient Peruvians, Mexicans, Caribs and certain Canadian tribes made up for the lack of writing and recorded their history, news, business transactions, et cetera. They are still in use among certain South American tribes.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>41</sup>Quechua: aged virgins dedicated to the service of religion.—THE EDITOR.

priests and rulers,<sup>42</sup> created the institutions of the *mitimaes*<sup>43</sup> and of the *amautas*,<sup>44</sup> fostered religious and linguistic unity; accumulated clothing, arms and foods to meet the requirements of religion and the government; and, in short, who worked out a whole exemplary system of public and administrative precepts, the purpose of which was to draw together and fuse the heterogeneous elements and factors, in order to lay the foundation of a great nationality.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE INDIGENOUS BASES OF NATIONAL UNITY

##### GEO-ETHNIC UNITY

AS MAY be seen by what has been set forth, varieties of topography, race and culture, in so far as they have affected the history of man in Perú, are more apparent than real. From the archaic era, man did not encounter insuperable obstacles to detain him in his migrations; the shepherd of the *punas* carried his products to the temperate or warm valleys where he found the products that his own region did not yield him. The Andine migrations or excursions toward the Costa must have taken place at all times: from the first epochs appear in the Costa products derived from the Sierra and even from the Floresta. The variations of climate, productions, flora or fauna, in respect of the influence they would have exercised on human culture, are not so manifest as in isolated regions. The geographical areas are so limited that they have not permitted the formation of human groups with well differentiated cultures. All Perú may be deemed a single geo-ethnic region.

##### ETHNIC UNITY

If from the archaic era man could move in all directions; if his civilization seems to

have been monogenetic or one only, it is to be supposed that a single ethnic type would predominate throughout all the territory and in the different layers of culture. In truth, when vast collections of skulls are examined, we do not note the *poikilotipia* of the other human aggroupments of America; everywhere appears the oblong, mesocephalic Andine type, amid the great variety of artificially deformed cephalic forms. It is quite possible that, to the difficulty encountered in separating the artificially deformed specimens from the normal, in making investigations and measurements, is due belief in the dominant brachycephalic types of the Costa and the delichocephalic types of the Sierra.

##### UNITY OF CULTURE

As long as the different manifestations of civilization and their geographical boundaries shall not be better studied, in order that they may be related genetically, mere styles or differentiations of the same culture ought not to be considered as so many independent and exotic cultures; nor can a precise chronological succession be established until the culture strata shall be more clearly determined. Cultures that are the offspring of the same mother, branched or broken away in the same epoch, may mingle and amalgamate; one of them may superimpose itself for a time on the others and thus occasion errors and confusion in the chronological interpretation of them. The first stratum of Nazca, that is, the oldest of the valley, where it originated by the implantation of the culture radiated from the Sierra and where preceded the so-called characteristic culture of Nazca, has, nevertheless, a marked kinship to the epigonal culture of radiation, which came with the Incas; between these two related cultures was interposed, however, as may be seen, the thick culture stratum of Nazca.

##### UNITY OF LANGUAGES

Although a diversity of languages existed in ancient Perú, there predominated, from very remote times, in the Andine region, a language that seems to have been the matrix of Quechua and Aimara. The Cauqui language, which still exists in the

<sup>42</sup>Plate xxv.

<sup>43</sup>Transplantations or forced migrations of tribes or peoples removed from one part of the country and settled in another for political or economic reasons. The word, of Quechua origin, has been incorporated into Spanish, as the system described by it was continued by the Spaniards after the conquest.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>44</sup>Quechua: wise men, sages.—THE EDITOR.



**PLATE XX. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramic: a blind woman with a mutilated upper lip; apogee of local cultures; Chimú culture; from the valley of Chicama; Museo Arqueológico Víctor Larco Herrera



**PLATE XXI. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramic: a Chimú warrior; same culture, source and present whereabouts as of plate XX



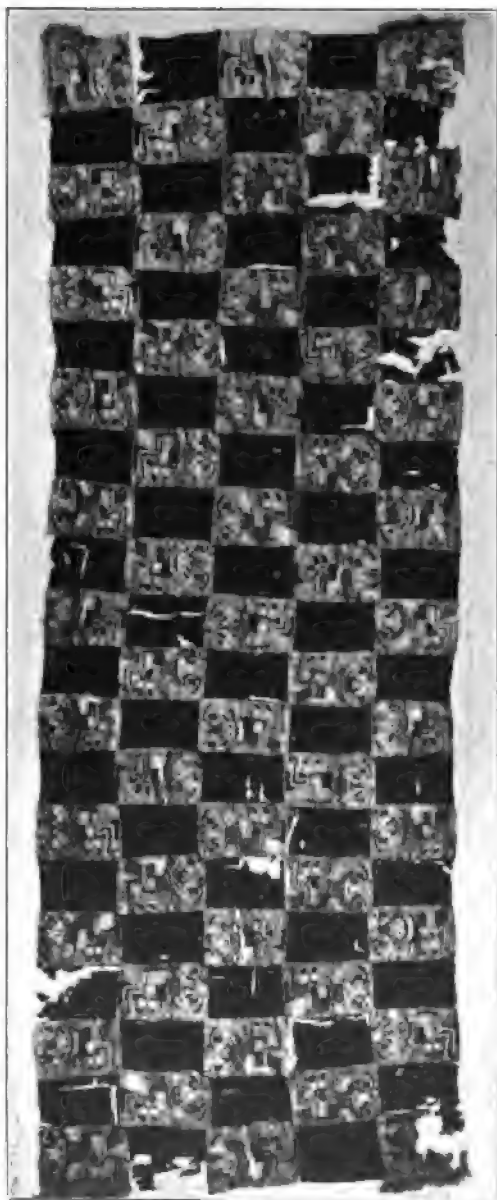
**PLATE XXII. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramic: a feline god that displays with symbolic attributes a serpent and a skeletonized head; it also bears a corpse, and on one side of the figure, not visible, appears a skeleton carrying on its back a skeletonized human head; at the top and in high relief is a man whose nose, lips and arms are mutilated; same culture, source and present whereabouts as of plates XX and XXI



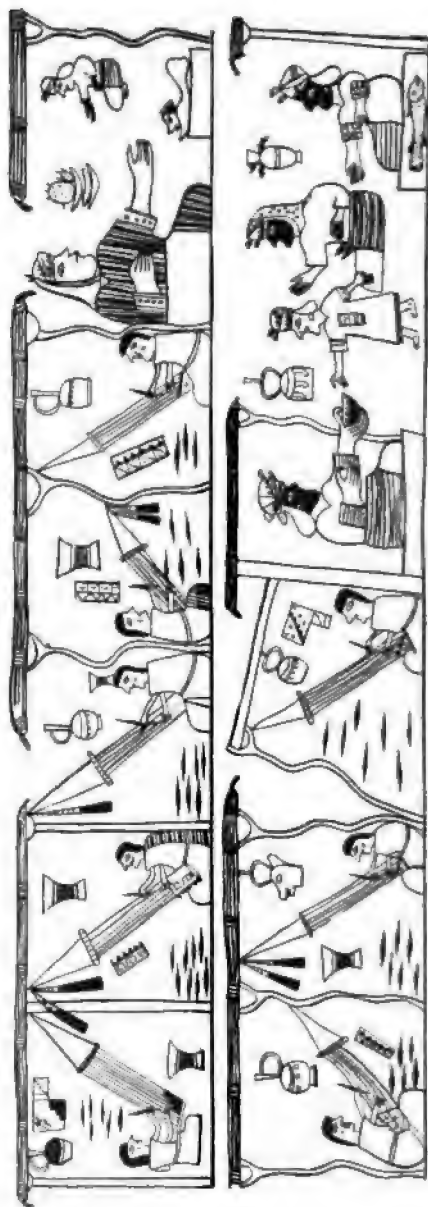
**PLATE XXIII. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Ceramic: scene of a human sacrifice; a divinity that witnesses and directs the sacrifice accomplished by a priest, who introduces into the throat of a bound prisoner a sort of tube through which the blood issues, and which the executioner receives in the cup that he has in his right hand; same source and culture as of the last three plates



**PLATE XXIV. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

A fragment of fabric with embroidered polychrome mythological figures: apogees of local cultures; from valley of Pisco, *departamento* of Ica



**PLATE XXV. SECOND EPOCH:  
PRE-INCAN ERA**

Drawing: a picture-writing that ornaments a large vase; representative of the different processes of weaving; same culture and source as of plates XXI, XXII, XXIII and XXIV

valley of Yauyos, rightly called "paleo-Aimara" by Barranca, which has archaic lexical and grammatical characteristics, is probably a survival of the primitive mother language. Puquina, which was spoken by the primitive inhabitants of the province of Moquegua and perhaps by the authors of the culture of Nazca, and even Mochica, preserve certain lexical and grammatical relations to some of the languages of the Montaña of the Arahua type. Even the Quechua, Aimara and Uro languages possess a certain kinship to others of the forestal group. From what has been set forth it may be said that from neither the linguistic nor the archæological point of view were there any insuperable barriers that isolated or rendered peculiar the ancient human aggroupments of the Andes.

#### UNITY OF RELIGION

The much proclaimed pantheism of the indigenes, which was so repugnant to the Spaniards, also seems to have been more apparent than real. Among all the divinities represented on the objects that belong to the different strata of culture there always appears, with notable constancy, an animal god, a feline, who seems to be the mighty jaguar of the Floresta. This feline has been identified in his different phases of idealization and anthropomorphization in the ceramics of Callejón de Huailas; in the high reliefs found at Yauya, Aija, Huaraz and Pomabamba; and in the black ceramics of Lambayeque. The decorative art of Chavín contains, as a radical or archetypal motive, the head of the jaguar. The most complex representations of this divinity, the apparent confusion of lines and figures, is the result of the treatment of the same and sole fundamental motive.

Even the art of Tiahuanaco is due in a large measure to the treatment of the jaguar or Titi, who appears here, as at Chavín, in his different phases of anthropomorphization and idealization. The principal personage of the monolithic façade is the god jaguar. Titi Huiracocha, the same divinity or culture hero that appears as the chief protagonist in the legends that relate to the genesis of the Indians, which, from the first years of the conquest, were collected by the chroniclers and his-

torians of the Indies, is the god jaguar, to whom statues existed in Ilave and Cacha, and who may be seen to-day in one of the great temples of Chavín; the same god that appears represented in the ceramics of Chicama, seated or standing on the side of a mountain, over which are ascending great serpents; he is, finally, the most important divinity represented at Nazca, and to whom, as at Chicama, were sacrificed human victims. Perhaps the head of this idealized feline, like the horses, transformed into serpents or into heads of condors, symbolized the sun; the god jaguar identified his powers with those of the sun, and so originated the worship of this divinity. Thus was accomplished this association or identification—already noted in the evolution of other religious beliefs—of an animal divinity with a natural phenomenon or power. The general worship of this divinity argues therefore in favor of the monogenism of the cultures, and it therefore confirms the preceding remarks.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CATACLYSM OCCASIONED BY THE SPANISH CONQUEST

#### THE NATIONALISTIC POLICY OF THE INCAS

THE Incas laid the foundations of a new nationality; in the face of scattered and independent material elements they set themselves to fashion from them a great nation. With this object in view they permitted the existing ancient institutions, arts, industries and all the achievements of civilization to continue without interruption in their upward course; they strove thus, by means of the coöperation of such diverse groups, to form a higher organization, provided with a central power of control and unification. We have here what was notable in the wise policy of the Incas.

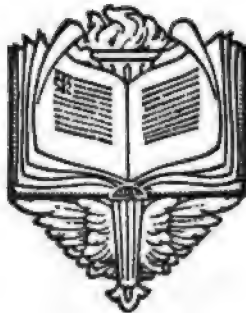
#### THE CLASH OF TWO CIVILIZATIONS

It was in this state that the Spanish conquerors found the indigenes of Perú. The Spaniards brought their usages, customs, habits, diseases, religion, language, ideals and civilization: in general, wholly different from those of the indigenes. By

the conquest was produced something like a great cataclysm, which overthrew, almost to its foundations, the national edifice that had been constructed during many centuries by the genius of the indigenes: the great dams and ditches for irrigation were abandoned; the roads, destroyed; the temples, sacked and overthrown; religion was persecuted; the arts were forgotten; the population was humiliated and enslaved. The consequent miscegenation of Indian and Spaniard created two classes: one of them, keeping to the Andine fastnesses and being poorly nourished, has gone on degenerating under the action of alcohol, coca, diseases and religious fanaticism; living in lethargy and ignorant of its past, it has trod, year after year, century after century, the same dark road, without a light sufficiently strong to awake it and guide it toward civilization; the other, adapting itself to the ideals, customs, aspirations, usages and sentiments of European civilization, has striven to form a nationality, on a Spanish or Latin basis, casting

aside the foundations left by the aboriginal civilization; imitating the characteristics of other lands and other nations, without duly utilizing the knowledge and methods of science, which would enable us to know our land and our history, to overcome the selfishness of men, to establish the economic equilibrium of the social classes and thus to build up the nation.

Our present Hispano-Peruvian civilization can be erected only on the aboriginal pedestal; and it can not stand firm and endure, if it does not completely adapt itself to the environment; if we do not seek to utilize our own resources, to discover the secrets and the marvels of our own nature, to admire the labor of our ancestors, to glorify the generations that have lived on our soil, wherein are preserved their ashes, and whence they drew their nourishment, and which they defended and used throughout many centuries. The present generation must revive the past and garner from it whatsoever can make it glorious.





# PERUVIAN TRADITIONS

BY

RICARDO PALMA

Don Ricardo's curiosity was insatiable, and his whimsical spirit will not die; although he always sketched the concrete, the regional, the local, the nature of his themes, and his style, his sparkle of humor and his insight into humanity, and especially into its foibles, render his sketches and stories of universal interest. The three sketches selected for reproduction treat, respectively, of a little known tradition, a detail of Peruvian folk-lore and a daring and romantic crime, and its Nemesis.—THE EDITOR.

## I

### THE FIRST STEAMBOAT

**D**ON MARTÍN FERNÁNDEZ DE NAVARRETE published in Madrid in 1825 two volumes of a very important work on America. According to him, Blasco de Garay, a sea-captain, presented to Emperor Carlos V in 1543 a machine by means of which vessels of the greatest tonnage could navigate without oars or sails. In spite of the opposition encountered by this project, the emperor, lessoned by what Columbus had experienced in the time of the Catholic queen, resolved that an effort should be made, as indeed, it was, with success, in the port of Barcelona, on June 17, 1513.

Garay never made known the details of his mechanism; but at the time the experiment was made, it was observed to consist of a great boiler of boiling water and a movable wheel attached to each side of the vessel.

This experiment was tried on a ship of two hundred tons, called *La Trinidad*, whose captain was named Pedro de Scarsa.

By order of Carlos V and his son, the Prince don Felipe, there were present don Enrique de Toledo and other magnates, who praised the machine and especially the ease with which the boat veered.

Rávago, the treasurer, who was unfriendly to the project, said that the boat would go only two leagues in three hours, that the engine was costly and complicated and that the boiler was in constant danger of bursting.

In spite of the difficulties and Rávago's opposition, the invention was approved;

and if the expedition in which Carlos V was then engaged had not gone ill, he would doubtless have favored it. Nevertheless, he promoted Garay, gave him two hundred thousand *maravedises*<sup>1</sup> in money and caused all the expenses of the invention to be paid out of his treasury.

Up to this point we have drawn on the knowledge supplied us by the work mentioned of the señor Fernández Navarrete, who asserted that he had obtained it in the original codices and records preserved in the *Archivos de Simancas*, among the public documents of Cataluña corresponding to the year 1543. *La América*, a very important newspaper published in Madrid in 1857 by the poet don Eduardo Asquerino, contained a learned article by don Antonio Ferrer del Rfo, in which, with a great wealth of arguments, this distinguished writer maintained that Blasco de Garay was very far from applying steam to navigation and that his invention was limited to a vessel with wheels, to which impulse was imparted by means of beams and cylinders. He added also that, according to documents that existed in the *Archivos de Simancas*, it was established that in 1539 Blasco de Garay presented a memorial to Carlos V in which he offered:

1. To raise vessels from beneath the water,

<sup>1</sup>Singular, *maravedí* (plurals, *maravedís*, *maravedises*, *maravedies*): a Spanish coin, at times real and effective, at others purely imaginary, which has had different values and denominations: the last in use was of copper, worth the thirty-fourth part of the *real* of the same coin, or the 0.735 part of a *centésimo* (hundredth) of the present *peseta*. As the Spanish *peseta* of to-day (ordinarily equivalent to the former franc, or twenty cents) is worth only about sixteen cents, the *centésimo* (corresponding to the French *centime*) is worth a little more than a sixth of a cent, and a *maravedí* would be worth about an eighth of a cent.—THE EDITOR.

even if they were submerged to a depth of a hundred fathoms, with the aid of only two men.

2. An apparatus that would enable any one to remain submerged beneath the water as long as he might wish.

3. Another apparatus for discovering with the naked eye objects at the bottom of the sea.

4. A means by which to keep a light burning beneath the water.

5. A means of changing salt water into fresh.

We admit that if Blasco de Garay had succeeded in accomplishing half the marvels he promised in the memorial, he would have done more than the modern Ericsson. to whom such prodigies are attributed.

In another number of *La América*, corresponding to February, 1858, may be read an article, signed by the head of the navy, don Miguel Lobo, which defends the account given by Fernández and refutes Ferrer del Río.

Let us therefore leave the point in chancery, and let others decide whether Blasco de Garay was the first to apply steam to navigation.

Balzac's *Les ressources de Quinola* paints the trials and contrarieties of which Blasco de Garay was the victim. I suppose the great French novelist must have had occasion to consult documents relative to the wonderful invention.

After Blasco de Garay, Salomon Caus made in France, in 1615, an application of steam. It seems that he was disregarded, and he died insane at Bicêtre.

It was in 1807 that Robert Fulton, a native of Lancaster, in the United States, constructed the *Clermont*, a small steamer that ran from New York to Albany; and in 1814 an Englishman, George Stephenson, constructed a locomotive, of which practical application was made only in 1830.

As to the propeller, which has replaced the wheels of the old steamers, it was the invention of Frédéric Sauvage,<sup>2</sup> a Frenchman that died in want and half crazy in Paris, in the year 1857.

It is generally believed that the first steamers that appeared on the Pacific were

<sup>1</sup>Pierre Luis Frédéric Sauvage.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>See article entitled "The Beginning of Steam Navigation in South America," in INTER-AMERICA for April, 1918.—THE EDITOR.

the *Chile* and the *Perú* in 1840.<sup>3</sup> In opposition to this error of contemporaries, I give you, in outline, what was said by my comrade Simón Camacho in his curious book *El Ferrocarril de Arequipa*.

The first steamer that reached the coast of Perú was the *Telica*, Captain Metrovitch, a vessel that made the voyage from Europe to Guayaquil under sails, and there took on machinery, a Colombian flag and passengers.

This was back in 1828 or 1830.

The *Telica* left Guayaquil, bound for Callao, but as the voyage was delayed by fog and he lacked fuel, the captain, exasperated by the complaints of those on board, and more than all by the disdain of a beautiful passenger, decided to bring his troubles to a tragic end. The *Telica* had to run into the little port of Huarmey, and it had no sooner anchored than the passengers passed with their luggage to the canoes of the Indian fishermen, thus at once making their way to land. They were all breakfasting in the inn at Huarmey when Metrovitch fired a pistol over a barrel of gunpowder and blew up the steamer, the only person saved being Tomás Jump, a sailor, who was able to reach the shore by swimming. Don Tomás Jump was one of the richest merchants of Callao in 1845.

Camacho's account was substantiated afterward by don Santiago Freundt, a merchant of Callao, who was one of the passengers of the *Telica* and a witness, consequently, of the catastrophe. In it and in the disdained love of the captain the novelist could find a vast theme for the exercise of his fancy.

## II

### THE "ACHIRANA" OF THE INCA

IN 1412 the Inca Pachacutec, accompanied by his son Yupanqui, the imperial prince, and his brother Cápac-Yupanqui, began the conquest of the valley of Ica, the inhabitants of which, although of a peaceful disposition, were not lacking in material or vigor for war. The sagacious monarch understood this, and, before resorting to arms, he proposed to the people of Ica that they submit to his paternal government. They accepted with pleasure, and the Inca

and his forty thousand warriors were cordially and splendidly received by the natives.

Pachacutec, while visiting the fertile territory that he had just brought under his sway, stopped for a week at the *pago*<sup>1</sup> called Tate. The owner of the *pago* was an aged woman, whose companion was a beautiful damsel, her daughter.

The conqueror of peoples believed that the heart of the maiden would also be easy to vanquish; but she, who loved a gallant of the region, possessed sufficient energy—which only true love inspires—to withstand the languishing supplications of the distinguished and omnipotent sovereign.

At length Pachacutec lost all hope that his love would be returned; and, taking the girl's hands between his own, he said to her, not without suppressing a sigh:

"Remain in peace, dove of this valley, and may the night of sorrow never spread its wing over the sky of thy soul. Ask some favor that will cause thee and thy people always to remember the love thou hast awakened in me."

"Señor," answered the damsel, kneeling and kissing the hem of the royal cloak, "great art thou, and to thee nothing is impossible. Thou wouldst have overcome me with thy nobility, if my soul were not already the slave of another. I must receive nothing of thee, for whosoever receives gifts remains under obligations; but if thou art convinced of the gratitude of my people, I beseech thee to bestow water upon this region. Sow benefits, and thou wilt garner a harvest of blessings. Reign, señor, over our grateful hearts, more than over men, who, timid, bow before thee, dazzled by thy splendor."

"Thou art discreet, damsel of the raven locks, and so thou dost captivate me with thy words, as likewise with the fire of thy glance. Farewell, illusory dream of my life! Do but wait ten days, and thou wilt see accomplished what thou askest. Good-by, and forget not thy king."

The chivalrous monarch, seating himself in the *litter of gold* that was borne on the shoulders of the nobles of the kingdom,

continued his triumphal journey. For ten days the forty thousand men of the army toiled at opening the sluice that begins on the lands of El Molino and El Trapiche and ends at Tate, the family estate or *pago* where dwelt the beautiful maiden for whom Pachacutec was filled with passion.

The water of the *achirana* of the Inca supplies abundant irrigation to the *haciendas* known to-day by the names of Chabalina, Belén, San Jerónimo, Tacama, San Martín, Mercedes, Santa Bárbara, Chanchajaya, Santa Elena, Vista Alegre, Sáenz, Parcona, Tayamana, Pongo, Pueblo Nuevo, Sonumpe and, finally, Tate.

Such, according to tradition, is the origin of *achirana*, a word that means: "what flows limpidly toward what is beautiful."

### III

#### THE TWO MILLIONS

THE sixteenth day of July, 1826, was a day of great agitation in Lima and Callao.<sup>1</sup> Throngs were to be seen everywhere in animated talk. It was neither a cataclysm nor a great political event that occasioned the excitement, but the news that the English barkantine *Peruvian*, laden with two million *pesos* in gold and silver bars and coin, had disappeared from the harbor.

The vessel was to sail on that day for Europe, but her captain had gone the evening before to Lima to receive the last instructions of the outfitter. At the same time he had permitted several of the crew to pass the night on shore.

On the *Peruvian* were only the pilot and six sailors, when, at two in the morning, it was taken possession of by thirteen men, who gained the vessel in a launch and who had proceeded with such caution and rapidity that the watch did not perceive what was happening. They immediately weighed anchor, and the *Peruvian* set sail.

At three in the afternoon a boat from the

<sup>1</sup>A particular parcel of land or a heritage, especially of vineyards; or, as used in South America, the place where one lives or has property.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup>That the people of both cities were stirred will seem all the more natural when it is borne in mind that Lima and Callao are practically one city, since they are only six miles apart, and that they were connected by much traveled roads, as they are to-day by steam and electric railways and good highways.—THE EDITOR.

*Peruvian* reached Callao, bringing back the pilot and his six sailors, set at liberty by the pirates.

The history of the audacious leader of this enterprise, and the fate of the treasure carried by the *Peruvian* is what we purpose to narrate rapidly, referring the reader that may desire a greater abundance of details to the work of Captain Lafond entitled: *Voyages dans les Amériques*.

In 1817 a young Scotchman, with a brave and attractive air, presented himself to the authorities of Valparaíso, soliciting a place in the Chilean navy and furnishing proof that he had served as a cadet in the royal fleet of England. Appointed an officer on one of the vessels, the youthful Robertson distinguished himself in a short time by his skill in manœuvres and his courage in battle. The doughty Guisse, who commanded the barkantine *Galarino*, asked for young Robertson as his first lieutenant.

Robertson was brave to the point of heroism, of medium stature, with red hair and a penetrating gaze. His fiery and passionate disposition inclined him to be ferocious. Therefore, in 1822, when, in command of a Chilean barkantine, he took sixty men of the royalist party of Benavidez prisoners, he had them hung from the yard-arms.

This is not an article addressed to dilating on the glorious history of the naval achievements that Cochrane and Guisse accomplished against the formidable squadron of Spain.

In the affair of Quilca, between the *Quintanilla* and the *Congreso*, Robertson, who had exchanged the Chilean cockade for the Peruvian, and who, at the time, held the rank of *comandante*<sup>2</sup> of frigate, was the second officer of the barkantine commanded by the valiant Young.

In the famous seige of Callao, the fortresses of which were defended by the Spanish general Rodil, who held out in them for more than three months and a half after the battle of Ayacucho, it was Robertson's good fortune to perform many deeds of distinction. Everything caused him to look forward to a splendid future, and per-

haps he would have attained the rank of admiral, if the devil, in the form of a beautiful Liman, had not taken into his head to send him to perdition. He that said that love is a poisoning of the spirit spoke the truth.

Teresa Méndez was, in 1826, a charming girl of twenty-one, with great black, speaking eyes, lips of fire, the slightest of waists, a fascinating air: all the graces, in short, and the perfections, that have made the beauty of the women of Lima proverbial. It seems that I am explaining myself, eh? little rascals, and that I am what is called a gallant chronicler!

The widow of a rich Spaniard, she had awakened in her the fever of luxury, and her house became the center of elegant youth. Teresa Méndez made and unmade the fashion.

Her happiness consisted in tyrannizing over the captives that sighed, like prisoners in Algiers, over her enchantments. Never could a lovelorn gallant boast of having won from her favors that revealed a predilection in his behalf. Teresa was a mixture of angel and demon, one of those women that are born to exercise an autocratic despotism over those that surround them; in a word, she belonged to the number of those heartless beings that God has cast into the world for the curse and damnation of men.

Robertson became acquainted with Teresa Méndez in the procession of Corpus Christi, and after that day the arrogant sailor held out to her a flag of parley, gained speech with her and declared himself to be a captive of the bewitching Liman. She employed with the new adorer the same tactics that she had used with others, and one day, when Robertson sought to bring things to an issue, he received from the cherry lips of the girl this categorical ultimatum: "You are losing time, *comandante*. I shall belong to no one save the man that shall be great, either because of his fortune or of his position, even if his greatness be the result of crime. The widow of a colonel, I do not accept a simple *comandante*."

Robertson retired crestfallen, and in his agitation he confided to several of his comrades the result of his love affair.

A few nights later he took tea in the

<sup>2</sup>See foot-note 12, page 224.—THE EDITOR.

house of the captain of the port of Callao, in company with other seamen, and as the conversation turned on the disdainful Liman, one of the officers said in a tone of jest:

"Since the war with the *chapetones*<sup>3</sup> has ended, there is no hope that the *comandante* will ever succeed in sporting an admiral's insignia. As to making a fortune, the occasion is presenting itself to him. There are two million pesos on board a barkantine."

Robertson seemed not to attach any importance to the jest, and he limited himself to inquiring:

"Lieutenant Vieyra, what do you say the name of that ship is that carries millions as ballast?"

"*Peruvian*, an English vessel."

"How little silver is worth then, since Teresa Méndez is worth more," replied the *comandante*, and he gave a different turn to the conversation.

Three hours afterward Robertson was the owner of the treasure embarked on the *Peruvian*.

When Robertson had left the house, he went to a tavern frequented by seamen and selected twelve resolute men with whom he was personally acquainted from having managed them on board the *Gabarinio* and the *Congreso*.

When they had succeeded in getting possession, the pirate thought it would be unwise to inform so many accomplices of the two millions stolen and he decided to use no half measures in ridding himself of them. He confided his plan to two Irishmen, George and William, and he laid a course for Oceania.

On the first island they encountered he disembarked with some of the sailors, joined them in the orgies of a brothel, and when the night was well advanced he returned with all of them to the ship. The drink had had its effect on the unfortunates. The captain left them asleep in the long-boat, hoisted anchor, and, when the barkantine was thirty miles out, he cut the painter, abandoning six men on the open and raging ocean.

Besides the two Irishmen, he had kept for the moment only four of the crew, who were necessary to the working of the ship.

Then he landed and buried the treasure on the desert island of Aguigan, and with only thirty thousand pesos in gold he made off in the *Peruvian* for the Sandwich islands.

On the way he gave a narcotic to the sailors one night, shut them up in the hold and scuttled the ship. Then, on the following day, Robertson, William and George reached the island of Wahou in a boat, assuming that the vessel had foundered.

Providence had disposed otherwise. The *Peruvian* took a long time to sink, and, discovered by a whaling vessel, one of the four that made up the crew was saved, after his companions had succumbed to hunger and thirst. From Wahou the three pirates went to Rio de Janeiro. In this city the Irishman George disappeared for ever, the victim of his companions. After wandering as far as Sidney, they went on to Hobarton, the capital of Van Diemen's Land. There they proposed to an old Englishman named Thompson, the owner of a fishing schooner, that he take them to the Mariana islands. The schooner had only two boys as a crew, and Thompson accepted the proposal.

The voyage was long and beset with dangers. The heat was excessive, and the five occupants of the schooner slept on deck. One night, after they had all gotten drunk except Robertson, whose turn it was to keep watch, William fell into the ocean. Old Thompson was awakened by William's desperate cries. Robertson made a pretense of trying to save him, but the darkness, the current and the want of a boat made all aid impossible.

Robertson was now without an accomplice, but Thompson's services were indispensable. It was not difficult, however, for him to invent a fable by partially revealing his secret to the old master of the schooner and offering him a part of the treasure. When they touched the island of Tinian to victual, the captain of a Spanish frigate visited the schooner. Robertson learned of it when he returned from the shore, and he suspected that the old man had talked more than was necessary.

<sup>3</sup>Plural of *chapetón*, awkward, inexperienced, novice, beginner: applied contemptuously to Spaniards, during the colonial period in South America.—THE EDITOR.

The vessel had hardly left the roadstead, when Robertson, abandoning his habitual prudence, threw himself on the old master and hurled him into the water.

Robertson did not know that he had to do with one that resembled a sea-lion, an excellent swimmer. A few days afterward the Spanish frigate, with old Thompson on board, discovered the fishing schooner hidden in a cove of Saypan?

Robertson was taken prisoner, but nothing could be gotten out of him by the use of wits; so the Spanish captain then ordered him to be flogged on deck.

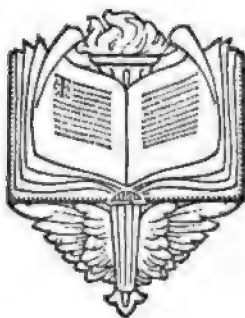
Two years had passed, and the gazettes of Europe had announced the disappearance of the *Peruvian*, accusing *Comandante* Roberson. The sailor miraculously saved at Wahou had also made a long declaration. The English outfitters and the admiralty offered a large reward for the capture of the pirate. The crime of the Scotch ad-

venturer had made a noise and aroused great indignation.

When he was about to be flogged, Robertson was more inclined to listen to reason. He agreed to conduct his guardians to the place where he had buried the two millions; but, as he stepped aboard, he repented of his weakness and let himself go, and he fell into the sea, carrying with him his secret.

An important item of information, by way of conclusion, for those that have a mind to lift themselves out of poverty. The island of Aguigan, in the Marianas, is situated at  $19^{\circ}$   $0'$ , north latitude, and  $142^{\circ}$   $0'$ , east longitude, counting from the meridian of Paris.

Two millions are not to be despised. Therefore, my readers, good cheer, faith in God, and off to the Marianas without further baggage.



# THE TONAL SYSTEM OF INCAN MUSIC

BY

ALBERTO VILLALBA MUÑOZ

This article will interest composers, musicians and lovers of music, as it is a comparison of the music of the Incan peoples with that of many other primitive peoples.—THE EDITOR.

BEFORE concluding the preparation of this informal lecture, in which we are to discuss so important a subject as the music that is to serve as a basis for the creation of the national opera, and bearing in mind that what was published in *Ilustración Peruana* regarding Incan and colonial music was a more or less complete treatment of the subject, I devoted some of the brief time that intervened before this meeting to studying in the most scrupulous manner all that had been said and written on popular song, from the author of *Los comentarios reales de los incas* to the last pages of a dissertation given in the Universidad del Cuzco by the señor Leandro Albiña with the title of *Música incaica*.

Also I have had to interpret, with the aid of the señor Robles,<sup>1</sup> what Garcilaso el Inca perhaps wished to say regarding the musical instruments used by the Indians prior to or contemporary with him.

Besides, I have been able to understand for myself that the greater part of what Paz Soldán<sup>2</sup> wrote in his *Geografía del Perú*,

<sup>1</sup>Daniel Alomía Robles: he was born in the city of Huánuco, departamento de Huánuco, Perú, on January 3, 1871; he was educated in the schools of Huánuco and Lima, receiving his secondary and university education at the Colegio de Guadalupe and the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, respectively; after leaving the university, he devoted himself to archaeological and ethnological investigations, and especially to the collection of Indian and popular music in Perú and other South American countries; he has superintended excavations at Nazca for the government of Perú and he has collected some seven hundred songs, with their music, among which is the famous Incan hymn to the sun; he has written a number of articles on Peruvian archæology and folk-lore and he has lectured widely in the Hispanic-American countries and in the United States; he has been honored with five gold medals, presented by learned or musical societies, and a number of his transcriptions of Indian and colonial folk-songs are now being circulated on phonographic records.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>Mariano Felipe Paz Soldán (1821-1886) was a distinguished Peruvian geographer and politician: he

both in describing the *quena*<sup>3</sup> and in seeking to explain the *yaravi*,<sup>4</sup> is incorrect regarding the *quena* and is quite illusory and exaggerated, apart from concerning itself with the *yaravi* of Melgar alone, in treating of the nature and effect of the popular music of this country; and as some of the European writers on music have copied from this author and from certain light articles by tourists, much of what is said in technical dictionaries in discussing the words, *quena*, *yaravi* and *tinya*, we have found not a little defective and at times quite confused.

Finally, I have thought to encounter something that might destroy the merit of the señor Robles, as the discoverer of the Incan system, in the works of Eduardo Rivero, Soeling, Bernier de Valois, Oscar Comettant, Fetis, Marcos Jiménez de la Espada, Pedrell and Luis Lacal; but, in reality, they say nothing concrete; they shed no light, they grope in darkness and write haltingly, and are unable to determine once for all what Incan music was or where in this music differed from colonial music.

More important studies on this subject have been made by Charles W. Mead, José Castro and Leandro Albiña; the first, in a supplement to *The American Museum Journal*. This study bears the title of "The Musical Instruments of the Incas," and this archæological author divides it into three chapters, in which he treats separately of percussion

occupied a number of important positions in the teaching profession, and he exerted a considerable influence on the intellectual development of his country.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Primitive flageolets or pipes: short, rudely fashioned ordinarily and made of bones of human beings or beasts, or of reeds, clay or hollow wood.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Derived from the Quechua *barabui*: Indian and popular post-Columbian songs, composed, typically of hexasyllabic verses, like the *vidalitas* and *tristes*, and of a sad and sentimental character.—THE EDITOR.

instruments, wind-instruments (of cane, bone or gourd) and stringed instruments, taking as a basis of the third article or paragraph the *tinya*, which, as we shall see later, is not a stringed instrument. Charles W. Mead concludes with these words, none too precise, but very prudent:

Undoubtedly the most important instruments were the drum, the various kinds of flutes and the Pan-pipe. Early writers frequently speak of the Indians dancing to the music of the pipe and tabor. The ancient potters have left us representations of these scenes on their water vessels. These dances appear to have remained unchanged in 1649 when Alfonso de Ovalle wrote this quaint account: "Their way of dancing is with little jumps, and a step or two, not rising much from the ground, and without any capers such as the Spanish use: they dance all together in a ring."<sup>6</sup>

Of the music of the Incas we know nothing. A number of songs have been recorded which have been known to the Indians for generations, and believed by them to have been handed down unchanged, but their authenticity is, of course, doubtful—even the source from which they came being uncertain.

We come to that much vexed question: What musical scale was known to the ancient Peruvians? In the absence of any authentic music we must look to their instruments as the only source of information. It has been believed commonly that they employed the five-toned or pentatonic scale, so widely used in the primitive music of various peoples, which one of our most eminent musical scholars and critics insists "represents a stage in musical development and is neither a racial nor geographical indication."<sup>7</sup> In this scale the step of a semitone is avoided by omitting the fourth and seventh degrees in major and the second and sixth in minor.

Many of the scales given in this paper seem to indicate the use of this five-toned scale, but there are some puzzling exceptions. Hitherto but few scales of Peruvian instruments have been published. When a sufficient number has been collected, it may be possible to determine the intervals of the Peruvian scale.<sup>7</sup>

This author's excessive prudence or his

ignorance of the great number of Incan songs in which we always have five notes and the scale of which has the intervals arranged with the same distances and the same succession, prevented his drawing more accurate conclusions regarding the Incan musical system.

The inequality of the scales of wind-instruments made of cane, bone or gourd is not an argument conclusive enough to cause us to doubt the pentaphony of the system, since the Indians made their instruments without the aid of mechanical apparatus of precise measurement that might perfect the form, the capacity of the tube and the intervals, as well as the size of the holes, both lateral and terminal, of the typical instruments.

It should be noted that the most of the Indians tended to construct their instruments with a view to producing five sounds, as may be seen in plate V of the article by Charles W. Mead. To-day, when the Indians have European instruments as models, they make their own with great perfection, so that all the typical ones, such as the *quenás*, produce the five sounds of the Incan scale in very correct tune.

The señor José Castro speaks also of a series of notes that form a scale like the succession of the five black keys of the piano, and he says other things regarding which, like the assertion just made, I have knowledge only by hearsay, and not by reading the collection of articles published in the daily *El Sol* of Cuzco, some two or three years ago.

The señor Albifia—after making a scrupulous outline of the feasts and other solemnities celebrated by the peoples of the Incas, in which music played a major part, and after explaining the character of the Incan melodies and of those that followed the conquest—sketches with sufficient order and clearness the several musical instruments used by the Indians, and the whole body of which constituted what he terms "Incan musical organography;" and, finally, he speaks of the scale of the system of the ancient Peruvians, coinciding in this point with the other two writers already mentioned and with the señor Robles, who, after the year 1897, began to form his collection on the basis of the differ-

<sup>6</sup>Historical Relation of Chile, Pinkerton, volume xiv, page 117.

<sup>7</sup>H. E. Krehbiel, in the *New York Tribune*, September 8, 1901.

<sup>7</sup>Charles W. Mead: supplement to *The American Museum Journal*, volume iii, number 4, July, 1903, pages 30, 31.



ence that existed between the Incan and the diatonic scales, substantiating his assertion by several *cachaspari*,<sup>8</sup> written since that date in C flat minor, in order to support his observations in the presence of musicians and those that are not musicians.

From all this I have deduced that the señor Robles and the señores Castro and Albifia are the only investigators that have given us the true key to the knowledge, first, of the nature of the Incan system and its difference from our diapason; and, second, to the method of collecting later, in a chronological and differential order, the popular songs of Perú. Because of these and many other reasons and because of a sentiment of genuine friendship and a sacred but true patriotic love for this republic of Perú, I have considered it a duty of conscience to take up the pen for the first time in order to bring to light, for the benefit of those that like popular music, a discovery of real importance in the history of art in Perú, and perhaps even to open the door to later investigations as to the origin of the ancient inhabitants of America and the character of their civilization and their races.

Just at this point it is proper to note a fact. All those that are accustomed to hear the music of the Indians of the Sierra<sup>9</sup> can distinguish perfectly between the *danzas*, *yaravies*, *buainos*<sup>10</sup> or *buainitos*,<sup>11</sup> as to which of them are ancient or Incan, and which are later, or of the time of the colony.

What is the ground of this difference? What do our ears perceive in particular to enable us to feel and appreciate the musical color of one period and that of another?

<sup>8</sup>A Quechua word (singular and plural): dance songs used on the eve of the departure of a friend or distinguished guest.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>According to the Peruvian usage now accepted generally, the "Sierra" is the Andine region; the "Montaña," the region of the great forests, on the eastern side of the Andes; and the "Costa," from the Andes westward to the Pacific.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>The author, following the indefensible custom of most writers on the subject, Hispanicizes the Quechua word *buainis*, while at the same time giving a Spanish plural to the form he uses. The true plural of *buainis* is *buainim*, which are Indian popular dances.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup>Another case of Hispanization: the author merely follows the vulgar custom of applying a Spanish diminutive to *buaino* (or correctly, *buainis*), which is wholly alien to the Quechua, since it has no diminutive forms.—THE EDITOR.

Why should the same song treated by two composers preserve or lose its peculiar character, its melodious sense, its true rhythm, et cetera?

To the modest but untiring cultivator of popular song, the señor Daniel A. Robles, Perú to-day owes the key and point of departure that make it possible to recognize the true Incan music and to distinguish it with absolute certainty from the colonial music and to establish it like any other that has been imported from abroad since the conquest. Study, constancy, continued explorations, journeys and investigations among the Indians of the Sierra and the savages of the Montaña, themselves; his intimate friendship with the unfortunate Father Gabriel Salas (the father of the Campa Indians) and a mind of no ordinary talent, with a rare bent for ancient music of this kind, have given to the señor Robles the primacy in the folk-lore of Perú, a primacy that he attained, first of all, through his abundant collection of dances and songs, genuinely Incan, a true historico-traditional document, and the most complete made hitherto, in which he has translated all the riches of the ancient melopœia, which has been preserved unaltered in the bosom of all the tribes that extend from Quito to La Paz, and which is the most solid evidence of and the most indestructible argument for the principles that he maintains; and afterward by having succeeded in penetrating the most important secret of the *Incan musical system* and perhaps its origin; and because knowing this, he has also been able to demonstrate how far European music has contributed to enrich and to give a new coloring (not a new character) to the *yaravi* of the later or colonial time.

A marvelous discovery! Is it the result of an accident, is it the result of meditation, or is it an illusion?

Working day after day on the delicate task of recording on paper the songs and dances of the Sierra with all the fidelity of which an enviable memory and a very fine ear are capable, the señor Robles reasoned out and at length deduced that all the genuinely Incan melodies coincided in the same number of notes, which formed a succession of degrees in such a manner that

they gave rise to a scale very different from the recognized one, that is, our diatonic gamut or scale: a fact wholly undeniable, inasmuch as we ought to reject absolutely the suspicion of a chance coincidence, for it would have been a very rare and strange occurrence that all the songs he had gathered together, and not the many others that he failed to collect or even to become acquainted with, were the only ones that had the same five notes. Therefore the coincidence in the scale, the modality and the final cadences of all the songs that the Indians hold by tradition to be pre-Columbian must be admitted as really a necessity of the system on which these ancient melodies were based.

Indeed, the Incan musical system is merely *an arrangement of a scale composed of five sounds, which follow each other in such a manner that there is no place for semitones*, with two intervals in third minor. This scale is as follows:

Re, Fa, Sol, La, Do.

So then, given the arrangement of these sounds that form an incomplete scale on the tonic *Re*, and lacking the semitones of our diatonic scale, the two third minors replace them, and there is established by necessity a minor modality, which, although it admits in the development of its melody transitory modulations toward the major mode, always preserves its character of sadness and sentimentality, which are qualities that belong to the minor mode. For this reason all the songs or airs produced on the basis of this system are very melancholy, extremely sad and even weird and truly startling. From all this we can deduce their origin.

A knowledge of the source of a thing is the best proof of its existence, and in trying to make known the existence of Incan music, we ought to have recourse to the primitive music in which is to be found its strength; because this system is not an exclusive novelty of the Peruvian or American peoples; it is one of the oldest systems known and used among primitive peoples, chiefly of Asia; and because of what is deduced from the history of music, from its most remote origin, this scale of five sounds is the only basis of the first songs of all the peoples prior to Greek civilization, which

was the one that introduced the *diatonic, absolute, immutable system, disjunct or conjunct*, until it attained a series of fifteen sounds, which the Greeks called the *perfect system*.

We have, nevertheless, the fact that the scale of five sounds has not always followed the same succession of degrees among the primitive peoples that employed them, as will presently be seen.

As Hugo Riemann says, in his *Handbuch der Musikgeschichte*, it may be accepted as certain that in the most ancient musical practice of the Chinese a scale of five sounds was used, that is, it lacked the *leaps* or intervals of the semitone. Prince Tsay Ju (who lived about 1500 before Christ) must have encountered in the musicians of that time much opposition when he introduced the two complementary sounds of the scale of seven degrees. The five sounds were produced by means of successive leaps of a *fifth* from a fundamental sound, which was the lowest, and which was called the *great sound* or also *imperial palace*. See what follows as an indication:

Fa (*Kung*)—Do (*Tsche*)—Sol (*Thang*)—Re (*Yu*)—La (*Kio*), is the same as the scale formed by these five notes.

This scale being preserved in the form that has just been presented, it can be understood and practised both in the major and the minor tone.

If we change the tonic *Fa* for that of *Re*, we have the Incan scale:

Fa—Sol—La—Do—Re.

Like the Chinese themes, all the Scotch airs that present a character of greater tonality belong to the Chinese scale, they lacking *fourths* and *sevenths*, that is, the notes *Si* and *Mi*; and even in the Scotch airs of a minor character we encounter a scale of five sounds, without *seconds* and *sixths*, but with a semitone, as set forth by Pedrell in his *Diccionario técnico de la música* (page 160):

Re—Mi—Fa—La—Do.

A series of airs of the Malays of Java and Sumatra, like those of China, presents the following succession of notes:

Sol—La—Si—Re—Mi, which is the same as the Incan scale.

Besides, many Egyptian and Assyrian themes seem to have been written in a

scale of five notes combined in this manner:

Do—Re—Mi—Sol—La.

This scale is common to all the Scotch, Malay, Chinese and Incan airs, when they appear in the major mode.

Olympus, the introducer of Asiatic music into Greece, modified the scale of five sounds in the following manner:

Si—Do—Mi—Fa—La<sup>12</sup>

Fa—La—Si—Do—Mi.<sup>13</sup>

In this so-called Doric scale, we have a notable modification, which ought to be taken into account by those that affirm that the "self-civilization" of the ancient Peruvians progressed on a parity with that of the European peoples, and it consists in introducing the two semitones that were lacking in the primitive scale of the Asiatics.

From what has been said therefore it may be deduced that the Incan musical system is neither more nor less than the system generalized among all the primitive peoples of Europe, Africa and Asia, and especially of China; for the two melodic forms of the songs of those regions are to be found exemplified in the collection of Incan airs, both in the minor mode (which is the more general) and the major; and as a proof of what I have just said, any one that may be interested to examine the collection of the señor Robles will find in it several songs purely Incan that are deemed by the Chinese themselves to be very ancient airs that they have heard in their own land and the proprietorship of which admits of no discussion, in respect of the music. What is the antiquity of these Chinese airs that are to be found among the tribes of American Indians? This is what remains to be shown.

By means of musical instruments that serve to establish a system of exclusive tonality, we can prove, in the surest possible manner, that not only did the ancient peoples of America have a scale of five sounds, like the one that was already known among other peoples, earlier or contemporary, but that, besides (bearing in mind that in this respect the art of music

is very conventional), it was inherited or imported principally from Asia.

We shall note later some musical instruments that were used and are still used in other countries and that present the peculiarity of five sounds.

The peoples of northern Africa, and especially of Abyssinia, use a kind of lyre of five strings (*kinar*), which establishes the five sounds of the series of notes of the scale of the Malays (Java and Sumatra) and of the Chinese. Also the *Acanthuses* (or *Aschantis* of the same continent) have a mandolin of bamboo (*incbambi*) with five strings of palm fiber. The *taquigoto*, an instrument of Japan, contains three strings, which are tuned to the pentaphonic scale.

Passing over the innumerable kinds of ancient flutes, which contained from one to fifteen holes and consisted of from one to several tubes (flutes of the god Pan), and which indicated, or had as their principle object the fixing of, a scale of five sounds, I shall mention the following: the *pentachord*, which, it is said, was invented by the Scythians, who, in playing it, made use of the jaw-bone of a dog instead of a plectrum, and which, like the ancient lyre of the Greeks, contained five strings: the *bipanchi vina* of India, a zither, also of five strings; the *ancient Etruscan zither*, also of the same number of strings as the preceding instrument, and as the *kachua-seta* of Bengal; and the *kisar*, a sort of lyre of the Ethiopians and Berbers, which produces the same series of sounds as those that characterize all the Chinese airs in the major mode.

As there are not lacking those that go to the extreme of placing in doubt the existence of the pentaphonic system, I am going to describe briefly a very important instrument called *kantelet*, to-day *harpu*, a Finnish instrument; it is a kind of harp, in the form of a psaltery, of five strings, which formerly were of horse-hairs. It is the classic accompanying instrument of the ancient Scandinavian runes. The primitive tonality of the music of the Finns was composed of only the first five diatonic sounds of the minor mode, and the five strings of this historical instrument were tuned in this manner.

What, besides, were the different kinds

<sup>12</sup>Felipe Pedrell.

<sup>13</sup>Luisa Lalac.

of *nay* or *nai*, the *nanga* and the *naganaran* but so many other very ancient musical instruments that served merely as the basis or foundation to give the pitch and sustain the tonality of the peoples that were acquainted with the pentaphonic scale alone?

A brief examination of some of the typical musical instruments of certain Incan and Aztec peoples in comparison with those of the Asiatic peoples will show to my readers with more clearness the kinship of American music to Asiatic music. According to Garcilaso el Inca, the author of the *Comentarios reales de los incas*, chapter XXVI,

They had flutes with four or five holes, like those of the shepherds; they did not have them fastened together in consonance, but each by itself, because they did not know how to concert them; for them they had their songs, et cetera.

What kind of flutes were those of which Garcilaso el Inca tells us? Although it is not easy to arrive at an understanding of what this author means to say in this paragraph in which he attempts to impart information regarding the music of the Indians in the time of the Incas, I am almost sure that these flutes were nothing more than the instruments known to us by the following names: *cbaima*, *vilacapitqli*, *cuyoi*, *buora-puora* or *buairo-pukura*, *buailaca*, *piacnlio* (México); *conivi*, *pincullo* or *pinculla* (Perú) with four, five and even seven holes, that is, the primitive *quena* of Perú (according to the señor Robles). Of all these instruments and the twenty-six enumerated in Mead's opuscle, some are of clay, others are of stone, many of bone, a multitude of cane and one is of gourd. I shall give attention only to the *vilacapitqli* and *pincullu*, because they are the best known and most widely diffused in México and Perú, respectively. The former is an instrument of baked clay of Aztec origin,<sup>14</sup> which produces the following series of five sounds:

Re—Mi—Fa, sustained—La—Do.<sup>15</sup>

The little bone flute, marked with num-

ber 17 in Mead's collection, contains the same scale, but an octave higher; and perhaps the *vilacapitqli* may be the same as the one known in Perú by the name of *pincullu*,<sup>16</sup> which has been described by the señor Albifia as a kind of whistle. It is a pity that he did not mention the scale.<sup>17</sup>

The second, that is the *pincullu*, which is the one that interests us most, is an instrument made of cane<sup>18</sup> found in the Montafia. It contains seven holes and it has a length of twenty-three centimeters and a diameter of five and five-tenths centimeters. It has been found in a *buaca*<sup>19</sup> near Huacho, and with it may be obtained the following series of sounds, which is in conformity with the ordinary range of the voices of the Indians of the Sierra:

Mi flat—Fa—La flat—Si flat—Do—Mi flat (octave)—Fa (octave)—La flat (octave)<sup>20</sup>

The señor Albifia speaks of an instrument—which must be the same—to which he gives the name of *pincullu*: "a tubular instrument with both ends open and a beveled incision in the side of the end that is to be applied to the mouth;" its dimensions would vary from a meter to fifteen centimeters;<sup>21</sup> the wood of the *buaranbay* is the one most used, because its stem has a soft pith, which is consequently easy to bore; the thicker ones are called *toccoros*.<sup>22</sup> It contains six lateral holes.

The *bivem*, *bim* or *biscan*, known in China three thousand years before Christ, as Monigni affirms, is an instrument on the style of the *vilacapitqli* and the *pincullu*, but with five holes; an elaboration of this instrument is the *ocarina*, so well known in Europe and everywhere.

<sup>14</sup>The author seems to have confused the *pincullu* with another instrument—the *buairalla*—which is, in reality, similar to the *vilacapitqli*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>17</sup>He did not mention it, because, since it is a simple whistle, it has no scale.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>18</sup>*Sbor* in the Campa language.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>19</sup>Sepulchers of the Indians; compare *buacos*, the idols (usually of clay) buried in the *buacas*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>20</sup>Daniel Alomía Robles.

<sup>21</sup>The *pincullu* is an exclusively pastoral instrument; that mentioned by the señor Albifia, when it has a greater length than twenty-five centimeters, is not a *pincullu*, but a *quena*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>22</sup>As to the plural form, see note 10, page 259.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>It would be difficult to prove this assertion, as it has been found all over America.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>D. F. Tallavul.

With the same number of holes as the *vilacapitli*, we have the *African flute*, which is considered a primitive instrument.

The *pincullu* has been found in the *ti*, the *yo* and the *siaku-bacbi*, the first two of China, and the third alone of Japan.

Besides, in India exists a *caramillo* of very ancient origin: a kind of *pincullu* with seven holes like the one described above, which is now called *moska*.

What is most likely is that the *quena* is identical with the Chinese *yo* and with one of the forms of the *lutebum*, with seven holes.

We have also the *kagourafouye*, a Japanese classic flute with seven holes, called "game of the gods," which was used for the most ancient typical songs, and which has much in common with the *quena*.

Garcilaso, in the chapter that has already been cited, confirms all that we have been saying, when he speaks of the music that was attained by the Colla Indians, who played some consonances "on certain instruments made of cane reeds, four or five fastened together; each reed was slightly longer than the next, after the manner of organ pipes," et cetera.

The instrument to which we refer, besides being to-day very common in the Sierra, is found very often in the *buacas*, even in the Costa. One of these instruments, found in a *buaca* near Ica, and which is to-day in the possession of an Italian general resident in this city, has only five tubes, tuned in harmony with the Incan diapason. In the Museo Histórico de Lima there are some of these instruments that have eight tubes of bone, the same number of tubes as the *Panic flute* of New Zealand. The most ancient flute of the god Pan of which we have any knowledge in ancient Perú contained only five tubes,<sup>22</sup> as may be seen in the already mentioned supplement to *The American Museum Journal*, and, in plate IV, volume III, number 4, is represented, on a small water jar, the figure of a squatting Indian, who is in the attitude of playing an *andara* of five reeds.

<sup>22</sup>We ourselves have seen a *Panic flute* of baked clay, the property of the señor Daniel Alomía Robles, which has ten tubes, that is, the octaved pentatonic scale, and which was taken from one of the lower layers of the pantheon of Nazca, and the antiquity of which is beyond question.—THE EDITOR.

According to the señor Albiña, the *Panic flute*, also called *andara*, *rondador*,<sup>24</sup> or, as he says, *antara*, is composed generally of seven tubes, of decreasing length, or of seven of the same length, but of different diameter, each tube producing a single tone.

As the Hellenic peoples could not explain the origin of this kind of flute, they included it, accompanied by one of their fantastic stories, in their mythology; but it came to them from somewhere: doubtless whence came all their civilization—Asia; and, indeed, this instrument figured, from a very ancient time, in the orchestras of the Chinese, along with the *yo*, the *bell*, *tchao*, *kin*, et cetera.

Elsewhere, in the sixth book, chapter XX, Garcilaso mentions two other new instruments, that is, "tambourines" and "trumpets." In this generic word "tambourines" is included a whole complete series of percussion instruments like the *chisichil*, a "noisy autophonous instrument," a kind of rattle; the *butncar*, similar to the bass drum, and the *tinya* (the señores Albiña and Robles), which is merely an instrument with a membrane stretched over a circular opening or receiver, in the manner of a sound-box, similar to a half gourd, covered with llama skin. This tambourine is very much like the *kas* or *kassula*, which is formed of a palm trunk with the hollow part covered with a thin sheet [of metal, leather or wood]. It is common throughout Asia and especially in India.

Turning our attention now to trumpets, we recognize that it is in treating of these instruments that we encounter the greatest difficulty. We take up, first, an instrument that is the same as the *cankha* of India, the Chinese trumpet with tubes inserted one in another, such as the *tuba*, and *buccina* of the Romans, *cornu*, *lituus*, *salpinx*, *concha argia*, et cetera, or what Pedrell calls the "Peruvian flute," considered as a musical instrument of the savage Indians of Perú. I think it is like the *keren*, *jebel* or *juvel* or *schophar* of the Hebrews, a primitive trumpet that produced three or four harsh notes and that

<sup>24</sup>A sort of pipe of Pan used by the *sereno* or night-watchman.—THE EDITOR.

served to call together the dispersed people. A similar instrument was, and is to-day, used by the Indians of the Sierra to assemble the people. These Indians use an instrument that produces only two loud hoarse sounds; formerly they were made of canes, which fitted into one another like a *Chinese trumpet*, thus forming a spiral. From the time of the colony until to-day they have made them of bull horns.<sup>25</sup>

Besides these instruments that we have just sketched, it is believed that the *izcopuros*—a kind of *sonajas*,<sup>26</sup> like those of México, which, with the *teponatztle*, complete the band of percussion music of the primitive Mexicans—are of very ancient origin and very common in all the Asiatic continent.

The last mentioned instrument, which is worthy to be taken into account, but not as exclusively of the savages that were neighbors of the empire of the Incas, is the *gorah*, *goura* or *gongon*, which is composed of a bow of wood, cane or other flexible material, strung with a cord made of the gut of some animal, dried in the sun. At one end of the string is attached a tube of ostrich quill,<sup>27</sup> four or five centimeters long. By means of this tube, applied to the lips and blown on by the player, the string is set in vibration, producing the harmonies of a tune (Pedrell).<sup>28</sup> It is one of the oldest of instruments. It is found among all the tribes of the Hottentot race, and it is highly esteemed, especially by the Boschjemanes, who are not insensible to the charms of music. The señor Robles has witnessed the use of this instrument

and he testifies to the knack of the Indians of the Montaña and the Sierra in their employment of it as an accompaniment of the *barabuis*.<sup>29</sup>

To conclude, I shall give an idea of the merits of the Incan melodies. These melodies, which are in the nature of chorographic songs, are essentially syllabic, although they possess much of the melismatic in all the terminations, passing from a weak tempo to a strong one; the same occurs, although very rarely, at the beginning of a clause.

The melody with which we are occupying ourselves, considered in a technical manner, is well arranged, following in all respects a motive of very good style, so that it may be said to be a good melody. Its phrases are of medium length, they are quite symmetrical and they correspond in every way to the poetic form of its verses. In general, not all the songs are prolonged beyond two periods; the first period is repeated four times, and the second, twice, in the following manner: the first, twice; and the second, twice; and then back to the first, which is or is not repeated. In certain dances occur small purely instrumental intervals (*pincullu*, *tinya*, *iscopurus*, hand clapping and patting of the feet), which formerly might have served as an introduction and afterward constituted the finale, and have more or less symphonic interest, being very useful as a recourse for composers.

Although in transcribing the Incan songs, it is a custom to insert appoggiaturas, chiefly mordents of two or three notes, it may not be affirmed that they really possess them, but this is done to express the effect of a rapid inspiration, a peculiar mode of supporting the voice of the singers of the Sierra; and although these songs are generally considered very monotonous, they are not so much so as they seem; but, on the contrary, I deem them in this respect superior to many European songs, and, without a shadow of a doubt, to all the creole airs of this country and of the whole of America. They are not monotonous.

<sup>25</sup>According to the señor Albíñ, this trumpet, called by him *buacra*, is believed to have been fashioned from the horn of the bison. Farther on he says that "to-day the horns and tail are employed in making the *buacra* and the *buaillo-quepa*."

The tail has never been used as a trumpet. The hide of the tail, or leather made from it, has been used as a cover to hold together the several tubes of which the instrument might be made.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>26</sup>Instruments of bone or horn with notches on one side, to be held in the left hand and scraped with a shell or shoulder-blade held in the other hand.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>27</sup>At present the Peruvian Indians use the quills of the condor.—THE EDITOR.

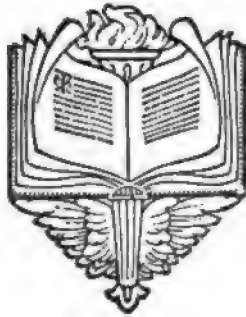
<sup>28</sup>It is not the blowing of the breath that produces the vibration and the sound, but the twanging of the cord with a finger. The slight blowing of the breath and the varying of the dimensions of the oral cavity impart the tune.—THE EDITOR.

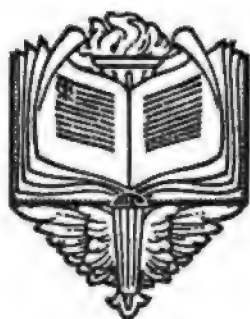
<sup>29</sup>The Quechua word—pluralized according to the vulgar Peruvian usage—from which the widely distributed popular Spanish word *pararé* was derived.—THE EDITOR.

ous, because of the rhythm, which is rich in variety, according to the different dances to which they correspond; nor in tonality, since they admit as many modulations as there are degrees or notes that can serve the purpose of tonics.

Finally, the assertions as to the measures that I have encountered among all the writers that have discussed music of this

kind seem to me very venturesome; be it sufficient to know that the larger part of the divisions marked in their dances and pastorals are in *halves*, and never in *thirds*, with the exception of the *barabuis* or *yaravies*, which have divisions composed in a varied manner, as could be perceived by any one who should have the opportunity to examine the collection of the señor Robles.







# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

- AGUSTÍN ÁLVAREZ - - - - - JOSÉ INGENIEROS 269  
*América*, Buenos Aires, Argentina, October and November, 1921
- FEBRUARY AND THE POETS - - - - - LUIS G. URBINA 285  
*Repertorio Americano*, San José, Costa Rica, March 13, 1922
- THE MONROE DOCTRINE - - - - - FÉLIX PÉREZ PORTA 288  
*Cuba Contemporánea*, Habana, Cuba, January, 1922
- DANTE ALIGHIERI - - - - - ROGELIO SOTELA 300  
*Repertorio Americano*, San José, Costa Rica, December 26, 1921; *Virya*, San José, Costa Rica, January, 1922
- A LETTER TO A BRIDE - - - - - MARIANO OSPINA RODRÍGUEZ 306  
A pamphlet published in Quito, Ecuador, 1904
- THE ECUADORIAN CAMPAIGN: 1821-1822 (*Conclusion*) CARLOS A. VIVANCO 312  
*Boletín de la Biblioteca Nacional del Ecuador*, Quito, Ecuador, November and December, 1920
- THE BEGINNINGS OF THE UNIVERSIDAD DE BUENOS AIRES  
RICARDO LEVENE 330  
*Revista Jurídica y de Ciencias Sociales*, Buenos Aires, Argentina, August and September, 1921

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

JOSÉ INGENIEROS is an Argentine physician, philosopher and man of letters, a professor in the faculty of philosophy in the Universidad de Buenos Aires, the director of the bi-monthly magazine, *Revista de Filosofía*, and the author of many works, among which may be mentioned the following: *La psicopatología en el arte*; *La simulación en la lucha*; *Estudios clínicos sobre la histeria y la sugestión*; *Patología del lenguaje musical*; *Sociología argentina*; *Criminología*; *Archivos de psiquiatría y criminología* (12 volumes); *Principios de psicología*; *Itinerario de la filosofía española*; *Al margen de la ciencia*; and *El hombre mediocre*. The most widely known of his books is *El hombre mediocre*, which has gone through a number of editions, been translated into several different languages and been read throughout the Spanish world. He is also the director of "La Cultura Argentina," a "library" in which some hundred volumes by national authors have been published.

LUIS G. URBINA was born in México, México, about fifty-five years ago; his education has been due in the main to his own efforts; he made his appearance as a poet before the Mexican public some thirty-five years ago through the courtesy of the poet Juan de Dios Peza in the latter's weekly, *El Lunes*; his life has been devoted to service under the government, to the teaching of Spanish and Spanish literature and to writing; many of his more important poems were published in the volumes *Ingenuas* and *Lámparas*.

FÉLIX PÉREZ PORTA, a young Cuban, was graduated in law from the Universidad Nacional de la Habana in 1921.

ROGELIO SOTELA was born in San José, Costa Rica, about 1890; he was educated in the schools of his native city and by his own effort; after contributing random verses to newspapers for some years, he published his first volume of poetry, *Camino de Damasco*, in 1917; since then he has

published a number of sketches of national authors and criticisms of their works, all of which were collected and published in 1919 in a volume entitled *Valores literarios*; he has served as secretary of the Ateneo de Costa Rica, and he is now a professor in the Liceo de Costa Rica; he has in preparation a volume that will be entitled *Antología de escritores de Costa Rica*.

MARIANO OSPINA RODRÍGUEZ was born in Guasca, near Bogotá, Colombia, in 1805; he was a distinguished publicist, man of letters, professor of history and economic science; after occupying a number of public posts, he ascended to the presidency in 1857, remaining in office for four years; later he was forced to take refuge in Guatemala, where he lived for ten years, teaching in a college founded by his brother Pastor; after his return to Colombia, he lived at Medellín engaged in teaching; he was co-author of a number of publications, among which may be mentioned *La civilización* and *La sociedad*.

RICARDO LEVENE was born in Buenos Aires, February 7, 1885; he was educated in the Colegio Nacional, in Buenos Aires, and at the Universidad de Buenos Aires, where he was graduated as doctor of laws in 1906: the same year he was made professor of history in the Colegio Nacional; since then he has served as an assistant professor of sociology and of judicial and social sciences in the Universidad de Buenos Aires and as professor in the Universidad de La Plata and the Universidad de Buenos Aires; he is the author of the following works: *Los orígenes de la diplomacia argentina*; *La política económica de España en América y la revolución de 1810*; *Estudios económicos acerca del virreinato del Río de la Plata*; *Un precursor del comercio libre en el Plata*; *La moneda colonial en el Plata*; *Notas para el estudio del derecho indiano*; *Lecciones de historia argentina*; *Lecturas históricas argentinas*; and *Ensayo histórico sobre la revolución de Mayo y Mariano Moreno*.

# Inter-America

JUNE, 1922

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NUMBER 5

## AGUSTÍN ÁLVAREZ

HIS SOCIAL ETHICS

BY

JOSÉ INGENIEROS

I. Agustín Álvarez.—II. Political morality.—III. Criticism of manners and customs.—IV. Education for freedom.—V. *¿Adónde vamos?*—VI. *La creación del mundo moral.*—VII. The lay moralist.

### I

#### AGUSTÍN ÁLVAREZ

ONE virtue, among many virtues, ought to be admired in great men and preached to the young: moral courage. With it, dignity and heroism are possible; without it, great geniuses may descend to baseness. To be aware of certain truths and to keep silent about them, in order not to expose one's self to the hostile attitude of those that hold different opinions, is the greatest immorality into which a thoughtful person can fall. To lend support to principles made fashionable by politics, without believing in them, is the most abject of the venalities, for nothing else so much implies a surrender of personal dignity.

The sincere believer, whatsoever his doctrine or dogma, is respectable if he has the moral courage to stand by his beliefs undisguisedly, accepting the utmost consequences. Only hateful and to be feared is the sectary that works covertly, following devious paths, without showing his face,

weaving and raveling invisible nets, undermining the home, society, public life, without ever exposing himself to the loss of emoluments or to receiving incapacitating blows.

The firm and loyal man, because of the implicit morality of his conduct, is a lofty trainer of the new generations; he pledges his rank, he sacrifices his comfort, he renounces the honors and sinecures that can come to him only by adherence to organized falsehood. The compliant man, however great his talent, achieves a career at the price of complacency to the current preoccupations of his social environment; he gives utterance to what is expedient, and not to what he thinks; his enthusiasm for things and ideas is in proportion to the benefit they yield him, and he would rather be a slave to the belief of others, if they bring him immediate success, than be his own master, if as such he can acquire only future glory.

Agustín Álvarez was a rare example of the sincere man in whom firmness and virtue were unequaled. As a sociologist, a moralist and an educator, he always

thought aloud, sure of himself, generous with his knowledge, faithful to his doctrines, simple, keen, penetrating, good: good in the first place; an optimist like all the good; and, like all optimists, severe and stoical.

In social sciences he developed in an original manner philosophical premises similar to those that were a point of departure for the work of Ameghino and that of Ramos Mejía, his conspicuous contemporaries. Less technical than the former and more humanistic than the latter, he imparted to all his work an idealistic sentiment that always induced comparison with Emerson, Guyau and Lubbock, although he could be likened with greater accuracy to the Spanish educator don Francisco Giner.

Álvarez was, above all, a "self-made man,"<sup>1</sup> and on this fact he always based his only and legitimate pride. Born in Mendoza, July 15, 1857, he was orphaned at an early age, and fashioned his life with an admirable effort of work and study. His capacity for work and study would have been of slight avail, to enable him to become what he was and think as he did, without others, less common and more commendable: a systematic devotion to liberty, a sincere sentiment of democracy, horror of superstitions, disdain of worldly advancements that were conditioned on the surrender of his moral personality in the slightest degree.

He lived in a state of rebellious disquietude that was later a condition necessary to the elaboration of his doctrines. He pursued his secondary studies in the Colegio Nacional of his native city, where he led a student revolt to obtain reforms in teaching and changes in the school authorities. In 1876 he moved to Buenos Aires and began his studies in the university, whence he was graduated in law. After serving as a judge and as a deputy in the congress, he devoted the last fifteen years of his life to education, occupying chairs in the universities of Buenos Aires and La Plata. Of the latter he was the founding vice-president, and chancellor until the date of his death.

His published works occupy a place of

honor in our limited sociological bibliography. Beginning by recourse to the newspaper press in 1882, Álvarez sought later in the review and in the book a field more in harmony with his studies. His chief works are: *South America*, 1894; *Educación moral*, 1901; *¿Adónde vamos?* 1904; *La transformación de las razas en América*, 1908; *Historia de las instituciones libres*, 1909; and *La creación del mundo moral*, 1912; other writings on political, sociological and ethical problems—which constituted the constant preoccupation of his mature age—constitute the volume entitled: *La herencia moral de los pueblos hispanoamericanos*, 1919.

The eight volumes of his *Obras completas*,<sup>2</sup> although careless in style and overloaded with quotations, lead us to believe that their author may be included among the dozen or so of our writers whose names will not be forgotten by posterity. Although the merits of the several works are different, the whole is representative of an epoch in the evolution of Argentine thought. Álvarez initiated in the country studies in "social ethics," with particular application to politics, manners and customs, but coinciding with the vast movement of the ideological renovation that characterized the "generation of the eighties." Prior to him, dialectic works of but slight importance had been published. In those of the colonial times, Catholic theology occupied the first place; those of the revolutionary period sprang from an ideological inspiration; during the restoration, scholastics reappeared; refugee youth followed the ethical influence of Saint-Simonism; the cycle of national organization ended in the heyday of Comte and Spencer, Darwin and Charcot, Emerson and Krause, Taine and Renan, the heterogeneous totality of them converging toward a liberal movement that was based on philosophical positivism. In the domain of ethics, Álvarez was the most typical exponent of this renewal; and as he had some discernment of the future, his work seems to be spiritually

<sup>1</sup>Published in the series denominated "La Cultura Argentina," with prologues by Joaquín V. González, Nicolás Besio Moreno, Evar Méndez, Maximio S. Victoria, Arturo de la Mota, Julio Barreda Lynch, Ernesto Nelson and Félix Icasate Larico.

<sup>2</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

related to that of certain Argentine writers who, in more recent times, have addressed themselves to similar problems.<sup>3</sup>

## II

## POLITICAL MORALITY

MORE spontaneous than systematic, Álvarez attempted in his first books a pitiless analysis of social and political morality, with the South American peoples especially in view. He saw reproduced in public life all the vices inherent in the customs of the conquering country, frequently increased by the copious infusion of Indian and African blood; with these infusions were mingled superstitions, there being created thus a moral environment filled with present fanaticisms and future terrors. Over this "hell on earth" lived masses without the sentiment of liberty, incapable of conceiving of it and of practising it. While cultured minorities were speaking of institutions, partizan leadership sprang up like a spontaneous flower in the marsh, the only civil legacy of adventurers and theologians. The criticism of that régime, applied until the blood came, possesses an instructive eloquence; it might be said that Álvarez protested against those that were resigned to enduring it in order to find shelter under it, or to court-ying it in order to receive its benefits.

In 1894 he began, in the *Tribuna* newspaper, the publication of the flaming *folletines*<sup>4</sup> that were gathered afterward in the book *South America*. In announcing it, the publishers said:

The author is a journalist that has abandoned the procession in order to look on. A legislator on occasions, he has taken seriously his calling due to circumstances; he has believed it his duty to study the evils of the country and the specifics in vogue, with more thoroughness than her rulers; and for this purpose and with the assistance of the great masters and of Doctor López's Argentine history, he has made an autopsy of the greatest blunders that pass current in intellectual intercourse.

<sup>3</sup>See Félix Icasate Larios: "Las corrientes morales en la Argentina," in the review *Nosotros*, Buenos Aires, May, 1919.

<sup>4</sup>Articles, novels or stories, usually serial, printed across the bottom of a newspaper and separated by a line from the rest of the text.—THE EDITOR.

The masters were good: Jhering, Macaulay, Taine; the results excellent.

Álvarez made a distinction between natural or instinctive reason, and trained or experimental reason. The former, which all men possess, may be applied without one's ceasing to be ignorant: the child, the savage and the ignoramus possess this kind of reason alone, and they abuse it, unreflectingly and spontaneously. The other, based on observation and experience, is the privilege of a few educated and competent men, who acquire it by study and severe effort.

The greatest political misfortune of a people consists in being governed by the ignorant, who are guided by natural reason, or, as we are wont to say, by *intuition*. If politics is a social science, it can not be practised by men that have not studied the rudiments of that science; when it happens that politics is administered by such men, as frequently occurs, nations fall into those chaotic and turbulent states that have been the Hispanic-American characteristic during the nineteenth century, and because of which we have acquired the contemptuous denomination of "South America". We know what it signifies in England and in the United States: Indians in frock coats.

The justification of all the *macanazos*<sup>5</sup> insistently committed by the *macaneador*<sup>5</sup> of these latitudes has always been natural or intuitive reason; the partizan leaders have beheaded one another to make it clear who "was in the right," totally and unreservedly, thus negating the possibility that adversaries might have even the least part in this right. Thus appeared the well-meaning improvisors, who caused

<sup>5</sup>The suffix *azo* indicates a blow given by, or a thud resulting from, the object described by the noun to which it is attached; a *bastonazo* is a blow given by a *bastón* or walking-stick. Consequently a *macanazo* is, literally, a blow given by a *macana* or club (according to the usage of México, Perú and other Hispanic-American countries). In Argentina, especially, and in the neighboring countries, to a certain extent, *macana* has the derived or metaphorical meaning of "folly," "nonsense," "wearisome prattle;" hence, *macanazo* would be what results from folly, that is, "foolish deeds, mistakes." So too in Argentina one encounters *macanear*, "to talk nonsense," "to run at the mouth" (as used vulgarly), "to commit folly;" and *macaneador*, a "prater," a "talker of nonsense."—THE EDITOR.

evils all the greater in proportion to the goodness of their intentions; so were sought reasonable constitutional disguises to conceal the lowest egoisms of instinct; so too each group of the factions claimed to possess a monopoly of right; and so were invented the most reasonable "banners of principles," amid whose folds were swallowed up even the rudiments of civic morality.

The partizan leaders did not suspect that natural reason did not imply the least competency for governing; their excess of primitive reasoning to prove that they were in the right in doing what they did led them to construct a veritable "logic of barbarities," developed with all "tranquillity of conscience," for the purpose of "everlasting regeneration," and in accord with the natural reason of "public opinion." Their heads being muddled by meaningless phrases, always used as sophisms justificative of irrational acts, the leaders fell into absolute intolerance, and their partizans into blind faith. Their lack of ideas generated the worship of words; an absence of ideas was supplied by an excess of mottos and devices. Verbal grandiloquence, so frequent in empty heads, exalted the vanity of instinctive rulers, who were fond of assuming pompous names: liberators, restorers, protectors of the people, heroes of the American cause, regenerators of the country, et cetera.

From such ideological trumpery the leaders could only bring forth feudal anarchy, easy to discern behind the badly worn mask of European doctrines and North American constitutions. The mouthpieces of this *South American*<sup>6</sup> régime have always urged as a pretext their "deep personal sincerity," and they have boasted of giving to their subjects the "most perfect laws." The whole proceeding has been, as a rule, an unconscious and shameless farce. What is the good of superlative laws where infamous customs prevail?

<sup>6</sup>The Spanish word employed here is *southamericano*, which is, of course, a mongrel—as it was intended to be—composed of the English *south* and the Spanish *americano*, and evidently used by the author to designate what was in the mind of Álvarez: that is, the English and North American conception of the *South American*, assumed by Álvarez to be in part just and in part perverted and malicious.—THE EDITOR.

Laws are valuable only in proportion as they can be applied, and there is nothing more dangerous to a people than to uphold the authority of codes incompatible with its habits; for to do so is equivalent to living without any kind of laws.

The cultivation of rational sophism and a practical incapacity for civil life were the two legacies of the Hispanic colonial mentality. With captious reasonings every bad ruler has sought to "be in the right" against his opponents; and, denying it to the latter, to the point of believing them incapable of becoming reasonable, they have almost always preferred to banish them or shoot them, as if the only possible peace consisted in making public opinion uniform to the extreme limit of unanimity.

It is needless to say that parties in opposition have always maintained that they were a majority and that they were right. Attaining to power, they have undertaken the "salvation of the people," by sacrificing the truly necessary for the fantastically perfect, thinking themselves to be "the best," their "enthusiasm" for the new régime has been equal to their "indignation" against the former régime. Blinded by the vanity of their ephemeral verbal virtues, the "seven-monthers" of political morality have believed themselves to be stainless virgins, and they have tried to purify their adversaries by employing means similar to those that they previously condemned with "true and tried patriotism."

In this way peoples not trained for democratic government have subverted the rational "vain principles" of their written laws, thus falling into the stupid errors of their natural reason, the visible alkahest of their evil habits. Therefore, in its paradoxical value, may be applied to peoples as to individuals the roguish phrase of Houdetot: "We begin to commit follies when we arrive at the age of reason."

Such is the political psychology that is derived from the interesting essay on *South America*, written in that simple and convincing language that is wont to be denominated *homely*. The words of the popular vocabulary, always expressive and picturesque, give a savor of familiar con-

versation to the ingenious reflections of Álvarez, ably seasoned with anecdotes and stories to the point that exclude all wearisome solemnity. Well has Ernesto Quesada been able to qualify the author as a "creole sociologist," without the local qualification's being in disagreement with the scientific substantive;<sup>7</sup> and the success that the book encountered in our political and intellectual world is easy to be understood, for the absence from it of the frills of the stylist and learned pedantries was well compensated by a superabundance of those truths that all fear and none dares to utter.

### III

#### CRITICISM OF MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

THE logical complement of *South America* was his *Manual de patología política*. It consists of ten essays, and the first five were published in the *Tribuna* with a more expressive title: "Manual de imbecilidades argentinas." In a brief preliminary note he pointed out that "it is well to write what one thinks in order to compel one's self to think with greater precision." For this reason he had selected and strung together pieces taken from the choicest thinkers, which constituted a mosaic in which only the comments, as a sort of cement, belonged to him. It mattered little to him that others were not interested in his reflections; he made them

merely as a means of reëducating himself, for it ought to be understood that the regeneration of others is an invasion of their rights, through the unconscious depravation of the spirit in a silly environment, every one being under obligation to straighten himself out and possessing the right to correct for this purpose his own mistakes and those of others that concern him; but a neighbor has no right to reform his neighbor. This is but a well-meaning and awkward abuse, because no one can be reformed by the hand of another.<sup>8</sup>

What others have thought helps us to

<sup>7</sup>See Ernesto Quesada: "Agustín Álvarez como sociólogo criollo," in the review *Humanidad Nueva*, June, 1912.

<sup>8</sup>Regarding this book, see Leopoldo Lugones: "Manual de patología política," in the *Tribuna*, 1899.

think better, enabling us to avoid the stumps on which they have struck and to make use of the trails left by their experience in the vast thicket of the unknown. What is important is not to err with originality, but to do what is right by the aid of those that have studied more and better than we. "The world already possesses a second edition of the gospels in the counsels and examples of great men," and every one that has not been attacked by what Groussac calls "the furor for botching," which is the ridiculous longing of insignificant people to accomplish great undertakings, can employ his time usefully by imitating the bee, which prepares its comb and collects honey wheresoever it finds it. Therefore, what is most interesting and worthy to be studied in this country is not the Río de la Plata nor the pampa nor the mountains nor the flora nor the fauna nor the soil nor the constitution of the year 1813, but the Argentine citizen, the type of man that has been produced on the Argentine soil by *Argentine ideals*. "Every one has in others a window through which to see himself." In different degrees our defects exist in other people, and so they can be studied in the minds of others; and there are also wood for the frame and shadows for the background.

It is political psychology then, as in *South America*, but here it is deeper, more cruel. No one can cure himself of unknown evils; and, as no people needs to cure itself of its virtues, which are not sufficient to do it any harm, what really matters is that it shall recognize its shortcomings, in order that people may see them, and become ashamed to continue them from foolish patriotism: "quite contrary of what, unfortunately, is wont to be done under such circumstances by Hispanic-Americans, who live, lulled to sleep, to their own prejudice, by real virtues or by such as are of a bad kind or purely imaginary, which they attribute to themselves, refusing heroically to look their moral and material filth in the face, to save themselves the trouble of washing it away." One thing is certain: an individual and a people that are incapable of seeing their faults are incapacitated for correcting them.

The first chapter—"Milk of Human

Kindness"—is devoted to examining the tolerance of evil, a veritable complicity of cowards that makes the badness of rascals possible. A singular morality has led us to confound rascality with ingenuity, delinquency with misfortune and evil character with personal courage; hence have arisen the worship of sprightliness and the adulation of courage, which cause us to admire the brazen and the scoundrelly. A "wide-awake" person can commit half the crimes set down in the code; a "fine young fellow" can commit the other half. A distinguished thief can steal from the treasury or from individuals; if any one calls him to account, the thief sends his seconds, and by means of a duel his honor is upheld, if not increased. Exaggerating this obvious fact, Álvarez says:

Courage to browbeat a neighbor and knowledge to dazzle and deceive him are the keys of the future to an Argentine, because they are the two qualities that gain most consideration with the public. It is not necessary to be honest; it is not necessary to be cultivated; it is not necessary to be wise; it is not necessary to be active and useful; and, strictly speaking, neither talent nor learning is necessary; but it is absolutely necessary to be elegant, or even impertinent. Of a certain fellow, who became the vice-prophet of his party and who one day saw his prestige suddenly evaporate, when he had done most to maintain it, it was said: "He has fallen into decadence because he has not been able to secure a duel." Indeed, in order to establish a reputation with the public it is necessary to have killed some one, or at least to have done, in the presence of witnesses, everything possible to kill him. Because of this local requirement, Lucio López, a grandson of the author of the *Himno*<sup>9</sup> and the son of the great historian,<sup>10</sup> went prematurely to the grave, carrying with him to nothingness the abundant fruits of his privileged talent. "I *must* fight," he said, "because they have given me a reputation for

spiritlessness; hence every one is tempted to pick on me."

This morality, which is wont to be called chivalrous, seemed to Álvarez to be simple immorality, proper to inferior minds incapable of all sense of justice and responsibility. The "fear of being afraid" ends by subverting moral values, thus delivering the oversight of them to those that are not ashamed to exhibit the lowest instincts. Rascals and bullies are tolerated, pardoned and justified by those that fear them; in society they are well received, their friendship is cultivated. Should the case arise, the very judges are inclined to absolve or to mitigate, fearing the relatives of the assassins. . . . With this "milk of human kindness" are nourished in *South America* the most ignoble vices, insensibly converted into intrinsic attributes of the social mentality. Intelligence is not lacking to understand the value of justice; character is lacking for the practice of it. Cravens, as dangerous as a startled cow, are terrorists; not to tremble themselves with fear, they frighten others and cause them to tremble, and they sow fear in order to harvest their own safety. He that is not afraid needs not that others shall fear him; but he must finish up the one that is down; he can not let him rise or recover a position of equality, for thereby he would return to him his lost superiority. Only the strong can be generous and loyal.

A spontaneous clemency toward faults and an instinctive dislike of justice have frequently been pointed out by foreign writers that have commented on our manners and customs. Instead of listening to them, South Americans are wont to grow angry; patriotism, among backward peoples, is fond of national miseries even and would rather suffer from them than correct them by the counsels of outsiders. Clemency toward transgressors has the appearance of generosity and in its essence it is pure selfishness; it is a conventional lie, and all those that may go wrong some day hope to benefit by it. Here, as in Spain, abound loiterers of talent, who waste it on epigrams against work, making show of *macaneos*,<sup>11</sup> which they call idealisms and

<sup>9</sup>The Argentine "national hymn," written by Vicente López y Planes (1787-1856). It begins: *Ohé, mortales, el grito sagrado, ¡Libertad, libertad, libertad!*—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>Vicente Fidel López, born in Buenos Aires, April 23, 1915, died in Buenos Aires, August 30, 1903: the author of *Manual de historia de Chile; Memoria sobre los resultados generales con que los pueblos antiguos han contribuido a la civilización de la humanidad; Curso de bellas letras; La novia del bereje* and *La Loca de la guardia* (novels); *Las raças arianas del Perú*; et cetera. —THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup>See note 5, page 271. *Macaneo* is the substantive: "nonsense," "silliness." —THE EDITOR.



which are the accumulated fruit of several centuries of quixotry. Well earned was the meed of blows administered to the hidalgo of La Mancha who set at liberty the scamps he regarded as "victims" of justice; well deserved by *Southamericans*<sup>12</sup> are their rapacious and sanguinary leaders, since the common moral cowardice nourishes with the milk of human kindness the heroes of sprightliness and courage.

Under the heading "Material Conditions of Political Liberty" Álvarez proposed to show the incapacity of poverty-stricken peoples to be free. He deemed hypocritical the continuous offering of excellent political "principles" to populations that needed boots, soap and spelling-books. To get rid of the barefooted, the filthy and the illiterate will always be the first step toward liberty; the rest is a farce: a principiant farce, a democratic farce, an idealistic farce, a patriotic farce.

Thence comes the Hispanic-American incapacity to minister to the true interests of the patria, which always sacrifices realities to appearances. There is still much of the Cid Campeador in every ruler; honor, glory, heroism, are incessantly declaimed by the vilest political place-hunters, worthy of that famous Cid who often ate by means of money supplied him by the Moors. Instead of working on the foundations, our politicians *mecanean*<sup>13</sup> over the style of the comices, thus showing a preference for verbal idealism and disdaining the effective realities that would assure the truest greatness of the nation. "Prosperity and glory" cudgel each other; prosperity is achieved by working; glory is tarnished by much speaking. The patriots of the Peninsula and their descendants in America are men that speak more and do less.

Álvarez shows the picaresque residue that the Spanish inheritance has left in the creole mentality, along with the sentiment of governmental providencialism. All wish to live "for nothing" to have a part in the administration of the state, to get on without work:

Laziness, the lack of initiative and excess of vanity cause us to prefer the showy sense of importance that comes from holding a public

office to the personal independence that is based on private work.

The familiarity of the style and of the remarks usually imparts a picturesque attraction to Álvarez's comments, as may be seen in the following paragraph:

It will be impossible to make an end of fraudulent stories about rich uncles, clandestine lotteries, auctions with secret "price boosters," humbugs of all stripes, because a "sucker" is born every minute, of the kind who, in order not to miss getting something for nothing, spends five times its value to make sure. My house has been filled with "swell" people, who, by spending two days, have gotten on the good side of two witnesses and a magistrate in order to secure a certificate of poverty for the purpose of obtaining a free enrollment. A paper *peso* means little to them, but what explains the great bother and shame to which they subject themselves for such a bagatelle is the necessity of preventing everlasting remorse of spirit for having paid for what they could have gotten for nothing. An intern of a hospital was astonished at the number of persons who, with certificates of poverty, hired from some corner shopkeeper, came in hackney coaches to obtain free medicine worth fifty *céntimos* and that in the end cost them two *pesos*. I can not keep clandestine lotteries from taking away half the wages of my cook; it is useless to demonstrate to her that the national lottery is more useful and free of fraud; "but the other is cheaper," and the poor thing does not possess in her organism a spark of intelligence, but merely that of quickness.

"See here," a pharmacist of the interior said to me; "the best wholesale drug establishment in Buenos Aires is that of So-and-So, because he offers us the genuine article in one hand and an imitation in the other, and he lets us choose."

Some of the articles I have bought of him leave me in doubt as to the hand in favor of which I have decided.

It is a page worthy of Larra.

The reader comes on similar touches in *Pérdone*; *La letra y el papel*; *Lo que relumbra*; *Megalomanía*; *Formas de gobierno vacías y otras yerbas*; *¿Qué es la libertad?* and *La partitura*, ingenious commentaries on social criticism, always impregnated with a deep ethical and human meaning.

It is impossible to conceal the fact that *Manual de patología*, more markedly than *South America*, is carelessly written and

<sup>12</sup> See note 6, page 272.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>13</sup> See note 5, page 271.—THE EDITOR.

overloaded with quotations that reduce its value. This reproach, repeated with frequency, would not have bothered Álvarez in the slightest degree; he never considered himself a man of letters and he never turned out literature; he did not attempt to utter originalities, but truths; he did not wish to shine personally, but to be useful to his fellow-citizens. Therefore he devoted to the consideration of the substance the time that others spend in polishing the form, preferring muscle to the garments, and the hare to the sauce. He resembled in no wise certain decadent writers who, like mollicoddles, paint their cheeks that no one may entertain doubt as to their lack of virility.

A writer on moral and social questions, political problems are, in the last analysis, according to him, moral problems; he believed their solution impossible as long as a new moral world that would change present values should not be created. Democracy, parliamentarism and suffrage seemed to him fictions or phantasms among people incapable of freedom. It is impossible to create this moral strength in men by the simple written recognition of their electoral rights. In order to attain it, there is need of an intellectual level that enables them to understand subjects of public interest, and there is required a long practice that shall establish new habits, the antithesis of improvisations.

#### IV

#### EDUCATION FOR FREEDOM

"OUR disease is ignorance; the cause of it, fanaticism." "The remedy is the school; the physician is the teacher." These precepts furnished the norm of all his constructive labor, he defining them, giving precision to them, with a vocation almost mystical, with a firmness truly apostolic. Not just any school, not just any teacher, he would say. The modern school, confessional compulsions, without dogmas of obedience, without superstitious routine: the school that teaches us to seek natural causes in nature and the springs of morality in respect for mankind; not the school of yesterday, but the school of to-morrow better than that of to-day. He would have

teachers as kind as fathers, as clear as fountains, as free as birds that give lessons in flying, and not heavy like reptiles that can only instruct in crawling; teachers sound in body and mind, not dried up with pettinesses or poisoned with prejudices; teachers that do not preach suffering on earth in order to obtain happiness in heaven, but that beautify this present life with sweet optimism, teaching goodness as the basis of justice, and work as the condition of freedom.

Few went farther than he in making rude war on ignorance, which he exposed everywhere: in governments, in the masses, in the professorial chair and in parliaments. For ignorance is not the sad privilege of the poorer classes, which show it simply and transparently, more in innocence than as a corruption; the worst ignorance is that which appears under the guise of culture and worldliness; the ignorance that is not a passive virginity of the spirit, but a capacious warping of principles in deference to created interests: ignorance as an instrument of domination; ignorance converted into the art of deceiving others; the ignorance of those that fear the consequences of the application of the independent spirit to free examination.

His excellent book *Educación (tres repiques)*, in which nothing is wasted, consists of three essays: "Los mirlos blancos" [The White Blackbirds]; "Boleadores de levita" [*Boleadores*<sup>14</sup> in Frock-Coats]; and "La honestidad y la cultura" [Honesty and Culture]. In them, rather than in his other works, is justified the comparison of Álvarez with Emerson on account of the similarity of their ideas and tendencies.

His criticism of Hispanic-American charlatanry is incisive; he speaks without "mincing his words" of those that make a trade of their patriotic lying in order to exploit

<sup>14</sup>*Boleadores*, plural of *boleador*, derived from the verb *bolear*, which, in turn, is derived from *bola*, one of the balls attached by a short thong or rope to the *lazo* (from which the incorrect English form "lasso" is taken) or *soga*, used by the Indians and *gambos* of Argentina and Chile for the same purpose as an ordinary loop *lazo*. Both the verb and the noun have taken on several curious meanings, such as "to overthrow," "trip," "upset," in the material sense, and then "to wheedle," "to bamboozle," "to sponge on." *Boleadores* is equivalent to "bamboozler," "wheedler."  
—THE EDITOR.

the ready enthusiasm of the half-breed multitudes. He affirmed that the only regeneration possible is to be sought of popular education, since, without it, to attempt to find virtuous rulers is equivalent to seeking "white blackbirds."

The vices of government people seemed to him to be common to all the governing class, and not exclusively to the party "that is on the candlestick," as is invariably affirmed by those that are outside it; persons that are unable to govern themselves undertake to govern others; and the Hispanic-American politicians call their vices and crimes "creole virtues," relying on the fact that shame vanishes when the shameless are many. The sense of duty is lacking; there are no habits of will and veracity. All live by deceiving everybody; lying is the slow suicide of Spain and Hispanic America.

The remedy? It can not be offered by governments made up of persons that are iller than their peoples; they give instruction, but another remedy is needed: moral education. It is useless to attempt to improve adults; children alone can be improved; the school, the home and public life will prepare a new morality for the coming generations. This moral education will eliminate education by creole "sprightliness" and by the art of knowing how to *bolear*<sup>15</sup> one's neighbor: vices that render the character vile; this education will teach man to be sufficient unto himself by banishing the savage in a frock-coat that lives by *boleando* in society all that he is incapable of producing by his own labor.

To combat systematic lying is the only effective way of opposing born mystifiers, the jugglers intrusted with administrative honesty, and of ministering to the progress of the country. Whosoever lies is an enemy of society; the axis of moral education ought to be the spirit of sincerity, the habit of loyalty.

Álvarez considered hurtful the diffusion of instruction without the complement of moral education; we need few theories and many virtues; fewer vanities and better habits; the glories of the past are made to serve as a disguise for the corruption of the present, while only present virtues lay the foundation of the greatness of the future.

Learning without virtue is wont to be hurtful to society; the classes that monopolize the privileges of public instruction come to believe that they live above the morality they impose on others; and it often happens that men of culture are great political rascals. In a paradoxical sense, Álvarez went so far as to affirm that the dishonest and scoundrelly ought not to be taught anything, in order that they may be less dangerous:

Every child in whom it is impossible to cause to be born or to prosper self-respect, veracity, honesty, self-control and the spirit of obedience ought to be dismissed from the public schools and left to go without instruction that shall be paid for by the public. Society ought not to use the money of the good to increase the capacity of the evil.

Higher instruction ought to be reserved for men that can make a beneficent use of it by the application of their effective moral habits. As to teachers, he said:

Normal schools ought to train teachers and not instructors, on the principle that the foundation of learning is the instinct of imitation, since he that is not educated can not educate, because education is not the teaching of dead rules by the master to the pupil, but the transfusion into the pupil of the effective morality of the teacher.

Paradoxes? Points of view, rather.<sup>16</sup>

## V

### ¿ADÓNDE VAMOS?

TO THE writer Constancio C. Vigil, the director of a widely circulated review, occurred the happy thought of including in a questionnaire the following question: "What book would you recommend to Argentine youth?"

"Agustín Álvarez's *¿Adónde vamos?*" was the reply of our most eminent man of letters, Leopoldo Lugones.

The reply, as may be well understood, was not in the literary sense, but in the moral sense; and, from this point of view the wisest of all the answers given. A profound, courageous, serene book, in it Álvarez soared far above the petty and immediate problems of politics; his pages con-

<sup>15</sup>See note 14, page 276.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>16</sup>See Maximio S. Victoria: "Repique sobre educación" in *Revista de Filosofía*, November, 1916.

tain a philosophy that has been commented on with sagacity by Nicolás Besio Moreno, as president of the Sociedad Científica Argentina.<sup>17</sup>

The religious lie is the principal object of his criticism. Álvarez did not beat about the bush; he attacked the evil at its root. He believed the moral advancement of humanity to be in inverse proportion to religious superstition. The interested diffusion of false ideas seemed to him a crime. If errors belittle life, lies degrade it. Man's conduct toward nature is based on his ideas of the things that surround him; all notion of the supernatural and the miraculous is an obstacle to the free development of human morality.

The region of the earth that is richest and most fertile, in respect of physical climate and products of the soil, may be at one and the same time the poorest and most barren on account of the uninhabitable moral climate induced in it by the inclemency of passions and the poverty of human understanding; and the world of ideas and sentiments continues to be an inhospitable *páramo*,<sup>18</sup> inasmuch as political, philosophical and religious beliefs limit the universal progress of ideas, on which the development of the understanding depends.

Álvarez made a distinction between the Christian spirit, which he admired, and the Catholic spirit, which he hated. In this attitude he renewed the ideas of Echeverría, Alberdi and Sarmiento by pointing out the danger of believing that those that defend the temporal interests of the pontifical state speak in Christ's name. Alberdi had already written: "God is everywhere, except in Saint Peter's in Rome." Against this substitution of material interests for ethical ideals, of which he accused Roman Catholicism, Álvarez counseled the sowing of new ideas in the moral environment to intensify the historical result of the age-long struggle of free inquiry against dogmatism. He held, like Emerson, that fanaticism leads nations to ruin; he saw in religious compulsion an obstacle to political liberty;

<sup>17</sup>Nicolás Besio Moreno: "El sistema filosófico de Agustín Álvarez," published as an introduction to *¿Adónde vamos?* in the reprint of 1915.

<sup>18</sup>Any bleak, bare, exposed region, but, specifically, in South America, such a region on the plateaus of great altitude.—THE EDITOR.

and he pointed out, in the insufficiency of popular culture, the greatest obstacle to all effective ethical advancement.

The historical decadence of the Catholic nations seemed to him the logical result of their moral superstition and their obscurantist education. Terror of the unknown had already penetrated the Spanish soul when destiny placed in the hands of Spain the conquest of America. In the European moral environment could be traced two tendencies that marked the divergent evolution of the Christian spirit and the Catholic spirit. The latter had brought ruin upon Spain, subverting her social values, fostering intolerance and privilege and generating the regimen of a sinister political theocracy in which ideas were silenced and the function of speaking without saying anything became hypertrophied.

The Spanish Middle Ages, prolonged in the Peninsula until our day, rendered the Hispanic-Americans unfit for liberty, democracy and development. When Christian morality became subverted by Catholicism, truly immoral superstitions were diffused in our continent, engendering "new peoples with old understanding." The habit of spiritual tutelage hindered education for self-government; this inheritance caused the ancient moral world to persist in political emancipation, from which resulted new nations with old ideas, instead of new nations with new ideas.

Every superstition implies a profound immorality, an annulment of self-confidence, the absence of all faith in one's own effort. Catholicism rendered the indigenous races of America socially useless, it kept the *mestizos* unfitted for advancement and it increased the fetishistic atavism of the mulattos. In this sense the Spanish soul has sadly burdened the Hispanic-Americans, fostering parasitism, belittling work and keeping alive the oligarchical spirit of caste. To this spirit of political theocracy Echeverría referred when he condemned the "impure league of throne and altar."

Whither go we, in short?<sup>19</sup> Álvarez understood that the transformation of a race depends on the variation in its moral environment, since all the men that com-

<sup>19</sup>This is a repetition of the title of the work—*¿Adónde vamos?*—and its meaning.—THE EDITOR.

pose the race adapt themselves to it. For our advancement, it is necessary to exclude Hispanic-American ideas, sentiments, superstitions and customs. The ethical environment ought to be renewed in conformity with the modern spirit, faith in miracles being replaced by faith in work; faith in theological falsehood, by faith in scientific truth; faith in privilege, by faith in justice.

Álvarez coincided with Alberdi and Sarmiento in attributing Hispanic-American immorality to the primitive ethical constitution of these societies, and he beheld, like them, a remedy in the transfusion of new European blood, preferring that which would bring in its globules the Anglo-Saxon spirit and habits. From them he hoped for the example of individual and civic liberty, which he deemed the foundation of all ethical development, while denying that domestic men and servile peoples could attain in the future to a high civilization.

Álvarez was now approaching the period of literary maturity in which writers learn the "architecture" of the book or essay; but, although notable progress is discernible in *¿Adónde vamos?*—in comparison with *Manual de patología política*—we still observe a certain journalistic slovenliness in the latter work that mars its unity.<sup>30</sup>

The complement of that book was the *Historia de las instituciones libres*, compiled for essentially didactic purposes. As he remarked in his preliminary note, it is a methodical résumé of the institutions that have put the peoples in the way of acquiring political freedom. Álvarez considered it indispensable to diffuse with a liberal hand certain basic ideas that would tend to the formation of the modern democratic consciousness; and he was so given to preaching by action, as well as by word, that he had the generosity to write this interesting volume in which his personality as a thinker attained to the second plane. The strug-

gles between the spirit of oppression and the spirit of liberty appear represented by a typical doctrine or a decisive fact; the reader can follow them step by step, beholding how a legitimate right was established and a just law was achieved.

Beginning with the leading Greek thinkers, Plato and Aristotle, he examined Greek life in the time of Pericles, and he then proceeded to define in precise terms the transition from the Christian world to the pagan world. The Greeks made the first effort at a confederation and a government of the people by the people; the Roman republic succeeded in establishing, in a certain manner, the division of authority and the principle of responsibility. In the evolution of Roman society, after its policy of expansion and conquest, the political increment of Christianity was the product of circumstances characteristic of society in decadence.

The Middle Ages, with the growth of the Catholic church and the affirmation of divine right as a basis of political authority, marked, in his opinion, an epoch of penumbra in the development of free institutions. Only in the Anglo-Saxon countries before the Renaissance, he noted, did there already exist, amid the prevailing feudal law, the principle of individual freedom as a bulwark opposed to the divine right of monarchs. From the Norman subjugation of England by William the Conqueror to the promulgation of Magna Charta and the consolidation of the house of commons, was continuous the institutional process in which were affirmed the rights and liberties that time rendered permanent in their essentials and developed in their most important aspects.

Álvarez then outlined the movement of emancipation in the Middle Ages and in modern times, showing what were the germs that undermined the foundations of the feudal theocracy in each country. To the laws of popes and kings began to be opposed, little by little, the rights of the different social classes desirous of participating in the government and of having representation in its councils.

Thus the reader reaches the two occurrences that were of fundamental importance to modern democracy: the emancipation of the United States and the French revolution, sources of new and more generous public institutions which marked the initial point of popular freedom.

As in all his works, Álvarez emphasized the moral sense that characterized this progressive achievement of political liberty, and in firm words he pointed out the resistance that is always opposed to it by religious dogmatism. He arrived at the conclusion that the entire

<sup>30</sup>The book *La transformación de las razas en América*, printed in Spain in 1908, is in part a gloss and in part a résumé of *¿Adónde vamos?* The closing chapters are the same, but the variations and suppressions in the peninsular text are very impressive. For this reason both have been reprinted in the *Obras completas* published in the series of "La Cultura Argentina."

history of free institutions is a perpetual conflict between privilege and democracy, the religious castes always being at the service of the enemies of popular freedom, although the Catholic church has never hesitated to cover itself with a democratic disguise when it has understood that the cause of the people was in the ascendancy against the privileged classes.

A man of liberal spirit and trusting in the future, Álvarez believed that the free institutions achieved hitherto are the first step in the direction of new political, economic and social institutions that will amplify the area of liberty and justice. Far from beholding these advances as an end, he points them out as a path along which the civilized societies ought to continue to move until they wipe out the last vestiges of privilege and superstition that have filtered into the institutions of our century.<sup>21</sup>

## VI

### LA CREACIÓN DEL MUNDO MORAL

THE product of maturity, that which bears this title, it has inspired a fine study by the comprehensive writer Alicia Moreau, whose opening paragraphs are worthy to be transcribed, as they explain the book by its author:

Never with more justice than in reference to this one could it be said that a work is the reflection of a man. In it, in which are collected the lectures he gave before the Sociedad Científica Argentina, appears to us that spirit of the élite, profoundly good without weakness, wise without pedantry, conscious of his strength without vanity, who was able, as very few thinkers have been, to criticize without wounding, to treat vigorously without harming or offending, to help and counsel without assuming the airs of a tutor; and he was able—which is even rarer in our environment—to maintain the integrity of his conscience without calculation as to opportunities or expedients; he possessed the virtue of serenity, since his virtues were sincere.

Never was his style more his own: that clear, simple style in which abounds sober, elegant and precise imagery, and which is as original and unexpected as it is adequate to the idea that it expresses. In earlier works Agustín Álvarez seemed to wish to bolster his opinion by frequent quotations from numerous authors; in this book quotations are rare, and the original spirit extends in untrammelled flight, which, if he

never attains to regions so high that they conceal him from the vision of simple mortals, neither does he drop low; while, on the other hand, he dignifies the theme, however commonplace it be.

So original and many-sided, and at the same time so characteristic of him, is the expression that, although the entire work revolves about one fundamental theme, every page seems new; and one does not have the impression of repetition, as in the case of the image of an object in parallel mirrors, but rather of a succession or combination, such as could be given us by a set of lenses and mirrors, which, by enlarging or diminishing, retiring or bringing nearer, presenting properly or inverting the image of some one thing, would show it to us from an infinitude of points of view.

So much is the personality of the author reflected in the book that when one reads it, there seems to spring from the pages that original silhouette of his—simple, modest and without affectation—his sober and gentle look, the serene glance, the smile of kindness frequently tinged with irony. The author is in his work as much as the work is in its author; for never had a man a better right to speak of morality to his neighbors.<sup>22</sup>

Nature, according to Álvarez, has the power to transform man, and man has the power to transform nature.

A man changes his being by means of the sentiments that animate him, as the vessel changes in value with the substances placed within it. Man creates and develops or he cramps and petrifies the sentiments that make him worth much or little, that render him happy or miserable, great or small, sublime or mean. In a word, man makes for himself a world of ideas and sentiments, based on his own moral tendencies, just as nature makes the world of things—oases and deserts, fertile fields and desert wastes, useful plants and weeds—benignant or inclement, according as the sentiments that constitute it be tender or hard, tolerant or intolerant.

Primitive human imbecility is transformed progressively into practical intelligence through the victory of a beneficent fairy—science—over the fairy of fanaticism—superstition. The moral world is peopled, at its beginning, by mysteries, fanaticisms, visions, evil spirits, demons,

<sup>21</sup>This résumé was published as a prologue of the reprint of *Historia de las instituciones libres* issued in 1919.

<sup>22</sup>Alicia Moreau: "Agustín Álvarez y la creación del mundo moral," in *Revista de Filosofía*, Buenos Aires, May, 1915.

witches: this is "diabolism." Against them struggles human experience, dislodging them from its moral world, incessantly drawing nearer to "divinity," which is the abstract conception of a happy humanity. From all their good sentiments, men have constructed their "gods;" and from all their bad sentiments, their "devils." The former are the incarnation of good; the latter, of evil.

In the mentality of primitive peoples, all is "diabolism," fear of the unknown, terror of the natural forces. In the mentality of enlightened peoples, and in exact proportion as man discovers the secrets of nature, "divinity," which is simply confidence in one's self, increases. The moral world of savages, children and the ignorant is made up of "diabolical" elements; in that of adults and of the civilized and enlightened, the "divine" elements assume an increasing predominance. Confidence in goodness triumphs over fear of evil.

Backward religions, of which Catholicism is an illustration, contain more elements of "diabolism" than of "divinity;" their impresarios seek to govern the conscience by fear of the devil and terror of hell. After inventing "original sin," they have reduced man's life to a continuous expiation, during his passage through this "vale of tears." Human intelligence has been enslaved to divine omnividence; human virtue has given way to divine grace; the effective sanction of human morality is disesteemed in favor of the hypothetical contingency of divine recompense, et cetera. So, "the catechism is used to graft the clairvoyance of vanished prophets on the unalterable imbecility of future generations."

Happily for mankind, the social conscience evolves without subjection to the dogmas of the religions; moreover, in spite of impresarios, even religious dogmas evolve, to escape death. We may be sure that if the theologians of the Middle Ages were to come to life again, they would not hesitate to excommunicate nine-tenths of the professors of theology that teach in Catholic seminaries. Modernism, in all its degrees, is simple heresy; it thrives to-day in the Vatican itself, and outside it the percentage of enlightened Catholics

that would subscribe to the famous syllabus of Pius IX is insignificant.

Heaven, purgatory and hell, formerly located in "another world," are much more effective for directing the conduct of men if we place them in "this world" in which we live. In the same way, the divine spirit and the diabolical, Jehovah and Satan, reward and punishment, can be advantageously interpreted as aspects of humanity, by seeing divinity in everything that is just, beautiful and good, and diabolicalness in everything that is unjust, ugly and bad. Do we need to wait, perhaps, for the other life, to honor virtues and repress vices? Is it not better that the moral consciousness of society should be the active executor of rules that apply to human conduct?

If we live in this world, with the knowledge that we can not move ourselves to any other of the worlds discovered by astronomy or invented by theology, we ought to try to make this one a paradise and to see to it that men shall acquire in it the exalted virtues that are abstractly symbolized in divinity. Superstition has created fear of what is beyond the grave to torment human life and cause us to live as if in an inferno; science ought to banish it and beautify this world until it shall be changed into a paradise. There is nothing more immoral than to preach "the sciences applicable to the life beyond;" the only true morality will be that which uses and perfects "the sciences that apply to life;" for those that do not serve to improve and to beautify life are not sciences, but make-believes.

The religious moralities possess the grave defect of making life useless by sacrificing natural duties and hopes to supernatural duties and hopes. By placing joy and happiness in a hypothetical "other world," they banish them from this world of reality, thus given over to suffering and sadness.

The basic content of morality—according to Álvarez—is the possibility of bettering human conditions: this idea permits the adaptation of man's conduct to the welfare of society. In this sense love, kindness, intelligence, liberty, justice, health, pleasure, beauty, courtesy, courage,

sobriety, work, rest, joy, benevolence, sympathy, tolerance, laughter, chastity, loyalty, rectitude, good humor, culture, wisdom, continence, esthetics, neatness, comfort, wealth, are true moral forces. On the other hand, iniquity, hatred, injustice, despotism, malice, jealousy, envy, sickness, fear, rancor, vengeance, intemperance, depravity, intolerance, malevolence, discourtesy, incontinence, ugliness, sadness, despondency, untidiness, ill humor, anger, barbarity, poverty, ignorance, superstition, fanaticism and imbecility are immoral forces. By cultivating the former, humanity makes itself divine; by cultivating the latter, it makes itself diabolical.

The exaltation of one's own life is moral, but even more so is the exaltation of the lives of others. The veneration of the aged is moral, but more moral is the education of children, because the latter represent life on the flood, and the former, life on the ebb. The exaltation of the present generations is moral, but more so is that of the coming generations. The moral nature of the individual is not elevated by what he thinks or does for himself, but by what he thinks and does for his contemporaries and for posterity. He that cherishes in his spirit ideas and sentiments of love for others feels, like a pregnant woman, big with humanity.

Everything aids those that raise the standard of life in this world, incessantly beautified by a morality of human solidarity:

All the forces of domesticated nature work for the perpetuation of the species and against the perpetuation of the creeds; for progress and against tradition; for liberty and against despotism; for education and against ignorance; for civilization and against barbarism. What greater indication that progress is an emanation from the nature of man and that it will be as enduring as man in nature?

The moral world, created by man, is not immutable; it can be perfected by man himself.

In that struggle he perpetuates, amid the noble components and ignoble components of the moral world, in which the latter are favored by primary circumstances, and the former by the

secondary circumstances of the species; in the struggle between humanity and bestial, between light and darkness, between love and hatred, between kindness and unkindness, between abnegation and perversity, between loyalty and felony, between beauty and ugliness, between the poetry and the prose of existence, the great moral attributes are incipient from the source of life, like light in the glimmers of the tardy dawn of the polar regions, announcing themselves in passing gleams or appearing dispersedly, separately and fragmentarily, in the ascendant evolution of the living species.

To man, the terminal of the series, belongs the beautiful privilege of creating for himself a moral world in which virtue, beauty and justice shall not be vain words.

## VII

### THE LAIC MORALIST

ÁLVAREZ'S style was simple and familiar, often picturesque, always winning. Acquainted with the melancholy and fatalistic indolence of populations that still retain deeply rooted colonial traits, he sought to scatter seeds of optimism and energy, capable of being converted into intense life. He could not conceive of morality as a literary catalogation of theoretical principles, nor did he see in it an abstract and dogmatic scheme of happiness. He sought morality in life itself, as its source and as its result, at one and the same time, advancing, perfecting itself like civilization, always renewable and always renewed.

The intrinsic quality of morality occupied him more than its forensic quality; he did not confound virtue with its conventional appearances, nor liberty with the inscribed rights, nor justice with law, nor merit with rank, nor passive incapacity for evil with active love of goodness. He never admitted that ignorance and error could be sources of morality; for morality must be born and flourish in strict harmony with love of truth.

His horror of fanaticism was the passion of all his days, for he thought there was no greater obstacle to light than blindness. He never produced vain literature nor did he write a page as a mere pastime, although this fact did not prevent his admiring the poets that make poetry, or the writers of



prose that elaborate their works. He disdained, it is true, the application of the literary standard to subjects outside the field of literature; and he never would have stricken out an exact adjective to prevent a consonance; hence a certain carelessness in his writings, which would have been a defect in artistic productions, but which is not one in his, without, on this account, being an excellence.

It might be said that his faith in the future of the sciences was inspired by Renan; and he realized the difficulties which, in all ages and lands, have been raised against them by prevailing dogmatisms; he waged a steady war against them, regarding them as the greatest enemy of civilization. He considered the different religions as schools of moral slavery and he thought them therefore propitious to the perennity of ignorance.

Not all the churches filled him with equal distrust, nor for the same reason. If he had preferred any of the Christian churches, he would have selected Protestant evangelicism; if his hands had held the power to banish one of them from his country, he would have begun, unquestionably, with Roman Catholicism, for he deemed its international dogmas incompatible with the principles of civil nationality. He understood also that, inasmuch as the priests of this religion are foreign subjects, it is not patriotic or prudent to place in their hands the education they were seeking to monopolize.

He has been censured for attaching to the religious factor more real importance than it possesses in our national life, and the insistence of such a preoccupation of his spirit has often been regarded as an evidence of bad taste. There is nothing more complex than this aspect of his criticism, in an environment like this, built up on the foundation of religion, and what is more, an absorbent and absolute religion, which, in eighteen centuries of domination, has penetrated into all the living tissues of humanity. He has viewed the national problem in its true aspect; he has discovered the fountain of the evil, and he devoted himself to purifying its waters, at their source, at their head, in their applications, at every spot to which they attain and where they produce their own reactions. Criticism can attack and condemn his means, his methods of combat, but it

can not gainsay his judgment as to the essence of the problem.<sup>22</sup>

The same commentator was right, when he said that Álvarez lived the life of "a Saint Paul of modern scientific liberalism," for his life was a true apostleship of the laic ideal. There is nothing falsier, indeed, than the pretended identity that is claimed to exist between superstition and "idealism;" nor is there anything sillier than to suggest to the multitude that all the laic moralists are "materialists" and are lacking in ideals. Words are unquestionably played with that have a very different value when they contain moral sanctions. There is nothing more "materialistic" morally than the external practices of all the known cults and the scrupulous appraisal established by tariffs for interceding with the divinity; nothing more "idealistic" than to practise virtue and preach truth, as did the most of the philosophers that died at the stake, charged with heresy; in this moral sense—and no other is proper in estimating a sower of ideals—Agustín Álvarez was an idealist all his life, as he never avowed the "materialism" of any religion.

One of his most enlightened critics, Ernesto Nelson, has laid stress on his life as an apostle modeled after the classic canons of the legendary Christ.

I am tenaciously haunted by the likeness between Álvarez and the heroic spirits that had the moral courage to renounce all that the people of their times held in highest esteem. It is true that many of us accept the principles he proclaimed, but how many of us would be disposed to suffer for those principles; how many of us would be disposed to live them out? Which of us among his admirers feel ready for the sacrifice of the little or the great glory that comes to us through the cultivation of the intellect, to leave vacant the spot, more or less sumptuous, which we have reserved for us in the theater of life? Nevertheless, he renounced all this, and his actions were a protest against all this. Review the pages of his life: in all of them there is not a single line written to produce a merely literary effect. In his outer personal life, even if he did not wear aught of sackcloth, he opposed wearing the dress that constitutes our worldly livery. Álvarez gave us the formula of his life when he said: "Labor and

<sup>22</sup>Joaquín V. González: Preface to the *Creación del mundo moral*, reprint of 1915.

suffering are the lot of all men, and the classification according to a greater or less degree of folly is not worth what is based on greater or less virtue. The kingdom of God is not for the most cultured, but for the best, and the best are the most unselfish. Therefore the humble, constant, voluntary sacrifice constitutes true human dignity." Change the name of the stage, and symbolic significance would be assumed by the words with which Christ dissuaded the rich merchant, who thought he had faith enough to follow him, but who lacked the moral courage to renounce his wealth. Álvarez could say: "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." He expressed, indeed, this same thought in the ideas of his century when he said: "No one needs a teacher to show him how to throw a stone and then hide his hand. What it is necessary to teach is to endure hardship, to sow, to have one morality and not many moralities, to assume responsibilities."<sup>24</sup>

Álvarez gave fragmentary expression to the many cardinal ideas we have sought to coördinate. Some of his pamphlets, lectures and articles, of less ephemeral value, were collected after his death in the volume entitled *La herencia moral de los pueblos hispanoamericanos*, published in 1919.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>24</sup>Ernesto Nelson: Introduction to *South America*, reprint of 1918.

<sup>25</sup>See the biographical and bibliographical study of Evar Méndez, entitled "Agustín Álvarez," which prefaces the reprint of *Manual de patología política*, Buenos Aires, 1916.

Regarding Agustín Álvarez, see, besides these articles:

*Boletín del Museo Social Argentino*, special number devoted to Agustín Álvarez, April, 1914.

Pedro A. Torres: "Agustín Álvarez," in his review *Humanidad Nueva*, April, 1915.

Amílcar Razori: "Dos libros de Agustín Álvarez,

Through all that came from his pen may be noted a constant unity of tendency, which determines the outlines of his intellectual personality and assigns to it, in the ideological history of his country, a definite place that no other author could occupy. Without being a genius in aptitudes, or a philosopher in doctrines, he cherished such firmness in his beliefs and such apostolic fervor that there will always be on Argentine soil those that will remember him with devotion and point to him as an exemplar. Of his moral judgments, posterity entertains a high opinion that transcends the pettiness of his contemporaries; death quenches the applause with which adulation surrounds the successes of the day and arouses a disinterested worship of those that have honored their people with their enduring works.

Political considerations, created interests and wordly Tartuffism never succeeded in warping his ideas as a man, nor in shackling his pen as a writer. In his character and in his life he was the same as in his doctrines and in his work. He did not have two moralities—one to preach and the other to live—he thought his life and he lived his ideas, down to the day of his death, February 15, 1914. His work in the realm of social ethics was erected in its completeness on four immovable pillars of his spirit: freedom for democracy, knowledge for living, morality for education and justice for society.

a pamphlet published in Rosario de Santa Fe 1919.



# FEBRUARY AND THE POETS

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

BY

LUIS G. URBINA

February, in the northern hemisphere, is conceived of by the author as a short, harsh, unkindly month, one that has proved to be particularly fatal to genius. As an introduction to his brief sketch of a great Mexican poet, he calls attention to what seems to be the tragic influence of the month on men of letters. In his sketch of the poet, he lays stress on traits that have escaped general observation.—THE EDITOR.

**T**HIS month of February is implacable. I am filled with fear when I see it arrive; and with good reason! I have seen it carry off my poets, my friends, many lofty and noble geniuses; snatch their lives from them as the wind strips the shivering trunks, and hurl them pitilessly into the dark flood of death.

In this sad, uncertain month, which has mornings that forecast the spring, afternoons of winter silver and nights of chilly gusts and yellowish mists, fate has set her mysterious finger upon some serene and thoughtful brows that dreamed of beauty. There come to me at random well beloved names and sorrowful dates.

The master Altamirano died in February. He died facing the azure sea, beneath the friendly palms of the Mediterranean shores. That great Indian must have had before his half quenched eyes, not that cheerful foreign landscape presented to his view by reality, but the vision of his southern mountains, of his valleys flushed with verdure, his diaphanous and sparkling rivers, his emerald thickets of mangrove and his fragrant orange-trees bedecked with golden balls, his warm and luxurious land, which gave to the spirit of the poet so much vigor, so much sensuality, so much luminosity. . . .

Pepe Bustillos extinguished the flame of his youth on a raw, freezing day of February. In the city of Toluca, on a bed in a hospital, surrounded by a few comrades, ceased to beat that beautiful heart of a boy, that amphora of goodness and love which the boyish bard always bore

in his hands and bestowed upon all, between kisses and laughter, as in a mad and jovial munificence. Bustillos was a bud of genius. No one of his time, had, as he had, so clear and facile an inspiration or so deep and spontaneous a sense of form.

On a February night died "Micros," the jovial writer on customs, whose humorism dusted with white salt glittered like a beach beneath the sun. Tenderness and irony had mingled in that limpid soul like two dark wines in a goblet of crystal. The work of Ángel de Campo, not yet collected in its totality nor valued in its intensity, was characterized by an admirable perception of the naturalist, associated with the easy penetration of the psychologist. What he saw was a stimulant to what he felt. He was a responsive observer, a poet of feminine sensibility.

In February fell, at length, in a corner of his American soil, the sovereign Rubén Darío, the prince of Spanish lyricists, the great dominator of the word, an Indian musician, wise in the instrumentation of words and the cherubic softness of melody. Rubén was not a poet; he was *the* poet; the ineffable synthesis of all dreams, all clairvoyances, all songs, all harmonies.

In February died here, surrounded by admiration and blessings, Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera, whose name, as it awakes in my heart, fills it with sonorities, echoes, resonances. Oh, the laughter, the cries of enthusiasm, the verses of love and sorrow, a woman's romantic vocatives, the bells of fugitive joys! . . .

I have already narrated often this scene of agony, which cut like a die deep in my memory, and left me, in high relief, one of

the most painful recollections. Four years ago I attempted to describe that picture of death, and a sagacious critic that read my pages offered a sarcastic criticism, which, although it contained a grain of evil intention, was certainly not lacking in truth.

"Come now," he said to me, "this story might be interesting to the family of the poet, but to the public? . . ."

It is true that the public perhaps has read my words with indifference, although I think that inasmuch, as they referred to the life of a poet of established reputation they are worthy of being preserved, in order that time may go on carving, under the slow strokes of analysis, the enduring statue to which posterity will come to render to genius the offering of its flowers and its tears.

The truth is, however, that my purpose was broader than the pages, in the manner of a prologue, that precede an anthology by the "Duque Job" published in *Cultura*. These pages constituted merely a sort of introduction to a summary study regarding which I had been thinking after that time, and on which I have not been able to place my hand, because fate, dragging me hither and thither, has granted me no opportunity for repose, nor has it left me in freedom and serenity to go, as I should have liked, by a short cut, through those worlds of meditation and dreams.

I have thought since then of relating my impressions, not now those received in the hour of death, but in all the hours that I lived with this creature of the Lord's, good as an angel, tender as a child, and who, under an appearance of frivolity and levity, concealed a tormented mind and a wounded heart.

Gutiérrez Nájera's literary work has been subjected to judgment and comment. He was one of the lyricists of decisive influence—the first, perhaps—in modern American poetry; but the man, the kindly being—who strove among us and put so much courage and so much faith into his daily task of casting, hour by hour, ideas and sentiments into the jaws of the insatiable Moloch of the press—is not yet well enough known, nor are we acquainted with a multitude of his writings that are becoming

covered with dust in newspaper files and which, under an anonym or a pseudonym, contain beauties of style and deep and discerning judgments.

For "Duque Job," "Junius," "Puck" and "Récamiér," were disguises that concealed nothing, since the poet made them celebrated and even wore them with the arrogance of the prodigal and sumptuous Buckingham. It was, however, because in those times the mania for playing furtively with pseudonyms assumed the proportions of a madness. Journalism was like a masquerade ball. The game was childish; all the world was immediately in the secret. In this comic masquerade, Manuel played an important part. His varied, polyhedric, malleable literature ran through the pages of the newspapers like a gnome, it flew like an ignis fatuus.

The elegant and melancholy poet was changing into a mordant and caustic satirist. The writer wiped from his pen the juices of lilies and roses with which he wrote his adorable verses, and thrust it into the blood of cantharides. The romantic of *Ondas muertas* and *La serenata de Schubert* put on the garb of a harlequin and sang the most suggestive and picaresque songs. As in the fairy stories, the blue prince, bewitched by the divining wand of talent, turned into a buzzing bee; and, just as in the poem of sadness and love, he was subtle in the piquant and malicious epigram. Not to be discovered was the prick which, in passing, was left by this easy and cordial facetiousness that thrust one through with rare genius; but the sufferer felt himself attacked by the bitter-sweet smart experienced by Eros, stung by the Attic bee in the stanzas of the bucolic Greek.

What enchantment, that of the smile of Gutiérrez Nájera in *La duquesa Job*, *La misa de las flores*, *Para un menú* and *Para un corpiño*! Yet what spontaneous joy, what a flash of merriment were provoked by the laughter of the daring and reckless student of that satirist in *Los platos del día*! It was a flexible, very delicate, dazzling satire, which he managed with supreme dexterity and which in his hands seemed to be a subtle whip of gold.

This is the unknown Gutiérrez Nájera,

the one I have proposed to myself to study some time, while stirring among the pages of the period and bringing to light the treasures of merriment that he poured out, with the gesture of an intellectual spend-thrift, the sublime poet of despairing thought and a wounded heart.

It was twenty years ago to-day, the third of February. The death of the glorious singer, my brother, is one of my most painful recollections. The eyes of my spirit turn to-day toward the hazy past, where vaguely stir so many beloved shadows.



# THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY

FÉLIX PÉREZ PORTA

The "Monroe doctrine" again! We may be weary of the subject, but it is still one of vital interest to all the people of America, and it is well that we of the United States should see it from every angle, even from that of those who are mistaken about it, and still more from that of those who wilfully misinterpret it with sinister designs. Hence the author of the following university thesis is guilty of no disservice to us when he sets forth a conception that represents not only his view, but—it must be admitted—that of many Hispanic-Americans, although few of them, we think, would arrive at his conclusions by his process of reasoning or by appeal to some of the quotations introduced.—THE EDITOR.

ON DECEMBER 2, 1823, the president of the United States, Mr. James Monroe, sent to the congress of the Union his seventh annual message, which contained the celebrated doctrine that has so much stirred the world. In that message the president dwelt on the prosperous condition of the treasury, which showed a balance for the year of nine million dollars; he recommended a revision of the tariff and the construction of a canal between the Chesapeake and the Ohio. The main subject of the message, however, was that of the relations of foreign powers with the American continent.

The paragraph that treats of this subject runs:

"In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects of future colonization by any European powers."<sup>1</sup>

Afterward the president referred to the struggle maintained by the Greeks to win their independence, and he assured them of his loyalty and sympathy, and, referring to the effort made by Spain and Portugal to better the condition of the people, he said:

"Of events in that quarter of the globe, with which we have so much intercourse and from which we derive our origin, we have always been anxious and interested spectators. The citizens

of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced, that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it therefore to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between those new governments and Spain, we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition, and to this we have adhered and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of competent authorities of their government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

<sup>1</sup>J. A. Spencer: *History of the United States*, volume iii, page 341.

"The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than that the allied powers should have thought it proper, on a principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interposition may be carried on the same principle is a question in which all independent powers, whose governments differ from theirs, are interested; even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is: not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm and manly policy; meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every power; submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to these continents, circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible therefore that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course."

It was a bold announcement on the president's part, although justice requires that the merit of it, if merit there be in it, should be attributed to John Quincy Adams, who originated the view, and from whom Mr. Monroe adopted it. However questionable it might be considered for the president to avow so openly and fully sentiments like these, committing the United States to a policy as novel as it was bold, the people of the Union adopted them at once; and though foreign powers were startled somewhat, and a little disposed to complain, the line of policy then marked out has ever since been that by which our government has regulated its conduct on this important subject.<sup>2</sup>

With the transcription of this part of the

message is set forth here the much discussed and obscure Monroe doctrine, which was at once summarized in the phrase "America for the Americans."

This badly named doctrine is so vague and it has been so differently applied by the presidents of the Union that, as has been very well said by the eminent Mexican publicist Carlos Pereyra, in his book *El mito de Monroe*:

When we seek Monroe, the founder of nationalities, Monroe, the defender of threatened peoples, Monroe, the disinterested, generous paladin after the manner of Walter Scott's heroes, we behold only obscure curtains in the background.

These curtains must be lifted, the light must be permitted to enter and the part played by Mr. Monroe must be thoroughly revised.

## II

THE Monroe doctrine had its origin in a letter that Mr. Canning, secretary for foreign affairs of Great Britain, wrote to Mr. Richard Rush, the North American ambassador<sup>3</sup> to the English court, and this was asserted also by Mr. Bainbridge Colby, former American secretary of state during Wilson's administration, in an address delivered May 13, 1920, before the Bar Association of Chicago.

Mr. Canning's letter runs thus:

MY DEAR SIR:

Before leaving town, I am desirous of bringing before you in a more distinct, but still in an unofficial and confidential, shape, the question which we shortly discussed, the last time that I had the pleasure of seeing you.

Is not the moment come when our governments might understand each other as to the Spanish American colonies? And if we can arrive at such an understanding, would it not be expedient for ourselves, and beneficial for all the world, that the principles of it should be clearly settled and plainly avowed?

For ourselves we have no disguise.

1. We conceive the recovery of the colonies by Spain to be hopeless.

2. We conceive the question of the recognition of them as independent states to be one of time and circumstances.

3. We are, however, by no means disposed to throw any impediment in the way of an arrangement between them and the mother-country by amicable negotiation.

<sup>3</sup>Minister.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>J. A. Spencer: *History of the United States*, volume iii, pages 341-343.

4. We aim not at the possession of any portion of them ourselves.

5. We could not see any portion of them transferred to any other power with indifference.

If these opinions and feelings are, as I firmly believe them to be, common to your government with ours, why should we hesitate mutually to confide them to each other, and to declare them in the face of the world?

If there be any European power which cherishes other projects, which looks to a forcible enterprise for reducing the colonies to subjugation, on the behalf or in the name of Spain; or which meditates the acquisition of any part of them to itself, by cession or by conquest; such a declaration on the part of your government and ours would be at once the most effectual and the least offensive mode of intimating our joint disapprobation of such projects.

It would at the same time put an end to all the jealousies of Spain with respect to her remaining colonies; and to the agitation which prevails in those colonies: an agitation which it would be but humane to allay; being determined (as we are) not to profit by encouraging it.

Do you conceive that under the power which you have recently received, you are authorized to enter into negotiation and to sign any convention upon this subject? Do you conceive, if that be not within your competence, you could exchange with me ministerial notes upon it?

Nothing could be more gratifying to me than to join with you in such a work, and, I am persuaded, there has seldom, in the history of the world, occurred an opportunity, when so small an effort, of two friendly governments, might produce so unequivocal a good and prevent such extensive calamities.

I shall be absent from London but three weeks at the utmost; but never so far distant, but that I can receive and reply to any communication, within three or four days.<sup>4</sup>

The North American ambassador replied that he had no authority to take part in this plan, but it is certain that we have here the origin of the Monroe doctrine, inspired by Canning and elaborated by Jefferson, Madison and Adams.

Since then the United States has made use of the doctrine when it has suited her, and she has abandoned it when she desired to do so, as we shall see later.

<sup>4</sup>*The Writings of James Monroe*, New York, 1902, volume vi, pages 365-366: letter of George Canning, secretary for foreign affairs of Great Britain, to Richard Rush, United States minister to the court of Saint James, August, 20, 1823.—THE EDITOR.

THE Monroe doctrine is not a doctrine, nor was it Monroe's. It is not a doctrine, because doctrines are fixed, invariable; they solve, in an equal manner, all equal cases; and the Monroe doctrine solves them according to the caprice and discretion of their interpreters; and it is not Monroe's, because President Monroe did no more than sign the message that contained it, its true authors being Canning, Jefferson, Madison and, above all, Adams, as has been said.

Let us observe the "eclipses," as Pereyra called them, of Monroeism,

In 1833 the British occupied the Falkland islands, which belonged to Argentina. In vain did the latter invoke the Monroe doctrine. The American state department did not hear this time the voice of a sister nation that invoked the protection indicated by the very nation it represented.

In 1838 the French, in order to collect certain debts, bombarded the castle of San Juan de Ulúa off Veracruz. This armed intervention did not provoke the slightest protest on the part of the North American chancellery, the doctrine being cast aside like a useless rag.

Also, in 1838, Admiral Leblanc blockaded the ports of the Plata, and Monroe did not invoke his doctrine.

In 1850 the Clayton-Bulwer treaty established over Nicaragua the British and North American protectorate that had to do with interoceanic communication. This constituted another violation of the doctrine.

In 1861 Spain reconquered Santo Domingo. This was one of the worst violations of the doctrine under discussion, and which was ignored.

In 1864 Napoleon III founded, or rather, attempted to found, the empire of Maximilian in México, and the White House did not remember the doctrine.

In 1866 Spain bombarded Callao, and Washington made no use of the famous doctrine.

In 1867 Sweden ceded to France the island of Saint-Barthélemy, and the internationalist Alejandro Álvarez said that this act has escaped the attention of writers on



the Monroe doctrine; and he added that this case would be analogous to that of Cuba, if she, then a colony of a weak nation, as Spain was at that time, had been transferred to a strong power, a possibility that gave rise to the protest of Washington in 1825.

Is this a real doctrine? Is it possible to continue to give to this simple declaration the pompous title of doctrine? We dislike the term, and henceforward, in agreement with Carlos Pereyra, we shall call it the "Monroe myth."

Nevertheless, mentalities of as good reputation as those of Rafael María de Labra and Baltasar Brum, the latter the president of Uruguay, have upheld and proclaimed the virtue and efficacy of the myth of the fifth North American president.

Let us see what Labra said in his lecture on the "International Law of the United States," delivered in the Institución Libre de Enseñanza of Madrid, on April 1, 1877:

The intention and scope of that concert, that union [the Holy Alliance], was not doubtful: the reestablishment of the former *status quo* and the vindication of all the kings of Europe; armed propaganda in support of monarchy and the harrying and overthrow of the revolution; in short, intervention. The very existence of the United States was denied in principle: the last extreme was to offend her further by carrying the action of the Holy Alliance to America herself. This was thought and this was planned. The Holy Alliance, it is known, was prepared to respond to the demand of the absolutist government of Madrid by intervening in the affairs of our Americas, in order to uphold there, as the Conde de Ofalia said, "the principle of order and legitimacy, the subversion of which would soon be communicated to Europe;" and it would have done so, save for the protest of England, where were beginning to thrive the liberal opinions fathered by Canning, and save for the resolute opposition of Monroe.

Labra reproduces afterward the part of the message that refers to our study, and he adds:

This, gentlemen, was uttered in 1823. Well, then; leap forward mentally nearly half a century, that is, some forty years. It is in the days of the attempt of France to establish in México, on the ruins of the overturned Hispanic-American republic, the throne of the un-

fortunate Maximilian. That violence, in all respects unqualifiable, that assault upon the independence of a people, that brutality regarding which one hardly knows which to reprobate most, the object, the means or the outcome, served only to magnify the immortal figure of Juárez in history and to cause to spring from amid the ruins a potent and decided voice, that of the United States of America, for it was then that President Johnson read this part of his message before the multitude thronged about the capitol:

"From the moment of the establishment of our free constitution, the civilized world has been convulsed by revolutions in the interests of democracy or of monarchy, but through all these revolutions the United States have wisely and firmly refused to become propagandists of republicanism. This is the only government suited to our condition; but we have never sought to impose it on others, and we have consistently followed the advice of Washington of recommending it only by the careful preservation and prudent use of the blessing. During all the intervening period, the policy of European powers and of the United States has, on the whole, been harmonious. Twice, indeed, rumors of the invasion of some parts of America in the interests of monarchy have prevailed; twice my predecessors have had occasion to announce the views of this nation in respect to such interference. On both occasions the remonstrance of the United States was respected from a deep conviction on the part of the European governments that the system of non-interference and mutual abstinence from propagandism was the true rule for the two hemispheres. Since those times we have advanced in wealth and power, and we retain the same purpose to leave the nations of Europe to choose their own dynasties and form their own systems of government. This consistent moderation may justly demand a corresponding moderation. We should regard it as a great calamity to ourselves, to the cause of good government and to the peace of the world should any European power challenge the American people, as it were, to the defense of republicanism against foreign interference."<sup>8</sup>

The result of this attitude was the retirement of the French troops from México, the dissolution of the body of ten thousand Germans organized in Europe for the service of Maximilian, and, in short, the sanguinary page of Querétaro, the madness of the Vatican and the independence of the Mexican republic.

According to this, Labra believed firmly

<sup>8</sup>The Messages and Papers of the Presidents: Washington, 1897, volume vi, page 368.—THE EDITOR.

in the success of the Monroe myth, and he affirmed innocently that the failure of Maximilian was due to the attitude of President Johnson, when this time, as on many other occasions, the United States folded her hands, for all her effort was confined to the message already mentioned, the failure of Maximilian being due to the victories of the patriotic Mexicans, who defeated the imperialists at San Lorenzo through the forces of Guadarrama, in Pueblo through Porfirio Díaz, while Maximilian himself surrendered to Escobedo and Corona.

Let us examine now the opinion of Doctor Baltasar Brum, president of Uruguay, set forth in an address delivered at the Universidad de Montevideo last year:

It may be affirmed that the European conquests in America have been prevented hitherto by the influence of the Monroe doctrine. Neither in the nineteenth century nor at the beginning of the present century has there existed in Europe any power strong enough to venture to annex American territories at the cost of a war with the United States. I do not mean to say that some of them were not stronger than that country, but, because of rivalries that existed amid the passions of the Old World, none of them would have attempted to provoke her, because the situation in which this would have involved such a power would have been used against it by its traditional enemies.

Under these conditions conquests in America would have been difficult, sanguinary and expensive, and therefore the expansionist peoples of Europe have preferred to satisfy their needs and desires with the easier solution afforded them by the almost undefended territories of Africa, Asia and Oceania, which were also possessors of great natural wealth.

In this manner, throughout all the past, the Monroe doctrine has constituted an effective safeguard for the territorial integrity of many American countries, and it acquired characteristics of marked timeliness when the Pan Germanic propaganda, based on the military preparation of Germany, caused to be discerned the possibility that this power might, in case of a victorious war in Europe—which would wipe out the martial effectiveness of her rivals and free her of all concern regarding them—decide to effect the conquest of rich American lands without fear then of the power of Washington's country.

The German danger to the territorial integrity

of Latin America, already glimpsed in 1914 and in 1917, was accentuated in 1918, when the German offensives of March and April—and the entrance of the United States into the war—came thus to have the meaning of an anticipated application of the Monroe doctrine, it being done not only in her own defense, but also in that of the American peoples, threatened by the ambition of Pan Germanism.

Uruguay understood the gravity of that historic moment, and she did not hesitate to join North America.

The condition of the European powers since the war has been such that it may be affirmed that danger of conquests by them in America has been removed for many years.

Is this, however, the ground on which to become careless as to the future by repudiating the Monroe doctrine on the pretext that it is not now necessary to us?

I think it is not, for to-day, more than ever, we ought to display our foresight by seeking formulas that will for ever assure the peace and full independence of the American countries.

In order to achieve this result, it is necessary to intensify and direct our sentiments of solidarity.

The Monroe doctrine is the only permanent manifestation of solidarity of one American nation with the others of the continent; and I say this because it is the only one that has persisted for a century, inasmuch as those formulated by other countries only meet the needs of the political exigencies of an historical moment without the later generations' having considered themselves under obligation to uphold them as protective norms of foreign policy.

It is said that the Monroe doctrine is concerned solely with the self-interest of the United States and that it is in a certain way irritating to the nations of America, because it constitutes something like a protectorate over them.

I conceive it to be unreasonable to begin to inquire whether general acts benefit or not the country that achieves them. They may involve, and they almost always do involve, an object of self-interest, although it be only of a moral nature, without their losing on this account their intrinsic value. What ought to be considered therefore is the good they produce.

According to the Monroe doctrine, if an extracontinental power should attempt to conquer a country of America, such a country would count on the help of Washington's country.

Is not this a blessing to all? Is not this a practical and effective manifestation of true solidarity?

It has been affirmed by the enemies of the Monroe doctrine that this attitude of the United States might wound the sensitiveness of the

country attacked, which would receive protection even without asking for it; but, besides this remark's lacking all seriousness, the difficulty that it points out would be obviated if the American countries should formulate a declaration, similar to that of Monroe, in which they would engage to intervene in behalf of any one of them, including the United States, if, in the defense of her rights she should find herself involved in a war with an extracontinental nation.

A declaration to this effect, incorporated in the international obligations of each country, would bring them all into a position of great dignity by placing them on a footing of perfect moral equality with the United States.

Its practical application would be as follows: if Uruguay, for example, were attacked by a transoceanic power, the United States and the other American countries would intervene in her defense; and if the aggressor were the United States, Uruguay, with the other sister countries of the continent, would support her action against the unjust aggressor.

Thus the Monroe doctrine, proclaimed as the present norm of foreign policy by the United States alone, would be changed into a defensive alliance between all the American countries, based on a lofty sentiment of solidarity, with reciprocal obligations and advantages for all of them.

As may be seen, what President Brum demands is a league of the American nations, but when he proposes this reform, that the American nations make a declaration similar to that of the United States, it is because he also considers that the declaration on the part of the United States alone, that is, the unilateral act, constitutes a protectorate in respect of the other peoples, and in order that this protectorate may cease to exist it is necessary that it should be counterbalanced by another opposing declaration. However, as long as this shall not be carried into effect, the declaration of Monroe is an interference in the affairs of other peoples.

The eminent Roque Sáenz Peña, former president of the Argentine republic, said:

A more authoritative opinion than mine, that of Doctor Miguel Cané, the present Argentine plenipotentiary in France, has condensed in the following form his opinions on this principle: "America for the Americans." Here you have the clear and precise formula of Monroe. If by it we are to understand that Europe must renounce for ever all political domination in the colonies that freed themselves from the British,

Spanish and Portuguese crowns, respecting everlastingly not only the faith of public treaties, but also the freely manifested will of the American peoples; if this be the scope of the doctrine, we are perfectly in accord, and no man born in our world will cease to repeat with a conviction equal to that of Monroe, "America for the Americans;"\* but . . . is it with this that we have to do? Does any European government think seriously to-day of vindicating its old colonial claims? Does the reërection of the former viceroalties and captaincies-general of America ever pass through the imagination of any Spanish statesman, however visionary he may be? Can Great Britain cherish the idea of again drawing to her the colonies freed in 1776? Does Portugal, a pigmy, think of absorbing Brazil, a giant in comparison with her?

Let us be sincere and practical, relying on the conviction that not only is American independence a fact and a right, but that no one has any idea of an attack on things consummated. Spain is reorganizing, and she still has much to do in order to recover a shadow of her importance of the sixteenth century. France, torn asunder, her eyes fixed on the Rhine, maintains with great difficulty her frontiers in Africa . . . and her European boundaries. England beholds with misgivings the growth of India, the development of Canada and the quiet advance of democracy, which she considers a threat of dissolution. Germany is reforming, strengthening her foundations and seeking to become homogeneous, while Austria, her former European prestige lost, comprehends, under the experience of misfortune, that the true ruin of her greatness is to come from the east under the leadership of the "sick man."<sup>7</sup> Portugal. . . . Let us be serious, I repeat; no one is threatening the independence of America, and for the most venturesome and misled dupes, there is still the recollection of Maximilian, who paid with his life for an absurd conception and an unworthy affair, uncomprehended by his chivalrous soul. America may become inflamed in a continental war, thus compromising serious European interests, like those that suffered so much in the interminable war of the Pacific; but Europe will not send out a single soldier from her armies, nor a vessel from her reserves. The possibilities of Anglo-French intervention on the Plata or in México have passed, and Europe could—and this time with reason—vary the Monroe formula by repeating: "Europe for the Europeans."

\*English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>The passage quoted will be more fully appreciated, if it be borne in mind that this work was published in 1905.—THE EDITOR.

What present, real and positive meaning therefore has the famous doctrine to-day? Simply this: North American influence instead of that of Europe.<sup>8</sup>

These golden words that we have transcribed constitute the realest and most formidable attack, from the point of view of truth, that has been delivered against the declaration under discussion.

The idea set forth by Brum regarding a declaration on the part of the American republics, similar to that of Monroe, is in no wise original, for a hundred years ago it was proposed by Mr. Adams, while he was secretary of state of the United States. Mr. Adams then suggested that the states of South America should make, "on their own account," a declaration similar to that of Monroe, which was rejected because the South Americans "did not desire any bond of moral union with North America," according to Doctor Sáenz Peña, who added:

With what right does the United States speak in the name of a whole continent? Did the people of Central and South America perchance solicit such a protection? If the safeguard was to protect us from Europe, from Europe it came, since Canning inspired it.

James Knox Polk, as representative of the state of Tennessee, declared in 1826 that:

it [the Monroe doctrine] was viewed, as it should have been, as the mere expression of opinion of the executive, submitted to the consideration and deliberation of congress; and designed, probably, to produce an effect upon the councils of the Holy Alliance. That effect it probably had an agency in producing; and, if so, it had performed its office.<sup>9</sup>

Later, however, while president of the United States, he retracted this utterance, and his contempt for Monroe was converted into admiration. Let us read a part of Polk's message of December 2, 1845:

The expansion of free principles and our rising greatness as a nation are attracting the attention of the powers of Europe, and lately the doctrine has been broached in some of them of a

"balance of power" on this continent to check our advancement. The United States . . . can not in silence permit any European interference on the North American continent, and should any such interference be attempted will be ready to resist it at any and all hazards. . . . We must ever maintain the principle that the people of this continent alone have the right to decide their own destiny. Should any portion of them, constituting an independent state, propose to unite themselves with our confederacy [he says this because of the annexation of Texas, and on this account Polk changed his opinion regarding Monroe], this will be a question for them and us to determine without any foreign interposition. We can never consent that European powers shall interfere to prevent such a union because it might disturb the "balance of power" which they may desire to maintain upon this continent. Near a quarter of a century ago the principle was distinctly announced to the world, in the annual message of one of my predecessors, that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

This principle will apply with greatly increased force should any European power attempt to establish any new colony in North America. . . . Existing rights of every European nation should be respected, but it is due alike to our safety and our interests that the efficient protection of our laws should be extended over our whole territorial limits, and that it should be distinctly announced to the world as our settled policy that no future European colony or dominion shall with our consent be planted or established on any part of the North American continent.<sup>10</sup>

Apart, said Sáenz Peña, from the surprise with which one must regard the inconsistency of Polk's opinions, one must note the error of his conclusions. If his alarms were sincere and based on the dangerous equilibrium of Guizot, it is unquestionable that he ought to recall and apply that part of the Monroe message that referred to non-intervention, but to apply the fragment of colonization to a principle of equilibrium that did not assume colonizing claims, is to confuse the doctrine in its most simple and elementary applications.

<sup>8</sup>*Derecho público americano*, pages 180 and following.

<sup>9</sup>*Congressional Debates*, volume ii, part ii, page 2490.  
—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>*Messages and Papers of the Presidents*, Washington, 1897, volume iv, pages 398 and 399.—THE EDITOR.

The declaration of Polk is addressed solely to justifying the annexation of Texas, and even when the declaration of the year 1823 is cited and transcribed, they exclude and contradict each other in the international and juridical sense.

Hence, remarked Mr. Moore,<sup>11</sup> the protest against the establishment of a European power of whatsoever name is a term that includes acquisition by voluntary transfer or by conquest of territory already occupied, a term that Monroe did not put forward. This doctrine, added the publicist, ought to be distinguished by the name of "Polk doctrine," because it is not in harmony with that of his predecessor, even if it is just as diffuse.

The North American admiral Colby Chester said that when the Panamá canal should be dug, the establishment of colonies in South America would make no difference to the United States, as it would not affect her, and he therefore considered the doctrine inapplicable.

Let us now turn to John Barrett, the director-general of the Pan American Union,<sup>12</sup> and former minister of the United States to Colombia, Panamá and Argentina, and therefore a most competent person in international affairs, in the utterances to which he gave expression before the Academy of Political and Social Science of the United States in Philadelphia, April 3, 1914:

I believe the time is coming when there may be evolved from the Monroe doctrine itself as a principle and phrase, and thereupon substituted for the Monroe doctrine as a principle and phrase, the principle and phrase of a "Pan American policy." By that I mean a Pan American policy acceptable to and approved by not only the United States, but all the American republics, a policy belonging to each and all on the same basis of attitude and action, protecting alike the sovereignty and governments of each—which is, after all, the delicate point—without the offensive suggestion of preponder-

ance, dictation or domination of one nation like the United States. It is a common error among some of the statesmen and essayists of the United States, whenever they speak or write anything about the southern republics, to patronize them. This is a fatal error—always thus reminding them of the power and mightiness of the United States, as if the United States were both "papa" and "mamma" and they a group of little children playing in the back yard. Coupled with this are the equally common errors: first, that of not recognizing the extraordinary greatness and progress of some of the republics, even if others are not so progressive; and secondly, of classing them all as having revolutionary tendencies, in spite of the fact that two-thirds of Latin America, in area and population, has known no serious revolution whatever in the last twenty-five years. This Pan American policy would adopt, absorb and enlarge the Monroe doctrine as an original policy of the United States into a greater and all-American policy, where each nation would have the same rights of attitude, the same dignity of position and the same sense of independence as the United States now has. By eliminating the attitude of absolute dictation and centralized power, which the Monroe doctrine has been interpreted in Latin America as applying to the nations of the western hemisphere, by the substitution of "Pan American" for "Monroe"—thus including all the American nations as sponsors—and by the substitution of "policy" for "doctrine" and thus removing the hard, unyielding, dictatorial and didactic suggestion of the words "Monroe doctrine," about which every Latin-American is a little sensitive, a long step will be taken toward a new era of Pan American comity and Pan American confidence.

It is not the Monroe doctrine itself as a principle, but the *interpretation*—and mark my word—the *interpretation thereof*, as indicated in the recently published opinions of many prominent Latin-Americans on this subject, that is not acceptable to the majority of Latin-American countries and statesmen. This is a point that has been clearly overlooked by the critics of the Monroe doctrine in the United States. If its haphazard interpretation can be supplanted with responsible and reasonable judgment, the majority of arguments against the doctrine in Latin America, and also in the United States, in describing it as obsolete, will fail absolutely in purpose and logic. . . .

In conclusion, the Monroe doctrine in its final analysis, in my opinion—and, as I say, I do not for a minute state these things in a didactic way and my judgment may be entirely wrong—will continue to be a great *international* principle only to the degree that it is evolved into this

<sup>11</sup>*Compilación internacional de legislación*, volume xxviii, number 3, 1896.—Author's note.

We have quoted directly from the original of Professor John Bassett Moore's article entitled "The Monroe Doctrine," *Political Science Quarterly*, for March, 1896, page 17.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>12</sup>The author evidently overlooked the fact that Mr. Barrett resigned, a number of months ago, the directorship-general of the Pan American Union.—THE EDITOR.

greater Pan American policy; and from a doctrine of the United States alone into a policy of all the American republics, and now, if you follow me, though it is a little complicated, to the degree that it is evolved from being *subjective* on the part of the United States alone towards all the other American republics as *objective*, to bring *subjective* on the part of each towards each and all the others as *objective*. That is, making each and every American republic feel that it is part of its policy towards each and every other American republic, instead of being just the policy of the United States alone towards all those other countries. To be still clearer in my idea, I would say that I mean to evolve the Monroe doctrine from being *subjective* on the part of the United States towards the other American republics in an *objective* position, to being *subjective* on the part of each and all towards in turn each and all as *objective*.

Then we will have achieved, in my opinion, that ideal, unselfish, fraternal relationship of the American governments and peoples which will give a new worth and a permanent, acceptable significance to Pan American relationship, Pan American accord and the status of the Pan American Union.<sup>12</sup>

This was said by the eminent John Barrett, and it is, as may be seen, somewhat similar to the proposal of President Brum of Uruguay. Barrett does not believe in the doctrine, and he says that only by making it American in its essence and changing its name, which Latin-Americans regard as a limitation of their sovereignty, would it be possible to arrive at a true defense of America against attacks from other continents.

Brum, who defends it, says it would be better to constitute a league of American nations.

At bottom, however, although they set out from different starting-points, both coincide and both deem it, as it is interpreted at present, inapplicable.

The so-called Monroe doctrine does not exist. In Europe no one has recognized it,<sup>14</sup> nor has any American country accepted it, either, with the exception of Cuba, for the Platt amendment is based on the doctrine.

<sup>12</sup>*The Annals*: "International Relations of the United States." American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia, July, 1914, volume liv, pages 2-4.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>This assertion is utterly indefensible. The author himself approves of the señor Sáenz Peña's attribution of the doctrine or idea to Canning. Mr. Elihu Root,

Carranza, the president of México, said, in a message to the congress of his country, September 1, 1919:

As the question of the acceptance of the Monroe doctrine has been discussed in the peace conference at Paris, the government of México has thought it necessary to announce publicly and to communicate officially and in a friendly manner to all the governments that México had not recognized nor would recognize this doctrine, because, without the consent of all the people of America, it would establish a criterion and a situation regarding which they had not been consulted; and therefore this doctrine attacks the sovereignty and independence of México, and would set up and establish a tutelage over all the nations of America.

The talented Argentine lawyer, Doctor Luis Moreno Quintana, a grandson of a president of that republic,<sup>15</sup> affirmed that the Monroe doctrine has served as an admirable instrument to separate Europe and America and establish a hegemony over the latter. The United States has always striven to obtain concessions of all kinds at the cost of the sovereignty of the Hispanic-American states. If not, what about Cuba, with her Platt amendment, which, say what we will, diminishes her sovereignty, and the shameful examples of Haiti and Santo Domingo, not to mention other cases?

The jurisconsult just mentioned adds in his opening address, as president of The American Society of International Law, at the meeting of the society held in Washington, April 22, 1914, said:

"The governments of Europe have gradually come to realize that the existence of the policy which Monroe declared is a stubborn and continuing fact to be recognized in their controversies with American countries. We have seen Spain, France, England, Germany, with admirable good sense and good temper, explaining beforehand to the United States that they intended no permanent occupation of territory, in the controversy with México forty years after the declaration, and in the controversy with Venezuela eighty years after. In 1903 the Duke of Devonshire declared 'Great Britain accepts the Monroe doctrine unreservedly.' . . . So when Germany, Great Britain and Italy united to compel by naval force a response to their demands on the part of Venezuela and the German government advised the United States that it proposed to take coercive measures to enforce its claims for damages and for money against Venezuela, adding, 'We declare especially that under no circumstances do we consider in our proceedings the acquisition or permanent occupation of Venezuelan territory.'—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>Doctor Manuel Quintana, born in Buenos Aires, October 19, 1835, died March 12, 1906; he was president from 1904 until the time of his death.—THE EDITOR.

that this doctrine is dangerous, because it veils North American imperialism, on a principle that it has sought to make the Monroe doctrine pass as international; and he concludes by saying that its true object is "America for the North Americans."

To think, said the distinguished publicist Tiburcio Pérez Castañeda, from whom we take many valuable notes, that all this discussion and this doctrine arose because Spain almost wholly forbade England to trade with her [Spain's] colonies, and especially with Buenos Aires. He said furthermore:

... for you laugh at the danger that existed that the Holy Alliance should impose the sovereignty of Spain on her colonies in America, already independent; what England wished was to put on the mask of the Holy Alliance, to shout that the bogey man was coming, and make the United States open the doors to English commerce.

We saw, only a few months ago, how the North American hegemony makes itself felt by Latin America, when the secretary of state, Mr. Hughes, ordered Panamá and Costa Rica to cease hostilities, for otherwise they would be coerced by force. The excuse for this is the doctrine of Monroe, who never wrote in his message, as we have shown, that the United States would be the tutors of Latin America.

Rightly says the señor Jesús Prado Rodríguez:

The nephews of Uncle Sam climbed to the heights and thence looked at the Hispanic continent that emerged from the waters after the manner of a luminous image, reclining indolently on the azure bosom of two oceans, and exhibiting the outlines of the Andes crowned with snow. They thought all the lands good, and then was born in them the idea of staking out the land. Coffee, cacao, mines of gold and platinum, not to speak of oil wells, and without overlooking the lambs of Patagonia, were the only causes that inspired that marvelous theory of Monroe: "America for the Americans."<sup>16</sup>

Besides a dominant and exclusivistic purpose, the declaration of Monroe involves an evident contradiction, because,

<sup>16</sup>It will occur to students of history that Monroe apparently had no such theory as "America for the Americans," and that he certainly expressed no such thought.—THE EDITOR.

if the object of the declaration was to prevent the interference of Europe in America, it ought to involve the abstention of America from interfering in Europe, and America intervenes in Europe, since she enunciated her doctrine, because in saying to Europe, "keep off," she is intervening there, as she deprives the European nations of the right of interfering that every international juridical community possesses.

Let us note another absurdity. How, if the Monroe doctrine exists for the purpose of preventing intervention; how, if it opposes intervention, is it confirmed by article XXI of the treaty of Versailles, which is an international document that makes firmest and most extensive the right of intervention, in proclaiming the league of nations.

In our opinion, the cause of the doctrine, apart from the North American craving for domination, was Cuba; for while Cuba was in the hands of Spain the integrity of the United States was not endangered; but if Cuba fell into the hands of another strong power, this colony at the doors of the North Americans would be a perennial menace to their interests. Therefore they said: "Let us respect the existing colonies, but let us not tolerate any others." In spite of this, they interfered in Cuba, a Spanish colony, at a date much later than the declaration of Monroe. Therefore the thought of the North Americans was that, in case Cuba should free herself from the hands of Spain, she was to fall into their hands, and Jefferson had already given expression to this idea in 1807, when he said that the conquest of Cuba would round out colonial North America.

This part of our study being concluded, we do not know what idea might have animated Monroe in making this declaration in his message of December 2, 1823, because data on which to base an answer to this question have always been lacking, since God has ordained that the inner thought of a human being should be an obscure mystery; but what is certain is that his successors have made such a bad use of the declaration that all Europe and America have repudiated it, doubting, with good reason, the sincerity of the North Americans.

## IV

IT IS unquestionable that President Wilson destroyed the Monroe doctrine. On a certain occasion this president defined it by saying that it was:

the maintenance of the most perfect equality between the nations of America, an equality that can not exist if protection be given when it is not sought, because, in such a case, it is the result of the will of one power, which declares itself to be on its own account a protector against dangers in which no one believes.<sup>17</sup>

Hence it may be concluded that Wilson does not believe in the doctrine.

On June 11, 1918, Wilson said to the Mexican journalists that visited the White House:

Some time ago I proposed a sort of Pan American agreement. I had perceived that one of the difficulties of our past relationship with Latin America was this: the famous Monroe doctrine was adopted without your consent and without the consent of any of the Central American or South American states. We said: "We are going to be your big brother whether you want us to be or not."

We did not ask whether it was agreeable to you that we should be your big brother. We said, we are going to be. Now, that is all very well as far as protecting you from aggressions from the other side of the water was concerned, but there was nothing in it that protected you from aggressions from us, and I have repeatedly seen an uneasy feeling on the part of the republics of the states of Central and South America that our self-appointed protection might be for our own benefit and our own interests and not for the interests of our neighbors. So I have said: "Let us have a common guaranty that all of us will sign a declaration of political independence and territorial integrity. Let us agree that if any of us, the United States included, violates the political independence or territorial integrity of any of the others, all the others will jump on her."

Now, that is the kind of agreement that will have to be the foundation of the future life of

the nations of the world. The whole family of nations will have to guarantee to each nation that no nation shall violate its political independence or its territorial integrity. That is the basis—the only conceivable basis—for the future peace of the world, and I must admit that I was anxious to have the states of the two continents of America show the way to the rest of the world as to how to make a basis for peace.<sup>18</sup>

Here may be seen how Wilson criticised the doctrine and constituted a true league of nations, a plan which, in a more ample sense, he stamped upon the treaty of Versailles. President Wilson was the North American president most opposed to the doctrine.

Wilson was accused by Mr. Phelps, a North American journalist, in an article published in *The Tribune* of New York, on October 18, 1920, when he said:

When the first draft of the covenant was made back in the spring of 1919, it was immediately seen that it amounted to a waiver of the doctrine. Yielding to the great protest of the American people on that subject, the president inserted in the covenant a reluctant but imperfect and equivocal reference to the Monroe doctrine, which, as has already been exposed, varies materially in the French and English versions; so much so, that it is still doubtful whether the doctrine is adequately preserved in, or, rather, from, the covenant.<sup>19</sup>

In our opinion, one of Mr. Wilson's greatest marks of glory consisted in his tendency to suppress the unfortunate doctrine, which has only served as an instrument of domination on the part of North America.

For if, in article XXI of the treaty of Versailles, it is mentioned in an express manner, due, as said the journalist already mentioned, to the demands of his compatriots, in article X of the same treaty it is destroyed, as the league guarantees all its members against the aggressions of others, and, consequently, America, thus killing the doctrine, which is advantageously replaced.

Let us suppose now that the case of

<sup>17</sup>Unfortunately the author, except in a single case, has failed to give the references of the passages quoted. We have been able to locate all those taken from English or United States sources and have made the quotations directly from them, rather than translate back from the Spanish, except in this case. After diligent search, we have been unable to find the passage, and consequently it has been necessary to translate from the Spanish translation, with a consequent departure from the words used by Mr. Wilson.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>18</sup>*The New York Times*, June 11, 1918, pages 1 and 6.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>19</sup>*The Tribune*, New York, October 18, 1920: quotation from a letter written by John Phelps of Baltimore.—THE EDITOR.



Tacna and Arica, for example, were taken before the league of nations. The council of the league is formed of representatives of European powers, who express their opinions and cast their votes on a purely American subject. Is not Europe interfering in America? Where is the Monroe doctrine? For intervention does not apply simply to the employment of armed force. There are many other forms of intervention, and this is one of them. Therefore we think Mr. Wilson destroyed the doctrine in supporting the covenant of the league of nations.

To conclude, we shall cite an article published in the newspaper *La Razón* of Buenos Aires, November 18, 1920, by Doctor Wenceslao Tello, dean of the faculty of law of the university, on the theme that is the object of our attention.

This writer recommends that the United States renounce the Monroe doctrine and enter the league of nations, which demonstrates that, like ourselves, he considers the two incompatible. He qualifies Monroeism as definite imperialism, the obfuscation of a people in the light of the facts of the twentieth century. He continued:

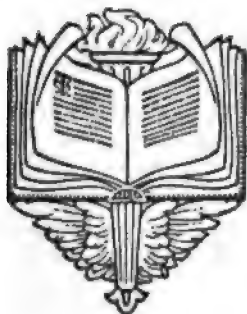
With the treaty of the league of nations, the

North American people will soon learn that they have neither thinkers nor policy, national or international, acceptable to the world. It is not sufficient to say: "America is mine." Japan might say: "China is mine." England might say: "Half of the world is mine." France could proclaim that Switzerland and Belgium belonged to her. Monroeism is a grave imperialism, that no monarchical government would dare to claim for itself, and much graver because of its impotency to put it into practice. North America entered the war for the freedom of the seas, but she obtained a wholly opposite result. She went to war to secure the self-determination of peoples, but she has made a compact with herself. She is pursuing a policy of expansion and she is marching to her ruin, unless she stop in time; and all this is for the lack of thinkers.<sup>20</sup>

This author concludes with a recommendation to the United States:

Permit me to counsel you to renounce your Monroeism, and you can rely on the friendship of the Hispanic-American nations. Enter the present league of nations, in order to secure your fundamental democratization. In this way, Argentinism will unite with the policy of North America in homage to universal fraternity.

<sup>20</sup>In justice to Argentine intelligence and sense of fairness, it should be borne in mind that this manner of thought and expression is exceptional.—THE EDITOR.



# DANTE ALIGHIERI

BY

ROGELIO SOTELA

An attempt to interpret Dante on the assumption that his works in general possess an esoteric and and exoteric meaning, that he wrote ostensibly for the larger public, but in reality for the illuminated, that Beatrice was not a woman, in the ordinary sense, "not a sexual inspirer," but "wisdom . . . his true religion, his secret doctrine," et cetera. The author lays particular emphasis on Dante's contribution to the enrichment and standardization of the vernacular.—THE EDITOR.

WE HAVE before us a work which, although transcendental, has been viewed, nevertheless, by almost all the expositors merely in its external aspect. I refer to the peerless work of Dante Alighieri, the somber genius of the Middle Ages, whose reserved and contemplative face filled his Florentine contemporaries with suspicion.

The scope of his work is so abysmal, it is characterized by such profundity, that one shrinks from commenting upon it. Yet we may at least skirt the edge of the Dantesque abyss that, out of devotion to genius, emanations from his wisdom may saturate our souls.

It was six hundred years ago, on September 14, 1921, that the uncomprehended author of the most transcendent epic of the Middle Ages laid aside his mortal habiliments.

A sublime poet, a mathematician, politician, biologist, historian, statesman: this extraordinary man burst on his century like a light. It was he that gathered in a whole the confused diversity of dialects spoken in Italy, and out of that Celtic, Lombard, German, Frankish mass made the sonorous Florentine language, which is the Italian language, and by means of it gave unity to his country and cemented the national soul.

Dante's literary work, like every important work, has several aspects: the exoteric and the esoteric, the literal and the allegorical, the analogical and the moral. By merely saying that from the period of Boccaccio, special chairs for the study of Dante's works have been established, and that there still exist special colleges for

their exegesis, it will be understood that we shall have to make a great effort if we seek to find a new meaning in these works. To arrive at the comprehension of their inner sense through the medium of the external will be as difficult "as to reach the summits of the Himalayas with a primitive sling." One must come at it as the poet attained the empyrean: with the hand of Vergil and of Beatrice, that is, in the symbology of Alighieri, by consciousness itself and by true wisdom.

BEATRICE is the basic axis of all Dante's work and she is an esoteric representation of philosophy, or rather, she is wisdom; and the poet is no more than a thinker who, in spite of the inquisitorial environment, goes against the absolute subjection of Rome.

How?

Let us enter upon a brief study of his first work, *Vita nuova*, and we shall have the key. In all of it, he is a visionary, from the age of nine. Beatrice also was nine years old when the poet appeared to her for the first time. Afterward this number became cabalistic in all the acts of his life, and this circumstance seems to solve the enigma.

One of his first visions was marvelous: when he saw Beatrice, dressed in red, he felt that a superior god was overwhelming him: *Ecce deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi*; and he heard that his spirit said to him: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra*; and precisely when this happiness was granted to the poet, he exclaimed: "How tormented shall I be henceforth."

It was because there was beginning for him the upward road to the heavens, and he

knew, as Seneca said in his rotund iambic, that:

*Non est ad astra mollis e terris via.*

When he saw her dressed "in a very white tunic" and beheld himself surrounded by a cloud as of fire, he heard a man of venerable aspect, who said to him, showing him an object all in flames: *Vide ætuum*. Then he saw that his own heart was thrust by the old man into the mouth of the maiden.

It was the deific anointing of the poet, as the descent of the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, was to Jesus in the hour in which John baptized him.

On the anniversary of the death of his beloved, his thought created the image of her.<sup>1</sup>

Are we to understand, indeed, that it was at the age of nine that Dante felt this marvelous love and that he had celestial visions of such significance?

Was it physical age or symbolic age?

The students of occultism know the meaning of the number nine, above all, in the ancient mysteries and in the secret societies of the mystical Middle Ages.

Dante, at the age of nine, is, as it were, the initiate, who catches gleams of the truth and loves it deeply.

Might they not be the nine years of initiatory graduation in a lodge?

**EVERYTHING** in him is three or nine; and it is because three is the *raison d'être* of nine. The divine trinity, the Indian *trimurti*, is, in each of its integrants, at the same time the triunity; they compose three and nine at the same time. This essential unity is clearly manifest in the finale of his *Inferno*, when he paints the three concentric circles, different but equal among themselves.

Beatrice does not represent common love, as many have believed, but Love. In no other way can be explained so beautifully idealized a woman, who incarnates health and inspires no evil thought, and who dominates all her companions by sympathy. She is what is purest, what is most subtle, divine love itself: the "queen

of all the virtues and the destroyer of all the vices."

The poet uses the occasion of a woman's interposing herself in the temple between Beatrice and himself, and he is pleased that the crowd should think that it is the other, the interloper, at whom he is looking. Behold, the key: he conceals the symbolism of his faith as an initiate in order that the multitude may not understand. This also is to be noted: Dante always sought a way to defend his beloved from the vulgar crowd. When he wished to sing her beauty, he did so among the most beautiful sixty Florentines, reserving to Beatrice the ninth place. When the lady that served him as a pretext left Florence, he sought new motives to shield his love.

Why? Because medieval religion would have killed his dream. Thus it may be explained that in the *Divina Commedia* he sang, in the apparent form of orthodox literature, a whole epopee of initiation.

Beatrice therefore is not a sexual inspirer: she is Wisdom. Therefore we see her traversing the three heavens toward the purest region of the empyrean.

**IT IS** proper to inquire, however: if the *Vita nuova* can be deemed the key to admit us with understanding to Dante's entire work, why is it that, in all the texts of literature with which I am acquainted, the *Divina Commedia* alone is spoken of as the work that best reflects the Catholic religion of the medieval period? Yet more: in almost all of them is proclaimed the doleful idea of a belief that this work is but a bilious libel, with no other object than that of sending the enemies of the poet to hell.

Any sincere and dispassionate student can see in Dante the creator of a religion very different from that which has been seen by others: the religion of love; and also to any one is obvious, with a little attention, Alighieri's intelligent play, when, at the beginning of *Vita nuova*, he sees his beloved in the temple and conceals his love by means of another woman, as we have already said.

Is not Beatrice his true religion, his secret doctrine, and the lady the religious form of his work?

<sup>1</sup>See *Vita nuova*, the last chapter.

Beatrice in the work plays the same part as the interposed lady of the church: a pretext, of something real, perhaps, but a pretext, nevertheless, to cultivate secretly something ideal, something pure and everlasting, as the impossible love that the Ghibelline would feel for the daughter of Portinari.

DANTE was the type of the poet, like Moses, like Æschylus. He was the Christian Homer; a poet, as Carlyle images him, capable of singing great heroic deeds and in whom existed the politician, the thinker, the legislator, the philosopher; a bard, in the old sense of the word; a prophet and poet, a revealer of what we ought to do and of what we ought to love.

Of his life we know little, but this little gives us an idea of a tragic existence: exiled from his country, misunderstood, called a heretic and a traitor, he wandered without a fixed habitation, without any one to take pity on his sorrows.

However, there remain to us his work and the portrait of Giotto, the poet's Florentine friend. Carlyle said that he was acquainted with no more moving portrait than this one:

Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wreath wound around it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless;—significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfulest face that was ever painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection of a child; but all this as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud helpless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain too, a silent, scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of god-like disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart, as if it were withal a mean, insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, a lifelong, unsundering battle, against the world.<sup>2</sup>

The few biographical data that we have

<sup>2</sup>Thomas Carlyle: *Heroes and Hero-Worship and the Heroic in History*, London, 1897, page 86.—THE EDITOR.

of him inform us that he was born in Florence, in 1265, of a distinguished family, and that he was favored with a superior education: in theology, Aristotelian logic and the knowledge of the Latin classics. It is supposed that he learned as much as could be learned in his times, in which there were no printed books; therefore he was master of what was within his reach and he tried to understand what was remote from him. During his life he was twice a soldier in the service of Florence; he occupied diplomatic posts; and at the age of thirty-four he became one of the magistrates of his country. Soon, however, his own country herself banished him, confiscated his property and mocked him. When the magistrates permitted him to return, but on condition that he make a public recantation, he answered them: "*Nunquam revertar.*"

However, for the glory of the world and the good of mankind, Dante was to know sorrow; he must be tortured, like all the immortal creators, in order to produce his imperishable work. It was then that he discerned the only true patria, the only loyal patria: that of the spirit.

He attacked his lofty work, and under stress of sorrow he gave to the world a fountain of wisdom. Hence the book is his own sad history, the deepest disquietude of his consciousness. With good reason said the people afterward, when they saw Dante pass: "There goes the man that has been in hell."

Because he came forth from the inferno itself, he came forth from intense sorrow to give men an intense vision of sorrow and love.

Nevertheless, in six hundred years, it has been impossible for the interpreters and commentators to agree upon the central idea of his *Commedia*, which is the climax of his works, and which began to be called *Divina* in 1516.

IT IS necessary now to bring forward certain observations regarding Dante's other works in order to make clear our idea that he was a renewer and an initiator.

It was he who created the popular language, and in it he left the germ of free thought, which was heresy at the time.

Péledan said, commenting on Dante's *De vulgari eloquentia*, that

a language that changes the hearts of men and moves them to like what they do not seek can be nothing more than the conventional language of a secret society. This language tears up the brambles and the thorns in the Italian forest, and sows and grafts.

It was the facetious reason that united his school, corporeally dispersed. In that manner, by means of language, he diffused the rationalistic and spiritualistic doctrine that was the fundamental axis of his work, and he escaped the suspiciousness of the inquisitors. Dante declared that he wrote in the vernacular tongue and not in Latin for three main reasons: for philosophical expediency, for liberality and for love. It is to be understood that the poet did not choose Latin for his works, because that was the language of orthodox Rome; because he considered Latin in itself incorruptible and everlasting, but he wished to address himself to a diversity of capacities; and he made it flexible and easy for the people. So he magnified his own language, as he showed its occult virtue and he diffused it. The poet caused it to be observed in this work, by giving it special importance, that all the primitive peoples that sprang from confused Babel, speaking different dialects, knew, nevertheless, the word by which God is designated. It was also a heresy in him, besides, to exalt the language of Provence, because that dialect had been excommunicated in 1245. An incomprehensible religious tendency! Dante himself declared: "My true intention in writing my songs differs from the apparent intention."

In his treatise, *De monarchia*, he admitted that monarchy ought to assure peace and liberty, and that it ought not to dream of conquest. He affirmed that man subjugates authority, and in affirming this he introduced a fundamental spiritualistic principle. He said that right is the will of God, and God does not wish what is contrary to the nature of things. It may be said that the poet, in these political ideas, is the precursor of pure socialism.

He is seen rising, in his *Il convito*, which is his philosophical last will, against

inheritance by titles of nobility. He declared that the vile man is contemptible, although he be the son of a nobleman. If Adam was noble, he said, we also are noble; if he was a hind, we also are hinds. He proclaimed therefore, amid that feudal environment, the only possible nobility: that of virtue.

If the poet loved the empire, it was because he hated the pope. We now know that he was a terrible Ghibelline, who, even in the poverty of ostracism, did not wish to return humiliated to Florence, in spite of his being summoned.

Rome attacked his political ideas; and this is to be explained, for he opposed papal supremacy. Why his Ghibellinism? Not to be a papist. Is it right then to affirm that the fundamental work of Alighieri is an exact reflection of the Catholic religion of his epoch, when it is characterized precisely by absolute obedience to the pontiff?

Dante believed in science as the object of supreme perfection, and in this he was the precursor of Leonardo da Vinci. He called science the "bread of angels," in opposition to the "forage stuffed by the ecclesiastical flocks." He declared that man has two perfections: his own being and his perfectibility. Then he gave to the mother-tongue a new importance, for he said that, as for himself, it had been the foundation of both things, adding that the vernacular had given him science, which is the supreme perfection. However, in respect of science, he made a difference of great importance: he spoke of Pythagoras as the friend of wisdom, since he said that the philosopher is not called wise, and that "he that is selfishly interested or a churchman" can not be called wise; for he studies only for his material good. He declared therefore that true science is wisdom, and that wisdom is based on a broad and comprehensive judgment of general ideas. So his wisdom was manifested by despising the things that enslave others. This can be explained in spite of the environment of the period, in this man that had discernment in the noblest branch of reason.

It may be affirmed that in *Vita nuova*, *De vulgari eloquentia*, *De monarchia* and *Il convito*, in all his primogenial work, in-

deed, is to be found the key to entering with certainty into the *Commedia*, and it may also be asserted that in all his work, in his entire work, he was a prophet, a theologian, a visionary.

Boccaccio, in commenting on Alighieri, said: "Theology is merely one of God's poems, and that not only is theology poetry, but poetry is theology." In this sense Dante was a poet and a prophet, as Carlyle would consider him.

THE *Divina Commedia* is an unfathomable mystical song, but one whose meaning can be within our discernment, if we succeed in penetrating the intimate knowledge of Dante, the somber and prophetic genius. His tercets are deep and concise, like the verses of the Bible. One reads this work with fear; one approaches the book as something abysmal, but one lingers over it with love, and one leaves it illuminated by a great splendor of truth. The symbolic labyrinth begins:

Midway upon the journey of our life  
I found myself within a forest dark,  
For the straightforward pathway had been lost.<sup>3</sup>

Three wild beasts disputed his passage: they represented lust, pride and avarice. The poet hesitated; then rose the sweet figure of Vergil, who represents, in the poem, the consciousness of Dante himself.

It was a journey imagined by the poet, concluded in seven days, from the night of Good Friday of the year 1230 until the night of the following Friday, through the three symbolic planes of his spiritual gestation: hell, purgatory and paradise. These three parts consist of thirty-three cantos each; and those that study the symbology of numbers will find in this fact a new detail.

Throughout the poem Dante is a poet and a seer: when he puts in the mouth of his ancient ancestor Cacciaguida his future fate, he reveals himself as the prophet of himself and his country; he foresees his hardships, his banishment and the manner of his death.

The tutelary genius of Vergil bears him

through the nine infernal circles and through the other nine of purgatory, where he leaves him, in order that the divine grace of Beatrice may lead him to the celestial circles.

Now, shall we undertake to detail these immense wells of Dante's? We desire merely to suggest that those that have not done so should go to the work in order that their souls may be caused to wonder.

We feel such a creative impulse in speaking of Dante that we shall never finish making comments on his work.

However, I was forgetting to mention a detail that surprises us: almost all the commentators on Dante have referred with heat exclusively to part of the *Inferno*, this exclusivism being curious, for the *Purgatorio* presents a deep and precious mirage to the studious person that observes. It is in purgatory that the tests of the one that is going to be initiated are effected: Dante is purified by water in the Lethe, and he is also purified by fire. Vergil, who accompanied him during the trip through hell and purgatory, disappeared when the celestial ascent was begun.

When Vergil abandoned Dante, he told him that he could now care for himself, as he now possessed in himself all the possibilities required to enable him to reach a spot that he had not yet been able to reach, for he had to touch the ground with his feet. In this manner Vergil symbolized the philosophy that opened the way to theology, which was Beatrice.

Thus what was mundane was excluded in order that what was divine might begin.

However, Beatrice did not suffice to enable him to reach the exalted summit; she was a mirage, not a means. Then Saint Bernard had to induce meditation in him before he could see the great light.

When Dante was surprised that he ascended so subtly, Beatrice answered him:

What lifts thee toward the heavens is thy soul.

Then he began to ascend through the seven celestial planes: the moon, Mercury, Venus, the sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. In the seventh plane were the ascetics that

<sup>3</sup>*Divina Commedia*, "Inferno," canto i, page 3: translation of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Boston, 1871.—THE EDITOR.

loved solitude and meditation. In the fifth he placed the martyrs and the defenders of the faith; in the fourth, those that were great in wisdom.

There was still a summit above these seven planes: the eighth plane was the constellation of the Gemini. Thence issued a ray that dazzled Dante's eyes: it was Christ, who permeated him, who drew near to him. When Dante reached the ninth and last circle, he had to undergo other initiatory tests: they asked him three questions about faith, hope and charity. Then he was in a better frame to understand, and he would be able to see, without vacillating, the vast luminous enigma that revolved about the great light, the deity, in nine concentric circles. It was here that Saint Bernard appeared as the hierophant of an ancient rite of initiation to lead him toward the light.

(It ought to be observed that by "heaven" the poet understood "divine wisdom, the unique science").

The rays of each heaven were life, the Prana, by which the celestial virtue descended to the things of the world. In this scene, according to the theosophists, is shown the influence of teachers on men.

IT IS proper to inquire now: Why did Dante go to heaven during life? Is it not necessary—according to the idea of all the religions—to have left the carnal

habiliments in order to achieve the ascent to God? Dante attained it as a man. See how it is confirmed by the verse from the Bible:

Surely God is in thee.<sup>4</sup>

It is deduced from this, and it is worth while to make note of the fact, that we can go to God, if we have prepared a heaven in our souls.

THE Dantesque epic was known in 1302, but it was not published formally until the fifteenth century.

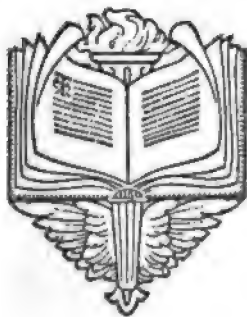
This man, the revealer of a very lofty sentiment, the initiator of the most noble mysteries, the creator of the eternal spirit and of goodness and true wisdom, had suffered the Calvary of all teachers: he was considered a heretic; he was called a traitor; he was exiled; and, finally, in the name of the Roman church, a cardinal went so far as to request the exhumation of his ashes in order that they might be burned.

The poet had died in Ravenna, at the age of fifty-six years, and there his dust remains. Above his tomb may be read this inscription:

*Hic claudor Dantes, patriis extorris ab oris<sup>5</sup>.*

<sup>4</sup>Isaiah, xiv: 14.

<sup>5</sup>Here lie I, Dante, exiled from my paternal shores.  
—THE EDITOR.



# A LETTER TO A BRIDE

BY

MARIANO OSPINA RODRÍGUEZ

The following letter, probably written three quarters of a century ago, was first published in 1904, in Quito, Ecuador, after the death of both the writer and the recipient, in the form of a pamphlet entitled: *Carta a una novia la víspera de sus bodas*. It was addressed to María Josefa Ospina, on the eve of her marriage. Through the kindness of the Ecuadorian minister at Washington, we have had access to the original, and from it the following translation was made.—THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

To-morrow you are to enter upon a new career in life, which must be continued until death. In this existence to which God calls you your happiness will depend chiefly on your conduct, even in the most insignificant acts. Under these circumstances, my love and my duty impel me to give you some advice and counsel, in which the observation and experience of my long life, I am persuaded, may be useful to you.

Have confidence in my admonitions: they spring from the heart of a father, who is much more concerned with your happiness than he is with his own. When they seem trivial or impertinent, observe them to please me; when you deem them hard, or difficult to follow, consider that it is a sacrifice that I exact of you, and do, for love of me, what you may be disinclined to do for your own good. Yes; I am absolutely confident that your sincere and tender love, which has never crossed me and has always succeeded in pleasing me, will at all times be disposed to make sacrifices for me that it would not make for yourself.

I am perfectly satisfied with your marriage. Everything tells me that you will be happy, as happy as we can be in this vale of tears.

Bear in mind—and this is my first counsel—that happiness does not depend, either on the personal qualities—even the highest and most desirable—and the social conditions that are most coveted and envied, or on those virtues that most attract public attention and that elicit most praise in the world. No; happiness depends, in the first place, on the most sincere and constant practice of those modest—one might say

obscure—virtues that Christ taught with his word and his example: humility, patience, resignation, unselfishness; and, in the second place, on the felicity of our domestic relations, which are based on these same virtues, and on prudence and discretion, which are also Christian virtues. Thus the sincere practice of Christianity not only conduces to eternal blessedness, but it is the only path that leads to temporal happiness.

Beauty, talent, learning, the most appreciated gifts, wealth, power, honors, the distinctions coveted by vanity, can be united in a person, and at times they are so united, and yet happiness may fail to fill the heart of such a person—so favored and so envied—if pride, envy, ambitious avarice, vanity, haunt the breast of the one that the world deems happy. The wealth, the power, the honors, the distinctions that one enjoys, seem few; and the deprivation of those that one does not possess, vexes and torments more than the general privation can mortify the modest and humble person that possesses none of these things, and who, not longing for them, lives content with an obscure lot.

So it is that if the favored one that possesses all these personal gifts and all these social advantages is placed in a domestic position in which distrust, contradiction, envy, discord, contempt or hatred thrusts a poisoned arrow into the heart at every moment, the life of such a person will be dolorous martyrdom—continuous and unbearable—in spite of these gifts and advantages.

Therefore, in order to obtain happiness, it is necessary to seek it, not where vulgar prejudice supposes it to be, but where it really is to be found: that is, in the peaceful



joys of the intimate relations of the family, based on and nourished by the humble virtues of Christianity.

Let us see now what it is that you ought to do to find peace and sweetness constantly in the bosom of your family.

From this day forward, the first person for you, the most interesting, the first object of your attentions, of all your cares, of all your disquietudes, is your husband. Parents, brothers, relatives, friends all descend to the second and third place, both in the inner sanctuary of the heart and in the outer manifestations of respect and affection. This is the law of God, pronounced by the mouth of Adam in Paradise, and it seems to be graven in the hearts of his children; and this is also the law that reason and experience establish as the foundation of domestic happiness. Your husband is your lover, your first friend, your protector, your companion, during the journey of life; and from these various qualities spring relations and duties whose practice will occupy every moment of your existence. If this practice is always accompanied by that sweet spontaneousness that springs from affection and the sense of fulfilling a duty imposed by God, for your own good, satisfaction and happiness will fill your soul, and amid the bitternesses of life, this innocent satisfaction will be the surest lenitive.

Do not expect that your husband will have no defects, that he will be superior to all passions, that in all his acts and in all his words he will always be reasonable; such a man has never existed, and it would be vain to look for him.

One of your first cares will be to study the inclinations, the habits and the tastes of your husband, in order not to run counter to them. Do not seek to impose your will, and do not desire the sacrifice of these habits and tastes, however insignificant they may seem to you; on the contrary, make it possible for him to continue to follow them without hindrance. Frequently it will happen that between you there will be opposite habits and tastes; do not hesitate an instant to sacrifice your own; always be the first to do so.

Proud or selfish persons do not succeed in doing this, or they do it with repugnance;

in the first case, they render themselves wearisome and vexatious, and at length they alienate the affection of those that love and endure them; in the second, they live in a constant state of contrariety and mortification. It is not so with persons of a generous disposition, who always find a fertile source of satisfaction in the small and frequent sacrifices they impose upon themselves out of regard for those they love.

Do not make much of defects you may observe in your husband. To you they ought to be an inviolable secret; neither to him nor to any one else ought you ever to speak of them, although they seem notorious to you. If they should be of such a nature that you can improve them without serious contrariety, use opportune occasions of joviality and good humor, when there are no witnesses, to insinuate some remark in a tone of jest and sweetness.

The wise woman rejoices and glories in the good qualities of her husband, and, without making importunate ostentation of them, she acts in such a way that it may be perceived that she recognizes and esteems them and that she finds pleasure in them.

However confidential you may be with each other in your intimate relations, you ought always to show the most marked deference for your husband in public. All those that have to do with you, both in the family and outside of it, ought to recognize by your actions, your words and even your slightest looks, not only the affection and thorough esteem that you repose in him, but also a constant spontaneity in setting his will above your own in everything.

The most perfect man is not exempt from frequent faults; and therefore tolerance is a duty and a necessity. Faults may be of a different nature and of different degrees of seriousness, and, according to this, your conduct ought to vary; but in no case ought you to permit yourself to be driven by temper to the point of reproaching your husband with acrimony, throwing his faults in his face, or disputing angrily with him. Such means never produce any good result, and they always lead to deplorable consequences. The prudent woman that knows how to control herself possesses much more power-

ful and reliable weapons. An angry man is capable of treating with disrespect and of offending an angry woman that accuses and affronts him; but he stands abashed and overcome in the presence of tenderness.

To a bride or a woman recently married the husband presents himself from the point of view of a lover rather than in any other manner; and I am going to say a few words to you regarding this.

A woman wishes and she ought to wish the love of her husband to continue to be ever vital and always new. That this should happen does not depend on the will of the husband, but on the discreet and wise conduct of the wife. The wife ought not therefore to let herself go, confident in the sincerity of the promises and the vows of eternal love that have been made to her, because, although the sincerity of these vows be never so sure, a woman will not continue to be loved, if she does not continue to be lovable. What ought to be done to fulfil this condition? This is, in truth, the most important question that presents itself to the mind of every bride and of every woman recently married; nevertheless, the most of them do not concern themselves much with this subject, because thoughtlessness and presumption, characteristic of their age, persuade them that their gifts and accomplishments, which were powerful enough to captivate the lover, will be much more so to dominate the captivated heart for ever. Unfortunately, the most of them deceive themselves, and this deception is the source of great bitterness.

The first quality, the essential quality, that makes a woman lovable at all ages and under all circumstances of life is sincere virtue; but virtue hidden in the heart is not sufficient; it is necessary that it shall be able to manifest itself in those sweet and insinuating expressions that beautify, that dominate.

In order to keep alive the love of the husband always, it is necessary to preserve in all one's relations with him, with exquisite care, the modesty and delicacy of a virgin, which generate and nourish love. An immodest familiarity dries up and dissipates it.

The Syrians and other Orientals use a preparation of arsenic, which, taken in a small quantity, invigorates the strength and increases the splendor or beauty; but an excessive use of it produces a diametrically opposite effect: the strength is sapped, and a slow but incurable consumption is the final result. So is love wont to die in many cases of marriage.

The neglect of some women to be always neat and well dressed causes them to lose at times the pleasing effects that their modest conduct produces in the eyes of their husbands. It is very common in those that unite vanity with carelessness to be slovenly and unkempt in their houses and to appear on the street dressed with great care, thus disdaining the regard of their husbands for the gaze of the public, which can be of no benefit to them. Can this be rational, just and prudent?

A man's love is extremely intolerant, and the blindest and most implacable of his passions is jealousy. That an honorable woman may be free from the ignominy of exciting it and that she may prevent the dreadful consequences that it produces, her virtue is not sufficient; the purest loyalty has a thousand times been the victim of the unfounded distrust of an honorable husband and one that loved blindly. Supreme discretion is necessary in this respect. I do not attempt to counsel you loyalty and honor. No; I recognize that your heart is incapable of any baseness; I know that the purest honor flows through your veins; and I should prefer death to the slightest stain that might tarnish the hereditary purity of your name; I only desire to warn you that it is necessary to avoid with the greatest care, with exquisite wisdom, all familiarity, all preferences, all relations, that might even remotely excite the slightest shadow of suspicion, in the mind of your husband, that you feel a particular affection for any other man. Do not disregard this admonition, trusting in the reputation of your virtue, in the sincerity of your love and in the rectitude and good sense of your husband; because experience teaches that all these circumstances are not sufficient to prevent the evil, and that ordinarily the frankest and most

ingenuous women are the ones that have had to suffer the most from jealousy.

Recently married women entertain at times the silly vanity of making a show of the enjoyment of liberty and of doing what matrons do. Fall not into this weakness; preserve the modest shame of virgins and the decorous reserve that wins for them attention and consideration.

If for a husband it is a frightful misfortune to have awakened the distrust of his wife, it is also an unbearable vexation to him that she should distrust him. Jealous women are insufferable, and they make themselves odious by their impertinences; it happens at times that by wearying their husbands they bring on themselves an evil that was perhaps very remote from them. Discretion and gentleness are the most powerful weapons in a woman's hands. By attracting she wins the heart of the man; by wearying him she loses him for ever.

If your husband is your best friend and the friend of all your existence, have full confidence in him and inspire him with ingenuousness and frankness. When he suffers, identify yourself with him in his suffering; and while it lasts, give up all distraction. To you belongs the right and the duty to bring him consolation with your words, your care, your untiring vigilance; and do not permit any one else to anticipate you in this.

This friend is, as they say, another *ego*, but another *ego* that ought to be preferred in all things to your own *ego*. What characterizes true love and friendship is the putting aside, without effort, of its tastes and conveniences, its interests, for the tastes and interests of the lover or friend. It is not sufficient that this should be done in the depth of the heart: this sentiment is very easy for any generous soul; what is necessary is to show it at every moment, in external acts, with naturalness and simplicity, without ever making the least ostentation of it. The intentional manifestation of this sentiment is simple urbanity, which is a parody of sincere friendship, and which is therefore repugnant in the intimate relations of friends.

Listlessness, reservedness of character, habitual indolence, frequently oppose the

constant, ingenuous manifestation of the expansive sentiment of pure friendship, the most sincere friends often seeming to be selfish and lazy. This deprives persons that are loved of the satisfaction that is imparted to the heart by the constant idea that one is cordially loved by the person one loves and esteems. I fear you have inherited from me these unsocial habits that I have just indicated: habits that I only recognized in myself when it was too late to mend them, and which have become in my old age a source of bitter mortification. Therefore I earnestly recommend that you make a constant effort to overcome and banish them. Make yourself affable, communicative, very diligent to serve and to please your husband and all the persons with whom you are going to live in close relations. The way to accomplish it is by not overlooking any occasion, however trifling it may seem, and by fixing your attention constantly on what is being done by and what happens to the persons that it is desired to please, in order to hasten to do the little deeds that are overlooked in the case of a gloomy friendship. It is somewhat difficult to acquire new habits, when one remains in the same circumstances, but nothing is easier to do when the conditions vary, and this is true in your case. I ardently desire that you shall be expansive toward your friends, and diligent and solicitous to please them; that you shall be like your mother, who possessed these qualities in a high degree, and by means of them she shed happiness all about her.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." We are already acquainted with this testimony given by the Lord on the mountain; but we all forget it, with unspeakable prejudice to our domestic happiness. Make use of it, my dear daughter; endeavor constantly to repress the impulses of anger and of feeling, and you will gather from them the sweetest fruits. When our pride is ruffled in the slightest way, anger suddenly flares up as the flame flashes from the match that is struck; how are we to hinder it, how are we to prevent it? It is not easy, when we hear a word or witness an act that seems to us an offense, to remain cool and tranquil;

but it is easy to conquer the effects of this inner impulse; and this can be accomplished by closing the mouth with resolution. Do not speak a single word, although you feel offended; withdraw from the scene if possible; and a few minutes afterward you will enjoy the satisfaction and pleasure of having avoided a dispute, a misunderstanding, perhaps a long continued sentiment that would embitter the heart and thought of your loved ones, whom it is so painful to have offended. Never dispute with your husband on any account, nor with the persons of the family. When they are irritated, keep quiet yourself at all costs; and if you are the one that is angry, keep still also. When you feel the fire of greater or less anger breaking out, recall your father; imagine that he is near you, with his heart filled with painful recollections, his face impassive, and that with his finger on his lips he is saying to you: "Silence!"

Since peace in the family is one of the most essential conditions of domestic happiness, it is necessary not to overlook any sacrifice to preserve it, and to regain it, if unfortunately it should have been disturbed. The most constant and powerful enemy to the sweet peace of the family is pride, self-love. To prevent this cherished peace from being disturbed it is necessary to give all attention and all solicitude to not offending in any way the self-love of the persons with whom we live, as well as to prevent ours—in case it takes offense—from destroying friendship or cooling it off. Never see people's faults and defects; if any one, whether an outsider or a member of the family, attempts to call your attention to them, although it be in a tone of jest, do not heed the suggestion; always excuse and defend the absent. Try to smooth over all irritation, all resentment, that you chance to perceive between persons of the family. Keep, as a perpetual secret, all that is said, all that is done, that may offend or disturb friendship between such persons, even if others speak of it.

Acquire from the first day the habit of informing yourself every morning regarding the health of each of the persons intimately related to your husband, as well as regarding what concerns them most, in order to hasten solicitously to attend

and serve them when it be necessary. Be very diligent and exact in fulfilling your duties that custom imposes in social intercourse, without ever putting off until the morrow what ought to be done to-day. Seek your more intimate friendships within the family, and not outside of it; and give all heed and solicitude to everything that concerns it.

It is not unusual in the society of families, even when the most friendly relations exist, that there should occur slight misunderstandings, which are sometimes the effects of the very sentiment of union and friendship. If such should ever occur between the family of your husband and that of your father, take sides with that of your husband. The reason is obvious: in the mind of a husband may enter a doubt as to whether his wife prefers him to everything, and this would weaken his affection; and the love of a father is indestructible, and in his heart there is no place for doubt as to the affection of his children. Therefore give the preference in your attention and care to the family of your husband, rather than to that of your father.

I have suffered and I suffer cruelly, but all my suffering comes from a single source: the loss and regret of so many loved persons. Otherwise, I have lived tranquilly, contentedly and happily, this tranquillity and this contentment being due to two happy propensities that God bestowed upon me: the first of them consists in forgetting all offenses, great or small, and in not cherishing any rancorous feeling of revenge or of envy; the second, in regarding the aspirations of vanity as folly. Make yourself the inheritor of these two inner propensities or habits, which were possessed also, and in a greater degree, by that angel of goodness that was your mother. Yes; possess yourself of these habits, and they will give you the peace of soul that hatred, resentments and the fever of vanity banish from the larger part of mankind. Simplicity of life saves us from a thousand daily worries, and it never does us any harm whatsoever. A longing for good living and luxury does not bring us any satisfaction, but only inquietude, vapidty, ruin.

You and your family are going to live in

this country, which, like all the Hispanic-American countries, is exposed to disastrous revolutions in which the most honorable families find themselves, when they least expect it, despoiled of their goods and exposed to want. Be therefore economical, and counsel your husband to be so, and try to keep your savings where they will be safe in the day of disaster, for which you ought to be prepared.

Always have a cultured and prudent confessor, and consult him regarding everything that concerns your tranquillity and your happiness in your domestic relations.

Do not let yourself be misled into imagining that life is a chain of uninterrupted contentment and satisfaction. It is not. Existence is, in all conditions, an alternation of joys and sorrows, and one ought to be prepared for this. However, prudence and good sense cause very great differences in the sum of joys and sorrows between persons placed in the same circumstances; and it is of first importance that one should know how to guide his thought and affections on this inconstant sea of life.

Faith and reason teach us that human affairs do not proceed by chance, but that they are ruled by an intelligent, just and merciful Providence; that all events tend toward an end that it is not within our powers either to foresee or hinder; therefore it is a religious duty and an act of good sense to accept every situation, every event, and to accommodate ourselves to them, be they never so difficult and adverse. Every accepted condition is bearable, however bitter and unbearable it may seem; but when a person persists in wishing that things should not be as they are or in claiming that they are not so; whenever he gives up to lamentations and despair because his desires and longings are not satisfied, because his position is

not such as he might wish it to be, this person lives in constant misery; and, as his lamentations and despair have no power to alter the course of human events, but only to weaken the health, to disturb us in the fulfilment of our duties, to weaken our moral power and to instil in the minds of those that love us vexation and sadness, it follows that this violent state of opposition to the reality of things and to the situation in which God has willed to place us, is, according to religion, an act of rebellion against the divine will, and, according to philosophy, an act of folly. Therefore do not let yourself be drawn into this delirium, as it were, which multiplies the ills of many people; whatever be the plight into which you may fall, accept it with the firm resignation that religion ordains, with the strength of soul that philosophy counsels.

Some day you will have to do for Mercedes, for María—your own children—what I am doing for you at this moment; may it please the good and merciful God that watches over us that, in transmitting to them these counsels addressed to you by the tenderness of your father, you be able to tell them that you have practised them and that they have contributed somewhat to secure for you days of peace and contentment and to mitigate your sorrows in days of bitterness.

Keep this letter secret, my dear little daughter, and as a souvenir of your father; read it once in a while; and now that you are not directly dependent on me treat me with greater confidence than ever.

Your loving father who, day and night, retains you present in his memory, dear María, and beseeches God to give you his blessing and his grace that you may thoroughly fulfil your duties and make the journey of life satisfied and happy.

MARIANO OSPINA R.



# THE ECUADORIAN CAMPAIGN 1821-1822

HIGH LIGHTS ON GENERAL ANTONIO JOSÉ DE SUCRE

BY

CARLOS A. VIVANCO

(Conclusion)

A continuation of the narrative of the march of Sucre's army, combined with the Peruvian contingent, from the sea-shore to the heights above Quito; a description of the momentous battle of Pichincha and an account of the triumphal entry of the army of liberation into Quito, of the popular demonstration in honor of the victorious general; of the arrival of Bolívar on the scene, and of the honors conferred by him on Sucre and his army.—THE EDITOR.

## XI

**C**OLONEL DON TOMÁS HERES—who, on November 28, delivered to Sucre a communication from the "Numancia" battalion in which it asked to be requisitioned by the government of Colombia and to be permitted to join the army of Guayaquil—had reached this city. On the following day Sucre sent an answer to Heres in which he gladly accepted this request and made it known that he was about to open negotiations with the government of Perú to satisfy the desire of the "Numancia." On the thirtieth, Sucre addressed a dispatch to the minister of war of Perú, inclosing to him the request of the "Numancia," battalion and suggesting that, if he did not agree to the coming of the "Numancia," he send another corps to take the place of the one requested.

On December 2, Sucre wrote from Guayaquil to Santander in the following terms regarding public opinion in respect of the government:

Some of its members, animated by a spirit of domination and a desire to command, use the influence they possess in the city to build up a party which, renouncing the obligations due to its own provisional constitution, desires, and fosters the opinion, that this province should be independent of Columbia and Perú, in order to form by itself a small (central) republic of seventy thousand souls, under the protection of the two states.

Of the general opinion he said:

This plan fortunately exists only in the party

of those that are about them; the whole city and the whole province defer to, and have urged a decision in favor of the fulfilment of, the fundamental law of the republic, except a citizen here and there that is inclined to annex this country to Perú. . . . As I have been absent from the city for many days, I have not been able to obtain reliable knowledge of the state of these things, until this week, when I have come, and in pursuance of my commission, I have observed what is within my reach. I regret that during my absence this party should have arisen, which, during the time that I resided here, did not even show that it existed.

On December 6, 1821, the city of Portoviejo declared openly for incorporation with Colombia and sent the minutes of this pronouncement, headed by the *cabildo*, to General Sucre. This example was followed by Jipijapa and other towns of Manabí, in which public opinion was almost unanimous. The government *junta* proposed to send forces to Manabí to subdue the towns that had issued the pronouncement. Sucre declared to the *junta* that what was essential, what was indispensable, at the moment was to reëstablish harmony between the citizens and to terminate partizan action, in order that exclusive attention might be devoted to the affairs of the war. He added that the royalists were not losing any time and that they were favored by partizan dissensions. He used his best endeavors to calm the minds of the towns that had decided in favor of annexation to Colombia, with the result that things remained as they were. In this way General Sucre prevented the evil consequences of a civil war, for the *junta* accepted Sucre's counsels, sending a commissioner only, who

also carried communications from Sucre, and who fulfilled his peaceful mission completely.<sup>18</sup>

On December 5 Sucre received news that the Spanish general, Cruz Murgeón, had disembarked at Esmeraldas with troops brought from Panamá. This information, naturally, disquieted him somewhat, and he sought to obtain farther details about the report. This disquietude was calmed, however, on the eleventh of the same month when he received a despatch from General J. Álvarez de Arenales, prefect of Trujillo, who informed him that he had sent an expedition to Piura to occupy Cuenca. Sucre took advantage of this advice, and on the following day (December 12) he confided to Colonel Heres the mission of going to Piura, instructing him to concert operations with the chief of that Peruvian division, Colonel don Andrés Santa Cruz.

On the fourteenth of the same month he received advices from Riobamba that reported that General Murgeón had already reached Quito with seven hundred men, and that he was making great preparations to open the campaign.

The Spanish general, don Juan de la Cruz Murgeón, appointed viceroy of the Nuevo Reino de Granada, president of the royal *audiencia* and captain-general of Quito, reached Panamá at the end of August with the battalion of the "Tiradores de Cádiz," and a brilliant staff of officers. Leaving that stronghold in charge of Colonel don José Fábregas, he set sail with the troops he had brought and with the "Cataluña" battalion, which had been garrisoned at Panamá. He disembarked at Atacames, and he passed through the mountains of Esmeraldas to Quito, suffering a fall during the journey, which affected one of his legs, and which later occasioned his death. As soon as he reached Quito, he was recognized as president and captain-general. By means of his very liberal policy he won the regard of all, and, as the patriots did not receive any ill treatment from him they esteemed him particularly and were pleased with his administration. His first step was to free the prisoners taken at Huachi, exacting of them an oath not to take up arms until they should be exchanged,

but making an exception in this respect of General Mires, as he was a Spaniard by birth.

On December 14 Sucre reported from Guayaquil to the governments of Perú and Colombia the arrival of this personage, advising them at the same time that the squadron equipped for war, which had transported the troops from Panamá to Esmeraldas, was plying the coasts of the Pacific in the north. The Liberator, fearing that the troops bound for Guayaquil might fall into the power of the royalists and not having vessels of war that could resist the hostile squadron, abandoned the enterprise of going to Guayaquil and he was compelled to continue the campaign in the direction of Popayán, fighting later the sanguinary battle of Cariaco (Bomboná), April 7, 1822. On December 17, Sucre reported from Guayaquil to Vice-President Santander, that as a result of the armistice and the exchange of prisoners, the following had already reached this port: Captains Eusebio Borrero and Icaza and Lieutenant Lecumberry, it being impossible to exchange a greater number, as the rest of the prisoner officers had enlisted at Cone. "I await, nevertheless," he said, "Captain Cambe and Second Lieutenant Morlías, whose exchanges have been sent, and I repeat, have the goodness, your excellency, to enter into negotiations for the exchange of those that are still groaning in the dungeons of Quito and Pasto." On the same date Santander himself informed him of what was to be the plan of his next campaign, inasmuch as the government of Perú had sent a division against Cuenca.

On December 22 the officers of the "Vengadores" battalion drew up a request and presented it to the government *junta*, in which they set forth that they also desired to serve under the flag of Colombia. On the twenty-fourth they marched out with the battalion to the drill ground and acclaimed this republic. While this was happening, other Colombian officers, imprudent and excited, went about the streets on horseback hurraing for Colombia. Sucre interfered, and all was arranged by his ordering that the "Vengadores" battalion should march away to join the army at the headquarters at

<sup>18</sup> Estruge: *Entremista*, et cetera, pages 493-494.

Samborondón, in compliance with its desire to participate in the campaign.<sup>19</sup>

## XII

COLONEL HERES reached Piura on December 22 and he conferred with Colonel Santa Cruz, who declined to enter into any arrangement, as he had no order from his government. On the following day Heres wrote Sucre to report the first steps, which had resulted futilely to his mission. Sucre, when he received this disappointing news, wrote from Guayaquil to Heres on the twenty-ninth, inclosing several despatches from Santa Cruz and Arenales, and urging him to secure troops from Perú at all costs. On the thirty-first Santa Cruz informed Heres that he had decided to undertake the expedition with Sucre. Heres explained his mission also to General Arenales, and on January 7, 1822, Heres received a despatch dated at Trujillo, January 3, from General Arenales, indicating his desire to coöperate in the campaign and instructing Santa Cruz to put himself under the orders of General Sucre. The same day Heres duly thanked General Arenales for his valuable contribution to the freeing of these provinces and he considered his mission satisfactorily terminated, setting out on the eighth for Guayaquil, which he reached on the fifteenth.

As soon as the Peruvian division was secured, General Sucre made the last preparations to mobilize his army. After the government of Guayaquil had broken the armistice, Sucre opened the campaign with a proclamation addressed to the Quitans, in which he said to them:

The object of the army of freedom is not merely to achieve the independence of your country; it is now to preserve your property, your lives, the faith of our fathers, the honor of the nation, which leads it to victory. The sacrilegious and the tyrannical shall expiate their crimes, and the smoke of our blood will be the sacrifice that we present you for your happiness.—Headquarters, Guayaquil, January, 20, 1822.

Sucre ordered Colonel Cestaris to march with two hundred men along the rough road to Angamarca or Los Colorados, in

order to threaten the rear of the troops of Riobamba. Cestaris admirably executed this commission, taking up a position between the divisions of Riobamba and Quito, whose communications he had cut. The enemy detached troops for the purpose of destroying him; but Cestaris, handling himself dexterously, retired, wearying them, and he returned to his position near Latacunga. There his ranks were swollen by deserters from the Spaniards and by the aid he obtained from the towns, in spite of the vigilance of the royalist leaders.

It seems proper now to insert in our account the diaries kept by Colonel Heres and the chief of the general staff, Colonel don Antonio Morales, which have been published in one of General Daniel Florencio O'Leary's documents, and of which, for greater clearness, we have formed a single narrative.

XIII

1822

## JANUARY

ON THE twenty-second the division left its headquarters at Samborondón, where it was cantoned.—On the twenty-third it passed by Guayaquil.—On the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth the corps began to reach Machala.—On the twenty-sixth the general staff moved from Guayaquil.—On the afternoon of the twenty-eighth it reached Machala.—On the twenty-seventh set out from Machala the vanguard, composed of the "Dragones" and "Albión" battalions and companies of Guayaquil troops under command of Colonel Ibarra, who halted at Pasaje.—On the twenty-ninth the second section, composed of three companies of the "Paya" battalion, under the command of Mackintosh, followed the movement. On the same day the general staff moved, and the rest of the division, which had been delayed by the difficult navigation of the rafts, finished arriving.—On the thirtieth the third section, composed of three companies of the "Paya" battalion, under the command of the major of the battalion, which had left Machala the same day, reached Pasaje. The same day Colonel Ibarra continued the march with the section

<sup>19</sup>Destructive: *Entrevista*, et cetera, page 494.



under his orders.—On the thirty-first the march of the "Paya" battalion followed, with the second section. On that day it was learned that the "Aragón" battalion, with five hundred men and two hundred horses, under command of Colonel Tolrá, had marched to Cuenca to reinforce the "Constitución" battalion.

## FEBRUARY

On the first the second section, composed of three companies of the "Paya" battalion and a company of the "Tiradores," set out from Pasaje under command of Major Payares. On that date orders were given to Colonels Santa Cruz and Urdaneta, who were operating against Loja, to proceed by forced marches and join the division of Colombia at Oña on the tenth.—On the second the general staff moved from Pasaje and slept in the forest on the banks of the river Jubones. On that same night the third section had camped at Queras, the second at Sadayacos and the first at Tamascado. The second and third sections always occupied, successively, the camping places of the first section until they reached the sugar-mill of Ganancay, where they were to effect a union.—On the third the first section occupied the town of Yulug. The same day the general staff slept at Carabotas, under an enormous rock that covered the party of the señor commander-in-chief and the general staff.—On the fourth the general staff completed the passage through the forest and slept at Ganancay. On that day communications were received by Colonel Urdaneta, commander of the vanguard of the division of Perú dated at Gonzanamá, January 30, which reported that on February 2 he would be at Loja and imparted certain news he had gathered regarding the enemy. The night of the same day the third section slept at Tamascado, and the second at Ganancay.—On the fifth, as had been ordered, the second and third sections united at Ganancay, and the "Paya" battalion being formed, it marched to the town of Yulug, which was entered the same day by the general staff. At the moment of the arrival, the order of the first was repeated to Colonel Urdaneta, that he march to the town of Oña for the purpose

indicated. These communications had been signed by Colonel Ibarra, in order that the people and even the enemy himself, in case they took them, should continue to believe what they had believed, that General Sucre, with the most of the division, was marching by way of Naranjal directly against Cuenca; while Ibarra was threatening a flank with four hundred men and reinforcing the division of Perú. The same fifth day the "Dragones" battalion marched to Valle Yuquilla under command of Colonel Ibarra, in order that they might take horse there and collect beasts to move the division and press those of the enemy that were at Cuenca. General Sucre, wishing to impart method and uniformity to the unattached companies that accompanied the division, with the names of "sharpshooters" and "volunteers," and wishing at the same time to immortalize, as far as possible, the memorable and glorious campaign of Yaguachi, deemed it wise to form from these unattached companies a battalion with the name of "Yaguachi," the command of which was given to Colonel Carlos María Ortega. On the same day the companies were all brought together and the battalion was formed.—On the sixth Ibarra was now in Valle. The same day, in Yulug, at six in the morning, the following ammunition was distributed to the corps: to the "Albión," 2190 cartridges and 140 flints; to the "Paya," 13,860 cartridges and 926 flints; to the "Dragones," 1500 fusil charges, 300 carbine charges and 75 flints; to the "Yaguachi," 3210 cartridges and 340 flints.—On the seventh the division marched in the following order: vanguard, "Albión;" center, "Yaguachi;" rear-guard, "Paya;" the ammunition and baggage after the rear-guard. They came to a halt several times to reunite the division, because the unevenness of the road rendered an orderly march impossible. At six in the evening the vanguard reached the *bacienda* of Guisasco, and, successively, the other corps, which camped in close quarters in the *bacienda* house. Pickets were thrown out, and nothing startling occurred. On this date word was sent to Colonel Urdaneta that the division would be at Saraguro on the ninth.—On the eighth the division con-

tinued the march in the same order as on the day before along a very bad road. The "Albi6n" reached the *bacienda* of Carapall by six in the afternoon. The "Yaguachi" passed the night half a league from that place; and the "Paya," in the houses of the Quebrada de Cariyucu, a league from the *bacienda*. The general staff passed the night in the house of the *bacienda* of Carapall; the corps were rationed; and nothing new occurred. A communication, dated at Loja on the sixth, was received here from Colonel Urdaneta; it contained a copy of the despatch of the Spanish leader Tolrá in which he informed the *cabildo* of that city of the march against it of the division of Colonel González, composed of thirteen hundred men, which was to leave Cuenca on the sixth.—On the ninth the corps resumed the march at four in the morning. At ten the general staff followed, and they entered the town of Saraguro together, at half after five in the afternoon, with rain. At the same time that the troops were occupying the town, three companies of the "Piura" battalion entered by way of Loja. At this place were in detachment a company of the "Trujillo" chasseurs and one of the "Piura" grenadiers. Here the chief of the general staff made a brief address to the troops, congratulating them on uniting with the division of Perú and recommending good conduct toward the inhabitants, who had given proofs of patriotism, and union and harmony among the troops. The Colombian troops were quartered in barracks that had been constructed in the plaza, and those from Perú, in houses. On the way from the *bacienda* of Carapall to Saraguro a communication had been received from Colonel Urdaneta, of the same date as the former one, inclosing a copy of the despatch from the captain of the fourth company of the "Constitución" sent from the town of Cumbe to the *cabildo* of Saraguro, with a transcript of another despatch from Tolrá, in which he ordered that rations and forage be supplied on the journey between Cuenca and Saraguro for the division of Colonel González.—At daybreak on the tenth, commissioners were sent in search of horses, mules and cattle, and posts were ordered established between Cuenca and Saraguro. The troops

were ordered to be quartered in houses, for the barracks offered little protection against the rain. Hospitals were established. Weapons were cleaned by companies. The division under arms attended mass, along with the señor General Sucre, the general staff and the officers. The chief of the general staff reconnoitered the passage of the Río Grande by the bridge, and he found no favorable ground for defense; he set pickets in the best positions. The whole day was spent in going over the ground and in writing to all the patriotic and influential persons of the province to urge them to coöperate in the campaign. In the afternoon, communications of the eighth and ninth were received from Colonel Ibarra, in which he reported that beasts and cattle had been collected and he described the steps that had been taken to deceive the enemy and the manœuvres that the squadron of the "Dragones" continued to make with a view to occupying Oña. At eight in the evening new communications were received from Colonel Ibarra to report that he was lying at Oña and that he had sixty horses and forty mules. At ten at night twenty-nine letters from patriotic persons were closed.—At dawn on the eleventh despatches were sent to the commander of the *guerrilla* of Alausí, Captain José Antonio Pontón, to inform him of the arrival of the army at Saraguro and of the union effected with the troops of Perú. He was ordered to increase his *guerrilla*, to collect horses and mules and to forward the same instructions to Lieutenant-Colonel Cestarís at Angamarca, that he might try to put himself in communication with the commanding general. The letters written on the tenth left for Cuenca at eight in the morning, and Colonel Ortega went out to reconnoiter the hill of Pata de Escalera. At the same hour communications were received from Colonel Santa Cruz to report that he had arrived at Loja with the "Cazadores" squadron on the ninth; that six companies of his division had left for Saraguro; that Colonel Urdaneta would set out with three companies of the "Trujillo" battalion on the tenth; that on the eleventh the "Granaderos" squadron would follow him on horseback; and that on the twelfth he himself would leave with the

"Cazadores" and two more companies of the "Piura." As the troops were increasing, it was ordered that the "Albi6n" and the "Yaguachi" battalions should march on to Oña. At one in the afternoon entered Saraguro the artillery of the division of Piura, the companies of the "Granaderos" and the first company of the "Trujillo" battalion, under command of Sergeant-Major Olazábal. At eight o'clock in the evening communications were received from Colonel Santa Cruz in which he repeated what he had said on the ninth.

At daybreak on the twelfth was received at Saraguro an undated advice from the *alcalde* of Gir6n to the effect that the enemy had entered the town at seven in the morning of the day on which he wrote. At seven in the morning a scout left for Valle de Yunquilla to observe the movements of the enemy. Owing to the enemy's movements against Gir6n, the march of the "Albi6n" and the "Yaguachi" was ordered suspended. At a quarter after ten in the morning entered the three remaining companies of the "Trujillo" battalion. At twelve arrived Colonel Urdaneta. Colonel Ortega returned from his mission.—A little later communications were received from Colonel Santa Cruz concerning what had been reported in his former despatches.

On the thirteenth, at five in the morning, the "Albi6n" and "Yaguachi" battalions left Saraguro for Oña.—At nine in the morning General Sucre, with his aide, left for Oña.—At twelve Lieutenant-Colonel Cogolla and Second Lieutenant Venaña marched to Yulug commissioned to gather up the belated sick soldiers and to pursue deserters.—Communications were received from the *cabildo* of Loja to express to General Sucre their great appreciation of the success with which he had directed the marches of the division and of the interest shown by the republic in its liberation, and to offer all that the province possessed in aid of the division. They informed him that they had assisted the division of Perú with money, baggage and provisions; they also offered to send five hundred head of cattle; they advised that on the twelfth a number of them would leave; and they

asked for a military leader as governor.—Very active measures were taken by the general staff for collecting cattle and necessities.—The "Trujillo" and "Piura" battalions were reviewed, their horses and ammunition were found to be in an excellent state.—In the afternoon arrived on horseback the squadron of the "Dragones," consisting of one hundred men.

The fourteenth at Saraguro.—General Sucre returned in the morning, after having inspected the horses of the "Dragones" at Oña.—It was announced, in the order of the day, that the "Paya" battalion should make ready to march at five in the morning.—In the afternoon Colonel Santa Cruz arrived.—At eight o'clock in the evening came the squadron of the "Cazadores" of Perú, one hundred and twenty-five in number.—On this day arrived Aide-de-Camp Chiriboga from Quito with circumstantial news of the enemy's position.—Colonel Santa Cruz issued orders for the march of the rest of the army and the medical supplies that were in Loja. In the afternoon the "Trujillo" battalion went through the manual of arms and practised firing in the presence of General Sucre.

The fifteenth at Saraguro.—At six in the morning the "Paya" battalion set out for Oña, with four hundred and thirteen men, sixty-nine remaining in the hospital. Orders were issued for the marching of the "Trujillo" and "Piura" battalions on the following morning. One hundred horse-shoes and ten thousand five hundred *pesos* reached Loja for the division. At four Officer Santa Coloma reached headquarters with communications from the Liberator, dated at Cali, January 2 and 3, which gave several governmental orders and asked that transports be sent for twenty-five hundred men of the "Guardia," in order to begin the campaign with forty-five hundred men on this side, and that General Valdés should operate in the region of Pasto with twenty-five hundred men. In the afternoon the companies of the "Piura" battalion practised firing.

The sixteenth at Saraguro.—At daybreak the "Trujillo" battalion and three companies of the "Piura" marched toward Oña. At eight in the morning Colonel Santa Cruz followed these troops, bearing

orders that the corps in cantonment at Oña should put themselves under his command until General Sucre should arrive. A little later came in a spy that had been sent to Cuenca; he said the enemy had been reinforced by the arrival of one hundred and twenty horse, and that he was to be found on the plains of Tarqui. The enemy abandoned Cuenca without fighting and retired to Riobamba, and the division of the army of liberation entered this city on February 21. There it rested, fitted itself out as well as possible with clothing and increased its numbers; also many good beasts were secured, as well as sufficient money with which to pay the troops what was due them and leave a considerable quantity for the chests.<sup>20</sup>

#### XIV

WHILE Santa Cruz was in Cuenca, he received orders in duplicate from his government to return to Perú with his division; and, although he desired to continue the campaign, he, having to obey orders, advised General Sucre that he was about to take up the countermarch, and he asked of him the assistance necessary to effect it. General Sucre opposed, urging reasons of great weight, but, observing that Santa Cruz insisted on going, he had to speak to the heads of the division and explain to them the compromising situation in which the promised coöperation of Santa Cruz had placed the troops of Colombia, and the evils that would result to all America from the abandonment of the campaign at that stage. The leaders were Colonels Olazábal, Lavalle and Villa, who commanded, the first, the "Trujillo" battalion; the second, the horse "Granaderos" of the Andes; and the third, the "Piura" battalion. Fortunately, all were convinced of the justice of General Sucre's contention; they spoke with Santa Cruz and informed him that they were resolved to continue the campaign with their corps. Santa Cruz sent word to his government, and he decided to wait at Cuenca. Not even that he should do this did General Sucre agree, because the opportunity to proceed would thus be lost, and he could not go forward

with the troops of Colombia alone, as his force was incomparably inferior to that of the enemy, both in numbers and quality. At the same time Sucre demanded of the government of Perú, that, if it insisted on the return of Santa Cruz's division, it should send the "Numancia" battalion, which belonged to Colombia, and which was in Lima; and he sent Captain Gómez by post with these communications and with orders for the "Numancia" that it should come. The government of Perú, that it might not lose the "Numancia," in which it had placed all its confidence and its hopes, agreed, at length, that the division of Santa Cruz should continue the campaign it had begun only with the consent and approval of the prefect of Trujillo, who was at the time General Arenales, and who had communicated with the supreme government, and the latter had disapproved of the campaign, giving the orders already mentioned.

Colonel Santa Cruz, informed that Sucre was short of money, sent a memorandum on March 15 to the general to inform him of the resolution that had been taken by him and the officers of his division, to give up half of their pay for the benefit of the army. Sucre made known this demonstration of patriotism and of interest in Colombia to the minister of war in Colombia on the same day.

Leaving Colonel Heres as intendant of Cuenca, Sucre began the mobilization of his army at the end of March.

#### XV

BEFORE Sucre left Cuenca he wrote to Santander on April 5 in the following manner to inform him of the state of his troops:

To-morrow the corps will continue their march, and I shall follow them within three days. On the fifteenth we shall have engaged the enemy and occupied Riobamba, which point, because of its position in the country, is very important. My stay here—forty-five days—has been very useful: I have reinforced the troops and clothed them; they have rested; and I have always harassed the enemy. Of the two thousand infantry that I possess, fourteen hundred are regulars and the rest fair. Of the four hundred cavalry, two hundred are quite good horsemen and soldiers, although I have not secured very

<sup>20</sup>O'Leary: volume v, pages 361-366; volume xix, pages 173-177.

good horses. I have in process of instruction five hundred recruits, who can be increased to eight hundred for replacements. In short, the division is in a good condition, and without the strict orders of the Liberator for my operations, I could perhaps be very near to Quito. It is said that the Liberator has taken Pasto, and I rejoice greatly, greatly, greatly, because I desire that the troops of Colombia alone shall take Quito. I must sacrifice personal glory to the glory of my country.<sup>21</sup>

The Cuencans did not shirk or hold back in respect of aiding their liberators. They organized everywhere numerous *guerrillas* to distract and harass the Spanish army and they generously supplied the united army with all the resources it needed for its equipment, movement and subsistence. The patriotism of the Cuenca landowners shrank from no sacrifice.

On March 28 began the mobilization of the division by sections, Colombia taking the vanguard. Sucre left Cuenca on April 8. Colonel Ibarra advanced to Guamate, and the enemy, who occupied El Cañón, learning that he had but a small force, marched against him, but Ibarra, who had orders not to fight, retired to Alausí, and the enemy reached Ticsa on the night of the fourteenth. This same day Sucre joined the division. On the fifteenth Sucre drew the whole army together, and, supposing the movement of the Spaniards would terminate at this point, he prepared for battle; but they countermarched that day, when they learned that the republicans had united. The division followed them closely, the republican advanced-guard pricking their rear-guard on several occasions, but it was impossible to make them fight.

On the nineteenth the division appeared before the town of Riobamba. The enemy marched out to receive it, possessed himself of the hills of Santacruz, in the pass of the Quebrada de San Luis, and placing two squadrons in Guaslán. Colonel Ibarra, with twenty-five dragoons, attacked them and dislodged them energetically and speedily, obliging the enemy to recross the *quebrada*.<sup>22</sup> While this was happening

the division marched in close column across the plain of Santacruz. As it was growing late, the division camped in the outskirts of the village of Punín in sight of the enemy.

On the twentieth Sucre detailed the squadron of the "Dragones" to distract the enemy, while the division set out from the village of Punín to cross the *quebrada* on the enemy's left; and, as certain obstacles prevented the carrying out of this movement, and at the same time it was desired to await the artillery, which had remained behind, it again occupied the village. It chanced on that day that certain officers of the "Dragones" promised to dine in Riobamba, invited by the leaders of the Spanish cavalry. They went into the town, but the royalists, taking advantage of the confidence shown in them by the republicans, detached secretly a battalion of infantry, which took a position behind the "Dragones," while at the same time squads of horse attacked them in front. Fortunately, the "Dragones" were able to escape by a flank that remained uncovered between the enemy battalion and the cavalry. They held their ground on foot, against three consecutive attacks, until they were able to mount. Then they faced the enemy and hurled them back with vigor. Three republican soldiers and two Spanish were lost in this treacherous attack. Lieutenant-Colonel Federico Rasch, Comandante Jiménez and Captains Allende and Morán, shone on that day by their courage and calmness.

On the twenty-first, at ten in the morning, the division got into motion. The enemy leader, contracting his line exclusively to the positions of Santacruz, was guilty of the oversight of leaving uncovered the only pass through the Quebrada de Pantús. The patriot vanguard, by a rapid movement, occupied this pass, crossed the *quebrada* and took up a position in the principle point to protect the passage of the army. Battle was offered, but the enemy declined the challenge, abandoning his position and retiring to Riobamba. The republican troops pursued him in this direction, seeking always to get in his rear in order to engage him. Suddenly the republicans found themselves face to face with the whole enemy cavalry,

<sup>21</sup> *Archivo Santander*, volume viii, page 174.

<sup>22</sup> *Quebrada*: "dell," "glen," open land that lies between hills or mountains; used in America also in the sense of "torrent," "brook" (*arroyo*).—THE EDITOR.

drawn up on the opposite slopes of a hill; yet, although they provoked it anew, it avoided combat, perhaps because of a heavy rain that began to fall; and it retired at a trot.

Sucre, resolved not to miss any occasion to draw the enemy into a battle, ordered Colonel Ibarra to take all the cavalry and pursue him and force an engagement at all hazards; but the infantry had abandoned Riobamba, and the cavalry had remained there only to protect its retreat.

As the houses of the towns concealed the enemy, General Sucre ordered Comandante don Juan Lavalle, with the squadron of the "Granaderos" of the Andes, to go through the town and come out on the opposite side, behind certain small hills. The infantry was to follow the same movement, while Colonel Ibarra with the rest of the cavalry should march at the right flank in sight of the enemy toward the same point to divert his attention. Comandante Lavalle suddenly fell in with all the enemy cavalry, a short distance from the town, behind the hills. He had the audacity to charge it without hesitation; and he pushed it back to the first lines of the infantry, where, protected now by the forces of the latter, they faced about. However, at this moment arrived Colonel Ibarra with the rest of the cavalry, which joined the intrepid "Granaderos." They charged together a second time, and so impetuous was their onslaught that they broke the entire front of the enemy division, wholly defeating his cavalry, which fled precipitately, leaving dead on the field the royalist, Captain Miguel Jaramillo, two other officers and fifty-two men. The "Granaderos" took a few arms, sixty horses and some spoils. More than sixty wounded escaped. The republican loss consisted of the death of Sergeant of Dragoons Vicente Franco and Grenadier Timoteo Aguilera.

Colonel Ibarra discharged his duty perfectly. Comandante Lavalle led his corps into battle with heroic valor and admirable serenity, serving as an exemplar of valor and daring.

The officers, Major Ruiz—who accompanied Comandante Lavalle—Captain Superbi and Lieutenants Latus and Olmos,

distinguished themselves especially. The officers of the dragoons and their corps avenged the lack of good faith on the part of the Spaniards of the preceding day.<sup>28</sup>

The enemy continued to retire under cover of the night, and the republican division camped in front of the town.

On the morning of the twenty-second Sucre ordered the squadron of the "Cazadores" to continue the pursuit of the enemy. The division returned to its camp and occupied the village of Riobamba to rest a little from the immense fatigue it had undergone in the campaign during the terrible rainy season. At this place Sucre received tidings of the death of President Murgeón, which occurred in Quito, on the third of that same month.

On the twenty-third, from Riobamba, Sucre sent a despatch to the *comandante general* of Guayaquil, detailing the movements of his army from the departure from Cuenca until that moment.

## XVI

THE division rested six days at Riobamba, and on the twenty-ninth of April it left this city. On the thirtieth it occupied the city of Ambato, and on the second of May it reached Latacunga.

On the third the army was joined by Captain Pedro Alcántara Herrán of the cavalry, one of the prisoners taken at the Cuchilla del Tambo, and Lieutenant Hermosilla, twice a prisoner of the Spaniards, who left the ranks of the latter and again lent their services to their country. General Sucre assigned them to a corps of his arm and to his own employment.

On the thirteenth at Latacunga, the army was joined by Colonels José María Córdova and Hermógenes Maza, with the "Alto Magdalena" battalion. General Sucre intrusted the command of this corps to Colonel Córdova, and he ordered Colonel Maza, at the head of a small column, to march to Guaranda to attack a small body of Spaniards. On the sixteenth Maza left Latacunga, taking Captain Herrán with his column. He reached Guaranda, encountered the hostile party and attacked it with his wonted boldness.

<sup>28</sup>The place where this encounter took place was called Tapi.

After a slight resistance, the Spaniards surrendered. Then none of the enemy remained in the rear.

Before continuing the narrative, let us see how the journey of Colonel Córdova was made, and for this purpose we shall transcribe the paragraphs of his letter addressed to Santander from Quito, June 22:

In twenty days I made the trip from Panamá to Guayaquil; at the latter place I left the troops on the river and I continued to the city. I should have passed through it to join the army in very good time, but Colonel Illingworth presented me an order of General Sucre's, in which he commanded that all the troops that came from Colombia should be placed at his orders. This gentleman had me to go by way of Naranjal, passing through a forest and crossing the Andes—desert regions without supplies—where all the battalion went to pieces on my hands. At length I reached Cuenca, but the general had already marched away with the army. I spent nine days in bed, and I had barely recovered, having already gathered four hundred men. Selecting one by one, I chose one hundred and ninety, and, going by forced marches, I joined the army at Tacunga with one hundred and sixty men.<sup>24</sup>

On May 12, leaving Latacunga, the army continued its movements. The enemy was lying in the town of Machachi, covering the inaccessible passes of Jalupana and La Viudita.

On the thirteenth Sucre ordered an advance against the left flank of the enemy, taking the eastern prong of the Limpio Pongo, which comes out into the valley of Chillo along the slopes of the Cotopaxi and of the Sincholagua. The enemy understood the movement and retired precipitately. The army spent the night on the snow of Cotopaxi.

On the fourteenth and fifteenth they worked their way over several hills to descend into the valleys of Chillo.

On the sixteenth of May they reached the valley of Chillo and camped in the *bacienda* of Colonel Vicente Aguirre.

On the seventeenth of May the rear-guard reached this *bacienda*. It was learned that the enemy had entered Quito on the night of the sixteenth, retiring from Machachi.

On the eighteenth of May the whole army was assembled, and the necessary arrangements for the march of the following day were made.

On the nineteenth of May, in the same *bacienda*, General Mires, who had succeeded in escaping from the prison of Quito, joined the army. General Sucre gave him the command of the Colombian division.

May 20.—The enemy had concentrated all his forces in the capital of Quito and he did not cease to oppose the march of the republican army; he had placed certain forces on the hill of Puengasí, which separates the valley of Chillo from the capital, to prevent passage. Nevertheless, the army mobilized in the *bacienda* of Colonel Aguirre, making light of the defended points, and it crossed the hill of Puengasí.<sup>25</sup>

On May 21, at eleven o'clock in the morning, they reached the valley of Turubamba, which lies south of the city of Quito. The army consisted of two divisions, one of them made up of the Peruvian auxiliaries, under command of Colonel don Andrés de Santa Cruz, composed of the "Piura" and "Trujillo" battalions and the squadron of the "Granaderos Montados" of Buenos Aires, armed with sabers, hand grenades and *bolas*<sup>26</sup> used by the *gauchos* of the pampas, and which they are able to manage with the greatest dexterity; and the other, of Colombians, under command of General José Mires, a Spaniard, and composed of the "Paya," "Yaguachi," "Alto Magdalena" and "Albión" battalions and of the "Dragones" and "Lanceros" squadrons, armed with lances and carbines.

The enemy were drawn up, with their artillery parapeted behind the walls that served as fences for the *estancias*,<sup>27</sup> which, from El Ejido to the city, extended over a

<sup>24</sup>As we have deemed the narrative of Manuel Antonio López, which is to be found in his memoirs, the most trustworthy and circumstantial, we have permitted ourselves to insert in this historical study only the part that extends from May 21 until the day on which the battle was fought.

<sup>25</sup>See foot-note 14, page 276.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>27</sup>Used in South America for the Castilian *bacienda*: country estate, with its equipment of buildings, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>24</sup>Archivo Santander, volume viii, page 272.

distance of more than eight *cuadras*.<sup>28</sup> and on each side of the main road that comes from the south.

When the army of liberation reached El Ejido, it marched to the left, in sight of the enemy, for a distance of six *cuadras*, toward the town of Chillogallo, situated at the other end of the El Ejido; and as it drew up it formed in massed columns. Thus it remained until four in the afternoon. When General Sucre saw that the enemy remained motionless, he provoked him to combat. He advanced the army, in the same formation, a gunshot from their first position, and he ordered forward the company of "Cazadores" of the "Paya" battalion, which spread out in open formation within two *cuadras* of the parapets.

Colonel José María Córdova spurred his horse, advanced, stopped at the head of the company, and with his field-glasses he was able to observe the position of the enemy, who threw forward in the direction of El Ejido a company of sharpshooters, which deployed in front of the right flank of the "Paya" battalion, at a distance of four *cuadras*. He also brought from the parapet a battery of five four-pounders, placed it against his ramparts on his right, and an artilleryman, whose attention was evidently attracted by the presence of Colonel Córdova, began to aim one of the pieces. The aide, Borrero, who observed what was going on, gave him warning in the following words:

"Colonel, look out, they are aiming a cannon at you."

"Let them shoot," answered Colonel Córdova boldly, and he continued tranquilly to observe the enemy without moving his horse. The artilleryman discharged his cannon and the ball aimed at him passed through the right hip of the captain of the "Cazadores," Felipe Pérez, who was on foot at the head of his company, hurling him some four yards backward. He fell prone on the ground at the feet of Colonel Córdova's horse and he died that

same night at nine o'clock in the town of Chillogallo. The battery continued to fire, but it caused no other damage.

At six in the afternoon the army of liberation spread out and camped on El Ejido, where it spent the night.

On the morning of May 22 the army occupied the town of Chillogallo, where it took its rations and bivouacked calmly without the enemy's making the slightest movement. On the afternoon of the same day they informed General Sucre that the apparent tranquillity of the enemy was due to his intention to surprise them that night by sending a division along the foot of the hill to flank them on the left, and which, coming out at a given point in front of the town, would cut off the retreat, while the rest of the troops, issuing from their positions, would attack them along the front.

At eight o'clock at night the army began to withdraw along a cross-road that led to some *baciendas*, that it might form in front of the point where was to issue the enemy division intrusted with cutting off the retreat. At twelve it halted, after having proceeded more than a league, and it occupied some wheat fields on the right. All the infantry spread out along a ditch that incircled the wheat field and lay down to sleep, while the cavalry continued to cover the roadway. Comandantes Lavalle, Rasch and Ibarra, who commanded it, ordered the troops to dismount, remove the bridles from the horses, without unsaddling them, that they might graze and lie down. At the same time a flying party of observation was kept on the alert. At two in the morning—I know not why—a horse became startled and set off all the horses, which ran loose about the wheat field over the infantry, who were asleep.

It was thought at first that the enemy was attacking them, but, in spite of the surprise and confusion of the moment, all the corps were soon formed and ready for battle. They shortly learned what had occasioned the alarm, and the rest of the night was passed quietly.

On the morning of May 23, the army of liberation again occupied the town. It found the enemy in his same position, where it was not easy to attack him.

<sup>28</sup> According to Hispanic-American usage, a *cuadra* in this sense, is a linear measure, varying from 150 *varas* (127.11 meters), in Chile, to 100 *varas*, in Uruguay. It may be assumed that the author had in mind a distance somewhere between these extremes.—THE EDITOR.



Entrance to the city from El Ejido could be effected by only two roads, as the country was all intersected by the walls of the *estancias*. The main road was defended by its parapets; and the other, on the left, by El Panecillo, a hillock on which was a well equipped fortification that dominated all the entrances to the streets with its batteries.

General Sucre changed his tactics. He proposed to pass with the army to El Ejido de Iñaquito, north of the city, and attack from that side, which presented less difficulties; but, in order to do so, other obstacles would have to be overcome. On the right flank it would be necessary to break down many of the walls of the *estancias* and to cross two considerable rivers without bridges, a maneuver he could not effect in sight of the enemy. At the time he could not retire more than two leagues and seek a passage between the *haciendas*, thus making a detour of more than a day's march.

On the left was the hill of Pichincha, on which there was only a foot-path—and not a road—over which no saddle animal had ever passed before. Nevertheless, General Sucre decided to take the army over this route. So, that same twenty-third day, he sent a large party of Indians with tools to open a road and level it, so that the cavalry and ammunition might be able to gain the crest.

At nine o'clock at night the army began the march along that barely passable route; it continued to climb without resting; and when day broke, it had not yet reached the summit of Pichincha, on the sides of which the city of Quito is situated.

## XVII

### THE BATTLE OF PICHINCHA

ON MAY 24, about half after eight in the morning, the vanguard arrived at the summit and halted in order that the army, which was coming up in loose order and was awaiting the ammunition, which had fallen behind, under the escort of the "Albión" battalion, might catch up. As the advance had been made behind the low hills of Pichincha, to conceal the movement, the army remained in a depression of the hill, so as not to be seen from the city.

The enemy, who, when day broke, saw that our army was no longer visible from the town, could not make out what road it had taken. He began to inform himself by sending out spies in every direction, who learned for certain where it had gone. Then, without loss of time, they hastened into the city and communicated the news. Colonels Carlos Tolrá and Nicolás López, in charge, deemed the route by way of the city too rash, and they proposed to ascend Pichincha, occupy the summit and assume a position to dispute our ascent and fight us in detail.

This was a tardy operation, however. The army of liberation was already assembled, with the exception of the "Albión" battalion and the ammunition. It had rested after the hard march of the night and it was finishing breakfast when, at ten o'clock in the morning, General Sucre's spies reported, from three different directions, that the enemy was approaching, making his way up the sides of Pichincha.

Colonel Antonio Morales, chief of the general staff of the army, sounded the alarm and ordered the company of light infantry of the "Paya" battalion, supported by another of the Peruvian division, to deploy as sharpshooters. These companies occupied the summit of the hill. When they beheld the city, they gave a shout of joy, acclaiming the patria, and the rest of the army followed the movement.

The enemy had almost reached the heights, working in and out amid the thicket of brambles and over extremely broken ground, when our sharpshooters, descending half a *cuadra* or so, came upon him at pistol range and opened fire, the fight beginning between the advanced guards, who stood firm. As the first shots rang out, the "Piura" and "Trujillo" battalions of Perú occupied the right wing, engaging two battalions that ascended through the woods to take a slight elevation on the summit, and they joined battle. It was necessary to reinforce the sharpshooters along the center, and the "Yaguachi" battalion immediately occupied the line. Colonel Córdova, with the "Alto Magdalena" battalion, took the left, without yet entering the

combat, as the enemy troops assigned to duty on that side had been delayed in the ascent by the roughness of the ground. The "Paya" battalion was held in reserve, and the "Albi6n" battalion, with the ammunition, had not yet arrived.

General Sucre precipitately ordered Commandante Daniel F. O'Leary to bring up the ammunition at the earliest possible moment, on the backs of Indians if necessary. The Peruvian battalions, when they encountered the enemy, pushed him back for more than a *cuadra*, to a point where he found an advantageous position, and then succeeded in making a stand. The sharpshooters and the "Yaguachi" battalion pushed back the enemy along the center of the line until he encountered half the "Arag6n" battalion, which reinforced him, and he also stood firm. The other half of the "Arag6n" battalion ascended against our left wing, but it had to flank a small undulation of the hill to reach the position held by Colonel C6rdova, with the "Alto Magdalena" battalion, which, resting on its arms, was prepared to receive it.

The fire was heavy and uninterrupted on both sides, and the ardor of the combat increased from moment to moment. General Sucre went back and forth, seeking out a point whence he might be able to watch the troops engaged, but all in vain; the ground would not permit him to do so.

It was eleven o'clock, and the ammunition had not yet arrived. An aide dashed away, instructed to bring it up at all hazards, as the troops that were fighting had almost exhausted their ammunition; and, nevertheless, the fire was sustained with activity.

It was about twelve o'clock when the Peruvian corps, almost out of ammunition, began to retreat while firing. The enemy, utilizing this advantage, recovered the position he had lost and advanced nearly to the summit.

At that moment the ammunition arrived. The "Albi6n" battalion was instructed to protect the right flank of the "Alto Magdalena," which had already been attacked by half the "Arag6n" battalion, and another battalion, which had reached the height, was trying to cut it

off by thrusting itself into the left flank of the line held by the "Yaguachi." The "Albi6n" dashed forward to meet this corps, which it hurled back to the break in the hill; while at the same time Colonel C6rdova was engaging half the "Arag6n" battalion.

The Peruvian battalions having retired, it was necessary to replace them and reinforce the "Yaguachi," which had exhausted its ammunition, to such an extent that firing had almost ceased along the line. Without losing an instant, some boxes of ammunition were despatched and the combat was renewed. General Mires dismounted from his horse, drew his sword, placed himself at the head of the "Paya," and with it charged the enemy on the right wing, which, with the retirement of the Peruvians, had remained uncovered.

The charge was so impetuous that it dislodged the enemy from the position he had occupied. Driven back, he took up a more advantageous one, but, after a few minutes, he was expelled from it also. Thus he continued to be forced to yield ground little by little; at the same time all the corps charged with resolution and drove back the enemy in all directions.

The enemy reserves attempted to renew the combat at the foot of the hill, but they were able to maintain it but a short time, because they were charged on all sides. Then they turned in retreat, leaving in our hands many prisoners, and they fled along the streets of the city, to take refuge on El Panecillo, the only defense that remained in their hands.

Several officers and men of the "Paya" battalion and the color-bearer of the corps reached the Recoleta de la Merced, on the steeple of which the people of Quito saw wave, for the first time, the flag of Colombia. We have been assured that General Aymerich, who was observing the combat from his palace, astounded by the defeat of his troops, asked his wife to hide him from that "urchin of a Sucre," under her bread trough, if necessary. Colonel Carlos Tolr who, with the cavalry formed on the Ejido de Iñaquito, had been observing the battle, seeing the result, and as soon as he was joined by the "Tiradores de Cdiz" battalion and a part of the "Cata-

lufa," beat a retreat toward Pasto, in order to join the division of Colonel don Basilio García.

General Sucre ordered his cavalry to go in hot pursuit, while he despatched Comandante O'Leary to the city with a summons to surrender. The cavalry set off at once, descending the hill as rapidly as the bad state of the road permitted; but when it reached the Ejido de Iñaquito, the enemy was a league away, and it was impossible to overtake him. After reaching Guallabamba, the cavalry returned bringing in the news that the enemy was dispersing in full flight.

Don Melchor Aymerich replied to the summons that he would surrender the city by capitulation.

At five in the afternoon the army descended from Pichincha, bringing all the wounded. It established itself on La Chilena, a low hillock with a few houses on it, at the entrance to the city from the north, where it passed the night. On the morning of May 25 appeared the commissioners, Colonels don Francisco González and don Manuel Martínez de Aparicio, to draw up the capitulation with Sucre's commissioners, Colonels Andrés Santa Cruz and Antonio Morales, who fixed the terms,<sup>1</sup> granting to the Spaniards many favorable conditions. The act of capitulation being signed and ratified, the patriots occupied the city after midday.

Comandante Mackintosh, with the "Albi6n" battalion, was instructed to occupy El Panecillo and receive the arms, ammunition and other war materials. As soon as they reached El Panecillo, the Spanish officers and troops that had capitulated presented arms. The flag of Colombia was raised, and thenceforward it began to wave over the capital of Atahualpa.

The loss of the Spaniards in this battle consisted of two officers and four hundred men killed, one hundred and ninety-three wounded, one hundred and sixty officers and twenty-one hundred men captured or surrendered; fourteen cannon, seventeen hundred muskets, equipment, cornets, war chests, ammunition and all the stores they had in their possession. On the other hand, the patriots had to lament the loss of Lieutenant Molina, Second Lieutenant

Mendoza and two hundred valiant men, among them some of the prisoners of Yaguachi. The wounded included Captains Cabal, Castro and Alzuru; Lieutenants Calder6n and Ramírez; Second Lieutenants Arango and Domingo Borrero, and one hundred and forty men. Of these officers, Lieutenant Abd6n Calder6n died that same night and Second Lieutenant Borrero five days later.<sup>20</sup>

### XVIII

LET us see how General Sucre's official despatch, addressed to the minister of war from Quito on May 28, terminates:

All the corps have done their duty: leaders, officers and troops vied with one another in achieving the glory of the victory. The bulletin that will be issued by the general staff will recognize the leaders and subalterns that have distinguished themselves; and I shall make it my duty to bring them to the attention of the government; in the meanwhile I am preparing a special memorial on the conduct of Lieutenant Calder6n, who, after having received four successive wounds, did not wish to retire from the combat.

He will probably die, but the government of the republic will do what it can to compensate the family for the services of this heroic officer.

The Spanish cavalry is dispersed and it is being pursued by the corps of Comandante Cestaris, who had previously interposed himself between Quito and Pasto. On the twenty-sixth, commissions of both governments left to demand the surrender of Pasto, which I believe will be effected by the Liberator; other officers are marching toward Esmeraldas and Barbacoas, so that, in a short time, peace and repose will be the first blessings that these countries will enjoy after the republic has given them liberty and independence.

The division of the south has dedicated its trophies and its laurels to the Liberator of Colombia.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>20</sup>A page of the original has been omitted at this point. It is an account of the honors paid to Lieutenant Abd6n Calder6n, called the "hero of Pichincha." It contains an account of his part in the battle, with mention of the fact that General Sucre raised him, although dead, to the rank of captain, in order to pay him funeral honors, and that when Bolívar reached Quito on June 16 and was informed of Calder6n's gallant conduct, he issued a decree in honor of his memory.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>30</sup>O'Leary: volume xix, page 292.—Author's note. A paragraph, which contains the despatch of Colonel Santa Cruz, commander of the Peruvian forces, to don Tomás Guido, minister of war of Perú, with a list of the casualties among the officers, has been omitted.—THE EDITOR.

On May 25, at midday, all the people of Quito, without distinction of age, condition or sex, came forth with the noisiest of acclamations to receive General Sucre.

At the time the general was a young man—tall, slender, with a Roman nose, curly hair and a martial physiognomy, intelligent and serene—who had completed his twenty-eighth year and who, by his military genius, audacity and valor, had just shattered the good fortune and pride of the Spanish authorities. This young general was dressed in trousers of modest blue homespun, a black frock-coat, wrinkled by water and covered by dust, a cloth cap, with no other device than a bit of gold braid, blackened by the smoke of battles, and his victorious sword. The beautiful ladies of Quito threw flowers and perfumes from the balconies; the people, wild with enthusiasm, looked on with admiration and saluted him as their liberator, and the most illustrious citizens, mindful of the beautiful ideal of liberty, guided him, their hearts filled with respectful gratitude, amid the tumultuous waves of popular approval.

In the afternoon of this same day, Sucre despatched General Córdova with three hundred men to intercept the royalist battalion "Cataluña," which was coming from Pasto, under Comandante Salgado. Córdova encountered it at Otavalo, and demanded its surrender, but the commander of the battalion, not believing in Aymerich's capitulation, declined to yield. Córdova obliged him by force of arms, and he had to capitulate. Córdova returned at once to Quito with the arms of that battle. Tolrá also accepted the capitulation.

As the campaign of Pasto had not yet been arranged and as nothing positive had been heard from Bolívar, General Sucre despatched the same Colonel Córdova with one thousand men, but he did not get beyond Ibarra, where, after a journey of a few days, he met the Liberator.

## XIX

**I**N THE meanwhile Bolívar had become desperate, in the unwholesome valley of Patía, without being able to learn anything of Sucre's army. Nevertheless, the Liberator, who already possessed an army

capable of occupying Pasto, moved from Trapiche at the beginning of June. Don Basilio García, who commanded the royalist division at Pasto, had received news of the capitulation of Aymerich, and, informed of the victory of Pichincha, he imagined that if Bolívar had no knowledge of it and of the occupation of Quito by Sucre, he would be able to make more advantageous terms with him. He therefore yielded to the demand Bolívar addressed to him and sent his commissioners. On June 6 they appeared before Bolívar. After conferring, they signed at Berruecos the capitulation by which don Basilio surrendered the whole division of the north. On the eighth the Liberator entered Pasto and, here the treaty of capitulation was ratified. After the kind reception that don Basilio had met, he communicated to Bolívar the victory of Sucre at Pichincha, as a result of which Quito was now occupied. When the Liberator received the news, he was carried away with joy and he knew not how to express his appreciation to the Spaniards of that division, he especially distinguishing don Basilio. The generosity of the Liberator's character showed most in his victories; he was not mortified by don Basilio's stratagem, but he praised it heartily and went to particular pains to carry out the terms of the capitulation of Berruecos. At that very place he issued a general proclamation to the Colombians, informing them of the end of the war, as follows:

SIMÓN BOLÍVAR, LIBERATOR PRESIDENT, ET CETERA, ET CETERA, ET CETERA:

COLOMBIANS!

Your beautiful country is now free. The victories of Bomboná and Pichincha have completed the work of your heroism. From the banks of the Orinoco to the Andes of Perú the army of freedom, marching in victory, has covered with its protective arms the whole extent of Colombia. One post alone exists, but it will fall.

COLOMBIANS OF THE SOUTH!

The blood of your brothers has redeemed you from the horrors of war. It has won for you the enjoyment of the most sacred rights of liberty and equality. The Colombian laws

cement the alliance of the social prerogatives with the dictates of nature. The constitution of Colombia is the model of a free, strong and representative government. Do not hope to find a better one in the political institutions of the world, except when the world itself shall attain to its perfection. Rejoice to belong to a great family that now rests beneath the shadow of forests of laurel and that can but desire to see hastened the passing of time in order that it may develop the eternal principles of happiness based on our laws.

#### COLOMBIANS!

Share with me the ocean of joy that inundates my heart, and in your hearts raise altars to the army of freedom that has brought you glory, peace and liberty.

SIMÓN BOLÍVAR.<sup>21</sup>

General headquarters of the army  
of freedom at Pasto, June 8, 1822.

#### XX

WHILE this was happening, the city of Quito paid homage to the victors at Pichincha. On June 29 there was a meeting of the municipality, the clergy and the heads of families, and they drew up a memorial, in which they declared the provinces of Quito incorporated with the republic of Colombia. At the same time they ordered the erection of a pyramid on the site on which the battle had been fought, in honor of Bolívar, Sucre and the whole army. They had a medal struck in honor of Sucre; they declared June 13, Sucre's birthday, to be a national day, in order to render enduring the memory of him in the consciousness of the people. Busts of Bolívar and Sucre were to be placed in the halls of the municipality, the national palace and other public places. Sucre appointed Colonel Illingworth to conduct to Guayaquil the royalist prisoners that were to leave the country. On June 18, Illingworth delivered them without any occurrence of note to General La Mar, who was serving as *comandante general* of the post of Guayaquil. When these prisoners embarked, bound for Panamá, Illingworth wrote on June 24 to don José María Carreño, *comandante general* of the isthmus, recommending him, on his own account and in the name of General

Sucre, to treat them with all consideration and to facilitate the continuance of their journey. On August 1 General Carreño advised Colonel Illingworth that he had followed instructions as far as was possible and as "these señores prisoners desired."<sup>22</sup>

Bolívar, after receiving all the arms and war materials at Pasto, and leaving the government of that province well organized, set out for Quito. On the morning of June 16 the city of Quito was arrayed in gala attire, and the Liberator made his triumphal entry, being received by the leading gentlemen and by all the people, who were filled with enthusiasm, affection and gratitude toward their liberators. Bolívar was stirred by the transports of rejoicing of the heroic people of Quito, who did not cease to acclaim the Liberator and the republic. On the following day the Liberator duly expressed his thanks to the illustrious municipality for the warm reception that had been given him.

On June 18 the Liberator conferred signal honors on the leaders and troops victorious at Pichincha: Sucre was made a major-general; Santa Cruz, a brigadier-general; Cestaris, an effective colonel; Mackintosh, an effective colonel; he declared the division of Perú "meritorious of Colombia in eminent degree," and he had medals struck in honor of it with the following inscription: "Liberator of Quito at Pichincha;" on the reverse: "Gratitude of Colombia to the Division of Perú."<sup>23</sup>

#### XXI

HAVING concluded the account of this campaign, we desire to set upon it the seal of certain phrases uttered by the Liberator in his letters and by some historians that have described this campaign. Referring to Sucre, Bolívar said:

The battle of Pichincha consummated the work of his zeal, his sagacity and his courage. He was then appointed, as a reward for his services, general of division and intendant-general of the

<sup>22</sup>Destrugre: *Biografía del general don Juan Illingworth*, page 67.

<sup>23</sup>After this follow, in the original, copies of Bolívar's communications to the troops, and other documents (two pages); they have been omitted to avoid extending the article unduly.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>21</sup>Blanco y Azpurúa: volume viii, page 422.

*departamento* of Quito. These people saw in him their liberator, their friend; they showed themselves to be even better pleased with the leader that fell to their lot than they were with the liberty they received at his hands.<sup>34</sup>

He wrote to General Escalona from Quito on June 21, 1821:

General Sucre has covered himself with glory and he has caused himself to be adored by these people; he will command this immense *departamento* to the frontiers of Perú. We shall have another Soublett in the south, but with less desire to resign, without being on this account more ambitious.<sup>35</sup>

To General Urdaneta he wrote from Cuenca on October 27, 1822:

Sucre filled my position in my absence; he is adored by all the world and he is admirably qualified to govern.<sup>36</sup>

The historian Restrepo said:

General Sucre completed the glorious enterprise of pacifying the provinces of Colombia situated in Ecuador. He carried himself in it with the valor, decision and prudence of a good captain. His name merits a very distinguished place in the glories of South American independence, to which his military, political and administrative talents have so much contributed.<sup>37</sup>

The Liberator wrote to Santander from Quito, June 21 [1822]:

General of Division Sucre will command this *departamento*. He is very popular; he is a liberator, and I think that there is no quality that he does not possess to enable him to serve the republic well and to rule the people to their satisfaction.<sup>38</sup>

The historian Cevallos said:

Sucre, to whose discernment and intelligence we owed in the main the organization of the army drawn from Guayaquil and to whose wise operations was due also the victory of Pichincha, was elevated by Bolívar to the rank of general of division and appointed intendant and *comandante general* of the *departamento* of the south.<sup>39</sup>

The *Gaceta de Colombia* of June 30, 1822, number 37, said the following:

General Sucre had the good fortune to be the first to unfurl the Colombian flag in the populous city of Quito, and the first to salute with the voice of liberty the Colombians that witnessed the misfortunes of Salinas, Quiroga, Miraflores. . . . Two battles, and two souls animated by very generous sentiments, have united the Colombian family, which ten years of injustice and oppression had separated.<sup>40</sup>

General Antonio José de Sucre was therefore the father of his country; he was the redeemer of the sons of Ecuador; he it was that broke the chains with which the conquerors shackled the empire of the Incas. This heroic general may be regarded as standing with one foot at Pichincha and the other at Potosí, bearing on his brow the laurel crown of his victories and contemplating the chains of the Iberian lion, broken by his sword.

Honor to Sucre, who gave us a land and liberty!

Later General Sucre received this despatch:

MINISTRY OF STATE AND OF  
FOREIGN RELATIONS OF PERÚ,  
LIMA, June 23, 1822.

SEÑOR GENERAL:

When you vanquished the army of the enemy on the slopes of Pichincha, you inscribed thereon the last words required by the decree of Colombia's emancipation, and perhaps by the peoples that are still clamoring to be free. The government, people and army have saluted from this city the liberator of Quito and his brave companions in arms. In the history of warriors there are events that destiny renders mysterious that they may be more memorable. Quito was to be free, but the liberation of her was reserved for the united effort of Colombians, Peruvians and Argentines, who, from the immense distances that separated them, have come in search of victory in Ecuador. I congratulate your honor in the name of the government; I felicitate your republic and all America on the blood saved humanity by that which was shed with glory on May 24, a month so often made illustrious in the revolution of the New World.

I have the honor, señor general, to reiterate

<sup>34</sup>*Resumen sucinto de la vida de Sucre*, page 3.

<sup>35</sup>Blanco y Azpurúa: volume viii, page 432.

<sup>36</sup>O'Leary: volume xxix, page 262.

<sup>37</sup>Restrepo: volume iii, page 213.

<sup>38</sup>*Archivo Santander*, volume viii, page 276.

<sup>39</sup>Cevallos: volume iii, page 399.

<sup>40</sup>Blanco y Azpurúa: volume viii, page 446.

to you the distinguished sentiments of consideration with which I am,

Your obedient servant,

BERNARDO MONTEAGUDO.

SEÑOR BRIGADIER GENERAL  
ANTONIO JOSÉ DE SUCRE,  
COMANDANTE GENERAL OF  
SOUTHERN COLOMBIA.

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# THE BEGINNINGS OF THE UNIVERSIDAD DE BUENOS AIRES

## AND PUBLIC EDUCATION IN ARGENTINA<sup>1</sup>

BY  
RICARDO LEVENE

The largest of all the South American universities is a distinctly modern institution. Unlike the Universidad de San Pablo, in México, the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, in Lima, and the Universidad de Córdoba, in Argentina, of definitely colonial origin, the Universidad de Buenos Aires came into existence, as a major institution of learning and achieved its great development, only after the independence and organization of the republic were assured and it had acquired economic strength. The author sketches the beginnings of this university and of official instruction in general.—THE EDITOR.

THE desire to establish a university in Buenos Aires arose spontaneously at the historic moment in which the people became restless with the dream of emancipation. In that period—the second half of the eighteenth century—the capital of the viceroyalty was laboriously shaking off its obscure past, and a generation of young men—bold, romantic and full of vigorous moral energy—was thirsting for culture. The liberal Carlos III did not oppose the foundation of the Universidad de Buenos Aires, the plan of which was accepted by the person appointed to undertake university reform in Spain and America. All the obstructing created interests, hostile to interests of the natives of Buenos Aires and her provinces, were in opposition.

If the Hispanic-American revolution had not been fostered covertly in the name of an unknown captive king, its being carried on by sincerely invoking the name of Carlos III would have involved no contradiction; for the kings had subscribed to that monument of liberties and guaranties, called the *Código de Indias*, in the seventeenth century. They had guaranteed the privileges of foreign commerce in the eighteenth century; but the *Código de Indias* was grossly thwarted by a lawless

avarice, and all commercial liberty was opposed by the unyielding circle of monopolists. The same reasons that buried in Buenos Aires the decree for the foundation of her university caused the viceroy, Abascal, to say, from his throne in Perú, that the revolutionary movement of Buenos Aires was fostered by Americans "destined by nature to vegetate in obscurity and abjectness."

The desire for culture was not satisfied. A movement of intellectual development was begun, however, with the establishment of the printing-press, the foundation of the Colegio de San Carlos and the Academia de Náutica, the growth of an incipient journalism, the entrance of prohibited books and the formation of the first private and official libraries, which occasioned the intellectual awakening of the colony.

They were a group of intellectual forces that were derived from and dispersed in the forms and nuclei just alluded to, instead of being incorporated in and receiving vigor from the projected university; but they were latent and vital forces that contributed to the explosion of 1810. We see therefore that in a large measure the revolution of May was a movement for the emancipation of the spirit.

Two men occupied the stage at that historic moment, two young revolutionaries, educated outside of Buenos Aires. One of them, the precursor of the revolution, came from remote Salamanca, in whose halls he learned nothing; but he brought in his

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered at a meeting of the Federación Universitaria de Buenos Aires in Prince George's Hall, August 14, 1921, on the occasion of the completion of the centenary of the Universidad de Buenos Aires.





*Maquette* of the new building of the faculty of law of the Universidad de Buenos Aires, which is to be finished by the end of the present year.



mind a dramatic picture of the French revolution, which had strongly impressed him; he brought in his spirit the principles of the revolution of Europe at the end of the eighteenth century, and under his arm, for the aid of his compatriots, the first copies of the economic works that the liberal tempest of ideas was scattering throughout the world. It was Manuel Belgrano, who, returned to his native land at the age of twenty-five, had read and had grasped the transcendent meaning of Adam Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. Before 1810 no one on the Plata had embraced with more faith than he the cause of public instruction. Without hyperbole it may be said on this occasion—when we are speaking of the beginnings of public education in Argentina—that the platform of the secretary of the consulate was the first chair of repute for the proclamation and spread of social and economic science among us. He was a teacher with the simple soul of an educator, who conceived prematurely and generously a vast plan of modern education. He sought the foundation of an institute of agriculture, a school of commerce, free schools for girls, professional schools for women, an institute of experimental chemistry, an academy of navigation and drafting, and many primary schools, being desirous, as he was, of contributing, after the manner of aqua fortis on iron, to foster the centenary organization of that complex ethnical and moral mass: the Sarmiento of the colonial period, who waged the first hotly fought battles on creole ignorance.

The other, the director of the revolution, came from the Universidad de Charcas, in which institution—created, like several institutions of America, in imitation of those that had been founded in the Peninsula—university studies were being broadened by giving preference to instruction in the laws of Spain and those of the Indies. It was Mariano Moreno, who, for his degree as a doctor of laws, gave dissertations in the Academia on the condition of the Indians, thus making an entrance into public life by a profession of faith in favor of justice and liberty for the humble.

He was conscious of his historical mis-

sion and he possessed energy enough to drive the opposing and dissolvent forces of the revolution effectively toward a definitive end. He, who had vainly besought permission to publish the statement of the farmers—which saw the light in Rio de Janeiro earlier than in Buenos Aires—wrote in the third number of the *Gaceta* the article on freedom of utterance, proclaiming that, with the exception of religious and governmental subjects, it was necessary to grant absolute liberty of speech, because if restrictions were placed on public expression, he said: "the spirit will vegetate like matter, and error, falsehood, prejudice, fanaticism and brutality will constitute the device of the people and keep them for ever in servility and poverty;" he, who said confidentially to his brother Manuel a few hours after he learned of his appointment on the *junta*, that the revolution ought not to limit itself to replacing certain functionaries by others, as it was necessary to abolish abuses and educate the people. He consecrated himself to this great work, writing all the pages of the *Gaceta*, creating the public library of Buenos Aires and fostering the publication of works of a political character to educate the new sovereign with Rousseau's *Le contrat social*, which he dedicated to young Americans and in the prologue of which he said with beauty that no more value was to be attached to the service rendered by the soldier when he bares his breast to the bullets of the enemy than to the wisdom "that abandons its retirement and attacks with a serene forehead ambition, ignorance and egoism." He, the defender of the rights of the creoles to occupy the offices of the administration, whenever they possessed the necessary aptitude and energy, it was that replied to the infatuated viceroy, Abascal, with a voice that found echo in all hearts. "The former government," he said, "had condemned us to vegetate in obscurity and humility; but as nature has created us to do great things, we have begun to do them by clearing the ground of the brambles of all this inert and ignorant officialdom."

It may be said then that the desire to found a university in Buenos Aires was expressed with the first revolutionary

throbs, and that the act of 1810 was, in the first place, a liberation of thought.

**R**ENEWING forces vitalized the new political and intellectual organism. There appeared one in 1810, a solitary dreamer, who sought to continue the revolution in order to open channels for the energies generated, thus preventing the waters from overflowing. . . . It was in vain. From December, 1810, the country fell into anarchy, harassed by disorder and intestine strife, slight in 1811, wracking in 1815, mortal in 1820. It was the embryonic and inorganic democracy that broke forth, barbarous but fruitful, which, in crushing the political government of the directory and the assembly, caused the organization of the country to succumb; but from this shipwreck survived two basic principles: the sentiment of republican nationality, and again, more ardently and passionately than ever, the ideal of culture.

The ideal, I say, but not the reality itself. In ten years, only the medical licensing board and the Colegio de la Unión del Sud had been organized, and the Academia de Jurisprudencia had been created. In 1821 primary instruction was more backward than in 1810. Antiquated methods of instruction persisted. While half an hour was devoted to working examples, they insisted on giving three-quarters of an hour to hearing mass. The rod was still in use, although not more than six strokes might be administered, and it was applied "with all the majesty and circumspection possible," according to the regulations in force.

The reality was painful, but the ideal was admirable. In this state of public culture, combined with the provision mentioned, appeared others, one of which made instruction obligatory, and the other, addressed to dignifying the position of the humble teacher, insisted that he should be treated "as a true father of the republic, and that his burdens be lightened by demonstrations of gratitude." In the face of the spectacle of the country devoured by anarchy and of triumphant partizanship amid the shadows of 1821, men united in the cause of May—Pueyrredón, at first,

and Rodríguez, Rivadavia and Antonio Sáenz, later—kindled the light of the university.

They kindled it with religious unction. It was a little flame that gave off more heat than light.

It is needless to inquire what they taught, save for the purpose of studying the genetic relationship of ideas in Argentina. The manuals edited by the teachers—Avelino Díaz, on physico-mathematics, José Manuel Aguero, on philosophy, Pedro Somellera, on civil law, and Antonio Sáenz, on natural law and the law of nations—were based on the elements of the respective sciences, which were still long in reaching remote Buenos Aires.

Sáenz repeated Grotius, and Somellera, Bentham, as Belgrano followed in the footsteps of Campomanes and Smith, and Moreno, in those of Filangieri and Rousseau, although it ought to be remembered on principle, with Macaulay, that, in respect of the intelligence, it is better to digest a page than not to devour a folio; and it ought to be repeated among us that those first teachers of the university had to travel a longer road than their students, because it was necessary that they should forget what they had already learned. . . .

Do you ask how they taught? They taught with glowing inspiration; they respected the sacred office of the teacher; they fraternized in a friendly manner with their students; they stirred their minds with disturbing problems and in their hearts they sowed the seed of love.

**F**OR the higher courses of the university that they succeeded in creating, very few students were registered: four in the department of medicine, and nine in that of jurisprudence. While Rivadavia's genius gave birth to brilliant ideas designed to foster higher culture—such as the institution of university prizes, the collection of Argentine poetry, the founding of the national theater—Rector Sáenz gave himself up entirely to primary instruction, delving to the very heart of the problem. Modestly he caused an inventory to be made of existing school materials, the mere enumeration of which would reveal better than a whole discourse the wretched condition

of the primary schools. He strove resolutely to keep the salary of the teachers at six hundred *pesos* a year, which they tried to reduce to four hundred; he urged the payment of rental for the houses used as schools, the owners of which were threatening eviction; and he still had energy enough to undertake the foundation of eight additional schools, not, indeed, in the capital, but in the country, on which the university had its gaze fixed: an extensive and uncultivated region, colonial still, which encroached upon Buenos Aires and in the heart of which threatening shadows were stirring. The phantasm advanced at a regular pace, like a fateful product of history, suspected by many, although no one could individualize it. In 1829, Rosas himself, as soon as he had acquired power, said, rejecting popular homage:

It is not the first time in history that a prodigality of honors has thrust public men into the seat of the tyrant.

The formidable accusation—not mentioning other charges—which we formulate is that the twenty years of the dictatorship were sterile. The decree of 1838, which exacted tuition of students, and that of 1846, by which was designated a committee to censor programs and texts with a view to bringing them into harmony with the Catholic doctrine and the political system, broke up the university and put out the nascent light.

THE intellectual throb of 1850 was a tremulous sound of a distant voice in 1820. After Gaseros<sup>2</sup> and Pavón,<sup>3</sup> the university was born again with reconstituted political unity, and it kept pace with the accelerated rhythm of the powerful structural and economic development of the country. The law of Avellaneda in 1885, the definitive reestablishment of the Facultad de Humanidades y Filosofía, the creation of the departments of agronomy

and veterinary and of economic sciences (which amplified the classic and traditional type and incorporated technical institutions into the bosom of the university); the annexation of the Colegio Nacional Universitario and the plan of Rector Uballes, of constituting the Facultad de Bellas Artes, marked the stages of its external history. The internal history of Argentine culture, which is in the way of being written, will say to what degree and at what moment the university contributed to the consolidation of national union and the public welfare.

It would be useless to claim that from the beginning it has exercised a deep influence on the training of men of science, although it has been an important factor in general culture; because, for a hundred years—as still to-day—the faculties have given diplomas only to men of the professions, and the highest expressions of talent and genius applied to all realms have either not been university men or they have enlarged their culture outside the university.

I HOLD that history is not the teacher of life, as has been said from early days. Life's only ideal ought to be the truth. I believe, however, with Echeverría, that peoples ought to free themselves of hampering traditions, and perpetuate those that contribute to progress.

From our university past, as from a pure fountain, well up fundamental and regenerating ideas to which we ought to return. The establishment of the university was not, indeed, a miracle or a sort of fantastic creation, as it was projected when the viceroyalty had intellectual and moral power and it rose on the foundations of existing institutions—the medical licensing board, the school of mathematics, the academy of jurisprudence, the college of the south—and on these foundations were erected the departments of medicine, of exact sciences, of law and of secondary studies. As the universality of instruction is the characteristic of the university—a microcosm that includes the school of first letters, the intermediate school and advanced studies, thus constituting a powerful vehicle of education—the progress of instruction in all these grades will be

<sup>2</sup>A battle fought in 1852 between the party of reconstruction, on the one hand, and the tyrant Rosas, on the other, in which Rosas was finally overthrown.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>A name associated with a battle fought on September 17, 1862, which resulted in the union of Buenos Aires and the other Argentine provinces.—THE EDITOR.

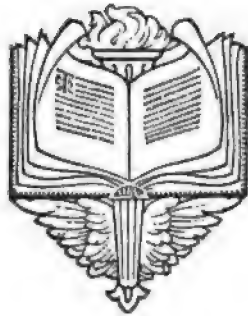
inspected and will depend on the same authority, as Rivadavia explained to Rector Sáenz. The endowment of the university with property of its own, which involved the fundamental conception of bestowing upon it economic autonomy, was thought of in 1778 and carried into effect in 1821. At the same time it was established that professors should write out their lessons, as an evidence of intellectual authority and as the expression of their love of, and devotion to, teaching.

Traditions that foster progress ought to be kept alive, just as it is proper to adopt the reforms that intensify the life of organisms for their greatest expansion.

We aspire to achieve the essential design of the university, which will not be attained if it does not exist with the pure idea of science, while banishing the university as a function of examinations, and especially

of examinations conducted in an improper manner; and it will not be satisfied with the partial investigation of science itself, but with a vast, thorough and humanistic investigation that addresses itself to the unity of the general and higher problems of the spirit.

**S**TUDENT delegates of the Federación Universitaria de Buenos Aires, you who have organized this simple ceremony, intrusting to me a task that exceeds my faculties; student delegates of the federations of La Plata, Córdoba, the Litoral and Tucumán, who have entered into cordial association: in this grave hour of the world and at this solemn moment in the history of Argentine culture, let us make a promise of honor—professors and students, who share with affectionate regard the common labor—to glorify the moral patrimony we have inherited from the past.



# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

INAUGURAL ADDRESS - - - - -	MANUEL VICENTE VILLARÁN	337
<i>Mercurio Peruano, Lima, Perú, April, 1922</i>		
LENTEN SERMONS OF "EL DUQUE JOB" -	MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA	345
<i>From a booklet published in Paris, 1922</i>		
CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES: THEIR ECONOMIC RELATIONS	LUIS MARINO PÉREZ	358
<i>Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, April, 1922</i>		
IN PRAISE OF A COIN - - - - -	EDGARDO REBAGLIATI	362
<i>Mundial, Lima, Perú, March, 1922</i>		
NORTH AMERICANS: SOUTH AMERICANS - - - - -	G. BERNAL	365
<i>Gaceta Universitaria, Mérida, Venezuela, February, 1922.</i>		
DIVORCE AND THE LAW OF CHILE - -	RAFAEL FONTECILLA R.	372
<i>Nuestra América, Buenos Aires, Argentina, February, 1922</i>		
THE VERSAILLES COVENANT AND THE GENEVA ASSEMBLY	RODRIGO OCTAVIO	376
<i>Revista Argentina de Ciencias Políticas, Buenos Aires, Argentina, October 12, 1921</i>		
COLOMBIAN LITERARY NOTES - - - -	ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO	388
<i>Revista del Colegio Mayor de Nuestra Señora del Rosario, Bogotá, Colombia, May, 1922;</i> <i>Hispano América, Caracas, Venezuela</i>		
INTERNATIONAL POLITICS: A GREAT CONFEDERATION OF THE NEW CONTINENT - - - - -	MANUEL MODESTO GALLEGOS	395
<i>La Religión, Caracas, Venezuela, June 3, 1922</i>		

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

MANUEL VICENTE VILLARÁN was born in Lima, Perú, October 18, 1873; his academic training was received at the Colegio Nacional de Guadalupe and at the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, both in Lima; in the latter institution he specialized in law and political science; in 1895, he received the degree of doctor of laws, and, in 1910, that of doctor of political science, from his Alma Mater. Since 1895 he has been professor of the philosophy of law and of constitutional law in the university; he has served as minister of public instruction and as senator in the national congress, and he was recently elected rector or president of the university; he has published a number of addresses and magazine and newspaper articles.

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA was born in the city of México, December 22, 1859, and he died there, February 3, 1895; Although he was one of the most distinguished poets of his generation, he was, at the same time, a clever journalist; it was his wont to write much under assumed names, and one of his pseudonyms—"El Duque Job"—became widely known; among his poems may be mentioned: *Odas muertas*; *Non omnis moriar*; *Versos de álbum*; *A Salvador Díaz Mirón*; *México y Francia*; *La duquesa Job*; *Para entonces*; *Acuérdate de mí*; *Calicot*; *Mariposas*; *Para el corpiño*; and *Mis enlutadas*.

LUIS MARINO PÉREZ was born on July 12, 1882, at Kingston, Jamaica, of Cuban parents, who had gone there to reside because of their dissatisfaction with the state of things in Cuba; he was educated in the schools of Jamaica and of the United States, his studies being completed at the Univer-

sity of Michigan; in 1904 he was made assistant professor of European history in the University of Michigan; since then he has held positions in the department of historical research of The Carnegie Institution of Washington, in the Library of Congress and in the library of the Cámara de Representantes of Cuba; since 1914 he has served his government in several important capacities; he is the author of numerous books, pamphlets and newspaper and magazine articles.

GONZALO BERNAL was born about forty-five years ago; he is a Venezuelan educator, the rector of the Universidad de los Andes, Mérida, Venezuela.

RODRIGO OCTAVIO (de Langgaard Manezes) is a Brazilian publicist in middle life; he is a lawyer of distinction, who has occupied many prominent positions in the government and the intellectual life of his country; he represented his government and a number of learned societies in the Second Pan American Scientific Congress (Washington, December 26, 1915-January 10, 1916), in the Versailles peace conference and in the Geneva assembly; he was recently made dean of the faculty of law of the newly organized national university of Brazil.

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO is a Colombian poet, historian, orator, man of letters, critic and publicist; he is a member of the Academia Colombiana and he is the secretary in the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores of Colombia; he is the author of a number of works and the editor of the official editions of the complete works of Rafael Pombo and Miguel Antonio Caro.



# Inter = América

AUGUST, 1922

ENGLISH: VOLUME V



NUMBER 6

## INAUGURAL ADDRESS<sup>1</sup>

BY

MANUEL VICENTE VILLARÁN

The oldest American institution of learning that has enjoyed a continued and honorable existence from its beginning, the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, in Lima, Perú, founded in 1551, has been closed for a number of months, for reasons that need not be discussed here, but which reflect no discredit on the university. It has recently reopened, under favorable auspices and with a bright outlook.

The address of the new rector, which follows, presents glimpses of the history of San Marcos and emphasizes its chief present characteristics, its needs and hopes, the difficulties that confront it and the directions in which it ought to be developed.—THE EDITOR.

GENTLEMEN:

We are gathered once more in our ancient intellectual home. Fortunately, the hours of anguish have passed, and we are here once again, teachers and students, united as always, sacred enthusiasm recovered, with our memories cleansed of painful recollections and our hearts set on the future alone.

We are passing through a moment of transition not exempt from danger; but in this hour of rejoicing I wish to speak to you only of our hopes and I would fix your thoughts serenely on the endless highway that opens before us and at the end of which we discern the remote ideal of the future university.

I do not desire, either, to take up and comment on all that is adverse that has been said and thought of us at times. We shall go farther forward by making a thorough and sincere examination of our

consciences, that they may show us what we are in our own sight.

It is asserted that the university is in need of radical reformation. It has been noised abroad that it is a decrepit and decaying institution. What we desire for San Marcos is so great that, when we institute a parallel between what it is and what we could desire it to be, we are not far from coinciding with the objections of some of these critics; but our dissatisfaction with the defects from which we suffer, and which we are the first to recognize, does not go so far as to admit for an instant that the university is a retrograde body or that it demands reforms of the kind and character with which it is sought to reconstitute it. The university—it is proper to repeat—is a well organized body that does not require reconstitution, but growth; it is a solid and well made house that does not need to be demolished, but to be improved; it is a mature and strong plant that does not need to be torn up by the roots, but to be cultivated and nourished.

About the middle of the last century it

<sup>1</sup>Delivered at the general assembly of the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos, Lima, Perú, May 8, 1922, in assuming the rectorship or presidency of the university.—THE EDITOR.

seemed to be attacked by a paralysis that presaged its inevitable death. The care and foresight of the men that endeavored to restore the famous colonial institution succeeded in giving back to it vitality and exuberance. On September 10, 1861, was solemnly opened the modern university, and its rector, don José Gregorio Paz Soldán, said:

The university that all considered dead begins to live. The university of Lima breaks the fetters with which it was bound in the sixteenth century and takes the first step toward rendering itself worthy of the century in which we live.

Since that memorable event, the university has never lost the instinct of adaptation and progress. Wars, poverty, upheavals, have disturbed and hindered the march of all institutions, and the university has not been an exception; but, nevertheless, overcoming enormous obstacles, it has improved, it has grown and it continues to renew with increasing success its men, its learning and its methods; and it is, indisputably and in spite of everything, the strongest and most intense center of intellectual and moral influence that exists in the country.

Corporations that subsist under a narrow tutelage and vigilance, without opportunities for self-government, perpetuate themselves as a sickly and supine minority. On the other hand, independence and autonomy fortify and develop them. The university has enjoyed the latter. Throughout the past it ruled its own destiny within the limitations of the laws. Therefore it has acquired personality, fiber and character, and it has fashioned for itself a soul. It has in its autonomy a moral treasure of the greatest value, because it draws thence its solidity, and thereby are explained its splendid aptitudes for solidarity, its *esprit de corps* and its willingness to sacrifice itself for love of a corporate ideal.

Let us hasten to recognize that autonomy is not independence in the eye of the state. It would be madness to claim it. We live by the state and we look to the state. The very autonomy that fills us with pride is but a gift received, thanks to the wisdom of the state. True autonomy consists in

two prerogatives that it is well to define. The first of them springs from the fact that the law has freed us from tutelage and the regulative power of the executive and placed us under the direct authority of the congress. The second of them is that the congress does not rule us by a detailed, rigid and burdensome law, but by a law comparable to a constitutional character, which traces out for us general and flexible rules. The latest law of instruction, that of 1920, superior in this respect to the old laws, is distinguished by its greater liberality in granting self-regulating powers to the university. Under the provisions of the recent law, we are freer and more responsible than formerly; we have more initiative and better means of adapting ourselves to the demands of the times and of being the chief authors of our own evolution.

In the inner realm the government of the university is democratic, because the source of authority lies in the cloister. All the professors, both those that represent by their long years of service a concept of tradition and those who, recently admitted, contribute by their youth renewing ferments, take part, in a direct or indirect manner, on a footing of equality, in the elections of university authorities and in the administrative economy and pedagogical government of the institution.

Our mechanism is decentralized. Each of the faculties enjoys a life of its own, and all recognize a central authority of common direction. The rector, the deans, the university council and the committees of professors of each faculty combine and counterpoise their authority and attributes in a happy manner that has been perfected by experience. Conflicts of authority and disputes over jurisdiction are unknown here. The autonomy of the faculties neither prejudices coöperation nor destroys the unity of the whole.

Recently the law of instruction—also praiseworthy in this respect—has emphasized, without exaggerating them, the right of vigilance and the general orientation assigned to the university council and the rector.

The students are not outsiders in respect of directive functions. They asked and

obtained, with satisfaction to the teachers, a seat for a delegate, with a voice and a vote in the councils of the university.

I am unable to discover, gentlemen, what might be the useful innovation, the new wheel, the alien element, that might be introduced into the governmental mechanism without weakening it and disturbing it.

Let us not forget that it would be wrong to maintain that the university lacks external oversight. Our great committee of supervision is the congress. It organized us, it rules us, it reforms us, by means of laws. The administration, within its own functions, coöperates with the congress in this supreme form of control. Memorials, data, accounts, reports, which the laws compel us to present to the government, keep the minister informed of our condition and enable him to exercise his initiative in behalf of the university. It would be desirable that the congress should occasionally appoint investigating committees from its own body to visit the university and carry back to the congress, with full knowledge of the facts, information and counsels regarding our state, deficiencies, progress and needs. We should, however, deem it a very grave measure, that of creating over the university a body of functionaries alien to it, intrusted with the odious labor of a permanent vigilance. We consider that nothing more lamentable could occur to hamper and belittle the university, to arouse in it a spirit of resistance, strife and distrust, to cause discouragement and to inoculate it with the diseases of politics and the vices of bureaucracy.

I should be deeply pained if my views were given an interpretation that would make me seem to be dominated by that vulgar and self-satisfied conformism that I so much detest. I believe firmly in the necessity of fundamental improvements. I earnestly desire them; I am ready to work tirelessly to see them accomplished; but I do not share the erroneous beliefs as to the universal, prompt and dynamic efficiency of the imperatives of the law. The university unquestionably suffers from certain defects, and it must be agreed that they are serious. We have recognized them for

a long time, and I maintain that the university has done and does much to remedy them; but it has encountered two grave obstacles, namely, a defective law of higher instruction, and desperate poverty. The first obstacle, I ought to say with satisfaction, although it may surprise many, has been overcome in a large measure. The law of instruction has just been reformed. A mixed commission of delegates of the congress and representatives of the executive and trustees of the university prepared the bill that the present government, previously authorized by the chambers, modified and sanctioned. Many of the governmental alterations have disarranged somewhat the general structure of the original bill; others have remained unchanged, but the failure to enforce has embarrassed the functioning of the whole. We ought, in a proper season, to request the congress to make not a few amendments to the code of instruction as it stands. It is possible that experience will demonstrate the necessity of withdrawing some of the innovations that we have deemed expedient and of devising others regarding which we have not thought. However, the existing law supplies the university with a means of development, more modern, more manageable, more elastic, than any we had in former times.

A university worthy of the name ought to be, in the first place, as you well know, an aggregation of advanced schools designed to train professionals for all the careers, in greater and greater numbers, in harmony with the complexity of modern life, which exacts a higher training in the scientific realm. In the second place, it ought to be a great academy and laboratory for scientific investigation and for the generation of new knowledge. With these objects in view, it ought to possess in its personnel the greatest possible number of teachers that not only teach, but that produce; that not only produce, but that teach how to produce; that train, if only the most advanced of their students, in the art and methods of discovering new truths and new facts; and that awaken in them, by their example and their counsel, the vocation and spirit of the man of science. In the third place, the university ought to

contribute to the formation in the student of the mental and moral capacities needed by those that are called upon in democratic societies, through the process of natural selection, to occupy directive positions. This third function is of superlative importance. The university has in its charge youths characterized by a high moral and intellectual average. It operates, as Eliot has said, on choice raw material. Scientific studies refine and further develop this choice material. The professions they embrace offer them unique opportunities to exercise, by the necessity of things, a moral authority of direction or suggestion over their fellows. Therefore the university, as long as it is charged with the care of these youths, can not be excused from utilizing such precious moments for forming in them the character, morality and habits proper to the men that are to be intrusted with responsibilities and the lofty duties of leadership in society and in politics.

I desire therefore to examine in a very summary manner the question of how far and with what degree of efficiency our university accomplishes the three great purposes of the professional school, the scientific center and the seminary of persons destined to be leaders.

Regarding the professional function I shall say very little. The university creates mainly lawyers and physicians. It ought also to train professors, civil functionaries and men of business. For this purpose the organic law has established an advanced school of pedagogical sciences and an advanced school of commerce, and it has reformed the faculty of political and economic sciences in order to adapt it to the education of administrative functionaries. By an error, easy to correct, the schools of pedagogy and commerce, which for so many reasons ought to belong to the Universidad de San Marcos, have been termed integral members of the so-called university of technical schools, with the schools of engineering and agriculture at their head: an institution which, according to appearances, was unsuccessful. What is important is to have it recognized that we can not hope to have a scientific system of school administration or a modern service

of primary or secondary schools as long as there shall not exist a higher center for the diffusion of the science of education in which efficient professors of secondary instruction and competent administrators of the school system may be trained.

The school of commercial sciences will also meet an imperative need. It will train minds for the management of business and it will create professors for the commercial departments of the colleges. This school will have close relations with the faculty of political and economic sciences, and together they will supply expert employees for the important public services of the consular and treasury branches.

I deem it unfortunate that no means has been discovered to effect the fusion of the university with the schools of engineering and agriculture, but I agree that the opposition of these schools ought to be respected. The fusion will not be beneficial unless it be voluntary. The advantages of it would be annulled, if, in creating the great university, internal dissension should undermine its foundations.

As to the scientific work of the university and the means of extending it: we ought to recognize, in the first place, that science belongs to a sphere in which coercion is out of place, and therefore that the demands and the brusqueness of the law are ineffective. The legislator's part is limited to initiating it, stimulating it, providing it with facilities, supplying it generously with resources and means, in short, to preparing the soil where the stupendous and imponderable initiatives of the mind may sow their seed. Such is the attitude of the last law of instruction toward the arduous problem of rendering the study of science more thorough in San Marcos. It instructs the university council to stimulate and facilitate the scientific labors and investigations of the professors, especially regarding subjects of national interest, that they may publish such of their works as, according to their judgment, may be of sufficient importance; it authorizes the council to grant special permissions, with the enjoyment of their incomes, to professors who, after having served ten years, may desire to devote themselves to particular studies

of investigation; and it empowers it to send abroad, with university funds, for the purpose of pursuing scientific labors, full and auxiliary professors and assistants and highly distinguished students; and, in order that the investigation made in the great foreign centers may be utilized by the university, it provides for the election as a professor, without the formalities of a competitive examination, of the student who, having had his expenses paid by the university in order to complete his studies, demonstrates his ability by the success with which he has effected them. Although, as a rule, the competitive examination is the method prescribed by the provision that governs assignments, permission is granted to offer teaching positions, without this prerequisite, to persons of exceptional competency, demonstrated by published works, since it is held that there may be persons of true learning that shrink from the test, always disagreeable, of a competitive examination. It is permitted, finally, to seek, and make contract with, foreign specialists as professors, as a means of supplying the lack of national professors in certain branches of knowledge.

No less significant is the reform introduced by the law as to the character of the competitive examinations for professorships. It requires as one of the tests—from which no candidate may be excused—the presentation of a treatise or monograph that shall reveal not only knowledge of the subject, but also aptitude for investigation. In the same realm of ideas, it provides that the doctoral thesis shall be of a nature that will demonstrate capacity for investigation.

Provisions have been adopted that look to the training of professors that shall make higher instruction the main or exclusive occupation of their lives. So, although the new law prohibits, or limits by rigid conditions, the holding of several professorships, a professor may be authorized to fill more than one chair, if the university council considers that his doing so contributes to better teaching, on condition that these professorships shall relate to kindred subjects and that the teacher shall devote himself exclusively to instruction in the university. The law recognizes the necessity of giving to professors of this

kind an adequate remuneration, and it authorizes the raising of their salaries to nine hundred and sixty *libras*<sup>2</sup> a year. It permits, at the same time, such professors, in certain cases, to be excused partially from the work of teaching, by diminishing the hours they devote to their classes, in order that they may better employ their time in studies of scientific production.

Breaking with tradition, in respect of programs of studies, the law classifies the courses as general and as monographic. From the existence of monographic courses, with variable programs, much may be hoped. In this same plan ought to be mentioned the inauguration of a system of extraordinary or temporary courses, and the new privileges relating to free courses.

Finally, and to conclude this account—dry, but necessary—I shall mention a reform in respect of professorships to which I attach incalculable importance. I refer to the creation of auxiliary professors, who have nothing in common with the old institution of adjunct professors, fortunately suppressed. The main object of the auxiliary is to overcome a vice of method, which, unfortunately, is rooted in our university customs. This defect consists in the exaggerated predominance of the oral explanations of the professor regarding the practical work of the student. Oral explanation, although indispensable, is but half the didactic labor. The other half is the work of the student himself, which he executes in the elaboration by himself of his knowledge. Otherwise, the student assumes in the presence of the teacher a purely receptive attitude, one of simple assimilation, thus leaving his own capacity for thought and intellectual initiative without opportunity for development. Every effort to stimulate in youth the will for scientific investigation demands, as a first step, that this error of method be combated. The faculty of

<sup>2</sup>Or *libras peruanas*: "pounds, Peruvian pounds." The Peruvian pound is normally worth about the same as a pound sterling. Until shortly after the beginning of the recent war, the only national money of Perú was *metallic*: gold, silver, copper. A *libra peruana* (gold) contained ten *soles* (silver), each of which in turn was made up of a hundred *centavos* (cents): the *sol* (sun) was worth about fifty cents, consequently the *libra*, about five dollars. THE EDITOR.

medicine seems to be the one that has reacted most against it. Its clinics and laboratories enable it to impart a kind of teaching that does more to arouse the activity of the student. The other faculties endeavor, with more or less success, to accomplish a similar improvement; but all have to reckon with the limitations of a teaching personnel formed wholly of full professors, who can not devote to the repetitions, exercises and productions of their students all the time that these pedagogical tasks require in order to be effective and beneficial. The reform of methods will be, in my opinion, difficult or ineffective as long as there shall not be created, in addition to the full professors, a competent body of auxiliaries, in conformity, in this respect, with the example set by the best universities of the world.

Related to professional and scientific work is the function of the university in the training of the directive class. The foundation of all education that trains us to lead our fellow-men is the knowledge of human nature. Such is the meaning of the importance of the *humanities* as a requisite of a complete education.

By humanities we understand, in the main, philosophy, history, languages and the literatures. By means of them we place ourselves in contact with the most famous events, the loftiest conceptions, the greatest passions and manifestations and the most important productions of our race; and we receive the powerful mental and moral stimulus and the fruitful inspiration that are derived from such studies.

Eminent professors of San Marcos realized, long ago, that our advanced teaching failed from weakness in this cardinal aspect of its mission. The propaganda directed by them in behalf of a general and human education, concurrent with professional and scientific education, has achieved, in truth, not a few victories. As a result of its efforts there was introduced some twenty years ago the university cycle of philosophical, historical and literary subjects that preceded admission to the professional faculties of jurisprudence and political science. Aspirants to degrees in medicine devote two years to the sciences of physics, chemistry and biology. The engineers and

agronomists receive in their schools a similar training for one year. The existing law has been amended, although timidly, with a view to correcting the one-sidedness and over-technicality of the preparatory cycle of the physicians, it being provided that they shall also study, in the faculty of letters, psychology, logic and ethics, Spanish and one foreign language; and the students of the technical schools are obliged to study psychology, logic, ethics and the social geography of Perú. In the same manner, students of letters who are being prepared for the legal profession must moderate the purely humanistic tendency of their studies by taking in the faculty of sciences the course in the physical and biological geography of Perú and a course in the physical or natural sciences, at the option of the student.

An effort is being made, in short, to correct the excesses of professionalism; the careers which, such as medicine and engineering, have as a foundation the sciences of nature ought not to cause the sciences of man and of society to be thrown into the background. More and more, in the democracies of the present day, engineers, agriculturists, industrials, men of business, provided with a scientific training, occupy numerous and exalted positions of leadership; and it is therefore of the greatest national importance that their education should be adequate to the dual part that life assigns them: the education of professional experts and the education of men that direct, counsel and govern officially or unofficially the majority of men with less highly developed capacities. This requirement of the epoch is not met either by raising the level or by prolonging the duration of secondary instruction, because a university education differs substantially from a college education, so that, however perfect and complete the teaching of the secondary school may be, we should ask for a new period of general culture, developed methodically, under the influence and in the free and stimulating atmosphere of the university.

We all acquire in the course of life a certain knowledge of men by observation and by contact, coöperation and struggle with them; but those that are called upon

to counsel and direct need to know them with a deeper discernment than that which is attained by the hazard of existence in a superficial and fragmentary manner.

In other respects, universities offer two roads that lead to this result. Of one of them we have just spoken. There is another of a different kind. Universities are in themselves select centers of sociability endowed with splendid opportunities. Mere contact among students that gather beneath the common roof of their Alma Mater; the frank and easy social relations that are at once developed among them; the community of life in class-rooms, laboratories, residences and fields of athletics; and the different associations that exist for the purposes of youth, constitute unique occasions in which students learn to serve and to strive and become trained in all the elementary forms of coöperation and rivalry among highly cultured men. There they practise the innumerable methods of direction and subordination, discipline and solidarity, tolerance and respect, fraternity and disinterestedness, which, years later and on a more extensive scale, form the fabric of their activities in the social, economic and political arena. Universities contribute in a very effective manner to the elaboration of natures especially gifted for leadership when they stimulate and emphasize, without repressing them, the varied forms of academic contact, coöperation and struggle, and when they are able to surround them with a suggestive and ennobling moral and physical atmosphere.

Our university is deficient as a social center for students. The nature of the deficiency is brought out by a mere reading of the provisions contained in the bill that originated with the organic law, made with a view to attempting to remedy them. It instructed the university council to establish and foster physical education in the university; to establish and administer gymnasiums and fields for sport and athletic games; to stimulate the creation of student athletic organizations; to engage instructors charged with directing physical education in the university; to regulate the obligations of the students in respect of this education; to create and organize the sys-

tem of medical inspection of university students; to foster the organization of student associations for the purposes of culture, recreation, mutual aid, sociability and other objects worthy of patronage; to organize the military instruction of the students and to draw up rules as to their obligations in respect of it.

The government vested authority for the carrying out of these plans in a body called the "student university center," which has not been heartily received by the students, because it suffers, unfortunately, in spite of the very laudable intention of its creators, from an inexcusable error of psychology. This center is a compulsory association of all the students of the university. Its obligatory character condemns it. Nothing ought to be more spontaneous than such associations. In their ample liberty is to be found their significance and their educative efficiency. The mistake indicated is aggravated by another. The center is presided over by a functionary outside of the university, by a director engaged by the government. To its obligatory character is thus added a new seal of authority and bureaucracy. The university autonomy that the law recognizes suffers a disturbing exception by removing from the natural authorities of the university one of the most intimate and delicate privileges of the pedagogical function: that of presiding and watching over the social life of the students and of taking care to furnish it with a propitious environment.

We must see to it without delay that youth be provided with the essential facilities for an ample, comfortable and happy life as university students. For this purpose, it will be necessary, although painful, to leave this house thronged with recollections, but cramped and shut in. True student life is, in the main, a question of a place. We desire for the students of San Marcos free and open quarters, extensive grounds, a shady campus, hygienic and tranquil rooms, a residence removed from city noises. The ideal spot for the new university lies in the direction of the sea. It would be lamentable for the government to part with the lands of Santa Beatriz without taking thought to reserve a large

tract for the university. Thither ought to be transferred, at least and immediately, the faculties of sciences and letters and the future school of pedagogy, that is, those that take under their care, during his first years, the new student, who is the one that is more malleable, more educable and more ready to receive the formative impress of the environment.

Gentlemen, I remarked in beginning that we have had to struggle against two great obstructing forces, namely, a defective law of instruction and extreme poverty. Of the law and its recent reform I have said enough for the purpose in view. It is now my duty to say that we can not take a great step forward while we are suffering from the black want that is paralyzing and hindering us.

Without economic independence, autonomy is a shield that protects us, rather than a force that impels us. We can create and improve almost nothing, if we are inclosed within the oppressive circle of a miserable patrimony. What effective and authentic sciences can be produced without libraries, laboratories and well supplied museums? What does it profit us that there exist on paper a school of commerce and a school of pedagogy, if there be no means of bringing them to realization? We desire learned professors given to investigation and instruction, and we have no means of paying them. We know that a reform of methods calls for an auxiliary personnel, and we are not prepared to appoint it. We do not overlook the fact that we need the aid of foreign science, but we lack the means to engage specialists or to send our youth abroad. We are convinced that the schedule of studies is incomplete; we have just established new chairs, all necessary, but we do not know how we are going to endow them. We dream of a strong, agreeable and wholesome

life for our students, which demands expensive quarters, grounds, houses, instruments and service; but our empty chests counsel us to abandon these dreams.

This penury ought not to continue; we ask the state to put an end to it. It is incompatible with the legitimate and praiseworthy desire for the radical reform and the definitive progress that the executive revealed a short time ago in respect of the university. A supreme interest in the welfare of the country demands that the university be given sufficient resources.

I hope that I may not be censured for pausing over the vexatious theme of our poverty. Do not believe, either, that I have too much confidence in the efficacy of money. For what is the good of money, by itself, alone, a dead force, a miserable slave? We are profited nothing by wealth without will, fortune without intelligence, vast treasures without an ideal.

Give to the university a perfect legal organization, endowed with fabulous treasures; very few results will you obtain, if the men that constitute it, move it, live for it, shall lack the precious germ of all action, which is found in the spirit.

To you, my colleagues, to you, my beloved students, I address a fervent supplication that you set your whole soul, your maximum of faith, to carving the fate and to assuring the decisive triumph, of this university, to which we owe so much and which asks so much of us.

At the new stage that begins to-day, may we, strengthened by trials and dangers, impart new warmth—those of us that teach—to the almost religious devotion of this great priesthood; and place—you that are engaged in learning—a new coal on the glowing fire of your youthful aspirations after wisdom and moral greatness, which guard the miraculous secret of the greatness of the country.





# LENTEN SERMONS OF "EL DUQUE JOB"<sup>1</sup>

BY

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

Gutiérrez Nájera, recognized throughout the Hispanic world as one of the greatest of the modern poets, is not so well known as a writer of prose, although he was a master of it, like some of the other poets of distinction. The following "sermons," which are original and piquant moralizings, for which the events or occasions of the Lenten period furnish points of departure, are good illustrations of his journalistic prose, apparently dashed off in moments of inspiration.—THE EDITOR.

## FIRST SERIES

### THE SUNDAY OF TEMPTATION

**D**O YOU recall having seen in our Academia de Bellas Artes a picture that represents the temptation of Jesus? The devil shows to the son of God several trays filled with fruits and flowers and borne on the hands of some angels, about whom I am in doubt, as to whether they are men or women; for angels have no sex.

The devil seems to be saying to him: "If thou wilt obey me, if thou wilt deliver thyself to me, thou shalt eat of all these grapes, all these peaches, all these pears!"

Do you remember having seen that picture? Well then: the temptation of Jesus was otherwise.

There is another canvas—another, indeed!—that has the same subject as a motive. It is by Ary Scheffer, and I recall having contemplated it in a marvelous article by Renan (suppress the adjective "marvelous" as useless, and the phrase will lose nothing of its force); in an article by Renan, I say. In it the devil is beautiful—why must we make him ugly, when God made him beautiful? why must we give him horns, if we are not women? why must we imagine him repulsive, if to all of us he is, unfortunately, so attractive?—and, in a gallant attitude and haughty, he offers to Jesus mastery and dominion over the earth. It makes one wish to say:

"Thou art mistaken; this humble Essene is stronger than thou; he is God."

One would also like to say to Jesus:

"Here thou art no longer Jehovah; thou art Jesus; undeceive this fine young rascal and pardon him, for you two have been enemies for a long time."

The temptation, in this picture, is seductive; as true temptations must be! That of the serpent in paradise was very silly. What did the serpent offer? What any Indian woman offers on any corner: an apple! For the honor of Adam, and for the honor of Eve, for we are, after all, of one family, I should like to believe that this about the apple is a mere symbol, and that the serpent, in reality, offered Eve something else. Moreover, I should like to believe that there was no such serpent, for serpents could not have been made by God, nor could they have been in paradise; and women, from the first to the last of them, were, are and always will be incapable of holding converse with such animals.

Temptation is beautiful in itself. Read Flaubert's *La tentation de Saint-Antoine*. How could that saint resist? He might well have said to God:

"After all, it is better for me not to go to heaven!"

However, as he was a saint, he did not say so, and he did well.

Temptation is beautiful, señoritas, and it not only displays its charms to seduce the creatures that can lead all humanity to perdition, as Eve did; it not only speaks on the top of the mountain; at every step, in every show-case, now offering a hat, now a gown, now a jewel, it speaks to us. In

<sup>1</sup>"El Duque Job" was one of Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera's several pseudonyms.—THE EDITOR.

Goethe's poem, the temptation is the castet of jewels. Faust, to win Marguerite, did not need the intervention of the devil that accompanied him; he had enough in the money that the devil himself had given him. This, in my judgment, constitutes one of the defects of the heroine. Marguerite did not fall in love with Faust because of his bravery, like Desdemona in *Othello*; nor because of irresistible sympathy, as Juliet did with Romeo; nor because of his genius, nor because of his science, nor because of his beauty; but because of his jewels. Faust sold himself to the devil and bought Marguerite; and therefore neither Faust nor Marguerite appeals to us. They are not attractive, and therefore, perhaps, they are so human!

Temptation, from the most ancient times, has enamoured women with the glance of golden coin and with the rays of precious stones. Jupiter, to possess himself of Danaë, changed himself into a shower of gold. The enemies of the soul are three: I do not know how many are the enemies of woman, but one of them, señoritas, is the diamond.

I have no reason to dislike this stone, perhaps because I am not intimately acquainted with it, except by sight only; but when I think of the evils it has caused, I can do no less than condemn it. Shakespeare has already said:

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.<sup>2</sup>

To possess this piece of carbon ennobled by light, a woman will tie herself to a rich husband. The evils that spring from yielding to this temptation will be, señoras and señoritas, the theme of my discourse.

WE OUGHT at once to come to an understanding regarding the word "husband." A rich old man is not a husband. I speak therefore of young men, and, among young men, I am sure there are very few rich ones in México. One can secure a bridegroom that is the son of wealthy parents, but a rich bridegroom is very difficult to obtain. It is necessary to

import him. The few we have are much in demand abroad, and their families export them to marry them in Europe . . . with the necessary depreciation. Wealthy fathers maintain for them several horses, a coachman, sundry vices, ignorance, and some disease. These sons have many artificial needs, which is equivalent to having a large family, when one is poor. Money runs out in such a case, just as a mountain forest is exhausted because they cut trees for sleepers or for firewood, and plant nothing. The descending progression is as follows: great-grandfather, millionaire; grandfather, rich; father, well-to-do; son, poor; grandson, beggar. Do not think, consequently, that there are rich people among us. This is a word that we cause to circulate in order that they may lend us money in Berlin. There are a few here that were rich; others that are going to be rich; a few that seem to be rich; but there are no rich. It is an affair of the construction of a railway, and it is constructed by the British or the Americans; an industry is to be established, and it is established by the Spaniards; something is sold, and it is sold by the French; the government borrows money, and it is lent by the Germans. In México there are houses, there are *haciendas*, there are drafts, but there is no money. The money of México is in the mines. We take it thence, when we descend, but we have not the wherewithal to buy the ladder.

Let us therefore consider a young man rich if he has a horse, for the same reason that we might call him a gentleman.<sup>3</sup> This young man does not know how to work, because the Spanish idea of gentlemanliness has become inveterate with us, and gentlemen do no work. Every trade, except that of usurer, is looked down on here. Even in the middle class an unconquerable disinclination to all manual labor is felt. The poor make themselves verses; the rich make themselves Pantaloons; but to make shoes, to make candles, to make matches, is left to commoners and plebeians. From the nobility, which we have never had, we have inherited idleness. Look into the source of

<sup>2</sup>The *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iii, scene i, lines 90, 91.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>In the Spanish there is play on the words *caballo*, "horse," and *caballero*, "gentleman," "horseman."—THE EDITOR.

the greatest Mexican capitals: they are the proceeds either of money-lending or of smuggling, with the exception of those that have been derived from mines or gambling. There are not therefore many rich people that can boast of their ancestors; but, in spite of this, they consider themselves noble, and, being noble, they do not work. The poor man thinks of making his son a lawyer, a physician or an engineer; but never a tailor, a baker or an apothecary. If the boy is a failure as a student and is plucked in his examinations, he becomes a man of letters.

The rich man has no mind to make anything of his sons. Formerly he gave to one the right of primogeniture; another he made a soldier; and another, a priest. Now he dedicates them all to vice. He does not wish them to follow a career, because in the schools of the state they become corrupt. Between the school and the *cantina*,<sup>4</sup> he chooses in favor of the *cantina*. He prefers them to lose honor in a brothel to their losing the belief that San Pascal Bailón announces the hour of death with three strokes of the bell.

The rich young man, in consequence, is a man that is going to devour the bones that his father left on the plate when he rose from the table. As he knows how to do nothing, he runs through his fortune. By the instinct of mere self-preservation he seeks out an heiress for a wife; and, thanks to these graftings, we still have well-to-do families in México! It is wont to happen, however, that one of these señores that have horses and an unpaid bill at the tailor's shop marries a poor young girl. This is the gallant paladin, the young prince of whom you are dreaming, oh beautiful dreamers! The woman then enters into the same category as that occupied by the horse: the parents of the husband support her. She is always disdained. She must have little to do with her own family, because it cuts a poor figure in the husband's house. She must be bad, because naturally she will desire that her parents-in-law shall die in order

that she may be something in herself. The husband gambles, and his parents, who did not know how to train him, cast it in her face that she has not been able to reform him. She is always an outsider, the one that does not belong, the recipient, the favored one. She has diamonds at her neck, but she also has many tears in her eyes. She does not possess: they give. She does not live: they lend her life, and they collect for it daily.

Señoras, you that hear me, say whether this be not true to all the señoritas that are listening to me!

I shall be asked whether I wish all marriages to be those of "*Une chaumière et ton cœur!*" in France, or those of "With thee, bread and onions," in Spain.<sup>5</sup> Nor this, either! Marriages ought to be prompted by love; the result is good in some cases and bad in others; but love ought to make them. I counsel you, nevertheless, not to marry a respectable pauper. Love eats, love wears clothes. The hungry and the naked die. Poverty has a very wide door; through it enter tedium, dishonor, crime. Demand of your husbands much love; but also a little money. Do not say to yourselves: "He is the indispensable personage; he is the prompter, and without him one can not speak; the wife may forget her part." Do not seek, however, my señoritas, the trousseau;<sup>6</sup> but a husband that will be able to love you and provide for you. Do not tie yourself to a man that believes himself to be superior in rank and caste to you, or whose family, at least, think so. Neither marry a poor man, if you are rich, unless you love him immensely and he loves you in the same way, and you are certain that you prefer him above everything. A poor man may leave you with what the mother of the Gracchi called her "best jewels"—with the children—and make off with the worst jewels—the diamonds.

What I charge you is not to seek the diamond: await it. When it comes naturally, as dew on the petal, it is beautiful and good.

I speak in the presence of a distinguished

<sup>4</sup>We do not translate this word by the obvious English "barroom" because of certain implications of the latter that seem more corrupt and corrupting than the former.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>The author might have added "Love in a cottage," in England.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>The point here is that, according to Mexican usage, the groom pays for the trousseau.—THE EDITOR.

audience, of whose religiosity and good consciences I have evident signs, and therefore I consider it useless to say to you that you should not seek the diamond by other means; but always, señoritas . . . do not seek it.

#### THE WEEK OF LAZARUS

THE gospel tells us, my señoras, of the resurrection of a good man named Lazarus. In this event, you played an excellent part, because if the Saviour revived the dead Lazarus, it was to please and to console the latter's two distressed sisters. You can be proud therefore of having contributed to the resurrection of one man, since you have been accused of the death of so many other men.

The miracle has not been repeated. The dead are buried without remission . . . and even some alive also. There are, nevertheless, some dead men who, from an excess of discretion, do not wish to admit they are so: dead men disguised as living men, who seek to escape the solicitude of the undertakers, the tender and affectionate care of the physicians or the advantages offered to every dead man, convicted and confessed, by the burial agency. These dead men go on living in disappointment, like modern travelers that arrive at the station after the train has already departed, and they walk around without any fixed direction, killing time, until another train shall appear. They no longer think of going back to the city, lest they expose themselves to returning again too late; they have already taken leave of their friends; they have their clothing already packed in the hand-bag, and they remain at the station for whole hours, bored, silent and in the way.

Have you never observed how many superfluous people there are in the world? Malthus said that there would be too many. I say there are too many. There are many empty bottles in this great house of humanity; but the empty bottles will be filled with new liquor; not so with men. Persons with evil hearts and a good supply of shamelessness will confess that some persons are superfluous to them. The more timid and those of best sentiments will say, even perhaps charitably: "This or

that señor has too long a lease of life." Yet what is indisputable is that there are many too many, that there are many useless and bothersome people in this extensive moral vineyard, and that, for the most of them, the train of death is like the train from Laredo, regarding which none knows when it will arrive. No one lives so long as a dead man. I know many regarding whom, for long years, lusters, decades, I have been saying with absolute conviction: "Now they are going!" and here we have them, as lively as can be, saying farewell to others, who, because they are younger and sprier, are getting ahead of them and taking by assault the dark, damp train that goes straight to its final destination, without ever stopping or ever running off the track!

With these embalmed specimens, these mummies, half the world is filled. When one speaks of them, the phrase takes the form of an epitaph:

"He was," it is said, *verbi gratia*, "a notable man of letters. He was well set up, elegant, fortunate."

"And now what is he?" we ask ourselves. Just nothing; now he is nothing; now he *was*! He lagged behind with a cent's worth of brains. From time to time he still wishes to write, and he writes, but his articles give the impression of an old woman stripped. The bottle was empty, and it is now good for nothing but to be used by a poor student as a candlestick for his tallow dip. The wine that it formerly contained made a beautiful woman intoxicated, laughed in the cup of a potentate, was joy in the heart, a clever idea in the mind of youth . . . now, however, the bottle is empty! Why do they not cast it into the garbage? For a bottle of Burgundy, it ought to be very painful and degrading to feel that they will soon fill it with *petit bleu* and then with rum, after some ill-smelling medicine, and, finally, they will stop its mouth with a piece of candle that gutters it with dirty tallow; and that man is like a bottle. Now he is filled with an apothecary's dose: soon they will place between his lips the candle of the dying.

How sad it must be for one to think of himself as of some one else! Beautiful is the death of one that falls at the height of his endeavor, in full youth, in the plenitude

of vigor! He dies, but he does not feel dead; he departs; they do not cast him out! More beautiful even was the death of the one whose life went by transforming itself, without losing its decorum and with seasons like nature; that of the one who shone first with his own light, like the sun, and then with the reflected light of his works, like the white, pallid moon; that of the one that knew how to be young and to be old; that of the one that sees himself renewed and perpetuated in his children; that of the one that flees not from existence like a fugitive, nor leaves it dragged away by the police, like a drunkard; but that gently takes leave of life, as does the husband, of the white arms of his wife now asleep; but those unfortunates whom ill fate despoiled and left naked; those that arrive at premature decrepitude without talent, without money and without children, and with vices; those that survive all the good they possess; those that do not depart, because illness is not minded to let them go; those that, to create for themselves the illusion that they are alive, must needs give to themselves the artificial life of drunkenness; those that shamelessly beg of us a *peseta*, as if they did not ask it for themselves, but for the poor relations of some friend we have had: rich and gifted, who died very young; those that gaze at us as if saying: "Do you remember him?" All these cry out to Death to bear them in mind, not to forget them as they have forgotten everybody. These, indeed, are superfluous.

Nevertheless, the sentiment of self-preservation must be powerful, when one lives, and does not hang himself or poison himself, in this morass of life! Those invalids acquire an affection for their hospital beds; those night-watchers think to go as late as possible to their home, which is the cemetery; they are present at the funeral of their intelligence, their dignity, their decorum, and they do not depart with all this that was theirs and that calls to them, as they do not wish to part with their glass of *tequila*,<sup>7</sup> their cigar stumps, their greasy cards!

Thousands and millions more are superfluous in this valley of tears. Think of that other man: his wife left him; his children have ceased to care for him or have learned to despise him; he can no longer be anything, and when one can no longer be anything, when one is not going anywhere, the best he can hope for is death.

This one dishonors by his excesses and scandals an honorable family; he distresses his parents and perverts his children: he is dead now to life, and he is superfluous. This one is superfluous in the eyes of his wife. That one keeps on trying to be a politician, because he was a politician, and he is superfluous in the eye of the government. That one yonder is drying up and withering with his scrawny and wrinkled hands the green laurels he won in his youth. All those that can no longer return to their homes, that are now keeping all their clothing in a hand-bag and are waiting at the station without doing anything, take them to thyself, O Lord! Thou that didst raise Lazarus from the dead, finish killing these other Lazaruses, these dead that are abandoned by Death!

There are others, however, that are also dead, and they, indeed, need resurrection. They are empty bottles that have not yet been of any service, whose rigid glass awaits the generous wine that is to fill them. Do you see this vial? It is from Bohemia: its diminutive stopper is of silver. This vial was made to hold a perfume of some kind; but it is empty. It is a rich boy of a good family; his father lives at the club; his mother, in a round of pleasure, at the theater, at dances or sleeping. He is not alive, because to live, for him, would be to be filled with love, and he is empty. A mother first gives the body, and afterward, kiss by kiss, pours in the soul, drop by drop, through the lips of the boy. Arms are not arms as long as they remain folded on the breast. Eyes are not eyes until they learn to scan the sky. This boy lies in his cradle, as in a coquettish coffin of white satin. If his mother has forgotten him, why will not Life forget him? Do you see how white he is? He looks like an extinguished candle of virgin wax. Lord, fill this transparent vial with perfume! Thou gavest her a son; give him a mother.

<sup>7</sup>A common noun derived from the name of the city of Tequila, in the state of Jalisco, México, where what has been conceived to be the best quality of *mezcal* was and is made.—THE EDITOR.

Lord, kindle a light on this white candle! Lord, raise these little dead ones that have not yet lived and that lie in their cradles waiting for souls!

Open the window of the railway carriage, if you are going on a journey. Do you see in the door of that house a little boy with blackened skin, well-nigh naked, who almost barks and almost wags his tail when a train passes? The Indian mother made him as she makes a *tortilla*, and she cast him into a basket. For the present his brothers are the little dog, the cock, the pig. He is not a perfume vial, like the other, but a vessel of clay, also empty. Lord, put something in this vessel, even if it be but *atole*!<sup>a</sup> Let many schools be founded. There these brown vessels are filled with pure and wholesome milk! Raise, Lord, these dead creatures scattered about the land, that later they may not be flesh for cannon or bone for prison or fertilizer for the earth, but men! Bury the fathers and raise up the sons!

Raise up not only these children that were born dead; but also youth and manhood that are capable of resurrection. Give life back to this young girl, who has no ideals, who feels no love, who buys her gowns by paying for them by being a wife in the brutal sense of this word, and who is thinking of acquiring a coach by paying for it with her dishonor. This one that is dead, revive her before she becomes an adulteress, as thou didst revive the Magdalene and as thou didst resuscitate the Samaritan woman. If she be an adulteress slay her now. The only woman to whom thou didst not speak pardon was the adulteress!

All those that are dead because their parents did not give them the life of the spirit, that is, life; revive them, Lord. The miser that is dead because he lies dead in his immobile money; the one that does not live and is dead because he lives steeped in his egoism; all these sleepers that seem dead in the shadow and silence of the night: awake them with the joyous clarion of dawn!

There are also many youths whom thou canst still revive. I see there one that

croaks and growls, with his elbows on the table of a *cantina*. Is he living? no; because the drunkard is dead intermittently: Every time he goes to sleep, it is as if he went to sleep for ever; but death, when it feels the bite of the liquor, shrinks back and lets him sleep. When he is in his senses, when he seems alive, it is because he is fleeing as a fugitive. He is like a slave that slinks away to hide, lurking in the densest part of the forest, because he is still smarting and bleeding from the lashes of his master: drink. He swears not to return, but he has hardly gone a few paces, when the tyrant lays hold of him; and, as he has lost his strength in servitude, he again throws himself, in the manner of a sleepy dog, at the feet of his master. Certain ideas survive in his brain, like wrecked sailors, struggling amid the waves of alcohol. What a desolating inundation! First the wave swallows up memory; then, dignity; and finally, life. The man thinks he is quaffing the glass, but he is mistaken; for the glass is quaffing him. He first empties it at a single gulp; but the glass collects what was drained from it, and the man has to fill it with somewhat of his understanding, with somewhat of his heart, with somewhat of his soul. The wine glass seems so narrow; yet in it, however, have been drowned so many sons, so many mothers, so many wives, so many lives! Alcohol is cast on the fire that the fire may burn all the better; and alcohol is cast on ideas to extinguish them! The drunken man is dead, but, if the three days that Lazarus spent without life have not already passed, resuscitate him! Perhaps he is still young; perhaps sorrow led him by the arm and said to him: "Come and forget!" Perhaps that man's ideas—lean, anemic and worn bare by an excess of work, as they were—no longer possessed strength enough to make their way out of his brain, and they had to come forth, in order to bring him, on their return, his daily bread; and then alcohol, which is strong and lusty, said to him: "I will give them a push for thee!" From this wreck, perhaps, still float above water in the ocean, some sentiments, lashed to a life-boat, a raft, a shivered mast. If it be so, revive them, Lord!

<sup>a</sup>A Mexicanism from Náhuatl *atolli*: gruel (mush), made of finely ground maize and water, with milk added.—THE EDITOR.

In these marvelous resurrections, you can help greatly, my señoras, as you assisted at the raising of Lazarus in the persons of Martha and Mary. There is nothing that awakens so soon as a kiss of love. Woman gives life, and she can give it again to them that have almost lost it. Not only is she a mother at the hour of birth; she is a mother before and afterward. She is a mother when woman, with a gleam of love, creates good sentiments in the soul of man, and when she stirs to activity forces dormant in his soul; she is a mother when, like Cordelia in *King Lear*, she supports the aged father; she is a mother whenever she is good and whenever she loves. Therefore, señorita, you can, when you will, work the miracle of being both virgin and mother, like Mary of Nazareth.

PASSION WEEK

**T**HIS is the saddest week of Lent, for during it is cherished the memory of a mother's immense grief. On the altars, the images are kept veiled; it might be said either that all the saints go to heaven to be with Jesus during the solemn days of the passion, or that they, overwhelmed, cover themselves with a veil in order not to witness the terrible scenes of Calvary.

We have given to the Friday of passion week an appealing and joyful character. It is the day on which the white wafer comes to the lips of the child, and closes and seals that little epistle which, when the child takes his first communion, all mothers send to the Virgin; it is the day on which the young girl crowns herself with most flowers; the day on which the wheat springs up to adorn the altar, as it is were, also another ruddy child of Mary's.<sup>9</sup>

Yet how sad, nevertheless, is the Mater Dolorosa! I am not speaking of the great Dolorosas they place in the temples; I am speaking of the one that I know, of mine, the one that was at the head of the bed on which I was born, of the one whose tears I saw through my first tears! She is

not enlivened by the red poppies or golden heads of corn or white candles with rosettes of perforated paper, nor by tinted water or the harmonies of the orchestra that plays Rossini's music. For a mother that is going to lose her son there is no consolation! Nor even if Mary's son was going to rise, was going to ascend to heaven, since he is God! for he was also going to suffer unutterable agony, and therefore the mother was grieved. Besides, he was going to leave her, and as the Virgin was a woman and a mother, after all, it would not be strange that although she knew absolutely that her son was God, she would be distressed to see him die on the cross: "What if he be really dead! If I shall never see him again!"

It may be that this is blasphemy, but I say it, reserving the right to unsay it, if the bishop, my hierarchical superior, orders me to do so; and I say it because all mothers are fearful, and because I said to one that was weeping over her son: "Console yourself, for your son is in heaven," and the lady continued still to weep!

Mothers are very good, and therefore I charge you all to be good sons; and of good sons I am going to speak to you.

**I** HEAR it said of many young men that they are good sons. This is a quality that is easily granted. It seems to be one that we do not desire, that causes our envy, that is superfluous; and therefore we are ready to give it away to just anybody. To call any one a good writer, a good musician, a good tailor, requires effort on the part of writers, musicians and tailors; but to call the same person a good son or a good man is easy and common enough for men and sons to do. So there are many good sons, graduated and titled . . . although they do not exercise their profession; for, among these good sons, how many cruel ones and Cains there are, just as also there are many to whom is applied the epithet—half contemptuous and half affectionate—of "good man," yet who merit the prison and even the halter!

Whenever a parricide is announced, society becomes alarmed, indignation is stirred, all the "good sons" read the account with surprise and horror, while flour-

<sup>9</sup>The allusion is to the custom of sowing wheat, two weeks in advance, in boxes or flower-pots, filled with moist soil and set away in dark places, that the young growth, which springs up quickly in such circumstances, may be of the golden, but unwholesome, green that is highly esteemed for the purpose of decoration at this time.—THE EDITOR.

ishing with a quivering hand the newspaper that published it, and which they have read as they breakfasted . . . even if it be true that this convulsive movement does not always spring from just and noble anger, but sometimes at least from the disorderliness and excesses of which the "good sons" have been guilty by night. "It seems impossible that there can be such black souls!" exclaim all. "He ought to be hanged!" they chime. When one hears these remarks, he feels pleased with himself, with his good heart, with his tenderness; and he is proud to belong to a world in which there are so many excellent persons.

Unfortunately, I have lost this illusion, and, like one that has become accustomed to the use of poisons, to such a degree that they no longer injure him, I have become accustomed to witnessing parricides, and they no longer shock me; they seem as vulgar to me as any death that results from typhoid fever. I have reached such a point that I not only absolve, but I also have dealings with, many honorable parricides.

This affair of one's having killed his father constitutes a slight defect; it is like smoking—a very common vice and now accepted; it is, in short, a slight reproach, one that can be washed out by shedding a few tears over it, at the moment when the victim is expiring. In a certain way, parricide is logical; is it not said that parents give us life? Then we do not take their lives, although we seem to be taking them: they give them to us.

So true is this that society calls innumerable parricides "good sons."

The doctrine teaches us that there are several ways of killing; so that the murderer may often say to his judges:

"How are you, partners?"

What is punishable in the murderer is brusqueness and the use of cold steel or firearms, slaying without previous warning, and at a blow. He has no license to carry arms, and he is prohibited from buying a poison in an apothecary's shop without showing the physician's prescription; but if, while respecting these prudent restrictions, he exercises his ingenuity to kill in another way, justice does not deal with him; he is an honorable man.

In the son, the propensity to kill his

parents is almost natural. Some discharge their mission early: they despatch their work in the briefest possible manner, and as soon as they reach the world they kill their mothers. At least they do all that is possible to accomplish it. If they do not succeed, it is because the physician, the introducer, snatches them out before they have accomplished their purpose.

Women are conscious that their sons are to be their slayers. Therefore, from the time that a boy begins to walk, they say to him, on the occasion of any prank or trick: "You are just killing me!" What they say in jest—for mothers are blinder than love—is the truth, in many cases. The boy is sharpening his weapons to make use of them at the opportune moment.

Of So-and-So it is said: "He has many defects; but he is a good son." This sort of praise has always greatly attracted my attention. How can a bad man be a good son? Of his defects I have superabundant proofs: he gets drunk, he gambles, he dishonors his wife, et cetera, et cetera. In what then consists his filial goodness? If these vices and scandals of the son do not distress the mother, if it does not pain her to think that he is going to break his health down and that he will of necessity be a bad husband and a worse father, then and irremediably, she is a bad mother; and if she is a good mother and if she suffers from such misconduct and such dishonor, how can he that makes her suffer, he that is shortening her life, be a good son? Even if I see him kiss his aged mother, even if I hear him speak of his saintly mother; although I behold how respectfully he accompanies her to church, to please her, two or three times every year; and although I hear the sobs and laments that he utters the day that he has finished killing her, I shall never believe that he is a good son. Do you know then what it is to be good? It is to bestow kindness! Let any one say and welcome: "I wish to be a good son, but I can not!" This perhaps is true; but do not compel me to accept a counterfeit coin! We call him a good son, because we are not his parents; and they say he is, and they even believe it, because they are; and he may be a good son, on the outside, to the gallery, to the seamstresses that read the novels of



Pérez Escrich and weep over the *Campanero de San Pablo*; to those that believe in the patriotism of certain orators that speak of the patria; and even to those of us who have nothing to do with any such "good son," and who would not lend him money or give him our daughter as a wife; but in the eye of God, of supreme truth, he is not and he can not be a good son.

With such "good sons" the world is filled. What must the bad ones be, just Heaven! There are thousands of them that do not enjoy the reputation or fame of being suicides, but only because of a lack of equity on the part of the world's judges, and not because they are not so. Do you see that mother? Her husband will tell you that she has not lost a son; yet she has lost all the sons she had; for they are no longer hers, because they do not love her as they ought to, because they went away and left her, because they will never return again. She awaits them because love is stubborn and incredulous of death; she speaks with them, as one speaks in prayer with the dead that lie beneath the marble of the sepulcher, and she thinks they hear her and that they are grateful for the flowers she carried them . . . but they are already dead!

Do you know why mothers bear their sons in pain? Because nature opposes their letting them go, and mothers wish to have them inside of them; because only there are they safe and because thence only will they not be robbed of them. A little later, a mother always fears that she will be robbed of her child, and so she is frightened when she does not have him beside her, and she presses him in her arms, as if she wished to force him again into her very body. She foresees that all that approach her are robbers: the school, the girl that smiles . . . and these, if you will, are generous robbers, because in the end they return what has been stolen; they do not kill to rob; but the brothel! the unworthy wench! . . . wine! . . .

If Mary, because she was the mother of the good son, par excellence—Jesus—suffered so much; how can the unfortunates that have bad sons keep from suffering?

Señoritas:

Do not be astonished at parricides, for they are committed every day.

Good son:

Do not wait until your mother is dead to realize that you have had one.

Good sons:

Love your mothers . . . for all those that do not love theirs.

Good souls:

Pray for all the sorrowing mothers!

#### PALM SUNDAY

THE gospel relates, my sisters, that Jesus entered Jerusalem mounted on an ass's colt and that the people spread their garments in the way, waved palm branches as a sign of rejoicing and sang hosannas. This triumphal entry into the holy city seems to me very similar, in many cases, to a solemn wedding day. Jerusalem is, for example, Santa Brígida.<sup>10</sup> The ass's colt has been replaced by the landau in which the bride and groom arrive. The city . . . I mean, the church, is bedecked in festive attire. When one observes the myriad flowers that adorn the columns and climb the walls, he recognizes that for the happy pair this is their day of palms, the beginning of their holy week. The organ chants hosannas, just as the people of Jerusalem sang them. The multitude is divided into two great masses to open a way for the victors, and a murmur of admiration rises and spreads through the majestic nave of the church. Now they are entering Jerusalem! Now the great week has begun!

I speak to you, of course, señoritas, of marriages entered into lightly and thoughtlessly. To those that do as God commands, Jerusalem is more merciful and less fickle. To them, Palm Sunday is followed by the Annunciation, the Birth and the other appealing and poetic feasts. In the cases of the others, however, after Palm Sunday come inevitably the Darkness, the "Let this cup pass from me," the scourgings, the Condolence [of the sorrowing mother] and, finally, the treacherous friend that puts his hand in the dish, the son of

<sup>10</sup>The name of a fashionable church in the city of México, where, preferably, those that make show of wealth and of social position are married.—THE EDITOR.

perdition that hangs himself, and the dead and buried love that will never, never rise again.

In order that you may not endure this Calvary, I am going to give you some warnings.

Above everything, ladies and gentlemen, do not enter Jerusalem, that is, matrimony, for the purpose of saving any one. An exemplary and magnanimous man may say to the one that is about to become his wife:

"I pardon you, because you loved much."

This gives rise to distressing consequences. See to it, gentlemen, that your future wives shall have loved as little as possible. Our master, Victor Hugo, said: "Do not curse a woman that falls;" but he did not tell us to marry her.

As to you, señoritas, I beseech you also not to think of effecting redemptions. Many of you love, or think you love, a rattlebrain, a profligate, a gambler, a drunkard, in a more or less advanced stage, and when you think of marrying, you say to yourselves: "My love will save him." This is very noble, although somewhat Andalusian; but bear in mind that the only redemption that has been achieved was at the expense of the life of the Redeemer.

Do not imagine, either, señoritas—and this I say to you that you may be happy—that you are going to find happiness for yourselves. Some dream that when they marry, their lives will change completely and that all will be smiles, caresses, tender adulations of fate; but as life is always life, like illnesses, sorrows, et cetera, which are not put away for safe keeping with the wedding dress that the wife will not use again, the disillusionment is lamentable. I do not feel pity for those that complain of not being happy. To complain because one is not happy is like complaining because the sun does not shine at night; because it does not, why should we complain? Resign yourselves to obtaining the small prizes, the *approximations* in the lottery, because the principal prize falls to the lot of only one person, and this person is almost always a stranger with whom we never become acquainted.

Alexandre Dumas ( *fils* ) gave the following counsel, somewhat sad but also a bit

true, to a girl almost as good as you are, Anita de Francillon:

I shall not tell thee, like thy confessor, or like Hamlet, the former with his faith and the latter with his doubt, to enter a convent. No; you have another destiny to fulfil, as unselfish and useful as that of the nuns; but do not ask of love more than love can give thee. Ask of it, through matrimony, the means to fulfil thy natural destiny, and if it grants thee maternity, be content. Be indulgent toward man and grateful to God.

I prefer, my sisters, that you enter into matrimony with some distrust and even with a certain fear, to entering it with unbounded hope. Believe that, from passion, the treacherous apostle, from cruel agony, you can free yourselves, and truly you will free yourselves, if you proceed wisely; but it is well that you should not be wholly sure of escaping fasting on saints' days and the heavier or lighter scourgings that fate ever applies to all human beings. Above all, see to it that your love shall not die, or that it shall die only apparently, like the Saviour, to rise in three days and live immortally the sincere life of the spirit.

Do not think to yourselves when you are married, señoritas: "I am going to be happy." Say, rather: "We shall be twain; and my joys will increase because I shall suffer with him and rejoice with him;" and when you are twain, be three also, and . . . then four . . . come now! even five, that you may fashion yourself after the decimal system; but . . . I do not counsel you; I would not have you add many sums, for long sums are complicated and difficult. In short, add, add, as much as you will, but in proportion as the husband shall increase the multiplications in the cash-book. Divide little, or rather, among few; let your love be for your own. Subtract still less.

I think that happiness, in spite of what I have already said, or rather, to explain what I have already said, is not so difficult to find; only that, as we do not recognize it, it passes unobserved by us, and we do not lay hands on it or even salute it; and then man exclaims: "Ah! that was it then? . . . Yes, indeed; that . . . was it!"

We are wont to believe that happiness

is a very tall, very rich, very beautiful lady; and happiness is short in stature, somewhat pallid, somewhat melancholy, is easily startled by everything, blushes at everything, but very good, very pretty, a great home body, very humble. When we find it, we say: "This must be the younger sister of happiness, the ant of the house, the Martha that works. Yet no; it is she herself! As she makes no noise, it is not easy to know where she is. As she is very retiring, she is almost always secluded; but you, señoritas, will find her, without any doubt, when you are least expecting to see her; for happiness is very busy and she can go to all the houses in which they are waiting for her, but only when she is sought diligently and with affection.

Get married; do you not see that everything that flies has two wings? However, if you do not think you have the necessary prudence and judgment to be able to accommodate yourselves to other dispositions, or to conquer yourselves—because it is a conquest to be vanquished by love—then do not marry, unless you wish to be murderers.

Love is very wise; ask of it; and if you do so, señoritas, may love reward you with love; and if not, may it demand it of you.

## SECOND SERIES

### FIRST SERMON

WE HAVE just celebrated Ash Wednesday, my señoras. On that day we good Catholics place a cross on our foreheads, as if to anticipate the one that sooner or later they will put above our Christian graves. It reminds us that we are dust, and that we are to return to dust; we have set before us for our meditation the ephemerality of life, the vanity of worldly pomp and the inevitableness and terrible-ness of death. This day of ashes is one that dawns, wakeful, poverty-stricken, because the night before it spent more than it could afford to spend; it is sick of stomach and its mind is clouded with painful misgivings. The bell that is jangled on it is that of the door to the stairway, the one that announces the creditors, who are ascending. And what creditors! . . . Health! Love! Virtue! Death! God! . . .

It was a felicitous idea to call it Ash Wednesday; because ashes are what is already burned, what has already given light, what recalls the heat that it possessed, as we recall the love we have felt. Snow is more fortunate than ashes, because snow never was fire.

The learned in ecclesiastical affairs tell us that the ashes of the famous Wednesday are those of the palms that have graced the procession of Palm Sunday and that are afterward burned by the clergy: a beautiful symbol, in truth! What ashes could be sadder than the ashes of glory? First, palms, which, like fans, fill the air, by setting it in motion, with songs of victory and songs of hope; afterward, the same palms, reduced to dust—like the illusions that swayed as they moved—and changed into sign of old age or death. The true ashes, those that quench most, those that cool most, are the ashes that have come down like rain on our souls: the ashes of palms that we place with vanity upon our foreheads; the ashes of love-letters, burned before we marry; the ashes of orange-blossoms now withered; the ashes of flowers that were given us years ago, with a kiss concealed amid their petals; the ashes of our verses that once seemed so beautiful to us; the ashes of our diplomas or of our titles of honor; and, the saddest of all the ashes, the ashes of the scapularies that our sainted mothers hung about our necks when they kissed us as children.

It is unnecessary to pass through Shrove Tuesday to reach Ash Wednesday. It is unnecessary to issue from the orgy of a debauch to feel the sadness of that vigil, the weariness and despondency of that Wednesday. There are pure lives, lives unsullied by wine, lives of persons whose lips have never been crushed by other lips, and yet on whose brows destiny one day places ashes. They issue from the nuptial chamber, they issue from the paternal home, they issue from the study; they cherish many hopes, many longings to do good, many holy recollections, like the young girls that carry flowers to offer them to the Virgin; and fate brings them to their knees and says to them: "All is ashes! All is dust!" On this solemn day of life, a day that is like the days of Genesis, because

no one has yet determined their duration, and it may as readily be of an hour's as of a year's duration; on this day, not announced by the matin stroke, but by a jangling of the bells, some drown themselves in water; others, in alcohol; others languish in a state of honesty without hope; many, in sorrow, bereft of friends. Try to fancy, for a moment, that souls take off their bodies as we remove dominoes. How many souls with crosses on their foreheads! That beautiful young woman has just been married; she loved or thought she loved; she issues from the chamber that still smells of orange-blossoms; no one awaits her, because all think she is happy, and happiness is respected and guarded and wrapped in silence, like sleep; she looks for her mother to kiss her and tell to her the most pious of all lies: that she is happy; and this young thing, who must smile when she encounters any one, who must blush when her first friend speaks to her, already wears a cross of ashes: all is misery and all is vanity in her soul.

How many are there that wear the ashes of their dead loves! How many that conceal the ashes of their beliefs! Smoke at first; then dust . . . and that is all!

Yes; that is all, my señoras, for the one that is unable to live the intense life of the spirit; for the one that does not know how to go to death neat and well dressed, as one goes on a visit. What Ash Wednesday reminds us of, and what there is about it that saddens us, is not man's end. This would be a Lenten commonplace. We already know full well that we must die. Old age is worse than death, for it lasts longer than death; and Ash Wednesday reminds us of old age. It tells us that one day the beings we love will die, and that we shall live; that one day our daughters will go away with their husbands, because they will love them more than their parents, and we shall live; that with the passing of time our vanity will hear, now far off, very far off, the thunder of the applause that we hear so near at hand to-day, and we shall live; it tells us, in short, that all is dust and must return to dust—not we, for, after all, this matters not, for dust feels nothing—but all that we care for most, all that we love, all that is ours, in reality or in desire.

It is very sad, this announcement of the inevitable farewell; and sadder still to you, my beautiful hearers, because you are the ones that will resign yourselves with greater regret to becoming old . . . if indeed, you ever resign yourselves. Beauty is to you as a second patria and you do not wish to take leave of it. You take leave of it, but by force, as if exiled.

Indeed, I may say to you, my señoras, that from this stubbornness springs the misery of many women that are worthy to be happy. They watch the mirror as one watches the railway conductor when one is eating at some station, with uneasiness and as if to inquire of him:

"Is it time to start?"

Rise from the table before the conductor does; step out of your youth before the mirror commands it; take leave before others take leave of you. Why should you dye your gray hair and cover the ravages of time with cosmetics? No one is deceived by such attempts. Eyes of twenty years refuse to be deceived by the contrabands of beauty. Those that engage in such practices deceive themselves, and when they smile with satisfaction before the mirror, the mirror, imitating the smile, laughs at them.

Resign yourselves, my señoras, and you will be happy and you will be beautiful. Why not? Has not beauty its old age? The beauty of age is a white beauty, just as the beauty of youth is a rosy beauty. It is the old ladies that fight against age who are ugly; it is their grimace that disfigures them; but the old of good will, those that know how to dress in black as they dressed themselves formerly in blue or white: how beautiful!

To know how to be young, to know how to be a man and to know how to be old, is to know how to live; but one must not loiter at the station, no missing of the train that life has assigned, for then one plays a ridiculous part. Let us enter this train as the year enters its four seasons, without hesitations or delays. First of all, one is happy because of what he enjoys; then he is happy because of what his children or his children's friends enjoy. First, it is liked; afterward, it is accepted.

Old age, to be beautiful, must possess one supreme virtue: indulgence. Youth is un-

compromising; youth is exacting: it has lived so little! . . . It thinks others owe it so much! . . . The man of years, however, now knows that he also owes much; he now knows that all debtors do not pay; and he becomes resigned to asking of human ingratitude and churlishness small instalments of gratitude and affection. What has he learned by living so many years if he has not learned to forgive, that others may forgive him?

"That one's children go?" . . . Good enough; that is, bad enough; but it is natural, perversely natural, but thus it is! On the other hand, grandchildren come. "That one no longer kisses a mouth of fifteen strawberries?"<sup>11</sup> Good enough;

<sup>11</sup>This Spanish variant of "fifteen Aprils" or "fifteen springs," is translated literally, both because it is charming in itself, and because it is the key to the play on words that follows.—THE EDITOR.

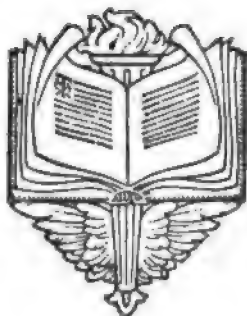
that is, bad enough; but one kisses a little mouth that has not yet any teeth to bite strawberries.

We are miserable because we wish to be happy . . . always in the same way. We change our happiness, the relative happiness that befalls us, just as we change our clothes. The man of years that does not wish to grow old experiences a sensation of chill in his soul, like him that has a fancy to go out in the winter dressed in summer clothes. Yet he, and not winter, is to blame.

Therefore I, my señoras, when I place ashes on your foreheads and when I say that you are dust—dust of rice, of course, and of which I should like to have many vials—also tell you to learn to be old, for thus will you preserve your beauty.

This is the wish of your chaplain, who loves you greatly.

*(To be concluded).*



# CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES'

## THEIR ECONOMIC RELATIONS

BY

LUIS MARINO PÉREZ

A brief but comprehensive sketch of the situation, as seen by an observer characterized by justness of vision and temperateness of expression, who discusses: "first, the economic interests that the United States has created in Cuba; second, the reason why Cuba ought to seek close commercial and financial relations with the United States; and, third, the economic ties that have been established by means of a formal understanding, expressed in international agreements, between the two countries." The author emphasizes the fact that, while Cuba has been benefited by the presence and productiveness of our capital and our citizens in her midst, she has also given as much as she has received, that we have profited enormously by our investments in Cuba; he points out that our "so-called 'emergency' tariff, by virtue of which the duty on sugar was increased," which was adopted by the congress of the United States, May 26, 1921, and which was conceived to be justified as a means of protecting the sugar industry of the United States, tends to the destruction of the sugar industry of Cuba and the ruin of his country, to the detriment of our capital invested in Cuba and to the retardation of the development of commercial relations between the two countries.—THE EDITOR.

THE development of both the internal and the international life of Cuba is to-day subject in a high degree to the political and economic policy pursued by the United States toward her. This policy has reached an acute crisis at the present time, and it may well be affirmed that a clear and frank definition of it is imperative, and that the United States, in determining what shall be her economic relations with Cuba, will take an important and decisive step toward determining not only the economic, but also the political, administrative and international status of our country.

In order that the nature and importance of the economic relations that exist between Cuba and the United States may be understood, we shall enumerate briefly: first, the economic interests that the United States has created in Cuba; second, the reason why Cuba ought to seek close commercial and financial relations with the United States; and, third, the economic ties that have been established by means of a formal understanding, expressed in international agreements, between the two countries.

### I

#### THE ECONOMIC INTERESTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN CUBA

THESE interests consist mainly of:

1. Capital invested.—According to investigations recently made, the capital of citizens of the United States invested in Cuba, merely in the sugar industry, and in businesses that depend entirely on this industry, exceeds at present \$1,000,000,000. As there are important investments of American capital in other businesses, which certainly do not fall below \$100,000,000, the capital of American citizens invested in Cuba is to-day considerably above the sum of \$1,000,000,000. When a campaign was made in favor of the approval of a treaty of commercial reciprocity with Cuba in 1901, the American Club of Habana laid stress on the fact that the American capital invested in Cuba was \$80,000,000, an impressive sum at the time. The increase that has taken place since then in the investment of American capital in Cuba is unquestionably one of the most significant facts of our national life.

2. Loans to the government of Cuba.—The four foreign loans—the loan of 1904, for \$35,000,000; that of 1909, for \$16,500,000; that of 1914, for \$10,000,000;

<sup>1</sup>A paper read before the Sociedad Cubana de Derecho Internacional, March 2, 1922.

and that of 1922, for \$5,000,000—have been placed with American bankers. In the mere item of interest, Cuba has paid to date on account of these loans \$45,000,000, a sum which, almost in its totality, has been received by American capitalists, who will continue to collect this interest and what will result from another loan of \$45,000,000, which, in the near future, it seems probable, will be placed in the United States. Thus the Americans, as our creditors, have a very vital concern in Cuba, because of our foreign debt, principal and interest.

3. Commerce and mercantile penetration.—The United States has reached the point of selling to Cuba as much as \$515,000,000 worth of products in a single year (the fiscal year of 1920). Our country attained, during that year, to the fourth place in the export trade of the United States. She was exceeded only by England, Canada and France. In the fiscal year of 1921, these exports to Cuba have declined to more normal figures, that is, \$187,726,179, which represents, at all events, a commerce of great importance, all the more so if it be borne in mind that the larger part of what Cuba buys from the United States consists of articles elaborated by American industry. The exports of the United States to Cuba, which in the first years of our independence—from 1900 until 1905—did not reach an annual average of \$28,000,000, have grown to \$200,000,000; and, while from 1900 to 1905 the exports to Cuba constituted only 1.6 per cent. of the grand total of American exports to other countries, in the last five years this proportion has been raised to approximately 5 per cent.; so that the growth in exports to Cuba has been considerable. As to the proportion of our purchases from the United States: they amounted during the first years of our independence to 42 per cent.; to-day they amount to almost 75 per cent. of our total imports.

Besides selling to Cuba merchandise that reaches so high a figure, many of the great industrial enterprises of the United States have established branches or agencies in Cuba for the sale of their products. They thus obtain the profits that go to

middlemen; and American commercial houses established in Cuba in many lines are already numerous and important. Hence the United States is obtaining not only the benefit of selling merchandise to Cuba, but also that which comes to her as the result of her citizens' being established as merchants within our territory.

4. Different enterprises.—We have already referred to the enormous amount of American capital invested in the sugar industry of Cuba, of which 60 per cent. at least belongs at present to citizens of the United States, whose mills now produce more sugar than that which is produced under the American flag from beets and sugar-cane in Louisiana, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, et cetera, taken together. Indeed, the product of the United States, including her territories or possessions, is calculated, for the present economic year of 1921–1922, as follows:

Cane	1,397,313 tons (of 2240 pounds)
Beet	900,000 tons
Total	2,297,313 tons

while the product of American mills in Cuba, during the past year, reached 2,570,000 tons, without including the mills of other nationalities financed by bankers and other American interests and virtually under their control.

We do not know whether American investments and participations in the businesses of Cuba, apart from sugar, have been reduced to exact figures; but if we bear in mind that the interests held by Americans in the lines of steamers that effect the great movement of passengers and freight between Cuba and the United States are very considerable, with the consequent benefit of the millions of dollars per annum that the freights imply; in the railways of Cuba; in public dock and warehouse enterprises; in telephone, cable and motive power services, et cetera; in banking and in insurance; in the tobacco, mining and fruit industries, as well as in hotels and other enterprises, we do not hesitate to affirm that they are numerous and that they probably amount to more than \$100,000,000.

The permeation of Cuba by American capital and enterprise has attained such

an impetus that it may be affirmed that the commerce, industry and finances of Cuba have moved, above all during recent years, at the impulse of their initiative, and that our economic life depends to-day almost wholly on this element for its functioning and necessary rehabilitation. Hence not only are the interests of American citizens those that must be considered by the United States in determining her economic policy in respect of Cuba, but also the interests of all the classes and nationalities that center in Cuba, which form the body of our economic life, and which are inseparably bound up with the interests of American citizens.

## II

### REASONS WHY CUBA IS OBLIGED TO SEEK CLOSE COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES

**T**HE principal reasons are:

1. Need of a market for her products, and mainly for her sugar.
2. Need of obtaining capital for the development of her wealth.

These two factors, which are well known, oblige Cuba to depend economically on the United States and to seek her development and prosperity in a policy of mutual benefit and reciprocity with the North American nation.

## III

### ECONOMIC BONDS ESTABLISHED BY INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENTS

**B**Y THE Platt amendment the United States engaged to protect, when necessary, individual life, property and liberty in Cuba, and although she has not directly exercised this function, the right that she reserves and the close diplomatic relations that exist between the two countries have created a situation of confidence and security for capital and business, as the result of which American and other foreign capital has poured fearlessly into Cuba, and trade relations have grown rapidly, which would not have occurred, perhaps, in an equal degree, if this treaty had not existed.

In Cuba the government and all the

classes of the nation have welcomed Americans as the result of a policy of close friendship and coöperation between the two peoples and the two governments, which has never for a moment ceased to inform the conduct of Cuba. Not even in their own country have American citizens enjoyed greater facilities than in Cuba for the development of their industrial, financial and commercial activities, for our policy has been one of frank attraction and protection of American capital and enterprise; and it is worthy of note that the permanent treaty with the United States has greatly influenced our attitude and that of American citizens in fostering economic relations.

On the other hand, the treaty of reciprocity has had the effect of uniting Cuba and the United States commercially, and, from its establishment in 1903, it has been understood that the two countries would always maintain especial relations of commercial reciprocity. Therefore this treaty contributed, as the permanent treaty has, to fostering economic union between the two nations and to creating the conviction that the two republics would always maintain close harmony in their economic relations.

The recent European war put to the proof the good disposition and gratitude of Cuba toward the United States, and Cuba not only entered the war, but she delivered to the government of the United States her crops of sugar, sold to the Sugar Equalization Board at the price fixed by this board, and in no case has Cuba opposed difficulties to the relations that she understands ought to exist between the two countries.

At the close of the war, after a period of high prices for all products, began the decline and readjustment of prices, with consequent prejudice to all interests. In this situation the congress of the United States saw fit to establish, on May 26, 1921, a so-called "emergency" tariff, by virtue of which the duty on sugar was increased, that a heavier charge might be placed on the Cuban producer, and the producer of beet and cane sugar in the United States and her territories should be benefited to the same extent. The measure, which was adopted for the period of six months, has already been in operation for

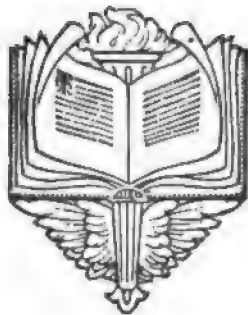


nine months. It is proposed to make this increase in duty permanent, and it seems probable that it will be increased still more.

It is not our purpose to enter into an examination of the sugar problem, as we are now interested only in the principle that informs this legislation.

It is recognized that this measure is highly prejudicial to Cuba, but it is sought to justify it as necessary to the protection of an industry of the United States, an industry which, inasmuch as it needs a protection as exaggerated as that of a duty equivalent to almost 100 per cent. of the value of the product, shows that it can only prosper by means of protection. As this protection tends to the destruction of the sugar industry of Cuba, to the economic ruin of our country, to the detriment of the great amount of capital invested in Cuba and to the retardation of the development of commercial relations between the two countries, it tends, frankly, to nullify and contradict the policy that it would seem natural for the United States to maintain toward Cuba.

The situation of our republic is not that of a country that asks favors. If increasingly close economic union with the United States has been beneficial to Cuba, the United States has derived great advantage from the investment of capital in our country and from her commerce with us. Cuba returns with interest what she has received from the United States in the economic realm, and, because of the peculiar conditions in which her relations with the North American nation have been developed, Cuba has a right to ask for just treatment, and the United States can not refuse to give it to her. If she should not do so at the present moment, after having caused Cuba and her own citizens immense loss, there will necessarily come a rectification; for in the long run nothing can prevent Cuba and the United States from being closely united in the economic sense; and a great people, and one that loves justice, will never be able to maintain intimate ties with another people, if these ties do not depend on just treatment and reciprocal benefits.



# IN PRAISE OF A COIN

BY

EDGARDO REBAGLIATI

The author finds a modest ancient coin, too worn to be deciphered. He therefore lets his imagination roam, as to its history and origin; his pleasant fancies are highly entertaining.—THE EDITOR.

IN ONE of my street wanderings, strolling along aimlessly, I chanced upon an old coin. It was lying close to a time-worn, tottering post, near some yellow orange skins. The coin is clumsily wrought and ill-shaped. It is neither circular nor square; neither thick nor thin. It retains hardly more than the traces of its original stamp and a few undecipherable signs. Its shape, its worn condition, the rudeness of its markings, its rusty color and its crudeness have led me to the conclusion that it has come down from a remote past. I now regret that I am unacquainted with the secrets of numismatics, because if I knew them, who knows but what I might decipher the enigma of this coin? Who could divine its history, investigate its life, ascertain its human wanderings?

Looking at it lying quietly in the palm of my hand, I have thought of its good adventurous soul. I deem it impossible that this residue of metal, this survivor of time, should not have its recollections and its bitternesses. It knows the day when it was torn from the bowels of the mine to bring up in a dark cellar to be fashioned; it still recalls the hardness of the blows with which an awkward artificer stamped upon its back the scutcheon of his king and master; it must remember too the filthy bags in which it was tucked away after issuing from the stamp of the mint; it must still bear in mind the brave gentleman who, with it and a thousand of its companions, paid the wages of a mercenary band; it must be aware who was the first knave that cast it upon the baize to lose it in a dirty game of dice; it can doubtless call to mind the rascal that murdered an innocent man at a turn of the road for it and other pieces like it. It must still remember the infinite lands through which its Bohemian destiny was pleased to take it. Oh, if thou shouldst

speak, furtive little coin, what mysteries wouldst thou not clear up, what lies wouldst thou not denounce, what crimes wouldst thou not disclose!

Every coin is a storehouse of secrets: each, of those of its kind. Those fat pieces, coined of gold alone, are acquainted with the intimate tragedies of the aristocrats or the vulgar worries of the bourgeoisie that have grown rich. There are ancestral coins that have hit it off with monarchs and bankers. Those of silver were and are the prosaic companions of citizens of the middle class; in them speaks the pain of long hours of weary effort. Those of copper never saw other faces than those of want and rascality; they have not rolled across carved tables, nor have they graced marvelous gilded purses. Their jingle has never been heard save on the repulsive tables of the low restaurant or in the dirty pockets of the poor.

Every coin has a brain and a heart. In this one of mine, the former is small, but the latter is large. Its intelligence, like that of its tattered owners—for it is very insignificant—did not go far, as we say. This fragment of metal was never self-conscious. It did not linger long in the possession of any one, and it suffered the vagabondage of stray dogs. This coin always had a different master, and it was its fate to satisfy fantastic and knavish desires. Its ignorance dwarfed its brain and made it stupid and promiscuous. Its heart, on the other hand, took a different path. The blows of adversity made it patient and fragile, impressionable and delicate, tender and kindly. Its was the heart of a woman full of meekness, but also full of feminine fickleness. To-day it surrendered itself to one and to-morrow to another. Some despised it as a coquette and others pursued it as a beauty. Each

love was a chapter from a romantic novel; either it or its lovers were inconstant; none of them possessed it for more than a week. He that kept it longest hid it in the bottom of a chest, afterward to snatch it out by the handful or cast it upon a rickety and battered box.

How can one deny that this coin has a soul? Do not all things, perhaps, have souls? A watch, which gives us a torturing vision of fleeting time and which, in the bitter drama of the great desperations, consoles us with its soft ticking: it is impossible that it should not have a spirit. Our clothes, our furniture, our papers, contain something intimate, immaterial, thoughtful. When a garment is torn by the treacherous thrust of a nail, it is easy to observe how a tear glistens on the projecting threads. Does not the wood of a chair creak with a weird cry of anguish when the vandal ax crashes through it? Is it conceivable that papers, the papers that gather our impressions and are more faithful to the truth than we are, that repeat facts to us when memory fails or malice alters them, are wanting in thought?

All things cherish hidden within them pure souls. All things have their destinies, their loves, their sorrows.

I should like to break this coin, as Michelangelo broke his Moses, when it would not speak to him. At this moment I look at it again and again with the same disquietude with which an astronomer interrogates the vastness of the horizon. On one of its faces I have succeeded in making out three fleurs-de-lis. The other figures are undecipherable: rays and meaningless signs, badly distributed, and with no regard for esthetics. Turning to the other side: even greater is the task of discovering its origin. There I see a primitive mariner's compass, which incloses in four sections a similar number of strange and complicated characters, arabesques or hieroglyphs, cabalistic signs or sacred formulas, symbolic figures or unknown tracings, or whatever they may be.

Almost any Jew, with his magnifying glass, would clear up the doubt; but I prefer not to know anything and to preserve this coin with the weight of its uncertainty. Thus I have in the case of it

the presumption of an existence of many ages and of very suggestive legends.

In my opinion this coin was not one of the thirty pieces paid for Christ. It did not figure in the Roman period, nor did it have a part in the crusades. It knew naught of knight-errantry, nor was it the friend of the Arcipreste de Hita. It did not rejoice over the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, nor did it take part in the achievements of the Cid Campeador. Of course it did not see, amid the Israelitish multitude, Pilate wash his hands, as it did not see the hypocrite of a Boabdil weep.

It came to the New World when Felipe II the Prudent was king. Carried in the coarse knot of a hostler's handkerchief, it was wont to see the Demon of the South disporting himself about the solemn courts of the Escorial. Dressed in black, crest-fallen, submerged in his crimes, the iron monarch discoursed like a friar in the presence of the absorbed gaze of this insignificant coin. It was near the powerful señor when the grateful news came from Lepanto. It was also near when destiny destroyed the "invincible armada." It beheld its king die amid the huzzas of the courtiers, beside the sepulcher he himself had ordered made, holding in his right hand the crucifix that received his last prayers; and in his left, the candle that illuminated his last grimaces.

Felipe being dead, the coin departed from the Escorial. The new masters cast it out, along with the groom, and it took a turn among taverns and knaveries. Its owners no longer wore the gaudy coats of the uniforms, but the vile smocks of the plebeians. Rascals were its possessors and base were the acts in which it took part. It made the round of the most remote cities. It was in Sevilla, Burgos, Alcalá de Henares; it crossed, like Quijote, the plains of La Mancha, and it even made its way to the Universidad de Salamanca. Tired of wandering, it went, on one of God's days, to Trujillo, on the occasion on which Francisco Pizarro changed the duties of the swineherd for the ferocious weapons of conquest. Fate willed that it should fall into the hands of that renowned warrior who, carrying it in his purse, brought it to the Indies. What ups and

downs, those of the journey; what sacrifices were endured by the twain, not to mention the hungers and dangers! In a wretched ship they reached Panamá, and in a wretched lodging they spent the time, all on account of the fault of Pedro Arias the governor. Faithful to its master, the coin took part in the celebration of the contract in which he, with Diego de Almagro and Fernando de Luque, reached an agreement in a "firm and true manner, to discover and conquer the lands and provinces of the so-called kingdoms of Perú."

Pizarro brought it with him. Fate led him to the island of Gallo, where the malevolence of Pedro Arias almost caused the dauntless conquest to fail. My coin admired Pizarro's gallant gesture when he traced that immortal line on the sand with his sword. One by one he saw pass the thirteen brave men, the nerve of valiant Spain, who dared to follow him that later was to be the Marqués de los Atavillos and governor-general of our land. If history were rectified, the coin would demand its place among the thirteen, for, with it, they were fourteen that followed the trail that led to Perú the land of riches.

In this adventurous manner the coin reached here. As it was always near Pizarro, forgotten at the bottom of a chest, there was not a single act of the conquest with which it was not acquainted, from the execution of Atahualpa to the assassination of its master. It saw everything; it pried into everything with the curiosity of a spoiled and meddlesome boy. When Pizarro died, just as when they cast the

groom out of the Escorial, it returned to its wandering vicissitudes. Later it served the basest of purposes. It bought slaves, paid the fines of the Holy Office, helped to fill the chests of misers, settled the scores of rascallions, made up the wages of clerks and chased dogs in the company of water-carriers.

It saw the entrance of the pompous viceroys, the funerals of the archbishops, the arrogance of the Perricholi, the outings to Amancaes, the classic bull-fights. From event to event, from age to age, came the day of emancipation, and when it was effected by the efforts of San Martín and Bolívar, the poor coin fell into disuse and lost its value. . . .

Its strong, restless, courageous life was spent, and it became a simple memento, an evocation, a legend. Valueless, it no longer played any part in human intercourse, and merely as a curiosity was it preserved amid the collection of other coins of its kind, older or younger, more valuable or less valuable.

Its wanderings have ended with me. I shall preserve it with filial affection, with the zeal with which fanatics treasure their relics. Quite secure in my pocket-book, it will be a friend of my poor earnings and it will teach them its experience. I shall confide in it in my travels, because its understanding soul will be a covert for my tragic desperations. Having it with me, I fancy I shall be accompanied by the former strength of millions of men, the millions of men that one day imparted to it the warmth of an illusion.



# NORTH AMERICANS: SOUTH AMERICANS

BY  
G. BERNAL

A comparison between the people of the United States and those of the central and southern countries of America, with emphasis on the diversity or origins as an explanation of diversities in history, institutions and social organization. The author closes by expressing resentment at strictures of the Hispanic-American countries by certain European writers.—THE EDITOR.

**A**N ASSOCIATION of austere souls who, worshipping freedom, abandoned the scene of absolutism to set up their tents beneath the wings of democracy, in this New World that sprang from the depths of the ocean, for a life of political and civil equality in the heart of a new civilization!

The product of harmonious ethnikal factors in origin, vicissitudes, aspirations and tendencies, of themselves favorably disposed to the constitution of an organism of effective vitality and perfectly defined psychological lineaments: thus—as the most perfect product of the same inspiration, a firm will and unanimity of thought, without the drawbacks of contradictory ideas or the cunning strife of conflicting regionalisms or rivalries of race—there throbbed in the heart and took form in the mind of those systematic sectaries of the new cause the gigantic political entity, which, born in the warmth of the best conceived patriotism, baptized at Saratoga and confirmed at Yorktown, and, without futile delays, recognized as autonomous by prudent Albion, was enrolled in due season in the list of sovereign states.

A rare country, which, in her brilliant career of barely fourteen decades of independent existence, through her practical sense and her loyalty to institutions that she has been able to preserve unimpaired, has brought all things to consummation, beneath the shadow of peace, in the vast domain of scientific knowledge and of the most astounding industrial activity.

A well ordered aggregation of states that have succeeded in holding erect the

banner of law, mutual independence and confraternity.

An admirable nation, which—intent on the efforts of labor on the cattle range, in the exploitation of mines, in the cultivation of the soil, in the laboratory, in the workshop—has been able to attain the goal of great prosperity.

Fortunate entity with a single constitution—"the best vehicle of the national life"—and the flourishing land of Monroe, Jefferson and Madison, whose intense republicanism and ample political vision were by the side of that formidable struggle between Hispanic-Americans and Spaniards, the decisive counterpoise in the international balance in the hour of our "definitive emancipation."

"Our definitive emancipation!" We have not yet achieved it. We were able to rid ourselves of the colonial shackles, it is true, but we shall not be able easily to free ourselves of another yoke, this inheritance with which chivalrous Spain, less practical, left us bound, when she mingled her blood with that of the conquered race, when she permitted and fostered, in the interests of the Indo-Americans, the abundant African

<sup>1</sup>We say single constitution, in spite of the later amendments which, authorized by itself, have been effected without appealing to conventions, and without their having been the result of an equal number of national conflicts, such as those which at one time—now remote, thank God—were not scarce in our "savage America," although not infrequently with advantage to foreign plaintiffs. In accord with article V of the constitution of the United States, the congress, whenever two-thirds of both chambers deem it necessary, must propose amendments to the constitution, with or without the assembling of a convention, according to the case. This fundamental law was dictated by the convention held in Philadelphia, May 14, 1787. Constitutional government was established when the sublime Washington took possession of the presidency on April 30, 1789.

immigration, which, spread throughout our regions, slowly merged, and in some of them with more intensity and in greater proportions, with the aborigines and the Spaniards themselves; this triple contact of races that had attained to different degrees of evolution, each of which contributed its "peculiar psychological characteristics," being resolved into a political conglomerate not sufficiently apt in the struggle for marked social progress or without obstacles to the practice of republican institutions.<sup>3</sup>

Did something similar happen in the North American colonies? From the moment the English colonists established themselves in the new land of promise, they invariably held aloof from the man of color and the Indian, whom they treated with harshness as "inferior beings." "In 1622," according to the historian Estévez, "the Indians, exasperated by the presence and the doings of the English, attacked and slaughtered them until they satisfied their fury; but vengeance was not long delayed . . . thenceforward everything was systematic perfidy, treachery and extermination: the head of an Indian was bought as if it were an affair of the head of a wolf! Neither the Quakers nor the Puritans [Pilgrims] conducted themselves in this manner. . . ."

To the fanatical Quakers who, as Sarmiento said, "have laid with their arrogant humility the foundations of equality and practical benevolence among men, the savages of America were brothers, and from that time the Quakers have had the honorable privilege of being the messengers of peace whom the presidents have sent to the Indians."

According to don José Ingenieros:

The discoverer of America brought into contact two races or two groups of races that represented different stages of human evolution. . . . This contact of races, unequally developed, produced in South America the first conflict, represented by the conquest and by the later assimilation in a long process of cross-breeding in which the few ethnically superior elements predominated socially. . . . In

short, the two currents of the white race that conquered and colonized the American continent were at different stages of evolution, thus contributing to the formation of dissimilar social environments.<sup>3</sup>

These ideas of the notable Argentine critic, set forth in the introduction to the *Conflicto y armonías de las razas en América*, a work of the eminent writer don Domingo F. Sarmiento, had been enunciated by the Liberator in his brilliant message to the congress of Angostura (1819):

"We are not Europeans, we are not Indians, but a half-species between the aborigines and the Spaniards: Americans by birth and Europeans by rights, we find ourselves in the conflict of disputing with the natives over titles of possession and of maintaining ourselves in the country that beheld our birth against the opposition of the invaders; hence our case is the most extraordinary and complicated. . . . Let me be permitted to call the attention of the congress to a subject that may be of vital importance. Let us bear in mind that our people are neither Europeans nor North Americans; that they are a composite of Africa and America, rather than an emanation from Europe; for even Spain herself is not European, by reason of her African [Arabian] blood, her institutions and her character. The larger part of the indigenous composite has been wiped out; the European has mingled with the American and the African, and the latter has mingled with the Indian and the European. Born, all of us, of the same mother, our fathers, different in origin and in blood, are strangers, and they all have a visibly different skin: this dissimilarity entails a consequence of the greatest importance."<sup>4</sup>

The Liberator thought, said Doctor Gil Fortoul, in his *Historia constitucional de Venezuela*, that the fate of the republic depended on the foundations of her new constitution, but that the latter ought not to be that of her first congress, that of 1811, which was almost an exact copy of that of the United States, for only by chance may the institutions of one nation be suited to another, it being necessary that they be always formulated according to the physical, social and historical conditions of each people.

<sup>3</sup>If there were negro slaves in the colonies of Spain, according to Estévez, there were more in those of England, Portugal, France and Holland.

<sup>4</sup>José Ingenieros: Introduction to the *Conflicto y armonías de las razas en América*, edition of "La Culture Argentina," Buenos Aires, 1915, pages 16, 18.—THE EDITOR.

Good, like evil, brings death, when it is sudden and excessive: our moral constitution did not yet possess the consistency necessary to enable us to receive the benefit of a wholly representative government and one that was so sublime that it could be adapted to a republic of saints.<sup>4</sup>

Thus did Bolívar, transcending the bounds of his period and being in advance of the precursors of the modern systems of sociology, express himself in 1819, while concerning himself with the *independence* and *stability* of the nascent republics of America.

Many years afterward, don José Ingenieros, paraphrasing Sarmiento's ideas and attempting, like him, to stamp strange trends on the vital political interests of our America, expressed himself thus:

The ethnical antecedents explain, according to Sarmiento, the unequal aptitude of the two Americas in the use of political liberty, the practice of democracy and the development of free institutions.

In order to study the "American insurrection" of 1810 (chapter VIII), he thinks it necessary to compare previously the degree of political culture, that is, the national consciousness achieved by the settlers of the English and the Spanish colonies.

The uprising of the former . . . was the defense of a political right, well understood and habitually practised by the colonies. . . . There was discussion therefore of a point of constitutional law: "the American Englishmen held that a right inherent to the race, inalienable like the blood of the Englishman, was not to pay taxes that had not been sanctioned by the assembly that represented them."

This happened in 1783; the period of North American emancipation would have been delayed if the parliament had simply refrained from imposing unlawful taxes. The colonies, when they made themselves independent . . . were sufficiently mature to develop democracy by means of free institutions.

The South American emancipation, favored by the general discontent of the creoles with Spanish misgovernment and by a certain infiltration of the doctrines of the Encyclopedia

and the French revolution, possessed characteristics of an improvisation and surprise. The desire to improve the propitious occasion to replace the Spanish administration by a creole administration was alone indubitable. . . . "The movement was produced by general ideas, independent of local circumstances, and it was only explicable by the subsequent development of ideas that originated with common and historically remote sources."

Independence was in the air, as a result of the political and administrative incapacity of the Spanish government; it was ordained in the chronology of the times, because North America had already been emancipated; it was stimulated and desired by the cultured minorities of natives that considered themselves capable of advantageously replacing the Spanish functionaries in the management of the nascent interests of the population.

But, in truth, no one knew with certainty how or when it would be proper to organize the new nations from the inorganic population of the Spanish colonies.

Such was the picture of the revolution in the two Americas: yonder, a select nucleus of the white race fought in defense of a right; here, a mixed race stirred in an upheaval of disorderly forces, without a clear conception of its aspirations.

While in the north a great nation sprang up as the natural consequences of her ethnic and political antecedents, in the south were being prepared anarchy and chaos, the results of antecedents no less natural.

The conflict of races in South America depended on the participation granted to the indigenes in the political life of the nascent nationalities.<sup>5</sup>

However:

When we contemplate the astounding spectacle of representative, republican and federal liberty in the United States, founded on eternal truths, common to the species, necessarily we are struck by the idea that Latin America is not

<sup>4</sup>Bolívar: message cited.—Author's note.

The passages quoted are to be found in *Documentos para la historia de la vida pública del Libertador de Colombia, Perú y Bolivia*, Caracas, 1876, volume vi, pages 586, 589. The address (not message) was delivered before the congress gathered at Angostura (now Ciudad Bolívar), Venezuela, on the morning of February 15, 1819.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>*Conflicto y armonías de las razas en América*, work quoted.—Author's note.

The author's quotations are drawn from the introduction to Doctor Ingenieros's edition of this work, pages 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 32, 38. We have translated from the text of the original in a few instances in which the author of the article departed from it.—THE EDITOR.

destined to be the practical negation of these same eternal truths; here as there they are proclaimed; there, practised; here, ill understood and worse applied.<sup>5</sup>

Shortly after expressing the latter of these ideas of a consoling optimism, even if not exempt from bitter strictures, the señor Sarmiento—to whom South America was almost always Argentina—wrote thus:

What remains for this America to do in order to follow the free and prosperous destiny of the other America? To level herself; and she is already doing so with the other European races by improving the indigenous blood by means of modern ideas, thus bringing the Middle Ages to a conclusion.<sup>5</sup>

Finally, Sarmiento indicated a route that Ingenieros, in order to follow it better, has marked out with greater precision: "to constitute," he says, "from all the poor and weak nations of South America, a great and strong modern nation, after the type of that of the north." "Let us catch up with the United States," said Sarmiento. "Let us be America as the sea is the ocean." To which, Ingenieros added: "Let us be like her, a new race sprung from the Caucasian trunk, molded in a fecund and generous nature, capable of cherishing great ideals for the future and of marking a stage in the coming history of human civilization!"

However, does not the formula wrought out by the señor Sarmiento, and which the señor Ingenieros adopted, seem to imply a new conflagration, a still more frightful spectacle than that offered by *cultured Europe* since 1914, a new *mare magnum*, in which the greatest interests of America and Europe would come into play?

If "the conflict of races in South America depends on the participation conceded to the indigenes in the political life of the nascent nationalities," and if the only means of laying a foundation for it is "to constitute from all the poor and weak nations of South America a great and strong modern nation, after the type of that of the north, to put itself on a level with Europe in order to catch up with the United States, and to be like her, a new race sprung from the Caucasian trunk," it is

clear that this, if it be possible, will not be achieved save by a proceeding both hateful and complicated, which would consist perhaps in a selection of races, and which would be effected by placing them in two groups: the first of them composed of creoles and Europeans, and the other, of the mixture, all the indigenes and all the people of color; in seeking, at any price, a sufficient immigration of Indo-Europeans, the legitimate descendants of the "great Arian, formerly Caucasian, race;" in reconstructing, by means of these modifications, the population of each of the Indo-Hispanic states; and, finally, as was done by the founders of North America—to-day the United States—without possible contact with the *mestizo*, the Indian and the colored man, to begin the new life of *regeneration*, which, by placing us on a level with Europe, would permit us, now without *drawbacks*, to be like the great American people, "a new race capable of cherishing great ideas for the future, and of marking a stage in the coming history of human civilization!" Yet no; perhaps we have interpreted them wrongly—our illustrious Hispanic-American Sarmiento and Ingenieros—by likening them for a moment to Gustave Le Bon and Benjamin Kidd, or to those other "French, British and German men of science," according to the conception of whom, as the Hispano-Americanist Benjamín Sanín Cano said:<sup>6</sup>

The valleys of the Orinoco or of the Plata, the Argentine pampa and the table-lands of the tropical Andes, did not issue from the mind of the Creator to constitute the felicity of their inhabitants, but that of the peoples of central and western Europe.

To induce a writer of the stature of don José Ingenieros to exalt with the brilliancy of his authoritative pen the name of that compatriot of his, there was need of no less a personage than an illustrious civilizer, a great educator, an impassioned champion of progress, as was don Domingo F. Sarmiento, to whom "to govern is to populate and enlighten," a principle that

<sup>6</sup>"'Latino-América,' según la ciencia europea," a notable article published in *Centro América*, Guatemala, July—September, 1920, volume xii, number 3.



"supported the growth of gratuitous and compulsory instruction." Thus it was that, justified by events, the eminent former president of Argentina could say, referring to her:

She is the one that has exerted herself most to foster instruction and make it common. Immigration from Europe has responded to the summons given by her laws and stimuli, and in this she is the only one on a great scale in South America.

It is now time to permit ourselves to formulate the same interrogation as that of the eminent Ingenieros and Sarmiento: "What remains for this America to do in order to follow the free and prosperous destiny of the other America?"

In view of the complexity of the problem, it would be strange to seek here the solution that the generous effort of distinguished American writers has not found. Poor is ours, which with good will we seek to offer to this persecuted patria, so often defamed by the malice of covert ambition.

It is true that when these sections of Latin America compare themselves as a whole with the prepotent federation of the north, all of them, even if with differences in degree, are to be found on a level relatively inferior. However, *a fortiori*, it must also be recognized that this difference of culture between the two Americas is not an exclusive thing of men, but at the same time, and very especially, the result of indefectible historical and sociological laws. While North America—we speak in general terms—was formed by the transplantation of Indo-European groups, already evolved by a gestation of long centuries, which groups, by avoiding all mixture with the indigenous and African races, were able at once and unhindered by obstacles of this kind to put all their activities in the movement, the heroic Spaniard—less civilized, less fitted for work, less cautious, and lacking, besides, from the very days of the discovery, the resources necessary to the conquest and colonization of regions, which, if they were not more extensive than those of the north, were, indeed, as remote as those of the south that are situated toward the Atlantic and Pacific—the heroic Spaniard, I say, like

the Portuguese, and as the crowning act of folly, did not refrain from mingling his blood with that of the negro and the Indian, who were factors, as is well known, still more out of harmony, reciprocally and with the conquerors.

Also, inasmuch as it is hardly possible to compare the social condition of the Americas, why then, if in the brief period of a hundred years, not yet completed, we have won not a few victories along the broader and broader road of our social, political and economic development; why, we say, the persistent effort of certain publicists of the other side of the Atlantic to belittle us to the extent of robbing us of all reputation. From Monsieur Gustave Le Bon's *Psychologie du socialisme* we take these fragmentary sentences:

We shall consider, in the first place, the nations of the "lowest level" in the scale of Latin civilization: the twenty-two [*sic*] Latin republics of America. All without exception have reached that condition in which decadence is manifest in the form of the most absolute anarchy. . . . Populated by races already exhausted, without energy, without initiative, without probity, without strength of will, the twenty-two republics of America, although situated in the richest regions of the earth, are incapable of making use of their immense resources. . . . They live by means of European loans, destined to be distributed among the pirates that bear the names of politicians. . . . Pillage is general in these republics. . . . This state of things will endure, according to appearances, until the day when some adventurer of talent places himself at the head of a few thousand well disciplined men, begins the conquest of these unfortunate lands and subjects them to a law of iron, the only law merited by nations bereft of vitality and honor, and incapable of governing themselves.

In his book, *The Control of the Tropics*, Mr. Benjamin Kidd *deigned* to say, among other things of the same ilk:

We have to recognize at the outset, as a first principle of the situation, the utter futility of any policy based on the conception that it will be possible in the future to hold our hands and stand aloof from the tropics. There can be no choice in this matter. . . . It is not even to be expected that existing nations [those of Europe] will, in the future, continue to acknowledge any rights in the tropics which are not

based both on the intention and the ability to develop these regions. . . . The tropics will not therefore be developed by the natives themselves. . . . The tropics in such circumstances can only be governed as a trust for civilization,<sup>7</sup> and with a full sense of the responsibility which such a trust involves.<sup>7</sup>

Fortunately, the scandalous cries of alarm given by the celebrated sociologist and moralist Monsieur Gustave Le Bon and Mr. Benjamin Kidd, did not produce the desired effect on them! Perhaps the labors preparatory to the First Hague Peace Conference (1899) influenced the "pacifist" temperament of the directive powers of European policy unfavorably to the longings for the reconquest and recolonization set forth in so expressive a manner by Le Bon and Kidd about the year 1898; or it was *perhaps* that because it was precisely a question of America, and because of *respect* for the memory of Monroe, Jefferson and Madison, they had to disregard the suggestive counsels of science. Nevertheless, the shame occasioned unarmed Venezuela in 1902, the ground of the celebrated Drago doctrine and of what was agreed upon at the Hague (1907) regarding the limitation of the employment of armed force in the case of contractual debts: does it not seem to reveal a systematic preparation of public opinion, in order to render plausible that violent procedure? As far as book and *disinterested* public opinion avail, in favor of and against right and justice, we have the answer in the famous questions of *mare liberum*, and *mare clausum*, raised in the seventeenth century. . . .

On his part, the señor don Augustín Venturino, in an important document published in number 3 of *La Nueva Democracia* of New York, in March, 1921, gives to us South Americans a good ringing, which we must consider as a tremendous cry of alarm. This article is preceded by an illustrative cut which, along with the ideas set forth by the author, would have been, in a certain manner, another impressive victory for the great sociologist and moralist Monsieur Le Bon. In the improvised illustration are exhibited the

effigy of a vacuous Indian girl, wholly adequate to testify to the stupidity of the race: that of a young woman that is holding in her arms a child, and in which an effort seems to have been made to present a specimen of the crossing of the negro and the Indian races. It is the type of a *zamba*<sup>8</sup> and one with an indefinable physiognomy; for one is unable to divine whether the face in question be that of a *zambo* or that of a mulatto, the latter the descendant of a white and a negro; but to judge by the frightful *phiz*, it has more the air of one of Lombroso's degenerates, escaped from some New York prison, a foreigner, of course, or from some south European penitentiary! It is not a little strange, indeed, that they have not given us also a pair of creoles and *mestizos*: in this way the illustration would have been more perfect! and, far from influencing unfavorably the mind of prospective emigrants, it would, perhaps, have caused them to decide in favor of immigrating to Chile, which, according to the señor Venturino, "has a sociology," and which, like "Argentina and Uruguay, surpasses several European countries, the Balkans, above all;" or to "Costa Rica, which has acquired such a degree of culture that no one would deny that it is a people!" According to the señor Venturino's view, "the evils of this afflicted Indo-Hispanic America, such as geographical position and territorial disproportion, scarcity of population, the preponderance of the indigenes, influence of the negroes, tropical climate, et cetera, are not social evils, since the period through which Indo-Hispanic America is now passing was passed through by *even* Europe herself, which is forgetting it;" and "Indo-Hispanic America has accomplished more than she was forced to accomplish;" and "Indo-Hispanic America can be more than she is," since "she combines conditions that all the peoples have possessed to enable them to go forward; but for the present, she lacks, among many other things, one requisite, which has not been duly observed, and few are interested in practising it, *with the*

<sup>7</sup>Benjamin Kidd: *The Control of the Tropics*, chapter iii, pages 46, 47, 52, 53.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>Feminine of *zambo*: as used in Hispanic America, a cross between a negro and an Indian.—THE EDITOR.

*exception of the banker and the money-changer: that is, interdependence[?].*" "Now since the United States," adds the señor Venturino, "because of language, distance and interests, has not gone to Indo-Hispanic America, as she might have done, Indo-Hispanic America is under obligation to secure *interdependence*, in order to reflect upon what she lacks and obtain the help she needs."

As to Gustave Le Bon, it is sufficient to ask what the popular sociologist and profound moralist might think of the South American republics, which, in spite of their "low level in the scale of Latin civilization," certainly never would have resolved to assume the tremendous responsibilities that have rested on Europe since the terrible August of 1914? Who are the slaves of the most horrible passions?

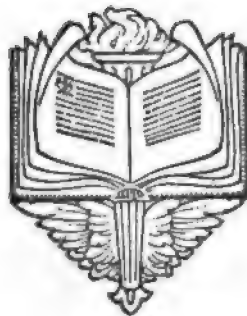
Even to-day—but without the basenesses that are so alien to the genuine descendants of the conquering Spanish *adventurers*—it might be proclaimed: While

this America of barbarians, benefiting, as has been set forth by the writer don Benjamín Sanín Cano, by one of the most transcendent victories of law, has, without violence, and on many occasions, secured the solution of controversies by means of arbitration, in the new Babel, unfortunate "conquerors and conquered," who have not had the wisdom to become reconciled, continue in the abyss of the frightful night of their hatreds! Even to-day . . . may the God of nations grant that shattered Europe and this America and the whole world shall not have to lament the disasters and the immeasurable consequences of a new outbreak of the unquenched volcano of those hatreds!

For the publicist Mr. Benjamin Kidd, we bespeak the generous oblivion of the "ungovernable" inhabitants of the tropics!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup>Benjamin Kidd, as we are informed by don Benjamín, Sanín Cano, died when the war was at its height.—Author's note.

He died on October 2, 1916.—THE EDITOR.



# DIVORCE AND THE LAW OF CHILE<sup>1</sup>

BY

RAFAEL FONTECILLA R.

The idea of divorce with a severance of the bonds begins to make way in Chilean society. The environment is ready. To-day it is the invariable theme in cultured circles, after the elevation to the presidency of the republic of don Arturo Alessandri, a spiritual brother of Brum and Irigoyen. Alessandri has always striven to give to woman a greater personality by seeking her emancipation from the tyranny of all prejudices.—Editor of *Nuestra América*.

**W**E ARE going to take up a question that assumes the proportions of a serious problem. We refer to divorce, as to whether it may or may not destroy the marriage tie. For this purpose we shall consider matrimony as a contract subject to civil laws, which man can vary according to social needs, without referring to sacramental marriage, which is covered by canonical law, and the dictates of which are immutable, in the opinion of the theologians.

According to the view of our legislation, divorce is a simple separation of the wedded couple, whether temporary or perpetual, but without the divorced persons' being able to contract a new marriage.

The precept of the civil code is final. The contract of matrimony unites indissolubly and "for the whole life." Let us see what the situation is in other legislations.

The idea of indissolubility spread among the nations of Europe as fast as they embraced Christianity. As is well known, the Catholic religion elevated matrimony to the category of a sacrament and made it indissoluble, considering it a symbol of the union between Christ and the church. This idea, however, began to disappear in Europe, owing in a large measure to the diffusion of the new philosophical system. The Reformation altered the doctrine. To-day the Calvinists and Lutherans feel that the bond may be dissolved in cases of infidelity. The Greek schismatics and the orthodox Russian church accept the same theory. Let us now see what the state of the case is in more highly civilized

nations: France and Germany, for example. The French jurisconsult Baudry-Lacantinerie says:

Our ancient law did not admit of divorce.

It was proscribed by the Catholic religion, and we know that in that period the proscriptions of the religious law were imposed on the civil legislator. No religion, however, had the power to prevent bad marriages, and as it was necessary to offer, at any price, a remedy to the husband and wife for whom the common life had become unbearable. The Catholic religion tolerated and our law accepted separation alone, which relaxed the bonds of matrimony without severing them. There was a violent reaction against this ancient order of things. The point of departure was the principle "that it is necessary to grant the greatest liberty to the right to divorce, because of the nature of the marriage contract, the main basis of which is the mutual consent of the husband and the wife, as individual liberty can never be alienated in an absolute manner by any agreement."

On September 20, 1792, was enacted the law that permitted divorce in so broad a manner that the bad effects of this amplitude were very soon felt. Immorality invaded all spheres.

Then came the code of Napoleon, which permitted the dissolution of the bond, but in a more limited form.

France continued under this régime until the beginning of the Restoration. On May 8, 1816, was promulgated a law, article 1 of which said: "Divorce is abolished." This was the logical consequence of the constitution of 1814, which had established the Catholic religion as that of the state.

The revolution of 1830 suppressed the religion of the state, and, as a result, and after long disputes in the chambers, it

<sup>1</sup>A chapter from an address entitled *La mujer ante el derecho político y civil*, delivered before the Círculo Femenino de Estudios of Santiago, Chile.

again established divorce by a law, enacted in 1884, on the initiative of Alfred Naquet.

This is the history of divorce in France at all its stages.

In Germany the civil code, which began to prevail from 1900, provides for divorce on any of the following grounds: first, infidelity; second, an attempt by one of the parties against the life of the other; third, abandonment, in the circumstances covered by the law; fourth, a serious violation by one of the parties of his or her duties toward the other, in this violation being included ill treatment, or such conduct as, because of its immorality or indecency, would disturb so profoundly the conjugal relations that continuance of matrimony would seem impossible; fifth, the insanity of one of the parties, if it has persisted for three years after the contraction of matrimony, to such a degree that all intellectual communion between the parties has ceased and all hope of its being reestablished has been abandoned.

In respect of other European countries, divorce, with the granting of the dissolution of the bond, is almost universal. In America, Uruguay has permitted it since 1907; as have also Cuba, Ecuador, Venezuela; and a short time ago the chamber of deputies of Perú gave its approval, amid great acclamations, to a bill that established divorce.

In Chile also bills have been presented, but none of them has ever become a law. It seems that there does not exist among us a clearly defined tendency in this respect.

NEVERTHELESS, the subject is discussed, and the idea is beginning to occupy the attention of the public. We are agreed that indissolubility is the ideal in matrimony. The characteristics of modern unions indicate this. It should be said that love, which is the motive par excellence that induces people to celebrate this contract, can not be conceived of as for a time, but only as everlasting. All aspire to a perpetual matrimony, which shall have as a foundation a love as enduring as the sun.

From the point of view of policy, indissolubility is also the ideal, because the

solidity of institutions depends on the stability of the family and of marriage.

This is true, and these facts are incontrovertible, but, unfortunately, the reality does not always accord with the ideal; and this love, fancy or sympathy or whatever you may call it, which we imagine is so great, turns out to be as fragile as a fleck of sea-foam.

The woman, a good girl, but inexperienced, like every spinster, who knew life and men only by means of the wretched novel of the *folletoín*,<sup>2</sup> could not imagine that beneath the elegant appearance of her lover palpitated a vulgar heart without ideals; she could not believe that behind the expression of his attractive face was a black soul, a depraved soul, capable of risking even honor on the card table of a club.

The ideal began to fall to pieces. . . .

This may readily happen; our life in society is artificial. It is a life of pretense. Even feeling is simulated. Hence every woman sees her lover through the gauze of the scenic apparatus of social etiquette. Artists on the stage are always interesting. So lovers are always ideal, the quintessence of good qualities, laden with intelligence and virtue; but afterward, behind the scenes in life, the reality comes out, little by little, like a snail, with its enormous antennæ of disillusionment.

The multiple aspects with which we present ourselves in society, aspects that always impart to us a new interest, diminish in real life. We no longer need to please or interest. The woman is won: the husband, secured. (In this fact I conceive I behold the genesis of weariness. In marriage, a life without aspects, is monotonous; and monotony inevitably conduces to weariness.)

I recall at this moment a painting by a Chilean artist, Harris, which I saw fifteen years ago in the Salón de Bellas Artes. It was a picture of bitter suggestiveness: in the background of an elegant bedroom a woman, young and sad, was weeping beside a cradle; on the threshold, leaning against the door-frame, a man, trying to recover his equilibrium, lost through

<sup>2</sup>A novel or story, usually serial, printed across the bottom of a newspaper and separated by a line from the rest of the text.—THE EDITOR.

drunkenness. It is the husband, who has arrived at daybreak. His top hat is tilted to one side, his attire, rumpled and in disorder. There is a suggestion of infinite disenchantment in the attitude of the woman, who is weeping, while she clutches the silk hangings of her son's cradle; and an expression of irritating stupidity on the face of the man just arriving. The picture is often repeated in life.

This man would never have appeared thus in the home of his sweetheart; but now . . . it is ridiculous to keep up a show of courtesy. The period of pretense is past. It is now time to exhibit one's self just as one is, without masks. The time has come when it is no longer necessary to put a guard on one's spirit in order not to exhibit it in all its miserable nakedness.

Disenchantment begins to accentuate itself more and more until it makes life together impossible. Love is dead, because it can not survive in immorality, in ignominies. Love is not a flower that is cultivated in a mire. It rejects the shadow of vice. It loves the transparency of lakes, the harmony of the crystalline stream; light, goodness.

The enchantment shattered then, the man without ethical principles revealed, and all spiritual communion ended, love can no longer exist. There can be no home. There can be no wedlock.

Our law permits people to separate for five years, or for ever, according to the case; but it does not grant them the happiness of embarking on another marriage.

The man goes whither he likes and lives with whom he pleases. The woman? She goes to the home of her parents or to the house of a friend or to a convent, to weep out her sorrows and to forget.

Tears, however abundant, can never satisfy the inclinations of a young heart, which possesses the sentiment of love as a natural necessity.

Would it be strange that, afterward, she should meet on the journey of life another man, a superior one, who might possess great moral riches? She has now had more experience; she understands better. The vision of a new home, beside this other

man, seems to her like an oasis in the desert. . . .

Ah! but the law does not permit it, as long as the husband that has wronged and abandoned her is alive; and the vision begins to vanish like a dream.

The law does not permit this new home to be fashioned. It does not consent that a life shall be remade. If there has been a failure, it may not be remedied! That the woman was deceived? Let her suffer as much as she will, as the consequence of her disillusionment; let her weep her heart out; let her love, if she be capable of loving; but let her do so with hypocrisy, that the world may never be aware, and hidden from the law; but let her not again form a home while her husband is alive! What an egregious mistake! What slight knowledge of the human heart! It seems that our legislators were passing through a sharp crisis of determinism when they drafted these principles, principles of an incomprehensible immutability! . . . A life that is wrecked may not be lost for ever. It ought not to be. It ought to rise from the very depths of failure! We ought to be like the child described by the author of *Motivos de Proteo*,<sup>3</sup> who entertained himself by drawing sounds from a tumbler of glass with the end of a rush. It suddenly occurred to him to fill it with sand, and he experienced great surprise when the vase no longer responded to the strokes of the rush. The child thought a moment, and then it occurred to him to plant the rush in the tumbler of sand. He did so, and he again became as happy as before, and he danced about the lawn in glee.

How much philosophy there is in this anecdote!

Instead of breaking the vase, casting the flower away and weeping bitterly, he reconstructed the object of his interest, making use of the sand itself, which had robbed him of the sweet sounds of the glass.

So I think we ought to do in life. The very experience acquired in the shattered home may be used in the new construction of another one.

In the presence of the disillusionment of Harris's picture we ought always to feel the optimistic stanza of the poet:

<sup>3</sup>José Enrique Rodó. THE EDITOR.

The soul is like an unsolitary bird,  
Which, its nest destroyed in the ruinous gable,  
In another gable rebuilds its nest.<sup>4</sup>

It is a crime to suffocate the life of a young heart! To annihilate an existence! It is unwise to attempt to clip the wings of an ideal, the true ideal, which is like the phoenix: it is reborn ceaselessly from the ashes, with more and more powerful wings, that it may rise higher and higher toward the infinite.

What has our law sought to do in permitting a perpetual separation? To punish us by prohibiting a new marriage? The law can not be so unjust. In every matrimonial misunderstanding there is always one that is innocent and one that is to blame. It is not just to punish both.

Many have thought that the law, by permitting divorce without breaking the bonds, has intended to leave the door open in order that the parties might come together again at some time.

Probably so, but the grounds for perpetual divorce are so serious that a renouncement of dignity would be involved in effecting the reunion of the parties.

A woman wounded in her honor ought never to pardon.

Only in mediocre intellectual societies are all kinds of humiliations possible; only in the lowest social depths can a woman kiss the rude hand of the executioner. (It must have been for people of this kind that Nietzsche used that phrase which runs: "Art thou going with a woman? Forget not the whip!")

However, we again ask ourselves: What has been the object of legislation in upholding this perpetual separation of husband and wife? I have never been able to explain it to myself scientifically. The interests of the children that are going to be homeless? No; precisely the interests of the children are to be procured in the removal of this center of immorality and hatred constituted by a man and woman that utterly detest each other. What home do orphans have? What home have

the children of a couple that has been perpetually divorced?

The law has contemplated it; and in the case of dissolution it ought to take similar measures. We believe in the dissolution of the bond, but only in very peculiar and restricted cases. We recognize the social importance of matrimony, but of matrimony built on the solid foundations of morality, in order that it may not be destroyed.

Matrimony, as I understand it, ought to have love as a fundamental motive, but this love is not unconscious and primitive, of the kind of which we read in the *folletines*. The concept of love has also developed. One of its principle aspects is found by a Spanish writer in "moral esteem" between a man and a woman.

Yes; moral esteem: a rake, a being without dignity and without honor, who seeks in woman her defects and not her virtues, will not be able to inspire love in any cultivated woman that has at least some notion of perfection. I am sure that this concept will triumph definitively and that it will strengthen matrimonial unions and prevent divorces.

The concept of love is being transformed.

Let us see what is said by a distinguished Italian writer, Dora Melegari:

Many say that love is about to die. There is talk, not only of insufficiency of sentiment, but also of psychic weariness. The biologists point to signs of decrepitude. Some attribute this indication of death to feminism. Other causes, deeper and more complex, have brought about this state of things.

For my part, I do not believe in the disappearance of love. I believe, like Sighele, that the present is a moment of transition, from which it will come forth victorious, strengthened and on a higher pedestal, because of the intellectual and moral development of woman. It will be founded on a spiritual communion that will reinforce it and ennoble it. It will rise triumphant, and it will become the only bond capable of perpetuating matrimonial unions.

We shall realize this ideal: the perpetuity of matrimony, not by law, but by love.

<sup>4</sup>El alma es como el pájaro ineférrico,  
Que, roto el nido en el ruinoso alero,  
En otro alero reconstruye el nido.

# THE VERSAILLES COVENANT AND THE GENEVA ASSEMBLY<sup>1</sup>

BY

RODRIGO OCTAVIO

The writer, an authority on international law and relations, whose lot it was to represent his government both at the Versailles conference and the Geneva assembly, gives his impressions of the two gatherings of the nations and his conclusions regarding them, in the language that a jurist would naturally use in addressing his colleagues and students of law. While recognizing the difficulties encountered by both bodies and the indefiniteness of their results, he is disposed to be hopeful. "I believe, however," he says, "that the league, in the complexity of its organization, can contribute powerfully to the settlement of many questions which, without it, might become complicated and lead to international misunderstandings," and that it "will greatly serve to create an atmosphere of confidence and fraternity which, indeed, may prevent wars by modifying the state of mind among peoples and governments."—THE EDITOR.

AS IT fell to my lot, by a whim of fortune, to participate, not only in the labors of the costly elaboration of the treaty of Versailles—in the first articles of which, as on a superb portico, rises the structure of the covenant—but also to be one of the representatives of my country at the first universal assembly, which met in Geneva, you will naturally desire to hear from me regarding things related to both these events.

Do not look, however, either for marvels of eloquence, which my limited ability would not enable me to offer, or for startling conceptions or observations, which could be expected only by those that are not well acquainted with me.

I bring you here, with the confidence of one that addresses friends, hardly more than the impressions, not yet definitively fixed, of one of the retinue, who viewed life from the wings and who is in doubt as to whether he possess judgment sufficiently sound to enable him to appreciate the spectacle as a whole and discernment sufficient to draw proper conclusions regarding its outcome and consequences.

It is undeniable that civilization is passing through an hour of transition. Indeed,

it never pauses in the ceaseless movement of advance and recoil in respect of individual freedom or general tranquillity that has marked its course throughout the ages.

There are occasions, however, when this movement is more accentuated; in which the pulsations of social life are quickened, press upon one another, become tumultuous. The normal movement is then changed into revolution, the more violent manifestations of which, and perhaps the more sincere, are seditious agitations and popular outbreaks.

Civilization is passing through one of these hours of downright revolution. We live at a moment in which, as the old principles that still left room for divine right and absolutist concepts of sovereignty are becoming blurred, there dawns a new day regarding which we are uncertain as to whether it will be one with a radiant sun conducive to all worthy undertakings and wholesome joys, or whether it will be one with a dull and hazy or even a tragically tempestuous sky.

In the anguish occasioned by this prospect of uncertainty and doubt; in the inconsistencies that have followed in the train of an unprecedented war, which convulsed the five parts of the globe and radically altered the political organization of Europe, a group of well-meaning men, with the generous spirit of a great citizen as their leader, took up the task of organization.

The covenant of the society of nations was drafted and approved. That it might immediately be given universal authority

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered before the Sociedade Brasileira de Direito Internacional.—Note of the editor of *Revista Argentina de Ciencias Políticas*.

As we have not had access to the Portuguese original of this address, we have been compelled to make our translation from the Spanish version of it published in the *Revista Argentina de Ciencias Políticas*.—THE EDITOR.



and prestige, it was incorporated with the treaty of Versailles, which would be signed by more than half the civilized nations of our epoch, and for some of the provisions of which sanction was at once sought in the support of that organism, which was created contemporarily, which was born at the same time. By means of the elaboration of the covenant, and then with its approval and execution, it was desired deliberately to stimulate the revolutionary movement of the world in the direction of a closer union, a more intense coöperation, there being created, side by side with the individuality of each state, the separate and, in a sense, absorbent individuality of a new international entity.

It is not my purpose to attempt here a criticism of the covenant to which Wilson lent the splendor of his name.

All say that it is imperfect, that it contains serious faults; that it ought to be amended. For my part, I shall but add that, as it is a human achievement, the covenant must be judged by the intentions that inspired it and the fruits that shall spring from it. It is but the incarnation of an idea; it will derive adequate form from its own existence and the contingencies that shall result from events. Who would dare affirm that we ought by preference to proceed this or that way in order to accomplish the beneficent and opportune organization of the world? What was sought was the constitution of a system of accord among the states that would lead to a more effective and useful reciprocal understanding than any that had existed thitherto; and one that would provide a mutual aid more general and effective for the accomplishment of the common destiny of humanity; and that would tend to establish means for the peaceful settlement of its disagreements and disputes.

Whether the organization or system be called a league, society or association, what is necessary, in order to secure a result, will always be a beginning. Let us regard the fact as a simple beginning and then go forward; reforms, improvements or the transformation of what has already been achieved will follow in due season and, of course, without delay, for in such a case preconceived ideas do not and can not

exist, and even much less caprices, but only a sincere will to solve the difficulty.

Precisely what has already been accomplished is a proof of good faith and sincerity of desire. We are aware that the committee that drafted the covenant was not a homogeneous body. There are two historic currents in respect of societies of nations: the Latin current, which began with Sully or Henri IV and reached to Monsieur Bourgeois (passing through the Abbé de Saint-Pierre and Rousseau); and the Saxon current, which reached from Bentham to Mr. Wilson.

Setting out from different sources, which also tended to different results, there could not be a complete agreement between the conception of the principle drafters of the covenant. This simple fact explains many of the divergencies, and the discussions that arose in the historic halls of the Hôtel Crillon.

It is well known that, according to the French conception, the society of nations seeks to prevent wars by suppressing the warlike tendencies of rebellious or recalcitrant members: hence the insistence with which the French delegation strove for and defended the principle of the creation of an international army that should be placed at the disposal of the new organism.

We know also, however, that, according to the Anglo-Saxon conception, the league of nations seeks little more than a closer approximation of the states, in the sense of rendering easier the solution of conflicts, and more difficult the breaking out of hostilities: hence also the inflexibility with which the president of the United States rejected the French proposals.

Both sides strove arduously, because each of them was sincere in the conviction that it defended a right principle, necessary to the ideal it had in view; but it is equally true that if each side had its ideal, the ideal was not the same.

In spite of this conviction, however, and although the ideal of the two parties was different, the covenant was drafted and the task was completed.

We have therefore what was accomplished; let us see to the oiling of the machinery; and, in accord with what is being observed, let us try to adapt all this

new mechanism to the rusty ancient system of the world.

As every one knows, the organs of the society of nations are two: a periodical assembly and a council, served by a permanent secretariat—an instrument of preparation and coördination—which is composed of a personnel elected from among the functionaries of the entire world, but with decided preference, be it said in passing, in favor of those of English speech.

The two organs of the society have therefore equal attributes, which are enumerated, respectively, in the same terms, by articles 3 and 4 of the covenant.

The text runs thus: "The council [like the assembly] may deal at its meetings with any matter within the sphere of action of the league or that affects the peace of the world;" and the preamble of the covenant explains what the functions of the society are: "to promote international coöperation and to achieve international peace and security."

As they were different organs, diversely constituted and possessed of equal functions, it was necessary, in order to avoid discussions and clashes, to trace the line of separation between the two spheres of action, or, at least, between their peculiar characteristics.

Here and there, the airy rhetoric of not a few has hastened to the conclusion that "the assembly and the council are two powers: the legislative and the executive;" or else that "they are two organs of the same power, that is, an upper and a lower chamber."

This is in no sense justified by the text. The society of nations is neither a world state nor a super-state. As was said, in a very interesting address, by Monsieur I. Nitobé, one of the most distinguished functionaries of the secretariat, this society is but a vast plan of coördination and coöperation, worked out by peoples weary of the war, for the purpose of securing the prevalence of democracy and peace in the world, or, to make use of the expression of Alejandro Álvarez—in a communication presented to the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques of Paris, in October, 1920—the covenant is nothing more than a *political union*, each nation preserving her

own independence, but submitting to the limitations that result from the coöperation on which union rests.

It is not necessary therefore to find a likeness to the organisms of each state in the two organs to which this task of coöperation and coördination has been confided. We are dealing with new creations, constituted for the purpose of securing definite effects and of meeting certain social problems.

Speaking strictly, these organs are the reflection of the respective governments, working together and in behalf of the world in the management of international relations. As is stipulated by the preamble of the covenant, it is their lot to practise diplomacy *au grand jour*. The function is identical; to discharge it, it would have been sufficient to create a single organism.

However, it was thought necessary to conciliate the principle of the juridical equality of states—which ought to participate equally in the organism representative of the society—and the difficulty presented by the permanent functioning of an organism composed of a great number of members. Moreover, it was deemed proper to conciliate the periodicity of the meeting of the members of the society as a whole with the requirement that the functions of a representative organism should be permanent.

So the organism was made bipartite. To determine the differences between the respective spheres of action, the mechanism of the simultaneous activity of the two and the reciprocal relations, the question was included in the order of the day of the first assembly, which solved it by sanctioning principles that were not precisely clear and definite, by which means it did not greatly further what had already been expressed in the covenant.

The council has functioned regularly ever since. The treaty of Versailles became effective on January 10, 1920, with the exchange of ratifications. Its activity has been remarkable, and there has prevailed the most complete harmony of opinions among its members, in spite of the lack of coöperation on the part of the United States, which placed on terms of numerical equality the great powers with a permanent seat, which, by an amphibolog-

ical expression, came to be called *Puissances d'intérêts particuliers*.

In its twelve meetings, of which five were held in Paris, three in London and the rest in Rome, Brussels, San Sebastián and Geneva, the council devoted itself successively to studying and solving, among others, questions of boundaries and questions affecting the government of the Saar basin and that of the free state of Danzig; the repatriation of prisoners of war; the international bureau of hygiene and the campaign against typhus in Poland; the Aland islands; the territorial conflict between Lithuania and Poland; the international court of justice, and sovereignty over the territories of Eupen and Malmedy.

THE assembly, the meeting of which was to have been called by President Wilson at a time that he might deem opportune, and which, by general consent, it was deemed wise to hold in Washington, was convoked, at the request of the council, for the fifteenth of November of last year by Wilson himself, who, with this in mind, designated the city of Geneva as the permanent seat of the society according to the terms of article 7 of the covenant, in spite of the great efforts made that, at least this time, the city of Brussels should obtain the honor of that distinction.

The meeting alluded to was indeed held. The assembly, with the participation of representatives of forty-one states, was opened on the day set, and it functioned for five weeks.

I suppose that, viewed from the outside, the results of the labors and votes of Geneva were not very suggestive and flattering. The truth is that consideration was given entirely to the lists of subjects inscribed in the order of the day, and that they were all discussed, studied and solved. Hence the assembly accomplished precisely the object for which it was called together.

It is possible, nevertheless, that, in the preparation of that order of the day, a psychological error was committed, as it was easy to foresee that the public opinion of the world might hinge entirely on the labors of the assembly. Without the support of public opinion, and unless the masses were convinced of the seriousness of

the task and of the considerable result of the efforts put forth, it would be impossible to accomplish the desired object.

It would have been wise therefore to have made an effort to interest that public opinion, and, in consideration of the effect on the public mind, to have submitted to the study of the assembly subjects of greater scope, inasmuch as that was the first time in which the representatives of the world were assembled to engage in the common undertaking of international reconstruction.

It was not so, however, but let us agree that nothing else could have happened. Even there it was necessary to begin at the beginning and reach conclusions regarding many subjects of moderate importance, or, rather, of unapparent importance, but such as demanded elaboration: by-laws for the assembly, relations between it and the council, the creation of certain technical organisms, the relation between the latter and the society of nations, the approval of accounts for services rendered, the distribution of budgets.

Perhaps all these subjects, or most of them at least, did not seem to the public mind to be worthy to occupy the attention of the representatives of the world during that first moment of contact, when the consequences of the war were visible everywhere, disturbing relations of all kinds; when the war itself still continued in different regions, with its harvest of victims; when a great portion of the Europe of yesterday was bereft of civilization, living a life apart, in the mystery of a tragic and delirious convulsion; and when, in the most widely separated regions of the world, systems of anarchy and rebellion were raising their heads and threatening constituted order.

In ignorance as to what the society of nations, as the outgrowth of the covenant, really is; failing to recognize what that initial assembly had to be; and while all the people were thinking, and it was proclaimed by newspaper and book and repeated by the propagandists, that whatsoever was accomplished was for the peace of the world and the happiness of all the peoples, that which the assembly really took up was not, indeed, what the public imagined it would discuss.

Hence, perhaps, a certain disillusionment, a sense of displeasure, in respect of the discussions in Geneva and the limited results of the deliberations of the assembly, which were manifested by publications and commenters.

This state of mind ought to be combated, however. There is no room for doubt that all that is occurring tends to the peace of the world and the welfare of the peoples, but the league of nations is not a panacea for the elimination of wars, the reestablishment of public tranquillity and the overthrow of the prevalent anarchy. It merely constitutes a mechanism that is being made ready to serve these purposes by providing means whereby states may settle their differences and disputes, without appealing, at least immediately, to the violence of reprisals and the brutality of war. Even for this purpose, only by its perfect operation and the prolongation of its existence may the cherished results be expected of such a mechanism.

**O**F WHAT was done at Geneva, it may be asserted that only two questions, of a profoundly different nature, aroused general interest: the admission of new states and the establishment of an international court of justice.

As to what was properly the object of the deliberations of the assembly, and as an evidence of the uncertainty that prevails in this respect, I mention here that the committee of jurisconsults that elaborated at the Hague the plan for the organization of the International Court of Justice proposed that it should be transmitted to the assembly for the purpose of securing the codification and development of international law, that the states might arrive at an understanding in order to continue the work begun by the peace conferences held in that city.

Many persons imagined, in the meanwhile, that the meetings of the assembly of the society of nations were but new Hague conferences, with their sphere of competency amplified and their periodicity established.

The assembly thought so too.

In harmony with the opinion of the respective committees, it was declared that

the assembly really continued the work of 1899 and 1907, and therefore that it would be superfluous to create beside it another organism to assume charge of that undertaking.

The committee, however, was of the opinion, and the assembly concurred with it, that it was necessary to study the problem of defining and coördinating the rules of international law in a more precise manner. There can be no doubt, the committee remarked, that the uncertainties that exist at present on this subject and the multitude of opinions—often contradictory—as to doctrines are of such a nature that they raise grave difficulties when controversies arise. The task of effecting this revision and codification would be stupendous, and it would require vast knowledge on the part of those that might undertake it. The committee realized that it would be expedient to request the coöperation of certain institutions, inasmuch as some of them had long ago won for themselves a place of unquestionable authority in the realm of international law. Among others, I mention the Institute of International Law, the American Institute of International Law, the International Juridical Union and the International Law Association, as well as other bodies that devote themselves to the study of comparative law. It would, perhaps, be too ambitious to desire to accomplish immediately and rapidly a systematic codification of international law. Consequently, thought must be given to defining and formulating more clearly the great principles that are to determine the future relations of states. It was objected that the society of nations had not yet become universal and that it would perhaps be premature to undertake so considerable a work. It was replied, however, that, in addition to its being the duty of the society of nations to become universal as soon as possible, it is a fact that representatives of all the nations were already members of some of the organizations mentioned, and that any work undertaken would thus possess, as a matter of course, the desired quality of universality.

In conformity with these principles, the assembly adopted a resolution to instruct

the council to address itself to the most authoritative institutions that have devoted their activity to the study of international law, with a view to requesting them to deliberate on the methods of procedure and collaboration that might seem best to them for the purpose of arriving at the most precise definition and the most complete coördination of the rules of international law and of applying them to the relations of nations.

THE society of nations tends to become universal, it has been said here more than once. It ought to be, not the society of some nations, but, in truth, the society of all the nations. I do not wish to discuss here whether the treaty of Versailles did harm or good in not demanding at once that Germany and her allies should enter the league without delay. I have already said that in my opinion it would have been better if it had done so. These nations would thus have been bound from the first by the obligations and restrictions imposed by the covenant. In this way would have been avoided what seems to deny to certain nations courtesy and benevolence or even the simple recognition that they had fulfilled their international obligations, which might be implied by a subsequent act of admission.

I am not here therefore—as I have already said—to criticize the covenant; I take it as the authors fashioned it and I examine it in its full operation.

Article I provides that any state, not admitted to it from its beginning, may join the society, after it has given effective guaranties of a sincere intention to keep its international engagements and that shall accept the rules established by the society with reference to its respective naval and aerial forces and armaments.

Rigid and explicit conditions are established for the admission of new members to the society, which, assuredly, means that it does not intend to prevent or to hinder, by excessive requirements, the entrance of states that would not have been accepted or invited from the first moment.

No; granted the natural desire of the nations for admission to the society and the positive advantages that would spring

from it, the fact that certain conditions of admission have been fixed serves merely as a coercive measure to make these nations understand the general purposes of such an organization; and in that initial assembly was to be observed the desire of all the states that did not yet belong to the society to manifest a sincere intention to respect their international engagements.

Of the completely constituted nations, with indisputable political organization, there remain outside—besides México and the Dominican Republic (which for different reasons did not present their requests for admission), and Ecuador (which did not ratify the treaty already signed by her)—only the United States and Germany, for obvious reasons. The latter, certain that on this occasion she would receive a categorical negative, did not solicit membership.

Personally, I do not share the sentiment of those that would have rejected such a petition on the part of Germany at that time, and I think that this act could not have been interpreted as a sign of complacency or even of condescension. The society of nations is not a gathering of friends that desire to enjoy themselves or to flatter one another; it is an organism for coercion, for discipline, for the limiting of authority, and one in which it is to the advantage of all that precisely those nations that arouse distrust should enter. However, as we met immediately after the conclusion of this great war that reddened the earth and clothed mankind in mourning, it is easy to understand what was the state of mind of those that reasoned differently.

The United States was not represented at Geneva since she declined to approve the treaty precisely because of divergencies relative to the covenant contained in it. As the work of President Wilson did not obtain from the senate of the United States the approval necessary to its adoption, but, on the contrary, restrictions and reservations that would have altered and prejudiced the plan of the organism that had been approved there, she failed to participate in the labors of the society of nations, and everything is still too uncertain and confused to admit of prognostics as to her eventual adhesion.

I venture to express the hope that the United States will join the league, even if it be necessary to make changes in the covenant that some deem fundamental in order to induce her to do so.

As to the general purposes of the league, all that might be accomplished with the aid of the United States would be better than what could be achieved without it.

This is my sentiment, and such ought to be, in a general way, that of the Latin-American republics and of the smaller nations of Europe. Only the United States, with the prestige of her power and the weight of her authority, can maintain the equilibrium necessary to the normal operation of a system whose action hitherto has but served to increase the influence of a certain power, already too strong in respect of the other powers.

A great majority of votes, like that which is at the disposal of Latin America, bound by the same ideas of solidarity, weighs much, certainly, in the deliberations of an assembly; but, in an organization whose fundamental votes are taken by unanimity, the prestige of each voter exercises a decisive influence.

Apart from the interesting cases with which, in other respects, the assembly did not have to concern itself, the case of the new states formed from the empire of the czars is worthy of an allusion here.

A true reestablishment of former countries populated by nations which, throughout the vicissitudes of centuries, persisted in maintaining their own characteristics, what these new international unities sought—when they were once free of the formidable mass in which they had been merged—awakened general sympathy, not only because of the fact of this resurrection in itself, but especially because of the great energy manifested by these states in their defense against bolshevism, which dominates the adjacent regions in all directions.

In the situation of these states is therefore involved the solution of the Russian problem, and at this moment there is no other that the world is more concerned in solving.

Everything counsels that no other difficulties should be added to the task of its solution. Who can say whether the

sanctioning of the dismemberment of the ancient empire and the excision of parts of her territory with outlets to the sea may not result in complicating the situation and retarding the rearrangement which, for the general interests of civilization and for the immediate benefit of peoples subjected to a bloody tyranny, it is desired should be rapid and fundamental?

Both in respect of these new states—those of the Baltic and the Caucasus—and of Armenia, martyred and heroic, and Azerbaijan, recondite and mysterious, the problem of the admission of these countries to membership in the society of nations had other interesting aspects. In the first place, these nations are either at war and invaded and occupied by the enemy, or they are on the verge of war. Well then: article 10 of the covenant—the famous article 10—establishes that the components of the society shall respect and defend, against any external aggression, the territorial integrity and the present political independence of all the members of the society.

It is evident that the latter could not place itself in the deplorable position of acknowledging itself to be incapable of discharging its formal obligation, if, perhaps, on the morrow of her admission to the society, any one of these states had requested (as it was its right to do) that its territory should be freed of invaders and the integrity of its political independence upheld.

In regard to these same states, another question arises, but now it is one of a political nature.

It relates to those that had not yet been recognized as such by the larger part of the nations that compose the society. We are interested in learning what will be, from this point of view, the effect of a state's being admitted to the fellowship of the society? Will this mean the recognition of such a state by all the states that constitute the society, or, in spite of this admission, does the recognition of the new state by the other states still depend on the separate act of each state, according to its own desire and authority?

This same problem may be formulated as a preliminary question in the following

terms: May a state be admitted to the society of nations that has not been recognized *de jure* by the majority of the states that compose the society?

The question arose among the members of one of the committees of the assembly; it was submitted to the judgment of the juriconsults of the secretariat, among whom was the eminent Anzillotti; then it was discussed and set aside, since, for political reasons, it was not desired to subordinate the solution of concrete cases to the mere application of principles, above all, because, in respect of them, divergent opinions were manifested, as in the hypothesis mentioned.

As for myself, however, the case did not seem to present much difficulty from the political point of view.

It would be expedient (and this was not done by the jurists consulted) to predetermine the results that would necessarily follow the recognition *de jure* of a new state by the individual act of a state already included in the universal body.

Such results can only be the solemn proclamation of the fact that the new state meets all the requirements necessary to being considered an international political person; that it is a nation whose juridical and political organization is complete; and that it is a subject in law, capable of the full application, as a separate entity, of its juridical, political and international capacity.

It follows—as a consequence of such a recognition—that between the two states may be established henceforth relations of all kinds—economic, political or diplomatic—yet without (and this is important) the establishment of such relations, even those of a diplomatic character, being necessary.

However, it does not seem to me that the problem is pertinent as a previous question. The covenant does not mention, among the conditions of admission of any state to the society, previous individual recognition on the part of the other states, and even, practically, the covenant did the contrary, because it admitted at once to the society new states, such as Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hedjaz, whose character as states sprang precisely from the very

treaty of Versailles that created the league of nations.

This does not mean that I am not inclined to consider desirable, for the admission of a state to the society, that it be recognized *de jure* by a certain number of states that already belong to it. It is clear that it is left to the judgment of each state to decide as to the conditions that counsel the admission of other states to membership in the league. The first of these conditions is, naturally, that the candidate shall, in truth, be a state, that is, that it shall possess all the necessary elements for correlative juridical and political existence; and, regarding this, no more eloquent and expressive proof can be given than the circumstance of recognition by certain states, particularly those that are its neighbors or those that, because they have had occasion or need to maintain relations with the new state, are in a position to appreciate the manner in which it has organized and developed its activities.

This was the formula which, as reporter of one of the subcommittees of the committee on the admission of new members to the society of nations, I proposed and which the subcommittee accepted, to settle the difficult case of the Baltic states, which did not wish to be admitted immediately, but which, on the other hand, did not desire to be discouraged in their endeavor to regain their independence.

My proposal consisted in requesting these states to knock again at the door of the society of nations as soon as a certain number of states, already members of the society, should have recognized them *de jure*. Nevertheless, the conclusion offered by myself did not meet the assent of the committee, which did not desire to go so far in respect of these fragments of the former Russian empire.

I believe, however—I repeat—that the demand for the previous recognition of the states may not be deemed a prerequisite.

A state may be constituted in the most unquestionable and thorough manner, and, before any other shall have expressly recognized it as such, there is nothing to prevent it from presenting its candidacy legitimately for admission to the society of nations, and it ought to be received,

since it meets the requirements demanded by article 1 of the covenant.

Once admitted, what will be, in respect of the members of the society, the effect of this candidacy's having been welcomed? This is the question.

In my judgment, the case is in no sense dubitable.

The admission of a state as a member of the league involves necessarily the recognition of its full organization; and hence, as an international person and subject to law, the new state becomes equal to the other states that are already members of the league. Such states, subject as they are to the provisions established in due form by the assembly, may not refuse to submit to the vote to admit as an equal the new state, whose vote will later influence the common deliberations.

Well then: the obligatory acceptance of this collective vote can not produce fewer results, in respect of each of such states, than those that sprang from the individual recognition of the new state on their part.

Therefore in my opinion the admission of a new member implies its collective recognition *de jure* and it constitutes a solemn act of individual recognition. Besides (all the internationalists teach us), this solemn act is not essential, because the recognition *de jure* of a state may be effected in a tacit or an express manner, as a result of any act that implies it, and none can be more significant of such a recognition than the admission of the new state to the society of nations.

This collective recognition makes the new state capable of maintaining all kinds of relations with each of the prior members of the league, without its being under obligation in respect of relations, of whatsoever character, the establishment of which may depend on particular, voluntary and reciprocal acts.

**I**N ANOTHER aspect, the problem of recognition is not precisely that of the recognition of a new state, but that of the new order of things brought about by a revolutionary movement in a state already recognized.

In reality, it is a question of recognizing the legitimacy of the representatives of a

state already a member of the league. How can the assembly recognize the legitimacy of such representatives, if the states that constitute it have not yet recognized the legitimacy of the governments that delegated the respective powers?

This may be, in the last analysis, a case that will have to be settled by the committee on credentials, but it is one that involves a question of principle which, in a general way, ought to be settled by the assembly.

According to my view, it ought not to be doubted that, as long as the new government of a state shall not be recognized, its representatives may not be considered legitimate; but the point presents the difficulty of knowing whether the recognition of only certain states authorizes the admission of representatives to the assembly, and what would be the effect of such a membership in respect of the other states that might not have recognized the new government.

This case that I am now presenting was not discussed at Geneva, and it ought, unquestionably, to receive the attention of the assembly.

The other question with which the assembly concerned itself—and very appropriate for awakening the interest of the public (as it did, indeed)—refers to the organization of the International Court of Justice.

I do not propose to discuss this grave and complex subject here; it alone would afford material for a lecture. I shall merely present my hasty impression of the work accomplished at Geneva, to which the Brazilian delegation, through its illustrious member, Doctor Raul Fernandes, contributed in a most helpful manner.

On this subject, the fundamental question is the obligatory character of the jurisdiction.

If it be seriously sought to accomplish something that will tend to suppress the violent solution of international disputes, it is unquestionably to be found in the obligatory instance to which a state may be summoned for the purpose of settling a case in litigation.

It is, after all, the application to the society of states of that to which civi-



lization has attained in respect of human societies by regulating all kinds of relations among them.

Besides, what occurred in regard to the court mentioned above is well known.

Article 14 of the covenant provided that the council should be instructed to prepare a plan for a permanent international court of justice.

The council appointed for this purpose a committee of jurists that was to meet at the Hague. Clovis Bevilacqua, designated as a member of that high assemblage of jurisconsults, could not attend, but he sent a brilliant plan, accompanied by a convincing exposition of reasons.

In his absence, Doctor Raul Fernandes, who was in Europe, was then designated. Doctor Fernandes succeeded in winning the admiration and respect of his colleagues, and both there and later in Geneva he gave luster to the name of Brazil.

That committee elaborated a plan by which a tribunal could be called upon by one of the parties to settle a difference of a juridical character not decided by diplomatic agencies.<sup>2</sup>

Nevertheless, the council, to the examination of which the plan was submitted, in order that it might adopt it and present it to the assembly, seeing in this provision an amendment to the covenant, modified it in this particular, substituting for these articles of the Hague another article, according to which the competency of the court included all the cases that the parties might submit to its consideration.<sup>3</sup>

It was to establish jurisdiction by previous agreement.

The subject was studied again at Geneva, and the partisans of the opposing views took stands in definite groups: on one side, the majority of the states to which is applied the designation of "small," as they are less concerned with making themselves feared by appeal to force of arms and are respected and esteemed for the well-being they seek to bestow upon their citizens; and, on the other side, the great powers, rooted in the preoccupation that sovereignty and liberty of action rest on the

principle of force, forgetful, as they already were, of the fact that this presumption and prejudice led them into the war that involved civilization and destroyed the welfare of the world.

Harmony between the two tendencies was impossible. As unanimity was required for the acceptance of the principle, the defenders of obligatory jurisprudence (who constituted, indeed, the larger part), found themselves face to face with the difficult alternative of taking sides with the half dozen votes in opposition—at least to save the plan—with the hope that, finally, the evidence of the truth, if not the harsh logic of events, would impose the liberal solution, or would prevent a vote on the plan and thus kill it.

At this painful moment of great perplexity, a saving thought occurred to the mind of the illustrious Brazilian member of the committee to whom allusion has been made.

Doctor Raul Fernandes proposed a way out of the difficulty: that of retaining both the articles in the plan—the article of the Hague and that of the council—and of leaving it to each state, in ratifying the respective convention, to choose between the principle of obligatory jurisdiction and that of jurisdiction as the result of a previous agreement.

This solution, which at least enabled a certain number of states—by means of reciprocity, be it said—to establish a court of international justice, with obligatory jurisdiction; this solution, I say, received the unanimity of votes, thus saving the plan, and, even more, upholding a vital principle to lead the world in the direction of peace.

I remark here with pleasure that Brazil voted in favor of the plan.

The *Diario Oficial* published legislative decree number 4324, under date of August 25 of the present year, wherein was ratified the convention that I had the honor to sign at Geneva, while at the same time deciding in favor of the obligatory jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice, by means of reciprocity and also on condition it should be accepted by at least two of the powers with permanent seats in the council.

This was not, however, the only real

<sup>2</sup>Articles 34; 35

<sup>3</sup>Article 36

and effective service that the Brazilian delegate lent to the reputation of the assembly itself and to the future of the covenant signed at Versailles.

The council held that the plan of an international court, when once it should be approved by the assembly, ought to be submitted, in the form of a convention, to the separate approval of the members of the society of nations. Also on this subject the doubts expressed by the Brazilian delegate obtained the support of all the members of the committee.

Apparently there was nothing to which objection could be made.

Since, according to the covenant, the court of justice is not one of the organs of the society of nations, but, on the other hand, it provides that the council shall prepare a plan of organization *that shall be submitted to the members of the society*, it seems natural that the course marked out by the council, through the medium of Monsieur Léon Bourgeois, president of the committee gathered at Geneva, should be followed.

However, in that case—maintained the Brazilian delegate—the assembly was in no wise concerned with this plan, the examination of which would not be incumbent on it. The assembly is sovereign in the exercise of its activities. When the covenant was accepted and ratified, the action of the assembly became binding on the members of the society represented in it by official delegations. According to article 26 of the covenant, a new ratification is required of the governments only when the text shall be altered, which would be equivalent to changing what was solemnly covenanted. So therefore, since, according to the view of the council, precisely in order not to alter the covenant the principle of obligatory jurisdiction was eliminated from the plan, there was no means of submitting to the governments any act that the assembly might approve and that would not involve an amendment of the covenant.

In short, it was impossible to escape one of these solutions: either not to submit to the consideration of the governments what was approved by the assembly, or, if it was necessary to submit to the governments the plan of organization of an international

court of justice, not to submit the plan to the assembly.

To approve of what the council proposed would have been—in violation of the prevailing spirit of the covenant—to destroy the prestige of the assembly and nullify its authority: a prestige and an authority indispensable to counterbalancing the power of the council, a permanent organ in which predominates the influence of the great powers and which, according to rumor, was startled by the independence shown by the assembly in the exercise of its legislative capacity.

The clash of opinions was violent, and, after several meetings that involved hours of effort and labor, unanimity of views had not been reached, three or four members persisting in defending the attitude of the council. Then Doctor Raul Fernandes proposed his alternative amendment, which settled both cases: that of obligatory jurisdiction—which, by the system proposed, could be accepted immediately by one group of states—and that of the legitimacy of submitting the project to the different governments, inasmuch as it contained a provision that modified the covenant—by means of which the prestige of the assembly was preserved.

The proposal was accepted in principle, but there existed a decided intention not to consent, at this first meeting, to any alteration whatsoever of the covenant, and, the Brazilian proposal being accepted, the idea of amending the covenant and the consequent steps became still more remote.

It amounted to settling nothing, because the effect persisted in the assembly. The Brazilian delegate did not yield, however, and in the presence of his uncompromising adherence to the purity of the principles and ideas that he defended, Monsieur Bourgeois moved that the proposals alluded to should be maintained, he inducing the assembly to vote, nevertheless, in favor of a declaration whereby the plan relative to a court of justice would be the subject of an especial convention, which would be submitted to the consideration of the governments *only in view of the terms of article 14 of the covenant, which ordains that the project shall be submitted only to*

*members of the society*, and not, properly speaking, to the assembly.

This was not everything, but it was something; at least it was shown to be an exceptional proceeding. Formally—and it was accomplished thus—what it was desired to save was saved.

The Brazilian delegation was not able therefore to join in the chorus of applause with which the assembly received the creation of an International Court of Justice, and it took the opportunity to emphasize the fact in that distinguished assemblage.

The fact that obligatory jurisdiction was not established was unquestionably a great disappointment to liberal minds.

This provision involves a principle that might change the nature of international relations, and to persist in not accepting it is to will to maintain the *status quo*, a condition that led to the slaughter of 1914.

European statesmen ought to have had the courage to confess the bankruptcy of their civilization. The organisms and procedures that sprang out of it have had their day; we ought not to disturb the tranquillity of this gathering by reviving the echoes of the universal catastrophe to which they led.

A league of nations to establish the normality of relations in international life, in its different aspects, is certainly an undertaking worthy of all approval; but, the general lines of this normality being traced, obligatory jurisdiction was the necessary complement; for only in it will be found the corrective for the violation of this normality.

For my part, I think that, in the meanwhile, even the very creation of the court of justice with obligatory jurisdiction would have been sufficient. The systematizing of international relations could have been secured in another manner, without the complicated machinery of the covenant of Versailles. It is to be lamented that President Wilson, whose work in the elaboration of the treaty was evident, did not content himself with less. He would have been able to create a tribunal of justice on the model of the one that the committee of the Hague produced with the intelligent, liberal and energetic collabo-

ration of Elihu Root, and the purpose would have been accomplished.

Wilson wished to go the whole length; he would have caused to spring from his Jovian head, like a new Minerva—complete, armed and vital—the juridical and political organization of the international conglomerate; and his own energy and reputation being exhausted, even without these multiple demands, there did not remain to him strength even to prevent all imprecision in the article relative to the court of justice, which permits the “chicanery” of the retrograde and timid interpretation of exegetes attached to formulas that had failed, even before the war.

Personally, I am not discouraged; nor yet do I believe in the absolute efficacy of the league to end wars. I believe, however, that the league, in the complexity of its organization, can contribute powerfully to the settlement of many questions which, without it, might become complicated and lead to international misunderstandings.

I think the league, whose organization will shortly be improved or modified to foster the periodical and regular meeting of the most representative personages of the states; the league, I say, will greatly serve to create an atmosphere of confidence and fraternity which, indeed, may prevent wars by modifying the state of mind among peoples and governments.

All the effort of men of good will must address itself to the production of that international atmosphere in which activities may be thoroughly developed in reciprocal confidence and in coöperation for the common welfare.

Therefore, in so far as it was tranquillizing and encouraging for the future of humanity, the assembly of Geneva did not consist so much in the concrete result of its votes as in the spirit of tolerance, confidence and respect that never ceased to manifest itself among those hundred or so men—some, the most notable of their respective countries—gathered there, in the calm of that nook on the lake, beneath the pleasant shade of the casuarinas that overlook the statue of Citizen Jean-Jacques, to work unitedly for the common welfare.

# COLOMBIAN LITERARY NOTES

BY

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO

Is Colombia, the reputed New World conservator of Spanish ideals and the Spanish language, with her capital Bogotá, "the Athens of America," living up to her literary past? What are the tendencies of the intellectual and esthetic culture and expression of the present? What of the poem, of the novel, of the drama, of works of history and science? The author answers all these questions with fairness and discrimination in the following interesting sketch.—THE EDITOR.

IN COLOMBIA there is a literary movement worthy of consideration, and it is well to study its direction and tendencies in order to deduce from this analysis what the ideals are that the present generation desires to realize, and whether they meet the requirements of the epoch and the conditions of our people. We possess personages that would do honor to any country of our race, but it has not been ascertained whether they are the later representatives of a glorious tradition or the stimulators of new artistic tendencies. There is a certain indecision in the spectacle presented by our literature, a reflection, perhaps, of the uncertainty that may be observed in the intellectual atmosphere of the most advanced countries of the world.

In our literature there have been periods that presented unmistakable characteristics: such were, for example, the period that had as a center the famous botanical expedition of Mutis, which was distinguished by the cultivation of scientific literature; that of romanticism, which gave to the country some of its greatest poets; that of the realistic reaction characterized by a fondness for sketches of customs and for humorous and popular poetry; that of academic inspiration and Spanish taste, which might be regarded as personified in the splendid figure of Miguel Antonio Caro, whose influence is felt even in writers least enamoured of tradition; for, if Cuervo and Ortiz, Arboleda and Caicedo Rojas, were very elegant and correct stylists, not far behind them were Núñez, Santiago Pérez, Becerra and Felipe Zapata; and, finally, that of decadentism, which abandoned the footprints of the preceding

generation and set out on a path of more or less justified and felicitous novelties. That movement passed; and to-day there is no clear and definite direction: no powerful influence that directs dispersed energies and unites wills in the realization of a common ideal.

What ought this ideal to be? It is difficult to give a categorical answer, one that would not disclose in those that might formulate it, without a certain moderation, much of vain presumption. It would be necessary, besides, to distinguish between the different literary types, and to take into consideration the lessons that would be afforded us by other countries with our same ethnic and social qualities. In a general way, it might be maintained that, granted the circumstances in which our nation is placed to-day and the development she has attained, literature ought to tend to develop the greatest number of those spiritual elements that characterize, in a peculiar manner, the Colombian people, and to bring out the original traits of their physiognomy. There is much discussion to-day of the thesis of whether it be possible or not for the Hispanic-American republics to possess truly national literatures: a complicated subject regarding which certain distinctions must be made. If what is in mind be a literature that shall have no relation with that of Spain, the thesis is absurd; for as long as we speak Spanish and live in spiritual communion with the soul of our race, our art will be fundamentally Spanish, although it can, and ought to, afford varieties that shall distinguish it and give it a character of its own and a personality worthy of recognition. In this way we may even

return to the mother-country, by means of opportune and energetic reactions, the initial influence received from her. We have the case of Rubén Darío, who, although his mind was French, did not seek to emancipate himself from chaste tradition; and so, after having gone for the first time to Spain in search of recognition, he returned from the Peninsula as the master of a new literary generation.

We can, and ought to, desire that poetry—epic and narrative—should celebrate our race, recount our traditions, describe the beauties of the nature of this privileged zone, and give energetic and enduring expression to the peculiar traits of our people. Even in the poetic expression of the most intimate states of the soul, there is room for originality between people and people. European critics have observed that the love poetry of Brazil is distinguished by an ardent and sensual expression of passion from that of the other Latin countries, and that it well manifests the character of the race that inhabits that great land of light and fire. Brazilian descriptive poetry, even that produced by writers of classic taste, is as original as the fantastic landscapes that inspire it. We ourselves have antecedents worthy to be remembered and imitated, and it may not be forgotten that the great Menéndez y Pelayo said, in speaking of Gutiérrez González's poem on maize,<sup>1</sup> that if Colombian poetry possessed many works of this kind, it would be the most original of Hispanic America. As to poets of the classic school, such as Ortiz, it ought to be observed that this great lyricist was never so Vergilian as when he traced, with elegance and precision of line, pictures of Andine nature; and Caro, the translator of Vergil, perhaps drank from certain passages of the *Æneid*—at once pathetic and grandiose—that solemn inspiration that found the eternal formula for expressing great human sentiments and for giving to each stanza of the ode entitled *A la estatua del Libertador*, the relief and perennity of bronze.

We might multiply these references to show that our great poets, whether they

drew inspiration from antiquity or from Spanish literature, or whether from Italian, French or English poetry, have produced, in magnificent verse, something of their own, expressive of the native soil, and that they were not only poets born in Colombia, but *Colombian* poets. If we had the authority to give counsel, we should recommend to the new generation that it try earnestly to put itself in direct touch with the works of these great masters in order to restore the chain of national tradition, broken by the haughty disdain of those who believed that there was nothing worthy to be read in Colombia before the appearance of modernism.<sup>2</sup>

Dramatic literature, which has been, hitherto, the weakest branch of our lyrics, has presented, from its beginnings, a dual sophisticated and national tendency, the former the product of literary imitation, in respect of the form chosen by our poets, which was that of the pseudo-classic tragedy; and the latter, the result of the lively observation of customs. We have on the one hand, *Atala y Sugamuxi*, and on the other, the farce of *Las convulsiones*, the only surviving relic of all that literature. This same dual current manifested itself about the middle of the last century in works as dissimilar as *Jacobo Molay* and *El castillo de Berkley*, youthful efforts of don Santiago Pérez; and the comedies of don José María Samper, as for example, *Un alcalde a la antigua y dos primos a la moderna*.

There may be noted among us to-day an active movement in the direction of the drama, fostered mainly by a group of intelligent and resolute young men, who have devoted all their energies to causing the germ, which had barely begun to develop in a century, to acquire vigor and burst into bloom. This group, worthy of all praise and encouragement, has arrived

<sup>2</sup>The good poets of to-day, even those of the most French tendency, have dealt with American themes, and a fine collection could be formed from such pieces as Valencia's *Canto a Popayán*; Arciniegas's *Tropical*; Diego Uribe's *Salva*; Grillo's *El Magdalena*; Casas's *Recuerdos de fiestas*; and numerous pieces by Florez, Gómez Jaime, Cornelio Hispano, José Eustasio Rivera, et cetera. It should be noted that José Asunción Silva, the most Parisian of our poets, was the one whose verses possessed the most agreeable Bogotan perfume.

<sup>1</sup>*Memoria sobre el cultivo del maíz en Antioquia.*—THE EDITOR.

in time, and its efforts have taken the direction of the brilliant contemporary school. It is beyond question that the drama is to-day one of the types of literature that are cultivated with most flattering success in Spain. The great master Benavente, the Quintero brothers, Linares Rivas, Martínez Sierra, the Catalanes, Rusiñol and Iglesias, and several other men of genius, have created a dramatic literature that differs profoundly from the grandiose but false dramas of Echegaray; simpler than his and more human, and one that does not require for its plays startling events and is content with subjects drawn from daily life. Formerly it would not have been thought that the public could be held in suspense during the presentation of a play in which almost nothing happens, which has scarcely any plot, and the interest of which consists in being able to impart atmosphere to scenes taken from the humble reality and in touching very delicate fibers of sentiment with a master hand. It was said here in other days that the theater did not prosper, because there were no dramatic themes to be found in our incipient and but slightly complex society, and this is explicable, as it was then believed that there could be no drama where there was not a terrible passional crisis or a romantic and legendary subject. Another smoother path being traced by the masters just mentioned, it is easy for our writers of talent to find dramatic material in the somewhat gray uniformity of our social life: they will not propound theses so deep or conflicts so tremendous as Dumas and Bernstein; but they will produce vivid transcripts of scenes and occurrences that all of us have witnessed, but which only the artist succeeds in clothing with interest and poetry. It is a great quality to be able to catch and analyze an instant of life, however rapid it may be, a fragment of reality, however modest its appearance! Just as the microscope enlarges and defines the minutest objects and animates and intensifies to our eyes the vital movements of invisible corpuscles, so art, making use of its powerful lens, brings out the small, dignifies the insignificant and discovers the human interest, the dramatic struggle, that are latent in an apparently vulgar and

colorless fact, a police chronicle, a newspaper anecdote. For many years, only once in a while has a national play reached the stage; now, within a few months, we have seen presented, by authors worthy of the name, and with great applause, the works of Calenzuela, Rivas and Lorenzana: successes which, united with those obtained by Álvarez Lleras a short time ago, and with those that will probably be attained by other plays of these same authors and by Restrepo Gómez, Castello, Gómez Corena, Martínez Rivas, et cetera, encourage us to hope for the formation of a national drama at no remote date. It would not be well, however, that poetic drama should disappear; we see therefore with pleasure that, side by side with the manifestations just mentioned, of a realistic execution, there appear the ideal creations with which the young muse of Ángel María Céspedes dazzles our fancy and softly flatters our ears.

The novel has few illustrious antecedents in Colombia, whether in the idyllic form of *María*, in realistic narration, attempted since 1866 by don Eugenio Díaz in *La Manuela*, or in that of distinguished writers on customs of the period of *Mosaico*, to whom we owe some of the best pages of our national literature. During modern times there has shone in Antioquia<sup>2</sup> a school of regional novelists, among whom Tomás Carrasquilla, whose *Frutos de mi tierra* was praised by Pereda, excelled. These writers have demonstrated that the regional, properly understood, can afford theme for works that will achieve praise outside the circle of the provinces. To *Pax*, a product of Bogotan genius, may not be attributed this characteristic, since it is lacking in regionalism, although it is indeed an effect of national customs, seen in one of their most dramatic and also least attractive aspects: that is, the phase of political struggles and of civil convulsions.

<sup>2</sup>We use the correct accentuation of Antioquia, although in Colombia it is not accented and it is pronounced with the stress on the o: it is one of the rare instances of a variation in the accent of a Spanish proper noun; another interesting case is that of the surname Itúrbide, which is pronounced and written in México Iturbide (without a graphic accent and hence with the stress on the penult), a usage that is followed generally throughout America in the case of this surname.—THE EDITOR.

*Pax*, because of a large part of its contents, is a work of Hispanic-American significance applicable to the most of our republics; and, in spite of blemishes in style and language, which were pointed out by a very learned critic, and in spite of its irregularities of composition, is the most original and, at the same time, the chastest work of its kind that we have produced. The enviable success attained by Carrasquilla and Marroquín incites our young men to exploit the not unfruitful vein of the novel of customs by sketching "types and landscapes;" villages of our *sabanas*,<sup>3</sup> pedlars on our highways, dwellers in the mountains and the *páramos*,<sup>4</sup> market women and hucksters; and, on the other hand, knights, ladies, politicians and planters, merchants and bankers, poets and journalists; in short, all that stirs in the heart of this society, so deeply rooted, in certain aspects, in the past, and now so influenced by new elements, which are effecting a transformation in it. Very beautiful pages of this kind are to be found in Climaco Soto Borda's novel, *Diana la cazadora*. Happy the pen that is able to perpetuate certain typical traits that are still retained, like letters patent of former times, by our cities; certain physiognomies that we are to see no more; certain customs in which may be perceived the odor of colonial incense, or the perfume of the roses of Bolívar's times; tradition, in a word, to which every civilized people ought to render affectionate and reverent worship. Let our young men read the balsamic pages of Caicedo Rojas, which ought to be popular, if literary taste exists here in reality; and let them follow this road that leads to glory.

There are antecedents that impose obligation because they confer honor upon a people. It is no small thing that Rufino José Cuervo, one of the most illustrious philologists of the Spanish race, was born in Bogotá; or that Caro, González Manrique, Uribe and Suárez have taught

here. It might be said with justice that the teachings of Bello had better interpreters in Colombia than in Venezuela and Chile: as evidence, we have the grammatical works of Marroquín and Isaza, of Guzmán and Marulanda, and of many others. This propaganda yielded its fruits, and hence the fame for correctness that has been enjoyed by Colombian writers. This philological tradition might be regarded to-day as forgotten, if we did not have publications like *La llave del griego* by Father Félix Restrepo, the author also of a precise treatise on semantics; and if Manuel José Casas, the grandson of González Manrique, who promises to be a prodigy as a linguist,<sup>5</sup> were not being formed, under a truly scientific training. In America there are many learned men that occupy themselves with these subjects, especially in respect of indigenous languages and provincialisms; and we publish works like the monumental *Diccionario de chilenismos* by Doctor Román.<sup>6</sup> The country honored by that golden book entitled *Apuntaciones críticas sobre el lenguaje bogotano*<sup>7</sup> must not lag behind.

We note with pleasure that historical studies are very attractive to-day to youth. The Academia Nacional de Historia is a center that deserves well of the patria, and its labors are of greater value every day. Among its members are veterans that have in their possession works of great merit, such as Restrepo Tirado, Ibáñez, Posada, León Gómez, Henao and Arrubla; and, besides them, a number of young men that are studying and working with patriotism, intelligence and decision. Among them may be mentioned Luis Augusto Cuervo, Nicolás García Zamudio, José María Restrepo, Fabio Lozano y Lozano, Cortázar, Durán and Villaveces, et cetera, and, standing out in a prominent position, Raimundo Rivas, one of the most vigorous

<sup>3</sup>The enlightened priest, Doctor Héctor Hernández, has just published an admirable and very useful book entitled: "*El latín enseñado como lengua viva*."

<sup>6</sup>Manuel Antonio Román, a distinguished Chilean prelate who died in 1921: the work mentioned was issued in Santiago, 1901-1918, in five volumes.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>By Rufino José Cuervo: for an article entitled "*Rufino José Cuervo*," by J. del C. Gutiérrez, see *INTER-AMERICA* for June, 1920, page 269.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>An American word, probably of Caribbean origin, that denotes a widespread, treeless plain. Is it not likely that Savannah was a corruption of this word?—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Bleak, bare, exposed regions, but, specifically, in South America, such regions of the table-land at a great altitude.—THE EDITOR.

minds and most fortunate workers of the younger generation. They are acquainted with the modern methods followed by history amid cultured peoples; they have been formed by a rigid training—in the study of our slightly explored archives—they have become fond of the period of the great figures of ancient Colombia; and they know that true history, in order to be distinguished from the labors of the mere annalist, requires the aid of the literary art. Those that have been educated in the study of the great works of Taine and Sorel, of Houssaye and Vandal, are not unaware that they were based on the solid foundations of a minute investigation at first hand, which gave consistency to those vast and elegant structures. The scrupulosity of the scholar in no way prejudices the work of the artist. It is to be hoped that the active elaboration that is to be observed to-day will yield in the end as a result not only monographs and isolated studies, but a fundamental work worthy of being placed beside that of Baralt, González Suárez, Alamán and Barros Arana. Serious difficulties are encountered here by one that wishes to devote himself to the accomplishment of a work of great effort: nowhere does the investigator have to do unaided a greater amount of preliminary work, beginning by finding his way in the labyrinth of the archives; and the struggle for life presses upon the heels of the most of our historiographers, hinders the continuity of their labors and diverts their minds to occupations of a practical character. These obstacles, however, render the effort more meritorious and they will make the victory more brilliant. The device of our studious youth ought to be: "We must conquer!" Of great weight would be an authoritative criticism that would serve as a stimulus and a restraint, and which, by establishing opportune comparisons, would attach to the national production the importance it really possesses, without childish enthusiasms or discouraging disdains. However, criticism can not be exercised by spontaneous inspiration, nor ought it to limit itself to the narrow circle of the present: it needs an historical criterion that will serve it as a foundation and will enable it to avoid the exagger-

ation with which impressionable minds are wont to esteem fashionable exhibitions. Hence the errors of judgment of which have been victims those who, by seeking to overlook the past systematically, have lost all perspective and made giants of the idols of the day, whose dimensions will be much surpassed by those of posterity. I do not deny the difficulty and rarity of this criticism with a dual phase, which studies with reverence what has been, and explores with a discerning eye what will be brought to pass by the renewing march of time; but there is no other that is worthy of intelligent men. It is the criticism that was exercised by Brunetière, a worshiper of the classic literature of the great French age, and the benevolent judge of certain manifestations of symbolism; that was cultivated by Valera, a mind educated in the highest Hellenism and the recommender of the *Azul* of Rubén Darío, when the latter was just beginning his career. We need here to enter into close relations with youth, to take into account its tendencies and aspirations, to impel them along a broad and sure path and to applaud unreservedly every well directed effort, every authentic manifestation of talent, repressing with inexorable severity every impulse of envy. For the truth must be told: envy is a vice that sterilizes many good qualities here, and which, unfortunately, is manifested even in persons that have sufficient merit to shine on their own account, without fear of the competition of rivals. It seems that the work achieved by a young man meant a theft committed on the wealth accumulated by others; and there are those that rejoice over the failure of noble aspirations; over the difficulties encountered by the one that takes the first difficult steps along the path of art; over the sarcasm and epigrams that are usually the only reward of arduous and disinterested labors. Truly superior souls do not act thus: they are quick to lavish stimulus and applause. Such was the conduct of our great masters of another epoch; such is that of the illustrious men that still remain to us; but as the germ of the vice exists, it is well to exhibit it here in its repulsive ugliness, for its overthrow and correction.



There is danger in trying to engage in prophecy; but perhaps it would not be wrong to predict that this frightful commotion of the European war, which has carried the development of all energies to the highest degree, will cause to disappear this nebulous, incoherent and sickly literature, of which so much abuse was made in France, and, because of the example of France, everywhere; and which one of the best journalists of that country, Arthur Meyer, considered, in an article published in *Le Gaulois* at the beginning of the war, the natural fruit of the disaster of 1870, which stirred the French spirit in so serious a manner. It seems impossible that after this war, in which the vital interests of the most illustrious nations have been at strife, literature and art should not be more deeply impregnated with the national spirit, should not become rooted in a firmer manner in the tradition that has afforded them their agelong greatness and majesty; and that they should not seek to realize, instead of hermetic concepts, the key to which is possessed only by small circles of initiates, a greater and more human ideal that will educate and strengthen the people and infuse new blood into their veins. In like manner, Colombian literature ought to take on a truly national character, which, without cutting itself off from European influences, will express the soul of this people and the aspirations of the race. We face a solemn moment in which Colombia is under obligation energetically to affirm her personality before the world, to effect a close union of all her elements in order to face the pressure of external forces and to win definitively the position that belongs to her in the American world. In all the fields of intellectual activity, in oratory and in the political sciences, it is necessary to express the modalities of the patriotic genius, while, at the same time, the works ought to bear stamped upon them the seal of the mind that has conceived them, the artist that has given them form. This literature, in order to express the Colombian soul, should unite, in a close alliance, the traditional and religious tendency, and the spirit of scientific curiosity and intellectual liberty that made its appearance with Caldas and Nariño; re-

spect for the chaste Spanish heritage, and love for political independence and autonomy of judgment in all that has to do with national interests. We are, in our relations with Spain, what Spain was in respect of Rome: Viriato resisted foreign domination, but Latin literature was enriched by Seneca and Lucan. In the same way our great leaders struggled against the political domination of Spain, but Bello and Baralt, Caro and Cuervo and many others contributed effectively to the adornment and splendor of the Spanish language and literature.

Even to-day our contribution is not to be despised, for not many are the American countries that may boast, among other illustrious names, the name of a classic writer like Marco Fidel Suárez; a thinker like Rafael M. Carrasquilla; a poet like Guillermo Valencia; an international publicist like Santiago Pérez Triana; a profound connoisseur of foreign literatures like Sanín Cano; orators like Cortés Lee, Concha and Esguerra; besides men of science, some of them of great renown, but whose works may not be judged by a profane mind like ours. Finally, our journalism, even if it be true that it has much less radius of action and fewer material elements than that of other republics, forms a respectable body in respect of the number and the quality of its writers; and, without flattery, it may be said that our reviews do not suffer by comparison with the best served of America, that the daily press is edited with a correctness unusual in these countries and that newspaper articles of the most elegant literary form are frequently published.

The good elements that exist—and we are pleased to recognize their importance—would acquire greater efficacy if the public would lend active coöperation by bestowing heartier appreciation upon manifestations of literature and art, as occurs in the countries where intellectual labor finds its due recompense. It may not be denied that writers are wont to live here in a hopeless monologue and that the most felicitous endeavors are fruitless, because the public does not encourage them, either by its applause or by its discriminating observations. One of the greatest pleasures to the thinker or the artist consists in knowing

that his ideas and conceptions are going to illuminate other brains, to cause other hearts to palpitate, to fertilize germs which, without this influence perhaps, would have remained sterile. The voice that cries in the wilderness weakens at length and becomes silent. It is not a question of the material advantage which, in other countries, rewards intellectual success with sovereign generosity. Here no one thinks of living by his pen, and least of all the

poet. It is a question of something nobler and loftier, something worthier of the antecedents of this country: that is, that the writer shall find ajar the doors of comprehension and sympathy; that the dignity of his efforts shall be esteemed; and that he shall have the satisfaction of proving that his name is not a vain echo, since his compatriots, if they have not recompensed him, will at least have understood him. To lofty souls this is sufficient.



# INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

## A GREAT CONFEDERATION OF THE NEW CONTINENT

BY

MANUEL MODESTO GALLEGOS

The author views with gloom the present political and economic state of Europe, which he conceives to be the result of the inefficiency of the league of nations, the blame for which he attributes to "the political leaders of the great republic of the north who, because of immediate partizan interests, were responsible for the essential failure in the importance and character of the organism." He conceives that the American republics, including the United States, have no particular interest in the league, that the questions that concern America are not subject to, or will not be settled by, it, and that the opinions of the representatives of the American nations have not been respected by it. What the New World needs therefore is not a larger voice in the league of nations, he holds, but "a league of the republics of the new continent, whose interests are identical," which he would call the "Great Confederation of the New Continent."—THE EDITOR.

THE league of nations, a political organism conceived at a tragic moment in the life of the peoples affected by the most terrible and fruitless war recorded by history, might have been, as I said in a previous article, the most transcendent event of this century, if representative men, in the present dark, critical and lugubrious hour had been patriots, instead of traders, who have placed the legitimate and wholesome interests of their peoples below the utilitarian interests of commercial groups. Hence has supervened the present chaos into which Europe has fallen, leaving her exposed to a new conflict that will doubtless cause her to lose for ever the political, economic and intellectual place she has held hitherto among the peoples of the civilized world.

In my opinion, it was the political leaders of the great republic of the north who, because of immediate partizan interests, were responsible for the essential failure in the importance and character of the organism, which descended from its lofty possibilities to fall into the abyss of hazy, futile and disappointing conferences that have solved nothing, and which, owing to the fact that they have taken the wrong road, will never be able to reach any definitive solution that will give to Europe the stability she so much needs. The new conference that is to meet very soon at the Hague will convince us by its new failure of the fruitlessness of such assemblies,

which, in my humble opinion, are the mere sophistries of the more powerful to gain time by awaiting the development of unforeseen events that will enable them to accomplish their selfish desires. The group of nations that entered the war as allies in 1914 presents to the consideration of the world to-day the ugly face of political immorality, when we see it divided by erroneous opinions and the mistaken interests of their peoples.

The future responsibilities of men in positions of leadership, now, in the most critical and dangerous hour of the political existence of the European continent, who are affecting the equilibrium of the world, will be very great.

If we observe and study the political figure of the prime minister of Great Britain without prejudice, we shall have to confess that his conduct is inconsistent, as his vacillations and the contradictions of his policy have been many and notorious, to such an extent that he is regarded to-day as the chief factor in bringing about a new and inevitable armed conflict by his uncertain conduct.

In my opinion Lloyd George is not serving the interests of England well. What can be the object of his inconsistent conduct toward France; and what, of his dangerous policy toward Germany and Russia?

Germany, which does not forget injuries, will never take sides with Great Britain, because of the active part the latter played

in bringing about the present difficult and terrible situation, as well as because, as she did yesterday, does to-day and will do to-morrow, Germany will always seek to annihilate her most dangerous and terrible rival. Therefore we see her utilizing the hesitations and inconsistencies of the allies among themselves to gain an advantage that will enable her to escape the serious straits that resulted from her defeat, and going to the length of engaging in the foolish and pernicious act of the treaty of Rapallo with revolutionary Russia, which juridical entity she has recognized *de facto*, a circumstance that will work her injury, because intimate contact with the Russia of to-day will inoculate the political and social organism of the German people with the virus of sovietism that may plunge it into a disaster as frightful and grave as that which overwhelmed unfortunate Russia.

What has been the result of the evasive expedient of the conference down to the present time, and what that of the uncertainties of the allies among themselves, after the signing of the treaty of Versailles?

That the edifice which served European policy as a center of gravity is crumbling and tottering, since a dire lack of harmony among the peoples that compose it has developed.

Albania and Montenegro continue secretly in a state of convulsion; Austria and Hungary, in one of discontent; Bulgaria and Turkey are lying in wait with their eyes set on Germany and Russia. Rumania, Serbia and Poland are in dangerous positions, with their gaze turned toward France; England, secretly hostile to the United States because of her commercial expansion, looks upon Japan as her ally against American influence in the Far East; Russia, on account of her traditional disagreement with Japan, is making overtures to the United States, because of the antagonism entertained also by this country toward the Japanese empire; Italy, which has shown herself to be but slightly active in the quarrels of her former allies, nurtures in her bosom a dangerous political element, the strong influence of radical socialism, which, strengthened by the present complacency of the government

toward Russia, has inoculated the people with the poisonous germ of the pernicious sovietism. Only France and Belgium faithful to the ideal, conscious of their duties and resolute in their dangers, remain firm above the surface of the sea like a formidable rock, resisting the furor of storms born of the hatred, envy and inconsistencies that are unleashed against them; and Spain, Holland, Denmark and the Scandinavian peoples, as the neutrals that they were, are outside of the litigation, but not outside of the fearful conflict that may also affect them.

**A**MERICA for the Americans!" behold, an idea to which facts and circumstances have given its true meaning to-day, free now of the prejudices that those that are fearful and lacking in practical judgment, by disguising themselves under the show of a false patriotism, have sought to impart, since they are thinkers, who, because of passion or false views, do not wish to yield even in the face of the evidence of accomplished facts.

It was in the mind of President Monroe, when he put forth the idea, to make it the political doctrine of the great republic and a mantle for all the republics of the new continent, as it was conceived at a time when Europe, in 1820, in the name of what was then called the Holy Alliance, sought to gain a foothold on the soil of South America.

The great universal war, with its consequences and its interminable upheavals and complications, teaches us, as in an open book, to close the ranks, that we may become identified in a single purpose, such as would be that of pursuing a common ideal, and to give to the Monroe doctrine its true value, in order that we, by taking shelter under it, may march together toward the smiling future that is reserved for the new republics of this continent.

The present state of Europe, which will keep her involved for a long time in a critical political and economic situation, points to an attractive prospect for our peoples of America, since, if we are able to take advantage of it, we shall draw from the European disaster what is wholesome and useful, which, seeking a propitious

environment, will turn for it to the ample and cordial bosom of our hospitable and prosperous republics.

The league of nations—doomed to failure from its beginning, both because of the absence of the great republic of the north and because of the contempt shown her by the great powers in conferences and more conferences of which they have availed themselves for the discussion of subjects that ought to have been left to her—leads us to think that there is no reason why the republics of the new continent should continue to belong to a political organism so colorless and useless in practice.

The affairs of these republics do not come within the scope of the present league of nations, and unquestionably our ideas and our opinions will possess no value in it, and we shall always seem to be outsiders, since it has no authority to deal with and to solve questions in which these republics are directly interested. We had experience of this when it could not decide the question at issue between Costa Rica and Panamá, which was settled by the direct interference of the United States; nor could it take cognizance of the controversy between Perú and Chile, a controversy that the parties, although they belonged to the league of nations, have found it necessary to submit to the arbitration of the government of the United States; and, finally, its inefficacy, in so far as we are concerned, was made sufficiently clear when Ecuador also, which has a boundary dispute with Perú, agreed with her litigant to submit to the decision of the government of the United States. In view of all this, what business have we to belong to an organism that is of no service to us?

Let us be practical, and, taking our stand on the truth in all its fullness, let us cast aside the sentimentalism and lyricism of a false patriotism and confess in the clear light of day that the political and economic interests of our republics are bound up wholly with the vast power and the large influence of our great sister of the north, that we, depending on her, loyally and frankly, with a single idea and a common interest, may prepare ourselves to enjoy the glorious future that the God of nations and present circumstances hold out to us.

I believe that by making use of the ancient idea of our great Bolívar, that of a group of nations—conceived by him in a happy hour, at a critical moment, such as was that of 1820, and revived at another critical moment of history by the insuperable Wilson—a league of the republics of the new continent, whose interests are identical, we could effect an organization that would be of great importance for the establishment of internal peace, as well the peace of the world. This league might be called the "Great Confederation of the New Continent."

In order to form the great confederation, all the republics could create partial confederations among those whose geographical position would invite such a procedure, more or less in five groups constituted thus: first, the great republic of the north; second, the five Central American republics; third, México, Cuba, Haiti and Puerto Rico, if the United States should grant her independence, as she ought to; fourth, the five republics liberated by Bolívar [Venezuela, Colombia, Perú, Bolivia, Ecuador]; and, fifth, Chile, Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and Paraguay.

The object of this confederation would be to settle disputes that might arise among the republics over questions of a political or economic character or regarding boundaries, as well as to ally themselves, in case any one of them or several of them should be attacked by any nation of another continent.

To give form to this thought, if it should have the honor to be entertained, there ought to be a great meeting of the delegates of the republics appointed by their respective governments, in a place that the government of the United States might designate: an assembly that would appoint a court of justice and arbitration of a permanent character that would represent the autonomy of the confederated groups, and to which they would submit all questions, within their competency, to be settled. An assembly thus constituted would enact the statutes and regulations necessary to enable the body to exercise its functions, as well as to establish a single standard of money for all the confederated republics, which would facilitate

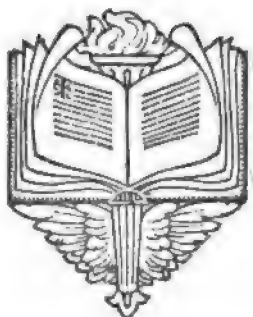
exchange among themselves free of fluctuations due to the lack of a single monetary unit.

Caracas or Panamá might well be designated as the permanent seat of the great confederacy, because of the advantage possessed by their geographical positions.

**T**O-DAY my ideas may seem utopian, if they be considered from the point of view of each republic's local interests, which at present sway the judgment of her ruling men; but to-morrow, when events and their requirements clarify this judg-

ment, my ideas will receive effective welcome.

No other power is so vitally interested in seeing this plan achieved as the United States, inasmuch as she, who desires to exercise a political and commercial hegemony on our continent, would achieve it in principle by means of the great confederation, without awakening jealousies or distrusts; and because of the benefits that might be derived by our Latin peoples, by being placed on an equality with her, in rights and in duties, but always without attempts at imperialism of any kind whatsoever.



# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Index

ENGLISH : : VOLUME VI

October, 1922—August, 1923

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY  
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# INDEX

## ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

*October, 1922—August, 1923*

### AUTHORS AND TITLES

#### A

- A code for the journalist: J. M. Quirós y Palma . . . 289  
 Aguiar, Justo Manuel: José Enrique Rodó . . . 113  
 Alemán Bolaños, Gustavo: Revising American diplomacy . . . 355  
 Amado Nervo's mysticism: Adolfo M. Sierra . . . 236  
 An Argentine's impressions of the United States: peculiarities in the organization of the family; the position of woman; observations regarding some of the social problems of the day: Enrique Gil . . . 135  
 Andrade Coello, Alejandro: Esthetic education . . . 393  
 Anguita, Felipe: The Instituto Pedagógico of Chile . . . 374

#### B

- Barbagelata, H. D.: Châteaubriand and American independence . . . 291  
 Beltrán, Juan Ramón: Suggestion and delinquency: a study in the psychology of the criminal . . . 214  
 Blanco Fombona, Rufino: The administrative incapacity of Spain during the period of her greatness . . . 34  
 Bolívar: José Enrique Rodó . . . 81

#### C

- Campos, José Antonio: Ecuadorian sketches . . . 324, 361  
 Candiotti, Alberto M.: Pacifism in Latin America . . . 173  
 Cárdenas, Raúl de: The Platt amendment . . . 30  
 Carvalho, Ronald de: The Brazilian novel . . . 214  
 Châteaubriand and American independence: H. D. Barbagelata . . . 291  
 Chile: economic resources and development: Guillermo Varas C. . . 338  
 Córdova, Federico: Juan Montalvo . . . 49  
 Cueva García, Juan: The America we can make . . . 18

#### D

- Díaz Cisneros, César: Ideals of an international policy . . . 312  
 Díaz Lozano, Enrique: Excavations in the valley of México; quaternary fossil remains and archaeological cultures . . . 152  
 Domingo, Marcelino: The sword of independence . . . 222  
 Don Quijote in the light of psychiatry: Eduardo Urzaiz . . . 164

#### E

- Ecuadorian sketches: José Antonio Campos . . . 324, 361  
 Esthetic education: Alejandro Andrade Coello . . . 393

- Excavations in the valley of México: quaternary fossil remains and archaeological cultures: Enrique Díaz Lozano . . . 152

#### F

- Fluctuations in exchange and the depreciation of currency: Raúl Simón . . . 182  
 Frers, Emilio: Plow deeply . . . 333

#### G

- Gabriela Mistral: Julio Mercado . . . 357  
 González, Eloy G.: The dissolution of Greater Colombia: a reply to don Gilberto Silva Herre-  
 ra . . . 320  
 González, Luis Felipe: The intellectual evolution of Costa Rica . . . 250, 267  
 González, María Felicidad: The Paraguayan woman . . . 111  
 Gutiérrez Nájera, Manuel: Lenten sermons of "El duque Job" (*Conclusion*) . . . 23

#### I

- Ideals of an international policy: César Díaz Cisneros . . . 312  
 Indigenous industries and the pottery of Teotihuacán: *Editorial* . . . 248  
 Interamerican coöperation: Cosme de la Torriente . . . 377  
 Inurrigarro, Lorenzo: The winning of a people . . . 179

#### J

- José Enrique Rodó: Justo Manuel Aguiar . . . 113  
 Juan Montalvo: Federico Córdova . . . 49

#### L

- Lemas Carlísimo de Rodríguez Alcalá, Teresa: Paraguayan household traditions . . . 3  
 Lenten sermons of "El duque Job" (*Conclusion*): Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera . . . 23  
 Lima, Herman: The short story . . . 303  
 Lobato, Monteiro: The balm-cricket and the ant . . . 47  
 Lugones, Leopoldo: The dead cathedral . . . 69

#### M

- Marín Vicuña, Santiago: Petroleum: notes for a monograph . . . 75  
 Mercado, Julio: Gabriela Mistral . . . 357  
 Mistral, Gabriela: Poems in ecstacy . . . 210  
 The slogan . . . 21

#### N

- Nervo, Amado: The story of my life . . . 97



# INDEX ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

## O

Ódena, Ernesto León: The death of Añá: a Guaraní legend	124
Onelli, Clemente: The mysterious mammal	189
Orgaz, Raúl A.: The synthetic functions of the university	99

## P

Pacifism in Latin America: Alberto M. Can-dioti	173
Palma, Ricardo: Peruvian traditions	295
Paraguayan household traditions: Teresa Lamas Carísimo de Rodríguez Alcalá	3
Peruvian traditions: Ricardo Palma	295
Petroleum: notes for a monograph: Santiago Marín Vicuña	75
Plow deeply: Emilio Frers	333

## P

Poems in ecstasy: Gabriela Mistral	210
Poems in prose: Enrique José Varona	212

## Q

Quirós y Palma, J. M.: A code for the journal-ist	289
---	-----

## R

Revising American diplomacy: Gustavo Alemán Bolaños	355
Rodó, José Enrique: Bolívar	81
"Ronquillo": The outcome of a wager	279
Ronza, R.: The Latin-American nations and the world: Pan American tendencies in South America	201

## S

Sierra, Adolfo M.: Amado Nervo's mysticism	236
Sierra y Sierra, B.: Uruguayan archæology	128
Silva Herrera, Gilberto: The dissolution of Greater Colombia	224
Simón, Raúl: Fluctuations in exchange and the depreciation of currency	182
South American letters: Luis B. Tamini	240
Subercaseaux, Guillermo: The origin of the Hispanic-American <i>peso</i>	206
Suggestion and delinquency: a study in the psy-chology of the criminal: Juan Ramón Beltrán	192

## T

Tamini, Luis B.: South American letters	240
The administrative incapacity of Spain during the period of her greatness: Rufino Blanco Fom-bona	34
The America we can make: Juan Cueva García	18
The balm-cricket and the ant: Monteiro Lo-bato	47
The Brazilian novel: Ronald de Carvalho	214
The dead cathedral: Leopoldo Lugones	69
The death of Añá: a Guaraní legend: Ernesto León Ódena	124
The dissolution of Greater Colombia: Gilberto Silva Herrera	24
The dissolution of Greater Colombia: a reply to don Gilberto Silva Herrera: Eloy G. González	320
The idea of patriotism: Juan Zorrilla de San Martín	146
The Instituto Pedagógico of Chile: Felipe An-guita	374
The intellectual evolution of Costa Rica: Luis Felipe González	250, 267
The Latin-American nations and the world: Pan American tendencies in South America: R. Ronza	201
The mysterious mammal: Clemente Onelli	189
The origin of the Hispanic-American <i>peso</i> : Guillermo Subercaseaux	206
The outcome of a wager: "Ronquillo"	279
The Paraguayan woman: María Felicidad Gon-zález	111
The Platt amendment: Raúl de Cardenas	30
The short story: Herman Lima	303
The slogan: Gabriela Mistral	21
The story of my life: Amado Nervo	97
The sword of independence: Marcelino Do-mingo	222
The synthetic functions of the university: Raúl A. Orgaz	99
The winning of a people: Lorenzo Inurrigarro	179
Three letters of Jorge Isaacs	160
Torriente, Cosme de la: Interamerican coöper-ation	377

## U

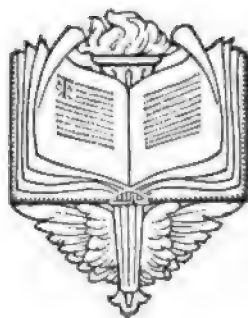
Uruguayan archæology: B. Sierra y Sierra	128
Urzaiz, Eduardo: Don Quijote in the light of psy-chiatry	164

## V

Varas C., Guillermo: Chile: economic resources and development	338
Varona, Enrique José: Poems in prose	212

## Z

Zorrilla de San Martín, Juan: The idea of patrio-tism	146
---	-----



# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

PARAGUAYAN HOUSEHOLD TRADITIONS	
TERESA LAMAS CARÍSIMO DE RODRÍGUEZ ALCALÁ	3
From <i>Tradiciones del hogar</i> , a booklet published in Asunción, Paraguay, 1921	
THE AMERICA WE CAN MAKE - - - - -	JUAN CUEVA GARCÍA 18
<i>La Tribuna</i> , Guayaquil, Ecuador, February, 1922	
THE SLOGAN - - - - -	GABRIELA MISTRAL 21
<i>Repertorio Americano</i> , San José, Costa Rica, April 17, 1922	
LENTEN SERMONS OF "EL DUQUE JOB" (Conclusion)	
MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA	23
From a booklet published in Paris, 1922	
THE PLATT AMENDMENT - - - - -	RAÚL DE CÁRDENAS 30
<i>Revista Parlamentaria de Cuba</i> , Habana, Cuba, May, 1922	
THE ADMINISTRATIVE INCAPACITY OF SPAIN DURING THE PERIOD OF HER GREATNESS - - - - -	RUFINO BLANCO FOMBONA 34
<i>Nosotros</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, September, 1921	
THE BALM-CRICKET AND THE ANT - - - - -	MONTEIRO LOBATO 47
<i>Revista do Brasil</i> , São Paulo, Brazil	
JUAN MONTALVO - - - - -	FEDERICO CÓRDOVA 49
<i>Cuba Contemporánea</i> , Habana, Cuba, May, 1922	

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

TERESA LAMAS CARÍSIMO DE RODRÍGUEZ ALCALÁ was born in Asunción, Paraguay, in 1889, and she was educated in the schools of that city; her life, both before and after her marriage, has been devoted to literature and to philanthropy; she was one of the founders of the Asociación Nacional de Damas de Caridad, and she has been an active member of the Cruz Roja Paraguaya and other benevolent organizations; besides contributing a number of articles to the newspapers, she has published *Tradiciones paraguayas* and *Tradiciones del bogar*.

JUAN CUEVA GARCÍA was born in Loja, Ecuador, about forty-five years ago, and he was educated in that city; after practising law for some years, he occupied several important positions in the government service, and he was, for a time, the minister of Ecuador to Great Britain; for some twelve years, he has resided in New York, making occasional business trips to his own country or other South American countries; he has published many newspaper and magazine articles.

GABRIELA MISTRAL (the pseudonym of Lucila GODOY ALCAYAZA) was born in Vicuña, Chile, April 7, 1889; her limited academic instruction was received in the towns of her native province and at the Escuela Nacional Normal in Santiago; from 1905 to 1918 she taught in the Liceo de Niñas of Los Andes; in 1918 she was appointed principal of a Liceo de Niñas in Punta Arenas; later, owing to public interest in her literary work, the government was induced to appoint her to a principalship in Santiago; her first poems, *Sonetos de la muerte*, published in 1915, established her

reputation as a poet; among her works may be mentioned, in addition to the sonnets alluded to: *Hablando al padre*; *El árbol dice*; *Tarde*; *Los versos de noviembre*; *La maestra rural*; *Interrogaciones*; *El ruego*; *Himno al árbol*; *Amo amor*; *Yo no sé cuáles manos*; *Coplas*; *Al Señor*; and *¿Sientes allá abajo?*

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA: see INTER-AMERICA for August, 1922, page 336.

RAÚL DE CÁRDENAS Y ECHARTÉ was born in Habana, December 24, 1884; he was educated in the Instituto of that city and in the Universidad de la Habana, being graduated from the latter institution in 1905 with the degree of doctor of laws; since then he has practised his profession in Habana; he represented the province of Habana in the Cámara de Representantes from 1911 until 1919, during most of which time he served as secretary of that body; he is the author of a number of papers and articles on international subjects.

RUFINO BLANCO FOMBONA was born in Caracas, Venezuela, June 17, 1874; he is a novelist, poet, literary critic and director of a publishinghouse; after a somewhat stormy life in his native land, he has spent the recent years in Europe—since the breaking out of the war, in Spain. Among his works are: *El madrigal de las lágrimas*; *Don Juan*; *Pequeña ópera lírica* (for which Rubén Darío wrote the prologue); *El poeta*; *Patria*; *Trovadores y trovas*; *Cantos de la prisión y del destierro*; *El 19 de abril de 1910*; *hombre de hierro*; *La lámpara de Aladino*; *Letras y letrados de Hispano-América*; *Grandes escritores de América*; *Cuentos americanos*; *La americanización del mundo*; and *Historia de Ignacio Andrade y su gobierno*.

# Inter = America

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ENGLISH: VOLUME VI



NUMBER 1

## PARAGUAYAN HOUSEHOLD TRADITIONS

BY

Teresa LAMAS CARÍSIMO DE RODRÍGUEZ ALCALÁ

Interesting but pathetic regional stories of a familiar character, related in a sprightly manner, very characteristic of Paraguay, through which the reader catches glimpses of heroic and tragic incidents of a terrible war and its consequences.—THE EDITOR.

### I

#### THE AVENGERESS<sup>1</sup>

LIEUTENANT BAZARÁS had been commissioned to reconnoiter the enemy's position and capture some sentinels, from whom it seemed necessary to obtain information. It was a difficult and hazardous mission. It would be necessary to cross an extensive marsh, if he wished to elude the vigilance exercised by the allies over the easily accessible places. The temper of Bazarás's soul was of the kind that is capable of the greatest boldness. He was fond of danger; daring undertakings aroused his enthusiasm; he was about to court death with the same cheerful and confident spirit that would have been with him at a festivity. He had to start at night in order that the darkness might aid his expedition. Before setting out, he went to take leave of his mother, who shared with him the vicissitudes of the war, follow-

ing him from camp to camp, flying beside him in the combat, gallant and ready to receive him in her arms when it became his lot to fall, if such should occur.

The señora de Bazarás was a beautiful old lady, of the physical and moral type, now rare, of our grandmothers. She was capable of infinite tenderness, as she was, also, of the most unheard-of heroism. There shone in her face the noble expression of pride that is the unmistakable sign of ancient lineage and good blood. As white as the flower of the *samubú* was her hair, and her face was furrowed with deep wrinkles that told of experience and suffering. Seated in a wooden chair, near the door of the little improvised hut, deep in the forest near the camp, the old lady was spinning in the scant light of the gloaming. Like all our grandmothers, she would not have been able to pass the time, had she not employed it on that classic labor of the austere old homes of Paraguay.

"Mother, give me your benediction."

"Where art thou going, my son?"

"The general has just intrusted me with a difficult mission, and I must now be off."

<sup>1</sup>This story received the first prize in a competition conducted by *El Diario* of Asunción, Paraguay, in 1919.—THE EDITOR.

The old lady drew to her the son she idolized, kissed him warmly and tenderly on the brow, without saying a word, and, while the young man retired, she, raising her eyes toward the heavens, blessed him, tracing in the shadow the holy sign of the cross.

"May God and the Virgin bless thee, my son, and bring thee back to me alive!"

Carlos, the lieutenant, was her pride and her reason for living. Her husband had died like a hero in a horrible affray with cold steel, and two other sons had been killed in a legendary assault, and on Carlos was concentrated all her tenderness and all her pride. He was not, however, the only son that remained to her; and when the old lady thought of the other son, her noble brow, thoughtful and sad, became clouded, she sighed, and a rebellious tear played traitor to her will to be strong.

She took up the chair and entered the hut. In the background, resting on the stump of a tree, cut for the purpose, a candle burned at the foot of the image of Our Lady of the Miracles, which she had brought from her family home in Asunción and which accompanied her in her wandering in the rear of the armies. She prostrated herself before the Virgin, kneeling on the damp earth of the floor, and she began to pray with the most intense fervor. She prayed for her son, who at that moment was once more exposing his life. Hour after hour passed with no interruption of her prayer or any change of position, wrapped, as she was, in the ecstasy of her fervent supplication to Heaven. From time to time there passed in front of the hut a patrol, which was making the rounds of the outer lines of the camp; and the soldiers, seeing the aged lady praying, were deeply stirred, and they silenced the noise of their arms, in order not to disturb her petitions.

Silence! Not a word, not the remotest sound.

The soldiers had dismounted to prevent the heavy laboring of the horses through the mud from betraying their presence to the enemy, who was on guard at a short distance. They were in the heart of the marsh. The green waters, on which the moonlight was gleaming, were frozen on that harsh night of winter. At times some

of the birds that nested in the scrubby bushes of the marsh were startled by the passing of the soldiers, and they had to remain quiet for a long time, submerged in the pestilential mire, that the sentinels, startled by the sudden flight of the birds, might not discover their presence. Then a viper would issue from its hole in the weeds and attack them, and the scene that followed would be frightful. To prevent all noise, they would take the dangerous creature and squeeze its head convulsively with all their strength, until they had silently killed it, without so much as breathing. If the reptile bit a man, he jerked out his knife and silently sliced off the bitten part and then continued to advance without uttering a complaint, without causing a sound.

A sentinel tried to utter a cry, but he could not. Hands of iron closed his throat, others took away his horse and stretched him on the ground; and, like him, three other sentinels fell into the hands of Bazarás's soldiers, lacking time for even so much as an outcry.

The enemy's camp was wrapped in deep silence, and it occurred to Bazarás to hazard awakening the sleeping battalions by assaulting them with his fifty men. He was even now mentally enjoying the delight of falling upon them like a whirlwind, making with sabers an attack of the kind that gave him much pleasure, and then retiring, to leave behind him panic and the traces of his swordsmanship.

Then the silence was broken by the sound of advancing cavalry, and his men had only time to throw themselves down and hide in the thicket. A captain with several officers appeared, stopped and shouted to the sentinels. No one replied, until suddenly the Paraguayans, obeying the sound of a soft whistle, sprang from the thicket, and, some with their lances, others with their sabers, fell upon the party. The captain alone escaped with his life, although wounded, after wounding Lieutenant Bazarás, on his part. The alarm soon spread in the hostile camp, and our men took at once to the marsh, with whose labyrinths they only were acquainted. They brought with them four of the enemy sentinels.

Day was breaking when the brave officer, after duly reporting to his general and after presenting him with the captured sentinels, went to see his mother. Motionless before the Virgin, she was still praying when, before any step was heard, a presentiment that only mothers can experience warned her that her son was returning. She arose and ran to meet him, thanking God for returning him to her. She embraced him tenderly, and only after the first transports did she become aware that Carlos was wounded. She was alarmed, but she controlled herself with extraordinary fortitude of spirit, examined the wound, assured herself that it was not serious and began herself to treat it; for two years of war had taught her to stay a hemorrhage and overcome an infection.

The lieutenant was sad and silent, and his mother observed that he was so. She tried to cheer him by telling him that his wound was insignificant and that he could soon renew his exploits.

"No, mother;" he answered, "that is not what makes me sad and downcast. I could have killed the one that wounded me before giving him time to defend himself, but when I recognized him, my blood froze in my veins, my hands trembled and I thought my heart was going to burst, and a sudden fever scorched my brain. While I was recovering my self-possession, he reached me with his sword and fled. If you only knew, my mother, who it was that wounded me!"

The aged lady trembled from head to foot at first, then her eyes blazed and she shouted rather than inquired: "It was *he*? Thou sawest him at last?"

"Yes; he is a captain of the allies."

Upon mother and son fell a heavy shadow of sorrow, of sadness, of vengeance.

At Curupaití the most frightful battle of the war was hardly fought. A handful of Paraguayans, in comparison with the imposing and incessantly renewed columns of the enemy, defended the immortal trenches with stupendous heroism. A woman, with the unmistakable air of a matron of distinction, in spite of the modesty of her dress, went up and down the line of defense, passing water to the

wounded and bullets to the sharp-shooters when it was necessary to do so. Her feverish eyes gazed toward the outside of the trenches, as if in search of some one. Suddenly an air of supreme resolution straightened her body and flashed in her eyes. She dashed to the parapet itself, seized a loaded musket, occupied a place that had just been left vacant by a soldier that had fallen wounded, and she fired. She again loaded the gun and fired once more. Then she cast aside the weapon and ran toward where Lieutenant Bazarás, now recovered from his wound, was fighting like a lion, and, without altering the accent of her voice—serene, solemn, implacable as justice itself—she exclaimed: "Pedro has just died!"

"Didst thou see him, mother?"

"Yes; I sought him among the assailants, and when I saw him, I know not what terrible voices resounded in my soul. I saw the corpses of thy father and thy two brothers, who died defending our flag; I saw thy blood of the other night; I saw the immense misfortune of our poor country; and I could not restrain myself; an impulse stronger than my will placed a musket in my hands; I waited for him; I fired at him, and he fell pierced by my bullet!"

Only then did the fortitude of the aged lady give way; and, feeling herself a mother, she burst into bitter tears; whether of sorrow or of shame, I know not.

## II

### THE PORTRAIT

OUR soldiers fought hard there below. The Paraguayan capital was plunged in lethal sadness, heedful only of the doleful sound that came from the fields of battle. With the Fortieth battalion, famous in the annals of the war, had marched away to join the ranks of the combatants the best youth of Asunción. It was a memorable afternoon, that in which the Fortieth, commanded by Díaz, set out from the capital. Organized hastily, before entering the campaign it was subjected to an intense military instruction that was imparted to the men in what was formerly Plaza San Francisco—to-day Plaza Uruguay—where the gentlemen of Asunción marched and

countermarched with a war-like air; deployed in squads and sham charges of heroism in view of their families, who gathered in multitudes to watch their evolutions. A few weeks sufficed to train these future heroes in the manual of arms and in military evolutions. Then came the order to start. The city flew to the landing to witness the embarkation of the gilded youth, who were leaving the delights of their homes to go to test the hazards of the sanguinary campaign. Tremulous hands, and handkerchiefs wet with tears, were raised like benedictions in the anguish of farewell, while slowly the vessels dropped their moorings, and the instruments of a military band spread on the air the strident notes of a noisy galop.

"I do not wish you to go to the landing to say good-by to me," my paternal grandfather had said to his wife, who rivaled him in heroic and generous effort to appear serene.

"I fear that I might lack courage, and I do not wish my weakness to be seen."

She remained silent. She was preparing with a care that her worry was unable to disturb the things that the soldier had to carry, from his necessary covering and the trifles of home pharmacopœia of an efficiency so highly lauded by tradition, to the warrior's favorite tidbits that the youthful wife had affectionately cooked. When the sergeant of his company, a friend and neighbor of his, went to look for him, my grandfather took tender leave of his family, gave—already on the march—the last counsels to his three little children, who were looking on in dismay, and was lost to view down the Calle del Sol: to-day Villarrica. He had the courage to refrain from turning his head even once.

It was an afternoon on which Madam Lynch<sup>2</sup> was visiting the home of my grandparents, which is still preserved, just as they ordered it built, on the southeast corner of the Calle Villarrica and that of Ayolas. On the front wall of the drawing-room, a full length portrait of the absent husband created for my grandmother the

illusion of the beloved presence. The vivid eyes and smiling lips seemed to animate the image with a breath of life, and in the impeccable elegance of the *ensemble*, which was distinctive of the soldier, the figure acquired a fascinating relief. Madam Lynch spoke of the news that a shipment, coming by way of Puerto Suárez, after a trip of more than a year, was bringing her a package from Paris. She dwelt, above all, on the preciousness and richness of the gown she was wearing, whose pearl gray color suited her admirably. An old negro slave was serving a cup of chocolate when, in an awkward moment, she slipped and, falling near Madam Lynch, let fall the contents of the chocolate pot on Madam Lynch's skirt. Madam Lynch uttered a cry of horror as she contemplated the ravages. The slave, terrorized, begged her pardon with childish fear, while the mistress, amid harsh scoldings of the author of the damage, tried to repair it as best she could. The explosions of Madam Lynch's anger and the lamentations of the slave were followed by a painful silence. The superb gown was rendered useless. In the lividness of her face and the hardness of her convulsed smile was reflected the inner fury that devoured the lady that had sustained the damage.

As if to put an end to the scene, a curious occurrence took place at that moment. My grandmother, who always occupied an easy chair placed in front of the portrait, noted that the latter had changed its position. She believed at first that it was an illusion of her sight, but, observing closely, she ascertained that the picture was moving. A prey to startling surprise, she called the attention of Madam Lynch to the phenomenon, and when she corroborated her, that the picture was, indeed, swaying, the portrait fell noisily to the floor.

It was an astounding occurrence. The picture was hanging by a strong cord, fastened to a hook firmly driven into the solid wall. The doors and windows were closed, so that it could not be supposed that a gust of wind had caused the picture to fall. To what could the fact be attributed?

The two ladies were filled with superstition regarding the mystery. Even the

<sup>2</sup>Thus known to history: Solano López's Irish mistress.—THE EDITOR.



slave forgot her recent fright and fell on her knees and counted her beads. My grandmother it was who broke the silence to say, between sighs that were forced from her by a sudden, inner presentiment:

"José María is dead! My heart tells me so!"

Then, lifting the portrait, she moistened the paint—as she kissed it—with a flood of tears.

Two days later the long whistle of a steamboat that was approaching stirred the heart of the lady with strange emotion. She was sure that the boat brought her terrible news; and, leaving the work on which her industrious mind employed the time not demanded by the care of the house, she darted into the street to hasten to the landing. She had not gone two squares when the calling of a friendly voice stopped her. It was an officer that was returning from the camp.

"And my husband, what do you know of my husband?" she asked hurriedly and in a loud voice.

"I bring a message for you from the Mariscal,<sup>3</sup> doña Teresa. The señor president says that the Porteño"<sup>4</sup>—it was thus that they called my grandfather don José María Lamas, because of his proverbial elegance and his frequent visits to Buenos Aires—"was able to die as jauntily as if he were dancing a minuet in the Club Nacional."

"My heart had already told me so," exclaimed the young widow, overwhelmed with weeping. Then, in a moment of calm: "When did he die?" she asked the friendly officer, who, moved by her sorrow, had remained silent.

"On the second of May, at five in the afternoon, at Estero Bellaco."

"Yes; on the second of May, at five o'clock in the afternoon," replied the unhappy woman mechanically; "the very day and the very hour in which his photograph mysteriously fell."

<sup>3</sup>Mariscal or Marshal Francisco Solano López, as he is usually designated by those that are friendly to his memory.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Porteño, from *Puerto*, "port," is an adjective and substantive used to describe the dwellers of the port, that is, the people of Buenos Aires, and what pertains to them and their city.—THE EDITOR.

The picture of the familiar tradition is still preserved in the home of my forefathers, saved from all the exigencies of the *residenta*, during which its owner guarded it as a treasure, never losing possession of it. To-day, when I observe the brilliant expression of its eyes and the clearly chiseled beauty of the whole face, on which are emphasized the well tended side-whiskers, I experience a singular impression as I imagine the gallant gentleman—who, according to the chronicles of the times, led memorable cotillions in the Club Nacional—fighting in a bloody thicket, barefoot, his torn shirt gaping over his breast, his uniform in tatters, covered with perspiration and glowing with heroism, until he fell, communicating with his last gasp the breath of life to the portrait that presided over the long, sad hours of waiting in his home.

### III

#### PANCHA GARMENDIA

IN THE family gathering, when, during the hours that followed the siesta, my old aunts met to spin their recollections, relating traditions of their vanished past, things of before the war or such as happened during the sad days of the *residenta*, while I was a girl, I heard them speak of Pancha Garmendia as of a heroine and martyr. One afternoon, years later, I went to pay my respects to one of my aunts, whose eighty years of afflictions kept her indoors in her legendary house that counted three centuries of age. She asked me, full of consternation:

"But is it true that they are tearing down Pancha Garmendia's house?"

"Yes, aunt; it is but a heap of rubbish; does it distress you?"

The noble lady, whose marvelous lucidity could not be quenched by the years, and who saw with the eyes of her soul the things of her time and heard the remote inner echo of her triumphant youth, was painfully wrapped in her recollections. To her the old manor-house was a relic. She could see it only as beautified by the aureola of tradition, all fragrant with poetry and antiquity.

"Tell me something about Pancha,

Aunt Loló," I said to her, feeling that her soul was stirred by the recollection of that ideal figure of her sex and race. "On other occasions you have told me that you were acquainted with her and were her friend."

With unction, with intimate tenderness, mingled with bitterness, the old lady set herself to evoke the image of the martyr.

"Imagine," she said, "all the loveliness, majesty and grace of the most beautiful women with whom you are acquainted, united marvelously in one woman, and you will have Pancha Garmendia. She was fair, with the admirable pallor of the lily; tall, slender and harmonious, her face illuminated by blue eyes with a soft, dreamy gaze that gave her an angelic expression. Her hair—very black, glossy and curly—she always wore carefully done in a bandeau, or tied back in a low knot that hung gracefully above the whiteness of her neck. This method of dressing the hair had been rendered fashionable in Asunción by an artist that was playing at the time in the old theater that stood in the Calle Paraguay Independiente, between Atajo and Veinticinco de Diciembre, and we girls christened it with the picturesque name of *café* head-dress.<sup>5</sup> Pancha dressed prettily, because, since she was discreetly coquettish, she liked to wear trinkets that went with the natural charm of her beauty; and I assure you, daughter, that she succeeded marvelously well.

"Brought up by some aunts that adored her, the distinguished señoras de Barrios, they had made of her a girl who, although filled with virtues, possessed also the attractiveness of a culture somewhat unusual. Only fancy what this meant in those days, at a time when our parents refrained from teaching their daughters to read, in order to prevent us from communicating with our sweethearts.

"Panchita had a reputation for pride, but she was not really proud. She was, indeed, very dignified and haughty, and she opened her soul to the expression of sorrow only—

in the days of suffering that very soon dawned upon her—when, as she knelt before the Virgin, she implored her aid and consolation. One of the most lively and attractive young men of the time, Perico Egusquiza, fell in love with Pancha, and I recall, as if it were yesterday, that at a party that was given in the house of my cousins the Bazarases, in the street that to-day bears the name of Villarrica, and which was then called Calle del Sol, Pancha, herself in love with the young man, uttered to him the affirmative that was to weigh upon her life as an inviolable oath. At that time, however, Solano López was courting the girl, and when Perico and his sweetheart thought they were about to enter upon their happiness, Perico received one morning an order to leave the city. The separation must have been painful, but, steeled by her pride, she kept her anguish to herself, and only the holy image that watched over the purity of her bed-chamber witnessed the grief of her eyes and the trembling of her hands from sorrow on the mystical occasions of prayer.

"I saw her for the last time as I passed her house one day, which was quite near ours, on the corner of the Calle de la Ribera and the Calle Catorce de Mayo. She was seated near the window of her room; she wore a blue dress that set her off marvelously; the full hoop-skirt idealized the willowy delicacy of her figure, and the wide sleeves, which were then in use, emphasized the beauty of her divine hands: hands of eucharistic whiteness beneath the soft and transparent skin, the blue of the veins of which suggested the tracery of a dream; lily hands consecrated to bearing up gloriously, even unto death, the ideal veil of her immaculate purity! She looked as if she were reading, but the vague expression of her eyes indicated that her thoughts were far away—very far from the book that lay open before her—off there where another being, tortured by love, responded to her secret anxiety and followed the passionate rhythm of the throbbing of her heart. I seem to see her still, in all the dazzling beauty of her ideal perfection: the miraculous incarnation of an artistic fantasy. The years have

<sup>5</sup>Guaraní: "tipsy," the idea being, apparently, that the form of the head-dress suggested the topheavy and inconsequent carriage of a drunk person.—THE EDITOR.

passed, and the mutations of circumstances have devastated the panorama of my recollections; and yet I have not once passed the house that was Pancha's that my eyes did not see, as in a wonderful mirage, showing at the window that used to be near the corner, the figure of that girl whom sacrifice idealized, making of her name a sacred symbol to the Paraguayan women. . . ."

My aunt remained silent, and I, sharing her emotion, kept still also. I tried to let my imagination paint the figure of the heroine. I too saw her in her blue gown, a book open in her hands; the sweet, sad gaze of her blue eyes fixed on the distance. . . . After a moment I put an end to the silence:

"Tell me, Aunt Loló, how Pancha died."

"I shall tell you what I heard related on my return from the *residencia*. In López's tragic retreat to the frontiers of the country, Pancha Garmendia was forced to follow him. One of her aunts accompanied her. The Mariscal was wont to show solicitude on her account, in spite of the unshaken and disdainful firmness with which the girl held out against his passionate assault. Hunger, which had banished from her body the rosy flesh that gave richness to her beauty, caused her to accept the invitation, for in that Dantesque march across deserts, under the somber shadows of disaster, people had nothing to eat, save at the table of Solano López. They served her delicate dishes. Pancha was eating potted quail with a devouring eagerness that revealed her hunger. The Mariscal gazed at her with eyes of passion; the Lynch, who was mortified by Pancha's presence, did not remove from the girl the cold stare of her beautiful blue eyes that shone like steel.

Suddenly Pancha ceased eating.

"Will you eat nothing more, Pancha? Is it that you do not like the dish?"

"Yes; I am very fond of it, señor, but I desire to ask a favor of you."

"What do you wish?"

"My aunt, my poor aunt. . . . It is a long time since she has eaten anything. Will you let me carry the rest of the quail to her?"

"She spoke hesitatingly, her eyes filled

with tears, without lifting them, and her voice trembling.

"A burst of generosity seized López; he took the tin that contained the potted quail and offered it to Pancha, paying no attention to the irritation his gallant kindness had caused the Lynch and that the latter made not the least effort to disguise.

One afternoon, some days later, López was taking *mate*<sup>6</sup> in his camp. He was walking back and forth with an agitated step, thinking of the sad fate of his arms, of the painful hour that was in store for him, of his power lost for ever and of which there remained to him only, like the stout hilt of a shattered sword, the unbreakable will that still made him feared in that sad flight through forests and over mountains, wandering like an apocalyptic shade, followed by his fantastic retinue of faithful and indomitable soldiers, hungry and half naked. Behind him he had left Asunción, the city of his love, filled with the memory of his gay and happy youth, whence he set out one day, at the beginning of the war, and whither he would never, never return. He had also abandoned his illusions of victory, which the heroism of his race could not achieve. He had naught to cherish save the bitter memory of his army, exterminated in the struggle, as in an infernal martyrdom. . . .

One of his aides approached him and, saluting him with the timid respect imparted by the general's presence, he communicated certain news to which he listened distractedly.

"Your orders have been carried out, señor. The girl has just been executed."

"Who?" asked the Mariscal vehemently and with surprise.

"Pancha Garmendia, señor," replied the aid.

"What do you say? Panchita?"

"López was about to raise to his mouth the *mate* that his attendant had just handed him, but a sudden tremor of his whole body caused him to drop it at his feet. His head inclined heavily forward, and an air of sorrow, anguish, desolation, clouded his face. He was going to say

<sup>6</sup>For an article entitled "Hierba Mate," see INTER-AMERICA for April, 1920.—THE EDITOR.

something, something terrible, but he kept silent, pressing his lips together and carrying to his forehead, to dry the excessive flow of perspiration that bathed it, his right hand, drawn by the intense pain he suffered."

My old aunt thus commented on her story:

"That was probably the first time the iron Mariscal had trembled. Pancha had been put to death because her name had appeared in the list of executions ordered for that day. In my time it was said that the death of that delightful creature, an amphora of virtue and an example of fortitude, had not been ordered by the Mariscal. The hand that trembled so much that it dropped the *mate* and the gleam of tears that flashed in those eyes that could not have been made to blink in the presence of the most frightful spectacles, silently revealed the greatest terror, silently disclosed the secret of the horrible tragedy."

Aunt Loló became silent; and as I went into the street and passed by the place where stands the martyr's house, I experienced the illusion of seeing her in the window, her figure dressed in blue, her gaze in the remoteness of reverie and her angel's face sweetly pensive with love.

#### IV

#### PAÍ-CHÍ

**I**T SOUNDS like one of d'Amicis's stories, but it was a real occurrence, one that took place in the days of our epopee.

I seem to be looking still at the great carts with high wheels, upholstered inside with rich scarlet velvet and drawn by double yokes of huge oxen, which stopped one day at the door of the old mansion of my maternal ancestors, in the street of La Ribera, to-day Benjamín Constant. They had come a great distance, from an *estancia* lost in the depths of Misiones.

At the time there was no means of reaching this region either by railway train—as there still is not—or even by diligence. One traveled on horseback or in a cart. The rich families had carts for the journey that were very handsome, very spacious, very comfortable, such as those that arrived that afternoon at the home of the Carísimos.

Two mulattos, sons of slaves, who had accompanied the vehicles on foot, placed a strong leather-covered chair at the tail of each cart, and thence began to descend ladies and children, the latter dancing with glee, marveling at the spectacle of the city, which they beheld for the first time. The household had heard the sharp tinkle of the little bells that hung from the long goads adorned with feathers of different colors, and mistresses and servants, abandoning their tasks and diversions, hastened to see who it was that was arriving.

Then was enacted one of those animated scenes produced by meetings between relatives that like one another and that see each other for the first time after long separations. The women of the house ran to receive those that were arriving, while the latter hastened to descend from the carts. "Nicá! Camé! Antonia! Loló! For the love of Jesús!"

They threw themselves into one another's arms and they kissed and patted one another amid transports of noisy pleasure, which also manifested itself in some by gentle weeping. Those of the household caught up the newly arrived children, while the ladies from a distance did the same to us, the youngsters of the family, who were fascinated both by the spectacle of the imposing carts that had come from so far away and the interminable strings of the fragrant *chipá*,<sup>7</sup> the jars of *dulce de leche*<sup>8</sup> and a restless ostrich<sup>9</sup> that was lowered by the slaves. A colt that had followed its mother, after the carts, finally absorbed our attention.

That was a festive afternoon. The

<sup>7</sup>Guaraní: a slender loaf made of Indian corn meal and flour, and enriched with cheese, suet and seasoning.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>A sort of caramel paste, prepared by slowly boiling milk, heavily sweetened with sugar and flavored with vanilla; for many hours until it thickens: a form of confection highly esteemed in all the Hispanic-American countries. In México it is called *cajeta de Celaya* (because it seems to have originated and to be best prepared in this city); in Chile it is given the name of *manjar blanco*. Goats' milk is used in the preparation of the best quality of *dulce de leche*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>The *ñandú* (from the Guaraní): a species of ostrich indigenous to the southern regions of South America; it is about four and a half feet high, of an ashy white color with dark tones, and it is a great runner and swimmer.—THE EDITOR.

neighbors of the Calle de la Ribera and those of the Calle del Sol, to-day Presidente Franco, appeared at the doors and windows when they heard the bustle, and a little afterward they also gathered to greet the Misioneros,<sup>10</sup> for in that ancient quarter where the city was born, all were friends with a friendship handed down from grandfathers to grandchildren, if, indeed, they were not relatives.

When the tumult of effusive affection subsided, my Aunt Loló called me and said:

"Run to inform your mother that the cousins from Misiones are here."

It was necessary to repeat the order, as I, who had been stuffing myself from the jars of sweets that Toribia *Carapé*,<sup>11</sup> the old cook, had begun to put away in the closets, did not show much of an inclination to obey it.

"Run now, child!" she said again with an imperative accent.

I obeyed. I was at my home in a jiffy, for we lived near by. I recall that I rushed in helter-skelter, being anxious with an anxiety almost painful, to arrive and to return at once, and that I ascended the stairway in two or three bounds, when I did not find my mother on the first floor. As soon as I reached her—she was already descending, being alarmed by my cries—I could hardly speak.

"Mamma, the aunts from Misiones! They have brought many sweets, *chipá* and the prettiest colt! . . ."

My mother was very fond of these relatives. When the catastrophe of the war desolated our country and our home, leaving a formerly wealthy family in the greatest poverty, she, with several of her cousins, had been taken with her widowed mother, whose husband died like my other grandfather, at Estero Bellaco, to the Argentine city of Paraná, where a kind-hearted aunt helped to bring them up and educate them in the shelter of her home. When they returned to the country, now all grown, the cousins went to take up their abode in

Misiones, where there still remained to them a tract of land that the husband of one of them increased by his labor until he made of it a great *estancia*.

Just as she was, my mother dashed into the street. I ran ahead, anxious to participate in the general hubbub that had been raised in the house of my old aunts by the arrival of the travelers. The scene of the kisses, embraces and inquiries was repeated. My mother experienced a revival of her sad childhood lived in the home that her father had abandoned to enter the war and where they awaited with terror from moment to moment the arrival from the battle-field of the sad news that would plunge it into mourning.

Among the travelers was a tall, heavy, blond gentleman that I had never seen and that I had not noticed at first. I heard my mother greet him by the name Paf-Chí, and this name brought to mind one of the many traditions of the family that my Aunts Loló and Antonia Carísimo Jovelanos used to tell me while they spun cotton, picked in their own garden, or made the exquisite *yu* lace, at which they were expert.

"Paf-Chí! How are you!"

Paf-Chí! Was this the Paf-Chí of history, the heroic boy that had been picked up by his first cousin, María Antonia, wounded on the road, and carried in her arms: so small was the brave soldier of the patria!

Then, after Paf-Chí asked about his cousin María Antonia, the event of the tradition acquired a wholly legendary relief in my recollection. Yes; it was certainly the same, the hero of that story that had so often made me feel I know not what deep pride of race and family; and I stood stupidly staring at him, believing I saw in his strong virile head the horrible wound that had shed so much blood that day. . . .

I forgot the sweets, the *chipá* and the colt.

"Aunt María Antonia, tell us the story of Paf-Chí."

The good lady—Aunt María Antonia was a saint!—who had hastened to the ancient manor-house of her ancestors when she had received the news of the arrival of the cousins from Misiones, gathered about

<sup>10</sup>Literally, and when used in its general sense, "missionaries:" employed here, of course, as a proper adjective to denote persons from Misiones, clearly defined regions of Paraguay and Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup>In Guaraní, "dwarf:" applied in this case as a pet name.—THE EDITOR.

her all the children and related to us the story that Aunt Loló was to repeat to us on other occasions.

I listened, pale with emotion.

"We were going along a road that crossed a mountain. We had left the city by order of the Mariscal, when it was announced that the Brazilians were preparing to enter the harbor.<sup>12</sup> It was the *residenta*, that tragic wandering of the Paraguayan people in search of the shade of their anguished flag, driven by defeat to the confines of the country. We were almost all women: my mother, her sisters, Aunts Loló, Isabel, Antonia, Nicá, Mercedes and my cousins: all the latter very young, like myself. With us went only one uncle, aged and broken down, who, far from being of any assistance to us, required aid of us in order not to drop by the wayside. We did not know as a certainty where we were going. We went forth leaving everything to chance, all impelled by fear, grieving for our dead, without knowing what had happened to our living relatives. Frequently were to be seen *taperas*<sup>13</sup> amid the ruins of which we were wont to rest from the fatigue of the journey. Lands, formerly cultivated, were covered with thick *maciega*,<sup>14</sup> and even the birds had fled, terrified by the noise of war: astounded, perhaps, by that somber devastation and that gloomy silence. At times we found an old man lying in the road, at the foot of a tree, perishing with hunger and weariness, awaiting death as a relief; at other times, a cross and a mound of recently stirred earth indicated that there lay for ever some poor pilgrim of the *residenta*. Women, children and old men: we did not meet a single young man. The young men did not flee. They died fighting. Trees with trunks half charred told us that a patrol had passed by there and had camped near them. We of the *residenta* made no

fire, because we had nothing to cook. We ate wild fruits or cheated our hunger by gnawing coconuts and roots.

"For how many days had we been traveling? I do not remember, but they were many; they ran into weeks. One afternoon we were getting ready to rest amid the blocks of adobe of a ruined hut when we heard a hoarse moan. It still seems to resound in my ears. The hour was propitious to the disturbance of our minds by superstition, and the desolate scene of the spot was none the less so. We took refuge in the most sheltered part of the ruins; but the cry pursued us. . . .

"'Do not be afraid,' Aunt Isabel said at length; 'it must be some one wounded, perhaps. I am going to see. . . .'

"I was the oldest of the girls," continued Aunt María Antonia, "although I was only eighteen years old, and, mustering courage, I went with her to peer into the surroundings.

"I penetrated a *caraguatal*.<sup>15</sup> It was from there that the moan of distress was coming. I saw a blood-stained body, and I ran toward it, my anxiety quickened by I know not what mysterious instinct. It was a boy, and he was in a faint. He still grasped a long saber, and a carbine was lying near him. I drew near, lifted him in my arms and wiped his face covered with blood and screamed:

"'My God, but it is Paí-Chí.'

"I ran with him through the thick *caraguatal*, tearing my clothes. All gathered about. . . . The mother of the wounded boy, who accompanied us, fell on her knees as if under the spell of a miracle.

"He had a deep wound in his head from which flowed much blood. I do not know what we did in that desolate spot, but the wounded boy soon came to himself, after we had stayed the hemorrhage and bound the half opened head. When he was able to speak, the soldier told us what had happened. The day before his squadron had been in the neighborhood, and the troops of the enemy had attacked it. The boy

<sup>12</sup>Although Asunción is situated on the Paraguay, so broad is the river and so marked is the recess, formed by an indentation and a bend, that the latter is called *puerto*, "port," "harbor."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>13</sup>Ruinous and abandoned habitations, especially when isolated or in the deep forest: from the Guaraní *taperé* "uninhabited," "a village that was."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>A plant with leaves similar to the Spanish *espadaña*, "reed-mace," "great cat-tail."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>A thicket of *caraguata*: the Guaraní name of a plant of the family *Bromeliaceae*, with straight, stiff, spiny leaves. According to some authorities, it is the *Agave Americana*; according to others, a species of *Eryngium*.—THE EDITOR.

had fought like a giant, until a heavy saber blow had laid his head open. To flee from the rage of the imperialists, he slipped away the best he could without abandoning his arms, until he buried himself in the thickest part of the *caraguatal*, where we had found him. You can form an idea of how big the hero was," concluded Aunt María Antonia, "for when we resumed the march, and he was not able to walk, I took him up in my arms and carried him. . . ."

While my Aunt was telling the story, Paf-Chí also was listening silently, with his sad gaze fixed on the remote vision of his epopee.

We children gazed at him in astonishment, filled with admiration of his precocious heroism and proud that his blood was also a little ours.

## V

### THE ORIGIN OF THE MONKEY

THAT night *Mbaepochy*<sup>16</sup> left hell. Not knowing against whom to direct his wickedness, he began to think, and he recalled that children were his enemies; of course, since their innocence concealed his wiles from them. Yet he would get even with them. He took a turn through all the houses in which there were children, and on the pure brows of the little ones he set his infernal gaze for a moment, leaving impressed on each of them something like a vague shadow. . . .

When, on the following day, the children waked, it seemed as if they were stirred by a breath of extraordinary deviltry. They began by not wishing to say their prayers or wash their faces. The indulgent mothers coaxed them affectionately and, after giving them their breakfasts, sent them off to school. They all met and set out together. The morning was marvelously beautiful. From a wonderfully diaphanous sky descended floods of light upon the fields. The delicious freshness of the atmosphere was like a benediction, and a revelation of inexhaustible benignity. That day, with so lovely a beginning, seemed to wish to banish the evil wiles; but they came off victorious. The children, bent on mis-

chief, did not go to school, but they made off to a forest that rose in the distance with its dark and mysterious mass. When they reached the forest, the weather was very hot, and they were very thirsty. They were going to take out their lunches, but they no longer had them, as they had left them on the road with their books and school things for the sake of greater freedom. They hunted for fruit, but they found none. Then they took it into their heads to look for birds' nests. When they got tired of pulling to pieces those they found and of doing everything that was cruel to the defenseless nestlings, they suddenly came on a *pindó* tree, with its branches yellow with fruit. They were delighted and they began to shout and jump about merrily. They found a *lacuara* and knocked down the sweet nuts with it. Then it occurred to them to eat them in the tree; so they climbed to the highest branches.

Suddenly they saw coming toward them a woman with a child in her arms. She was extremely beautiful and she seemed to be very sad. The child she carried was wonderful; but, like the mother, it bore on its divine face a look of anguish. It was hungry. The disconsolate mother, covered with dust, pale from weariness, reached the foot of the tree in which the children were perched, and, with a very soft, supplicating and tender voice, she begged fruit of them for her child. The mother's great anguish aroused the laughter of the youngsters, who, while they were making her insolent remarks, began to throw the cores at her.

"Take that, if you wish to eat!"

Then the mother looked at them, and, stretching out her right hand toward them, she cursed them.

The day was fading, the sun was but a red disk that was disappearing in lakes of vermilion, and all the vault of heaven, like a furious eye, seemed to be bloodshot. The children were afraid and they began to call to one another; but their voices came only in the form of sharp squeaks. They looked at one another in surprise and with immense terror they saw that they were not the same. Their clothes had disappeared, and, on the other hand, their bodies had acquired hair, long tails and very big ears.

<sup>16</sup>The Guarani name for the "devil."—THE EDITOR.

They tried to cry out, but they could not: their lamentations turned into hoarse screeches, accompanied by many and curious grimaces. They had become monkeys! Then, maddened, they began to run, yet not as before, but leaping and hanging from branches.

Night closed in, and when they tried to return to their homes, they could not. They had lost themselves for ever, and they were only able to see there, very far away, the distressing silhouette of the mother that always carried in her arms the white child, whose fair, aureoled locks rose from among the shadows like the chimerical lily of a dream.

## VI

### THE "TAPERÉ"<sup>17</sup>

WE WERE in Misiones. The solemn, silent, sad sunset of that day, which had been magnificent, and of whose splendid prodigalities of light there remained only faint and timid glimmers, overtook me while I was following a deserted trail that stretched between the two hamlets lost in the solitudes. I was accompanied by a guide, a man already old, with a great fund of knowledge regarding the regions; overflowing with stories and legends, learned in woodcraft and very fond of displaying his knowledge of the country. The good old man made an effort to open a conversation with me, but I, oppressed by the melancholy of the hour and the silence amid which we were moving, with the crunching of the straw beneath the hoofs of the beasts, had no desire to converse.

We soon reached the end of the trail. Beyond, stretched before my vision a broad plain, green, monotonous, and also silent. Only in the east rose a great tree, near which, as if to court its shelter, I made out a dark and shapeless object.

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is the *taperé* of the ghost," answered the guide.

We drew near, and by the light of the moon, which was just beginning to show, I could see it better. It rose mute, black,

formidable and tragic. Among the worm-eaten beams that had supported the roof, and those upright masses that had been walls, darted the black denizens of the night, the *mbopi*, describing fantastic circles. Timbers, posts, doors, window-frames, were all mingled, confused, merged, as if Time had taken a fancy to fuse everything there. Here and there stretches of the tottering walls left exposed, by the dropping away of the plaster, the coarse materials of which it was built, like the bones through rents in the shroud of a skeleton. Two posts alone stood very straight, resembling, in the diffused moonlight, arms stretched upward as if to make desperate supplications to the infinite. All the winds and all the rains of heaven had beat upon them without being able to lay them low.

From these ruins there seemed to issue a humble, sad, plaintive moan, and so deep was the poetry of bygone things laden with memories exhaled by these ruins, that I felt deeply moved.

"The *taperé*, but of whom?" I asked the old man.

"Of don Lorenzo; it was his house."

"And who was don Lorenzo?"

"He was one of the most successful land-owners of his time, until misfortune overwhelmed him. . . ."

I scented a story and I begged him to tell it to me.

The old man gave a last long pull at his cigar; then he put it out and stuck it in the pocket of his jacket; and in a slow voice, as if he were recalling something little by little, he told me the story.

"All this became a desert after the war. One of the first to settle again in these parts was a fine man named Lorenzo, a good man at work on an *estancia*, laborious and honest as the day is long. He was married, and his wife was surely as much of a woman as he was a man, for, if no one surpassed her in all these parts in beauty, few were equal to her as a worker. As for him, he rose early and went into the fields to look after the rounding up of his cattle, which year after year increased under the good care of their owner; while she got up equally early, and, busying herself with household duties—kneading as soon as it

<sup>17</sup>The Guarani word from which the Spanish form, *taperá*, was derived. See note 13, page 12.—THE EDITOR.



was day, making cheese and preparing *typiraty*, taking care of the dairies and the fowls and darning the clothes—the hours fled. Don Lorenzo returned, at times, at the close of day; they ate, chatted awhile regarding the slight news of their tranquil life and labors and went to bed without needing to have a light; and thus passed a day and another day, amid a happy tranquillity.

"They had a son named Antonio. He grew up strong and manly in the wholesome surroundings of that existence in the heart of nature. As soon as he could keep his seat in a saddle, his father took him out with him every day among the occupations of the country. When he was still a very little fellow he was able to manage a horse and he passed the day galloping with the boldness of a good horseman. When he was old enough, his parents sent him to the town to school. Antonio rose with the dawn, had his breakfast and he himself immediately saddled his horse, and, carrying his books and school things behind him, he covered at a gallop the three leagues that lay between his house and the town. His lesson ended, he again mounted and with another gallop he was at home once more. In the school they had a great to-do over the lad's quickness, so much so that when he had finished the five primary grades, the principal went to see don Lorenzo to tell him that it would be a pity for his son not to continue his studies. The boy was then eleven or twelve years old. They called him and asked him if he wished to continue his studies, and he replied that he did. It was decided to send him to Corrientes,<sup>18</sup> and one morning, some months later, don Lorenzo, his wife and his son set out on horseback for San José-mi, where the boy was to embark to go to that city. He had some uncles there, and don Lorenzo had arranged that they should take care of him in their house.

"On the farm, husband and wife continued to work more earnestly than ever, desiring to accumulate a fortune for their son. As the latter had come into the world when his parents were already well on in years and as he was the only object of their

passionate worship, his absence increased it to the point of delirium. The most exquisite cheese that came from the hands of the señora, the most savory *chipá*, the most beautifully embroidered shirts: there could be no doubt as to whom they were for; and, on his part, every time don Antonio marked the calves he thought of his son and he felt a tremendous longing to increase his *estanzuela*<sup>19</sup> in order to leave it, well stocked, to his Antonio. The difficulties and expensiveness of the trip caused the student to go but once to his home to pass the vacation, and so the news that, at length, after five years, Antonio had taken his degree and that he was ready to return produced indescribable rejoicing in the household.

The old people did not know what to do for joy. They laughed and wept without knowing why; the father selected the most beautiful horse for rides with his son; and the mother threatened to exhaust her whole well supplied *corral* and prepared dishes and more dishes, with savory pies and rice with milk, in honor of the young man.

"Helped by María, a beautiful brunette, fresh and blooming as a wildflower, whom the couple had brought up out of affection, the old lady employed a good part of the day in arranging the young man's room. The girl had grown an abundance of flowers in the garden and she had placed them in rustic but attractive pottery jars, arranged coquettishly on the night table and on brackets. If the student's mother was filled with a sense of affectionate anxiety, the girl was not less so, although she did not express in words what she felt.

"Don Lorenzo had started very early in the morning to go to meet his son. About mid-day a distant cloudlet of dust announced that some one was coming along the road; and for one of the *peones* to shout the news and the women to come forth to see for themselves, quivering with interest, was the work of a moment. A short time afterward Antonio dismounted near the palings that surrounded the house and threw himself into the arms of his mother, who received him weeping in a transport of wild joy.

<sup>18</sup>A flourishing Argentine city, situated on the left bank of the Paraná.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>19</sup>The diminutive of *estancia*.—THE EDITOR.

"*Virgen María*, who hast returned him to me! Oh, but you have become a man! And what a fine young fellow!"

"She seemed to be going to devour him with kisses. She embraced him violently, then she released him to gaze at him the better, and once again she threw her arms around his neck, regretting that she was not strong enough to carry him as when he was a child and she had put him to sleep in her lap.

"Is it not true, my girl, that he has grown up a handsome fellow?"

"María blushed for the first time in her life in the presence of him that had grown up with her, and for the first time also she hesitated to return the embrace that Antonio gave her. She did not answer the question, but you may rest assured that to her he was good looking enough. She thought so much of him! She had always liked him greatly, but now she felt the old affection in a very curious way. Her heart leaped, and a joy mingled with a mysterious fear caused her to tremble. She did not dare to look at him; she wished to say something to him, and her voice was swallowed up in her throat. . . .

"Curepi was the trusted *peón* of the house. He had the beauty of the strong, agile, bold men of the country. He loved María; he loved her in silence, with a violent love like a force of nature, without her returning it. To render himself attractive to her, he had engaged in tremendous feats of courage, which had made him a name in all the country-side. In one of the revolutions, when the estate of his master had been attacked, he alone, fighting like a tiger, had defended the house, in the absence of don Lorenzo, who had gone to town. María would have loved him, perhaps, because the noble countryman deserved it; but how was she to do so if she already loved the son of the master, although she was unaware of the fact. She loved him too without cherishing any hope, for she was too humble to dare to dream. . . .

"Antonio returned her love. Thinking of her, when he was far away, he felt an increasing desire to study, and he had often asked himself whether or not, in his longing

to return home, the desire to see María had not weighed more than his desire to see his parents, whom, however, he loved deeply.

"The day of his arrival—when he saw her more beautiful than ever, her chaste creole beauty, which he had admired when he was thirteen, seasoned by her eighteen Aprils—he felt strange stirrings in his soul. Perhaps during his long absence the girl had given her heart to another. When he saw her shrink from him, and he felt that he had been coldly received, because of an embarrassment that caused her to remain silent, he experienced a sense of desolation, as he attributed to dislike what was wholly the reverse.

"He was anxious to remove the doubt. On the day following that of his arrival, when the girl went to serve him his *mate*, she herself all dressed out, with a deep red rose in her magnificent black tresses—as beautiful as dawn, as pure as the air of the mountains—Antonio spoke to her:

"This afternoon, when you go to the brook to bring the water, wait for me; I . . . wish to speak with you. . . ."

"Very well," she said simply.

"A mute interrogation appeared in her great innocent eyes. Could it be that she imagined what he was going to say to her?"

"Curepi was moving about near where they were, getting some farm implements ready, while the young people were talking, and when he overheard the dialogue, his jealous passion drove him to madness. Toward evening—a clear, bright evening—the young people made their way to the brook. The feelings the young man awakened in her were no longer a mystery to the girl. The divine inspiration had come to her; she knew that she loved him, that she wished to be his, and that he belonged to her, and she gave herself up to the dreams of happiness that overmastered her. So, when Antonio, as he met her, told her that he loved her, she raised her beautiful eyes in which was painted the intoxication of her soul, and she carried her hand to her heart as if to restrain its wild beats. Her frail little form straightened as if transfigured; a glow as of dawn radiated from her eyes, and when she tried to speak, she could not. . . . Antonio divined everything, and

he pressed his lips to the virginal mouth of the maiden; he stamped on it a kiss that sounded like a sweet arpeggio amid the murmurs of the waters of the brook.

"First a roar and afterward a shot snatched them from the ecstasy in which happiness had submerged them. Antonio carried his hands to his breast, his sight becoming dimmed, his legs gave way, he exhaled a moan and sank to the earth. The blood was flowing in jets from a wound he had received there where his hands were clinched in his effort to intercept the life that was escaping with it.

"The girl guessed it all.

"'Curepi, curses on you!' she exclaimed. Then she threw her arms about the wounded youth, reciting a marvelous prayer with which she implored the pity of the Virgin of her devotion, while trying to stay the blood and seeking to restore by her tenderness the heat that the beloved body was losing from moment to moment; and when the young man expired and grew cold and rigid, she suddenly felt stirred by an idea that flashed like a gleam of

madness in her eyes. She disengaged herself from the body, set out toward the house at a run, and, returning immediately, armed with a heavy knife, she drove it into her heart. After her came the poor old father and mother, without understanding what had happened; and when they saw their son dead and the girl stretched beside him, also dead, the shock and the pain caused them to drop dead, just where they were.

"Every now and then," concluded the guide, "during the late hours of the night, some one walks through these rooms like an agonized shadow, murmuring strange prayers that alternate with brief sinister bursts of laughter. They say it is Curepi, whose horror of his own tragic deed has overthrown his reason; but it has been impossible to prove it, for the travelers who, as they pass by here, see the shadow in the *taperé* stir, flee, spurred on by fear, thinking it a spirit. . . ."

The old man became silent. I, a prey to the horror of the place and hour, and recalling frightful stories of "hants," pricked my horse and started off at a gallop.



# THE AMERICA WE CAN MAKE

BY

JUAN CUEVA GARCÍA

The call of optimism to youth: an Ecuadorian, for many years a resident of the United States, speaks out of the fullness of his experience and his faith and hope to the world and especially to his own countrymen words of cheer and sound sense; and he would approve of the punishment of "the prophets of misfortune, the visionaries of calamity," and he holds, with another, that "as he that disseminates the microbes of tuberculosis ought to be sent to prison, so he that sows immorality, hopelessness, pessimism and failure ought to be put in jail."—THE EDITOR.

THE aged are steeped in pessimism. With a dogmatic and uncompromising accent, filled with sarcasm and ridicule, they are always telling you that "it can not be done," that "it is impossible," that "you are a dreamer." They try to convince you that pessimism is "manly," and optimism, "childish;" that, if you wish to show "maturity," you must be skeptical, distrustful, of everything and everybody. So it has come to be a ridiculous pride of the Spanish race, even among goslings that have not yet gotten entirely free from the shell, to be pessimistic, while the optimist hides away, ashamed and, like Peter, he denies his Master time after time.

If we all adopted this mental attitude, what would become of the progress of the world? If we all surrendered to the idea that "it can not be done," what hope would remain to humanity?

Pessimism is cowardly; and there are so many cowards in the world that it is unnecessary that you should swell their ranks. See how many clerks there are that are satisfied with their positions and their salaries. They desire nothing more; they lack the strength to fight, which is the spring of vital youth. They think they desire something better, but they lack energy, the unconquerable longing to excel. If success came by merely desiring it lukewarmly, we should all be successful; but victory yields only to those that wrest it: men of unquenchable faith, visionaries filled with imagination and optimism.

It has been said that only one person in a thousand rises, and that the rest vegetate and disappear. You can be one in a thousand. To will is to be able. It is necessary,

however, to wish with the heart, with optimism, with faith, without giving heed to birds of ill omen, which always prognosticate disaster, failure, incapacity.

Now it is much easier to float with the current of a river, to go down hill, than it is to breast the torrent or to climb the beetling and perilous rock. If you do not feel that you have courage and faith, it is better for you to let yourself be carried downstream and to mingle with the demoralized, indolent and beaten: you are a zero added to the many other zeros that have been swallowed up by the countless ages.

If, however, there is in you the seed of manhood, do not yield to the prophets of disaster or give ear to the sirens of pessimism. Set your eye, your heart and the warmth of your young blood on the straight line that leads to the ideal. Turn not aside, and if you fail, begin again with redoubled vigor; never give up as beaten, "for none have ever failed that have never made an effort." Youth is full of vim and faith. Therefore on it depends the progress of the country and of humanity. The old that have been defeated, full of fear and caution, no longer contribute to the advancement of humanity. Those that propel the car of civilization are the few dreamers that are filled with tenacity.

To be satisfied is to stand still. See that endless army of mediocrities, content to earn each day's paltry bread and to live and die without victories and without defeats, without any higher aspiration than that of filling their stomachs and perhaps of winning the regard of the village. Why not separate yourself rebelliously from this army? You are young, you are brave, you

can aspire to great things. Nothing is too high for you, if you have a keen enough ambition. Yet be not content merely to desire. You must achieve, and achievement calls for struggle, the hazards of the campaign and the partial defeats that harbingering final victory.

You can transform your native land, revolutionize fortune. If you desire wealth pursue it honorably but implacably by the path of labor. If you would have glory, do the same. If you thirst for knowledge, give way to your thirst without limitations. You can accomplish anything; nothing is too great for you; but you must desire heartily, with optimism, with works.

In Paris there is a fertile center: the Latin quarter. Thence radiates glory. In the United States there is an army of titanic strugglers. Thence flows the sea of gold, of industries, of comforts, which were undreamed of by our ancestors.

If you study these men, you will always find in them an inexhaustible optimism, concentration of soul and life on an ideal that has never been abandoned. Hunger, cold, discomfort, loss of sleep: all have been suffered by these heroes of peace and progress; and they have not even recognized the fact, so absorbed have they been in work, so concentrated on the ideal and so dauntless in the strife. They have sacrificed everything for a single cause.

If you feel incapable of struggle and sacrifice, if you vaunt a sage pessimism, you are no longer young, whatever be your age, and for you were not written these lines that glow with affection for and interest in you, which are affection for and interest in the patria. One can be very young in years and very decrepit in spirit.

Some one has said that the strugglers that have not succeeded were defeated because they did not hold out for "one week more." The nearer the summit, the harder seems to be the climb; but just one step more, one more step, always one more, and we are on the other side!

Another has said "the darkest hour precedes the dawn."

I have heard of many battles in which both armies considered themselves defeated

at nightfall. Of the two, the one that would not budge from the field was victorious. The other was defeated. There were several examples of this fact during the European war.

The more you seem to be defeated, the nearer you are to failure, the deeper you ought to dig yourself into the trenches. Orderly retreats are not defeats.

Desire, without work, is not enough, or, rather, it is impossible to desire earnestly and at the same time remain static. Intense desire is dynamic. No man has constructed a house by merely desiring to do so; but if he raises a wall every year, in the short period of ten years, the house will then be finished, and life will have had an object, a reason for being. Ten years is little enough to a generation and to the patria. In modern sports, the athlete is trained for the struggle; he is denied alcohol, tobacco and opium, everything that would weaken the will and diminish the strength. Can you not break the old molds by training yourself for success as an athlete?

If you feel that alcohol, tobacco or opium stand in the way of your ideal, your strength, your success, either bravely break these fetters or shatter the ideal. There is no middle course. Either you desire success earnestly, like the few victors of the Latin quarter or of industry in the United States, and you are ready to cut straight through everything that crosses your path, or you will let yourself be carried away by the current, downstream, to mingle with the aged that speak cynically, out of pessimism or conservatism, or with contented mediocrity and vulgarity, satisfied to eat and drink and sleep, without caring a farthing for individuality, family, city or country.

In northern Canada, east of Alaska and south of the Arctic ocean, is a small region called Yukon. Wild and forbidding, with a harsh climate and with glacial winters, it is, at one and the same time, prodigiously fertile and beautiful in summer and tremendously rich in gold. Service, who has written such beautiful poems about that region, puts in the mouth of this singular piece of land the following lines, as if addressed to the rest of the world:

Send not your foolish and feeble:  
 send me your strong and your sane—  
 Strong for the red rage of battle;  
 sane, for I harry them sore;  
 Send me men girt for the combat,  
 men who are grit to the core;  
 Swift as the panther in triumph,  
 fierce as the bear in defeat,  
 Sired of a bulldog parent,  
 steeled in the furnace of heat.  
 Send me the best of your breeding,  
 lend me your chosen ones;  
 Them will I take to my bosom,  
 them will I call my sons;  
 Them will I gild with my treasure,  
 them will I glut with my meat;  
 But the others—the misfits, the failures—  
 I trample them under my feet.  
 Dissolute, damned and despairful,  
 crippled and palsied and slain,  
 Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—  
 Go! take back your spawn again!<sup>1</sup>

This song is repeated day after day to all humanity by the god Success. It is not a question of race, it is not a question of locality; it is a question of courage, of optimism, of resolving to take the bull of difficulty by the horns, with hands of iron and a soul of steel, and to conquer it, master it, break its neck and lay it low before us reduced to an impotent mass, entirely at our disposal.

Think not, however, that this will be the work of a day or a year. "Zamora was not captured in an hour."

Some one has advanced the idea of decreeing a law that would severely punish the prophets of misfortune, the visionaries

<sup>1</sup>Robert W. Service: *The Law of the Yukon*, in *The Spell of the Yukon and Other Verses*, page 20.—THE EDITOR.

of calamity. It has been held that ideas are either hurtful or beneficent, like bacteria, and just as he that disseminates the microbes of tuberculosis ought to be sent to prison, so whoever sows immorality, hopelessness, pessimism and failure ought to be put in jail. It is said that ideas are something real that change us into creators, after the likeness and image of God; that all machinery has been first in the mind of the inventor, not as something vague and formless, but in a definite manner and with all its details of wheels, axles, screws and bolts; that he who builds a house, first has in his mind the living image of what he is going to construct; that the political and social reformer, the educator, the amasser of a fortune, has a clear vision of results, pictures in his mind exactly what he is going to obtain, and, made a creator, carries to the field of reality what originated in his imagination.

You must have imagination, you must increase and intensify it (which is one of the greatest concerns of modern education), you must paint the result to which you desire to attain: great, broad, brilliant, distinct; and you must devote all the efforts of your young and indomitable soul to changing these images into realities, making light of the old-fashioned that call you a dreamer. Only man, in all nature, is capable of dreaming and creating. Happy are you, who, like God, can construct, out of nothing, from your own imagination, houses, workshops, railways, steamers, commerce, agriculture, peoples and nations, creating in the realm of the brain and modeling in beautiful and inexhaustible matter.



# THE SLOGAN

BY

GABRIELA MISTRAL

The poet breaks out in apostrophic prose, which is interesting in sentiment and form as revealing the point of view of the writer and many others. When we encounter this type of literature, not uncommon in the southern countries of America, we are disposed to wish that the northern and southern continents were not so far apart, that the barrier of language did not separate us of the north from those of the south, that facilities for travel were greater, and, especially, that our friends of the south knew us better, not as we seem, not as some of our countrymen make us appear when they travel, not as we are judged by what may or may not be blunders of our successive administrations, but as we really are, in our hearts and in our average state of mind and attitude toward our neighbors.—THE EDITOR.

AMERICA, America! All for her;  
because all will come to us from  
her, misfortune or blessing!

We are still México, Venezuela, Chile, the Aztec-Spaniard, the Quechua-Spaniard, the Araucanian-Spaniard; but we shall be to-morrow, when misfortune shall cause us to groan beneath its yoke, but a single sorrow, a single longing.

Teacher: teach in thy class the dream of Bolívar, the first seer. Clamp him to the souls of thy pupils with the strong clamp of conviction. Proclaim America: her Bello, her Sarmiento, her Lastarria, her Martí. Be not drunk with Europe, intoxicated with the remote—alien because remote—and, besides, decadent, with a beautiful, fatal decay.

Describe thy America. Cause to be loved the luminous Mexican plateau, the green Venezuelan steppe, the black forests of the south. Tell everything about thy America; tell how they sing on the Argentine pampa, how they gather pearls in the Caribbean, how Patagonia is being populated with whites.

Journalist: be just to all thy America. Do not blacken Nicaragua in order to exalt Cuba; nor Cuba in order to exalt Argentina. Reflect that the hour is coming when we shall be one, and then thy thistle of contempt or of sarcasm will wound thee in thy own flesh.

Artist: show in thy work the capacity for fineness, the capacity for subtlety, for exquisiteness and for depth that we possess at one and the same time. Squeeze the juice from thy Lugones, thy Valencia, thy

Darfo and thy Nervo; believe in our sensibility, which can vibrate like *the other*, can give off like the other the brief crystalline drop of the perfect work.

Industrial: help us to overcome, or at least to stop, the invasion they call inoffensive, and which is fatal, by fair-haired America, who wishes to sell us everything, to fill our country regions and our cities with her machinery, her cloths, even with that which we have, yet do not know how to exploit. Instruct thy workmen, instruct thy chemists and thy engineers. Industrial: thou shouldst be the leader of this crusade that thou hast abandoned to the idealists.

Hatred for the Yankee? He is conquering us, he is overwhelming us, through our own fault, because of our torrid languor, because of our Indian fatalism. He is disintegrating us through the agency of some of his virtues and of all our racial vices. Why should we hate him? Let us hate that in ourselves which renders us vulnerable to his spike of steel and gold: his will and his wealth.

Let us aim all our activity, like an arrow, at this inescapable future: Hispanic America, one, unified by two stupendous facts: the language that God gave her and the pain caused her by the north.

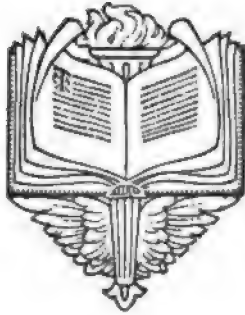
We fatten the pride of that north by our inertia; we are creating its opulence by our sloth; we are making it seem, by our paltry hatreds, serene and even just.

We discuss interminably, while it *does*, it accomplishes; we tear one another to pieces, while it compresses itself; like young

flesh, it makes itself hard and formidable; it binds with bonds its states from sea to sea. We speak, we allege, while it sows, founs, saws, tills, multiplies, forges; it creates with fire, earth, air, water; it creates minute by minute, educates in its own faith

and makes itself by that faith divine and invincible.

America and America only! What similar intoxication can the future hold? What beauty, what a vast realm for liberty and for all the greatest excellences!





# LENTEN SERMONS OF "EL DUQUE JOB"

BY

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

(Conclusion)

## SECOND SERMON

**A**S I, my señoras, preach on Sundays, and as the most solemn day of the Lenten period is Friday, I desire to participate in it at some church in order to hear the word of God and take example of the great preachers that constitute the dignity and glory of the sacred desk. The truth is, however, that a multitude of profane requirements prevent my participating in these evangelical and edifying festivals, which are so much enhanced by your presence; and, since I entertain the most intense desire to be instructed in religious subjects, for the sole purpose of improving myself and perfecting you—morally, it should be understood, because you are already perfect in the physical sense and, they say, in the chemical also—what I do is to buy to-morrow's *El Tiempo* in order to read the gospel of the day, as I begin to read it at exactly twelve o'clock at night. What brilliant, what profound, what eloquent sermons! As if the Saviour of the world himself were speaking in them with the divine unction of his vivifying word! Among these apostolic discourses and the sermons of many respectable priests, there is the same difference as between saying "Jesús!" and saying "*chubcho*."<sup>1</sup>

The gospel lesson of last Friday was, my señoras, that of the paralytic. He knew that by bathing in the Piscina (it seems that it was thus they called the pool of Bethesda), he would perhaps be cured; but, as he was a paralytic and as the rest were selfish, he was not able to move, and much less to cast himself into the water. It was

necessary that Jesus, the good man among the good, should come along and should say to him: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Hence it was that he remained dirty—for, after all, he did not bathe—but he was healed by the work of divine Providence.

If I were a pessimist—but why should I be!—I should pray this prayer to the Redeemer every night: "My Jesus—that is, not mine, but everybody's Jesus—Jesus, be born again, for there are many paralytics and many Lazaruses and many Magdalens, and thou alone didst heal, raise, forgive! It seems that these people no longer remember thee. All are like those abandoned egoists that left the poor paralytic lying deserted on his pallet, without helping him, without taking him up, in order that he might enter the miraculous bath. For healing they charge; to raise, they are unable; to pardon, they are unwilling; Lord, be born again, for thy mercy's sake!"

Fortunately, as I have already indicated, I am not a pessimist. What a blasphemy to say that Mary the Virgin Mother no longer exists, when we have good mothers! How is it possible not to believe in the efficacy, in the present and active goodness of the morality proclaimed by Jesus, when there still echo, like distant music, in our ears, the maxims inculcated in us by a wise and loving father? Yes; there are many good fathers; I have known some; I know one . . . two . . . perhaps three; later, maybe, I shall know others; but there are good ones! Nevertheless, there are more paralytics and there are still more of those that do not help the paralytics.

The number of persons that can not move is almost as great as the number of fools. Paralytics of the purse, paralytics of the heart, paralytics of the will! . . . How the poor paralytics abound!

<sup>1</sup>A word used colloquially and familiarly in addressing a dog: the point is that the word *chubcho* is a pet name applied playfully to any person whose name is Jesús.—THE EDITOR.

Yet paralysis is not an incurable disease. Jesus demonstrated it; and it has been proven that the best medicine is the kind he used: infinite goodness. In order that these motionless persons may move, it is necessary, first of all, to make them believe in one, by love, and then to make them believe in themselves, in their own strength; and thus they are healed and they arise and walk.

Some of you, my señoras, must have paralytic husbands: those that frequent the *cantinas* and the Jockey Club and the streets of the silversmiths and the stage doors . . . and elsewhere. I do not say it to injure them, and much less to hurt your feelings; but I think it is true. Those are paralytics who, because of inheritance, because of disenchantment or because of weariness lie down in vice or stretch themselves on beds of ease; but all those that are asleep, and are not dead, may be awakened. He that can not move by himself is to be taken up, however heavy he be, and borne to the place where he ought to go. To bear, señoras, is not the exclusive task of asses. You must have seen already, in one of the doorways of the Sagrario, San Cristóbal bearing Jesus; and Jesus bore all humanity. All the good mothers know how to bear their little children! In order to endure all this moral weight, not much strength is required: what is needed is much love. You will tell me, perhaps, that San Cristóbal was a big fellow. Granted; but this giant, so to speak, was carrying on his shoulders nothing but a child, and that same child was bearing up a whole world to save it. No; strength, bigness, stoutness of muscles, are not indispensable; what is indispensable is love.

Woman is the weakest of creatures, and, at the same time, the strongest. I know ladies that are supporting husbands that are thin and sickly, but that weigh a great deal . . . and they support them! All of you, when you wish, are very strong. So great is your strength that God himself needed a woman in order to become a man and redeem the world. You can rest assured that if there were no women, there would be no men.

However, is it enough to throw a husband over your shoulder and take him

through the streets in this fashion? I am coming to that. No; it is not enough. What ought to be done is to take him somewhere to have him healed. To bear husbands about in order to help them is all very well; but to carry them just to be carrying them is very stupid.

There are men, however, señoras, that are like the paralytic of the gospel, near the Piscina, with a desire to bathe in its wholesome waters; and their wives pass by them, just like the selfish Pharisees, without saying to them distinctly: "As you are not able, we shall carry you."

Who better than you can heal the sick? Healing seems to be something that belongs to woman. Physicians prescribe, write, study, say things in Latin; but it is women that speak to you of illness in a language you can understand, and they are the ones that have soft hands, the ones that heal. A wife is the best medicine, when it comes from an apothecary's that has a responsible person in charge, and, also, when no one has adulterated it on the way.

Healing: that is the profession of the good in life! I do not counsel young ladies to marry paralytics. No; for them there are hospitals. If, however, they are already married to these sad invalids, let them try to cure them. Above all, let them not paralyze them after they have married them; let them not be like those candle snuffing sacristans, who tramp about the great altar, putting out the candles when the Lenten ceremony is over. Do you think you have married to be happy, my beautiful hearers? Then you are wrong. How can marriage give what life does not give? You married to be twain . . . and then more. However, in this being twain and then *more*—by multiplying, be it understood, and not by dividing, because there are divisions that increase the home—there may be great happiness, when the husband and the wife know how to lay hands on it; but to secure it one must heal, señoras, heal much. It is understood that the cure must be mutual; but, since, because of their many occupations, the husbands have not come to this church, I speak to you alone.

Lean forward, as among us alone, and

basing what I have to say on my long experience in listening to confession, I am going to say to you that there are many husbands, even among those that pass for being very good, who are somewhat paralytic, that is, who, without ceasing to be good, are somewhat bad. Are you acquainted with them? . . . Yes? Of course! Perhaps intimately! Yet, I tell you I am an optimist; they are not incurable. Have not all of us a bit of paralysis in some part of our souls? Now, however, as was said by one of the most illustrious fathers of the Mexican church, the señor don Francisco Bulnes, only fools die of disease. You therefore, beautiful parishioners, can be confident of the cure of your excellent husbands that seem to be in such good health, but you must apply the required medicine. Cures can be effected without a physician, but not without a nurse.

The treatment is not so difficult, in my opinion; but if you pass by your husbands, as the Pharisees passed by the paralytic, they will certainly not be cured. The best thing is to do what Jesus did; to tell them they are well. I do not counsel you to say to them: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk;" because they might make off with it to some other place; but I counsel you to say to them simply, "Rise and walk!" being careful always to give them your support, in case they stumble in taking the first step.

Is not he somewhat paralytic that distrusts himself, that lacks faith and therefore possesses no hope, and, by the same token, repents of sometimes having had charity? Therefore say to him: "Walk; you can be a wise man or you can be a minister of state!" He will probably become a journalist or a lawyer's clerk; but anything is something. What is important is to say to him, "Walk!" and to make him believe in himself, in his own strength, as the paralytic of the gospel believed; and you will see whether or not he will move.

How many cases of moral paralysis are cured in this manner! What is paralysis? For the body to be asleep; but those whose bodies are weighed down with sleep you will awaken; and all of us, my señoras, have something asleep within us. We all

need an alarm-clock with a good loud bell. This is the problem when one marries: Will the bride turn out to be an awakener or an extinguisher?

Some are paralyzed by their affection; it is necessary to say to this affection: "Rise and walk!" Others are paralyzed on the green baize, on the marble of a table in the café, on the sofa of the lady friends that smile on them.

However, some—but not all—remain prostrate on the baize, on the table or on the sofa, because the woman, the only possible redeemer, does not speak to them as Jesus spoke to the poor invalid: with love and without asking him why and how he had fallen ill.

If you only knew, señoras, how a smile binds! If you only knew how, at times, even the bad are good, if you wish them well! If you would only convince yourselves that one hates champagne when one gazes at the fair hair or brown or black, but of one, that is, of another person that is one's! But what am I saying? You know it better than I do, and you will even say to me that, as I am a father, I ought not to know about it, but for that very reason, señoras, for that very reason.

Because I know it, and because I care a great deal for you (with your husbands' permission), I desire you to put my admonitions into practice. I wish you to be convinced of your own strength, and I say to you, as Jesus said to the paralytic: "Rise and walk."

Thus you will be happy, relatively; and bear in mind that my counsel could not be more disinterested, because I am very fond of consoling the unfortunates who, if they wept, would weep with very beautiful eyes.

### THIRD SERMON

THEN cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her: "Give me to drink."

(For his disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat).

Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him:

"How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria? (For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans).

Jesus answered and said unto her: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

The woman saith unto him: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?"

"Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children and his cattle?"

Jesus answered and said unto her: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again;

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

The woman saith unto him: "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."

Jesus saith unto her: "Go, call thy husband, and come hither."

The woman answered and said: "I have no husband." Jesus said unto her: "Thou hast well said: 'I have no husband.'

"For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly."

The woman said unto him: "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.

"Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship."

Jesus saith unto her: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

"Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews.

"But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

"God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

This, my señoras, is said by the gospel, which, doubtless, you read last Friday in your prayer-book lined with velvet the color of old gold. This was said by God himself, and one of his most eloquent ministers (and most charming, because he is a Frenchman), Père Didon, says the following in his remarkable and beautiful book *Jesus Christ*:

This meeting with the woman at Jacob's well, this demand of water to drink, this conversation, these ordinary incidents of life, gave occasion to Jesus for a manifestation of himself, which was touching and sublime in its confidential character. He was the Christ who had come, who was expected by the Samaritans, by the Jews and by all mankind; he proclaimed this to a sinful woman, whom his presence transformed, to whom his word revealed eternal life; he called himself the Gift of God; to whomsoever asketh of him, he communicates the Spirit which he called living water, borrowing this symbol from the water which he asked of the Samaritan. This Spirit, whereof none can know whence he comes and whither he goes, is known only by his effects, for he becomes in the soul of the believer a springing well, which alone quenches the thirst of infinite desire. As earthly springs rise to the level of their fount, so the living water of the Spirit leaves the depths of God, springs up in the conscience, and loses itself again in God. To give this living water was the function of Messiah; he is the true Jacob's well, dug by God himself, at the intersection of the roads by which passes the stream of mankind; he thus founded an eternal religion, the worship in spirit and in truth. Henceforward, Jerusalem is no more and Gerizim is no more: he is the only Temple, and this Temple is in every soul wherein the Spirit dwells, who adores God in the spirit of love and truth: that is his church and his kingdom.<sup>2</sup>

Another father, this one excommunicated—the Samaritans also, my señoras, were excommunicated—the reverend and virtuous priest, Ernest Renan, said, some years earlier, almost the same as that which was uttered by the very eloquent preacher whom I have just cited and who has not yet been excommunicated. This is to be found in the reference to the talk about which we are speaking:

He spoke for the first time the words upon which the edifice of eternal religion will repose. He founded the pure worship of all ages, of all lands—that which all lofty souls will practise until the end of time. Not only was his religion on this day the true religion of humanity, it was the absolute religion; and if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality,

<sup>2</sup>*Jesus Christ: Our Saviour's Person, Mission and Spirit*, from the French of the Reverend Father Didon, O. P., edited by Right Reverend Bernard O'Reilly, New York, 1891, volume i, page 216.—THE EDITOR.

their religion can not be different from that which Jesus proclaimed at Jacob's well. Man has not been able to hold to it; for man attains the ideal but for a moment. This word of Jesus has been a flash of light amidst gross darkness; it has needed eighteen hundred years for the eyes of mankind—what do I say? for an infinitely small portion of mankind—to grow accustomed to it. But the light will shine more and more unto the perfect day; and, after having traversed all the circles of error, mankind will come back to this one word as to the undying expression of its faith and hope.\*

Is it not true, señoras, that Père Renan, and our Père Didon, who is in Paris, resemble each other at times? Is it not true that Love and Forgiveness—twin sisters—were those that founded Christianity and that ask alms to nourish themselves? Is it not true that to give water to the thirsty and hope to him that is languishing for want of it, without asking whether he believes in this or in that, or whether he has committed this or that sin, is always very beautiful?

As this effective virtue of indulgence is the one that I purpose to inculcate in Lenten sermons, because I hold it in the highest esteem and believe that on it greatly depends your domestic happiness, I could not let the gospel of the freest forgiveness pass unobserved.

I have already told you that Jesus did not pardon the woman taken in adultery; at least, nothing is said in the sacred book about her being pardoned. Jesus explicitly forgave the Magdalen; but she was a sinner and nothing more; and, in order that we may understand one another, I shall say that she was a Catholic sinner, and not a heretical sinner, like the Samaritan woman. You are well aware that the Jews regarded the Samaritans as some of us regard the Yankees. Besides, the Magdalen had repented of her sins and she loved the Saviour much: circumstances, both of them, that rendered forgiveness less difficult.

A good forgiveness was that of the Samaritan woman, the one with five husbands, the Yankee, the Protestant woman, the one that did not know Jesus, the one that

hesitated before giving him a drink of water, and the one regarding whom we are in doubt as to whether she was good-looking or ugly. That was indeed pardoning.

Some ladies—not you, of course, who are already saints, in a manner of speaking, because you have the sanctity of beauty and because I canonize you—are wont not to imitate the divine example of Jesus. To them there are two kinds of Samaritans: the Samaritan by race, the Yankee woman, the stranger; and the Samaritan that is such because of her way of living . . . the . . . the . . . the one that has not been so virtuous as some women, as you, have; and they pardon neither of them!

You will be scandalized, I know; for you, of course, did not so much as dream that injustices of the kind are committed: there are women that detest others simply because they are strangers; and by strangers I do not mean those alone that were born in another country. To the ugly woman, the beautiful woman is a stranger; to the stupid woman, the intelligent woman is a stranger; the rich woman is a stranger to the poor woman; and to the badly dressed woman, the woman that dresses well is a stranger. They would not even bring themselves to ask for a glass of water of these Samaritans, and, in all probability, the latter would not risk drinking the water that they might give them. Nevertheless, my señoras, these protectionists, these Chinese, would gain a great deal by saying to the Samaritans: "Draw near."

I, who am not a physician, think that everything is infectious, even beauty, even talent. A rich woman, one of those strangers that is finely dressed in silk, can teach another, a poor woman, how to dress well in wool. The difference will consist in this: that the garments of one are rich and pretty and those of the other are merely pretty; but what we men like is what is pretty.

What is necessary in life—above all, in wedded life—is to *imitate* the good. Why bother to invent, when it is so difficult?

The trouble is that many women, far from imitating the good, wheresoever they find it, although it be in Samaritan women, try to do the opposite. How often does a

\*Ernest Renan: *Life of Jesus*, Boston, 1910, page 201.—THE EDITOR.

husband go to a certain house because in it they know how to make good coffee! At first such a one cares for nothing but the coffee; but because of much going and because his wife says to him every day, "That must be wretched coffee!" he ends by going because he likes the coffee and also the lady that serves it. How much better it would have been if the wife, who may be a friend of hers, and is not yet her enemy, had inquired of her: "Señora, how do you make that coffee?"

Therefore I say to those that hear me—no, I am mistaken! . . . to those that do not hear me—"Draw near! There are no longer any Samaritans and Jewesses! There is no longer a Jerusalem or a Gerizim."

There are enchantments, señoras, that may be stolen honestly. Even bad people can teach us something good . . . from a distance. The reading of prohibited books may be permitted to married women . . . always provided they confine themselves to certain passages. . . . Commonly—and I speak, of course, of those that are married to honorable men who love them—those that complain that other women have robbed them of the love of their husbands are accomplices in crime. At least they were victims by inadvertence, and there is no occasion to blame the police . . . I mean, the husband. In this same pulpit preached yesterday another father of the church an edifying sermon on the murder of the señor Hernández. He said—and he was right—that the murdered man was partly to blame. He made a habit of being alone, in the dark . . . and surrounded by jewels. Naturally, the temptation was strong.

I therefore recommend to you, not to leave your husbands alone or in the dark, because every husband that is alone seeks and finds company; and every husband that is in the dark finds a kind of Light for himself.<sup>4</sup> To leave a husband alone is not to enter into his life, is not to keep up with his thought, is not to love what he loves and what his wife may love. To leave

him in the dark is not to wish, is not to know how, to kindle a light in the soul with a kiss.

When the catastrophe occurs, some think they have been robbed.

If, however, they have let themselves be robbed, my señoras! . . . if they, like the señor Hernández, left their jewelry exposed and in the dark! . . .

I shall not weary therefore of repeating to you that you request of the Samaritans, your racial enemies, all the good they can give you: this, especially of the Samaritans that I call "strangers," because they are of another beauty and another intelligence. As to the Samaritans that . . . that have five husbands, like the woman of the gospel story, I must also counsel you forgiveness: not friendship, by any means, but, indeed, indulgence. Jesus spoke with the woman of Samaria because he was a man. The Virgin Mother, the supreme archetype of woman, did not speak with her.

Nevertheless, my hearers, when they tell you about those poor Samaritans . . . go on being good!

I am not going to repeat to you Victor Hugo's celebrated verse, because this would be an act of unpardonable vulgarity; but what do you know? . . . What do I know? . . . What do we know? . . . Some are bad because they have inherited badness, as one inherits insanity; because their blood is like wine, as it were, adulterated; because their instincts and their passions are, as it were, drunk. Leave all this to the physician of souls, however; for we have not sufficient data on which to base a diagnosis.

Others, my señoras, have had five husbands, like the woman of Samaria, because four of them were bad, and the other is so perhaps, or is going to be.

There is an immoral maxim, which says: "*Get rich honestly if you can, and if you can not . . . get rich.*" In love, which is a tendency to acquire the best and the most beautiful, this maxim . . . continues to be immoral, but it is more human and even more pardonable.

In legendry are recorded many martyrs; but the number of those that have not wished to be martyrs is greater. What

<sup>4</sup>An untranslatable play on words: the Spanish word for "light," *luz*, begun with a capital, is a common Christian name for a woman, like Consuelo (consolation), Mercedes (mercies), et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

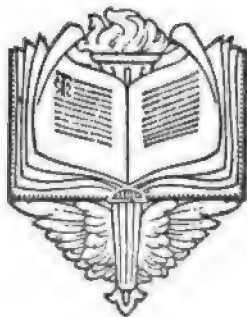
then? Is there no flesh? Is there no spirit? Has the latter no desire to know of love, and the former, to taste love?

What do you know of the disillusionments of those women that found nothing noble to love? Excuse some; forgive others; pity all.

Poor things! They are indeed the poor! . . . Those that ask for love because their souls have nothing to eat; those that

are alone when they are with their husbands!

For those that are bad just to be bad, beseech the mercy of God; for those that are not good, pray also, but with more tenderness. Do not speak with them, as Jesus spoke with the Samaritan—for Jesus was a man—do not ask water of them, but give it to them; yes: the living water of your counsels.



# THE PLATT AMENDMENT

## ITS ANTECEDENTS AND CHARACTER: RESPONSIBILITIES AND DUTIES OF CUBA IN RESPECT OF IT

BY

RAÚL DE CÁRDENAS

The Platt amendment, from the point of view of an intelligent and moderate Cuban, who regards it as the natural outgrowth of the principle of "isolation," of "the two spheres" and of the Monroe doctrine, and who holds that, although it was primarily designed only for the protection of the United States and Cuba, and hence that it is not sinister or hurtful in its essence, yet, nevertheless, "The interference of the United States in affairs of ours that are the exclusive prerogative of the public authorities is not in accord with the existing treaty in which the Platt amendment occurs. Intervention is authorized only when we are not able to maintain a government 'adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty' . . . but when 'life, property and individual liberty' are not threatened . . . the existing law is not one on which can be based constant intervention in our affairs." Finally, he recognizes that, after all, the Cubans themselves can "see to it that this amendment shall fall into disuse," by removing all grounds for interference by the United States.—THE EDITOR.

THE provision contained in article I of the Platt amendment—according to the terms of which "the government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers that will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island," as well as what is contained in article VII, "That to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, and to protect the people thereof, as well as for its own defense, the government of Cuba will sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling or naval stations—" did not constitute a creation or an improvisation of the congress of the United States. Its precedents go back to a very remote date; their origin is to be found in the policy of "isolation" and in that of "the two spheres," conceived by Adams, even before the gathering of the convention at Philadelphia, and of which the Monroe doctrine came afterward to be but a more precise and concrete affirmation.

This policy consisted in keeping the nation withdrawn from the intricate labyrinth of European wars and in rendering it impossible for the neighboring territories to fall into the hands of some great power;

and one of the first opportunities in which it had occasion to be applied was in the case of Cuba. As a result of the Napoleonic wars, there was discussion in 1808 of the possibility of our country's passing into the hands of England or France; and this awakened so much concern among the Cubans that President Jefferson deemed it wise to address them in the following terms:

. . . if you remain under the dominion of the kingdom and family of Spain, we are contented; but we should be extremely unwilling to see you pass under the dominion or ascendancy of France or England. In the latter cases should you choose to declare independence, we can not now commit ourselves by saying we would make common cause with you but must reserve ourselves to act according to the then existing circumstances.<sup>1</sup>

This policy, followed invariably by the Washington chancellery throughout the course of the last century whenever the Cuban question presented itself, was in harmony with the already mentioned provisions of the Platt amendment: to prevent the possibility of any foreign power's exercising dominion or jurisdiction in whatsoever manner over our island. It is a question therefore simply of a case of the so-called policy of "isolation," defined later, as we have said, in the doctrine

<sup>1</sup>The Writings of Thomas Jefferson, New York, 1892, volume i, page 334.—THE EDITOR.



that bears the name of the fifth president of the United States.

Probably the contents of the Platt amendment would have been limited to the provisions mentioned, if our republic had been established at a time earlier than that in which it was: in the second third, or even in the last, let us suppose, of the nineteenth century. Since, however, the establishment of our sovereignty almost coincided with the approval of the Anglo-American treaty of November 18, 1901, whereby Great Britain renounced in favor of the United States the rights that belonged to her in respect of the construction of a canal across the isthmus, from that instant, and in view of the growth which, thanks to this fact, North American interests assumed in the Caribbean sea, our powerful neighbors doubtless considered that the policy of expectance, summed up in the Monroe doctrine, was not sufficient for their purpose, but that something more positive was needed; and in pursuance of this tendency were set up, in the respective legal field, certain provisions by virtue of which the right of the Washington government to interfere in our affairs in stipulated cases was recognized. We refer to the provisions by which the government of Cuba engages not to contract excessive debts and consents that the United States shall intervene for "the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States," and obligates herself to maintain good sanitary conditions in the island.

This same interventionist tendency is what afterward led the United States to become a decisive factor in the insurrection that separated Panamá from Colombia and which caused her to assume a protectorate over Panamá and, later, over the Dominican Republic, Haiti and Nicaragua.

**S**UCH is the North American aspect, so to speak, of the Platt amendment. From the Cuban point of view, we ought not to see in this law, as Mr. Root said, any intention of attacking our indepen-

dence; but we ought, rather, to regard it, in the first place, as a consequence of our geographical reality, situated, as we are, near the southern coast of the United States, and in a dominant position in respect of the entrance to the gulf of México and the route to the Panamá canal; and, in the second, as a consequence of the fact that the United States is the only great dominant power of these latitudes.

We mention the latter, because, if any of the other republics washed by the "American Mediterranean"—Venezuela or México, for instance—were so strong that they might stand up against the United States and dispute with her the hegemony she exercises, we should not be a protectorate; we should probably be a neutralized state, like Switzerland or Belgium.

The case of our sovereignty does not involve an exception; it constitutes, rather, the rule, when it is a question of countries that are in similar situations. Above all, let us not lose sight of the fact that the interdependence of nations, as a consequence of the complexity of international relations in our days, in one form or another, affects both powerful and weak nations: the former, by imposing on them, under the pressure of interests in which all feel they participate, certain restrictions in their several activities, especially their military and financial activities; and the weak, by subjecting them to the protectorate of other stronger nations, or by proclaiming or recognizing them as neutrals. What changes then is the aspect of this interdependence; but the phenomenon is general. There is ground for the concept of the international community or the society of nations, when allusion is made to the whole body of them.

The provisions of the Platt amendment, which we have termed "Monroeistic," have not been applied; but, on the other hand, the exercise of the right to intervene in our affairs is more and more frequent. This interference was barely perceptible during the administration of General Gómez in the form of "notes," often sent by the Washington chancellery, and in which warning was given to our government, until the culmination was reached during the preceding and present administrations,

with the stay among us of General Crowder, the personal envoy of the president of the United States, who was invested with an authority that has not been defined, but which, to judge from what may be seen, resembles that which is exercised in other countries by functionaries called "residents."

The interference of the United States in affairs of ours that are the exclusive prerogative of the public authorities is not in accord with the existing treaty in which the Platt amendment occurs. Intervention is authorized only when we are not able to maintain a government "adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty" or when we are not able to fulfil the obligations imposed by the treaty of Paris; but when "life, property and individual liberty" are not threatened—and they are absolutely guaranteed to-day, as has been wisely set forth in a recent newspaper interview by the illustrious senator, Doctor Torrientes—and when we scrupulously discharge our international obligations, it is indubitable that the existing law is not one on which can be based constant intervention in our affairs.

WE OUGHT, however, to be sincere; we ought to recognize that we Cubans are, in part, responsible, whenever, as has often been the case, intervention has grown out of the mistakes of our rulers, the failures of our administrations. It was not for nothing that Manuel Sanguily and other illustrious Cubans said, in the questionnaire of *El Día* regarding the Platt amendment, that it would depend mainly on us to see to it that this amendment should fall into disuse.

Errors in our public administration do not constitute the only occasion we give to the government of the United States to interfere constantly with our affairs.

There is another cause as regrettable as, or more regrettable than, this: the frequency with which partizan politics has dominated national sentiment. To convince ourselves of this, it is sufficient to refer to the distressing example that is afforded in this respect by the conduct of the four citizens that have occupied the

presidency, one while in power, the others from the ranks of the oppositions. In 1906, Estrada Palma preferred intervention to compromising with the liberals; in 1917, General Manocal gratefully accepted the mediation of Washington to counteract a revolution; in the beginning of 1919, he summoned General Crowder to effect a reform in our electoral law; that same year the liberals addressed Washington to request the supervision of the elections in a document that bears, among other signatures, that of Doctor Alfredo Zayas; and, in 1920, General Crowder conferred with the president of the United States himself and asked him to annul our last elections and arrange for the holding of others under his inspection.

Moreover, in the recent elections, when General Montalvo "still" figured as a candidate for the presidency of the republic, the newspapers of his adversary said with glee that he was *persona non grata* in Washington; and the newspapers of the opponents of General Gómez replied, in turn, that the Washington government would "veto" the candidacy of the latter. Have we not ourselves contributed therefore as much as, or more than, the Americans to give to the Platt amendment a scope that it ought not to have?

On two occasions voices have been raised among us which, inspired—although it may seem a paradox—by a love for independence, have advocated a substantial change in our relations with the United States, in the sense of inviting her mediation in certain aspects of our affairs, in the manner that I proceed to describe.

The first of these occasions was in 1906. Growing out of the revolt of August of that year, when the feelings of our people were disturbed by Roosevelt's warning that we should lose our independence if we fell into the habit of insurrection, a group of Cubans that appreciated the risk we were running waged a campaign in favor of a more effective protectorate. Since political ability is acquired only with age and as the result of struggle, the United States is acting with notorious injustice, they said, in threatening us with the suppression of independence, if we continue to give proofs of inexperience; it

is fair, they added, since this is her attitude, that she share with us the responsibilities of self-government by assuming a true supervision of our affairs.

This proposal was not favorably received: it did not extend beyond a few newspaper writers. The second occasion to which we have alluded was as follows:

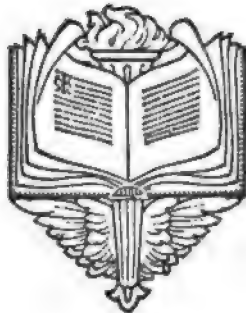
Four years ago, when President Wilson sent Estrada Cabrera his famous "note" to warn him that he must not again accept reelection, Doctor Orestes Ferrara, in the pages of *La Reforma Social*, and filled with rejoicing, lavished his praise on this "note." The Wilsonian theory, in opposition to the recognition of governments set up as the result of revolutions, was, he said, a tremendous injustice: it made the United States the *bull-dog*<sup>2</sup> of tyranny; that theory needed a complement, that of not tolerating tyrants, either, and it now has it, he added; and, although we do not concern ourselves with whether or not the interference of one government in the affairs of another be always a dangerous thing, it is illogical to suppose that the Washington government would destroy a native tyranny to replace it by one of its own.

We are partizans of neither policy: either that of the supervision of an intervener in all the affairs of administration, or that of limiting one's self to electoral affairs, as a means of preventing a tyrannical régime

from being perpetuated: in the first case, because supervision is incompatible with sovereignty, since it, in reality, suppresses it, while holding out the vague hope of restoring it some day; or with the second, because we are unable to understand how the Washington government can suppress a tyranny without this suppression's involving intervention; nor can we imagine either an intervener with powers limited to one realm. Let us suppose that the Washington government were overseeing elections among us, how could we tell it to limit its attitude to this subject; and if it intervened in everything, to what would our self-government be reduced?

We see only one way out of our uncertain and difficult position: that we recognize that it on us depends chiefly to see to it that the Platt amendment shall cease to be felt; and that the public authorities and the people shall act with this in view. The hour has now arrived when the nationalistic sentiment should give signs of life. Let us bear in mind that our republic is not the product of a diplomatic arrangement, but that it has very deep roots: it represents the efforts of three generations of Cubans, who bequeathed it to us, not that we might lose it, but that we might transmit it intact to our children. After all, the effort to preserve it is not to be compared in any way with the sacrifices it cost to obtain it.

<sup>2</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.



# THE ADMINISTRATIVE INCAPACITY OF SPAIN DURING THE PERIOD OF HER GREATNESS<sup>1</sup>

BY

RUFINO BLANCO FOMBONA

Spain, during the period of her great colonial opportunities and undertakings, at her worst. While the picture is highly interesting in the graphic sense, although distressing as a presentation of fact and as a description of a long period of disaster and privation through which a whole people and its colonies had to pass; and while the strokes possess the characteristic vigor of the portrayer, the thoughtful reader will be disposed to feel that something must have been overlooked, that some gleam of brightness must have been missed, and that there were ameliorations and palliating circumstances and many good figures that are lacking in the composition, as we see it here, and that would contribute to soften the total impression.

—THE EDITOR

## I

CARLOS V AND FELIPE II

**WE** ARRIVE at the great days of Spain, the epoch of splendor, victory, megalomania and glory. A long series of circumstances and the formidable vigor of the Spaniards of the times changed Spain—a small country of only seven million inhabitants—into the first power of Europe and into a constant menace to the world. The Indies, first, and then also the Philippines, were hers. The seas were dotted with her ships. The mines of México and Perú glutted the exchequer of Spain. A single viceroy of the Indies was more powerful in territory, money and subjects than many a European monarch. Europe was envious and she combated Spain; but Spain was invincible. Where and over whom was she not victorious? The king of France she held a prisoner, the pontiff of Christianity, also a prisoner, with Rome put to the sack; the grand Turk she conquered; the Hollander she enslaved; Italy she governed by proconsuls and America by satraps.

Her vigor, although fundamentally martial, hewed a way to other manifestations of energy. In that hour of race exaltation, the energy of the race was shown in divers realms of activity. Although, as a

rule, of a character but slightly industrial, there existed very flourishing industries in the Spain of the day. Toledo, Segovia, Cuenca and Ciudad Real had become manufacturing centers of importance. Medina del Campo, Valladolid and Burgos held fairs that brought together countless traders from many parts of Europe. More than a thousand Spanish merchant-ships sailed all the known seas.

Arabian Spain, besides, in achieving Spanish unity, enriched the national patrimony by her scientific, artistic and industrial culture. Indeed, Moslem Spain had excelled, not only in her science and her arts, her universities and libraries, her religious tolerance and the splendor of her caliphs, but also in her industry and her agriculture.

Under the Arab caliphs Moslem Spain became the richest, most populous and most enlightened country in Europe. . . . New industries, particularly silkweaving, flourished exceedingly, 13,000 looms existing in Córdoba alone. Agriculture, aided by perfect systems of irrigation for the first time in Europe, was carried to a high degree of perfection, many fruits, trees and vegetables hitherto unknown being introduced from the East. Mining and metallurgy, glass-making, enameling and damaskeening kept whole populations busy and prosperous. From Málaga, Sevilla and Almería went ships to all parts of the Mediterranean loaded with the rich product of Spanish Moslem taste and industry, and of the natural and cultivated wealth of the land. Caravans bore to farthest India and

<sup>1</sup>A fragment of a book in preparation.

darkest Africa the precious tissues, the marvels of metal work, the enamels and precious stones of Spain. All the luxury, culture and beauty that the Orient could provide in return found its way to the Moslem cities of the Peninsula.<sup>3</sup>

Were the Christian monarchs able to contribute to the spontaneous economic development of the country? Were they even able to prevent it from being paralyzed? They did not succeed in either the one or the other. It seems, rather, that they made a decided effort to destroy the national industries. They hampered them by the most absurd regulations and they burdened them with taxes. It might have been thought that there existed among the rulers a deliberate purpose to ruin the country by attacking her at her sources of life. Something of the same kind occurred in the case of agriculture: the expulsion of the Moors was a tremendous blow to it. One of the most prosperous industries of Castilla was that of cloth making. In 1549 Carlos V issued an absurd decree wherein was prohibited the manufacture of fine cloths. What was the object of this measure that was counseled by the *cortes* of Valladolid in 1548? To obtain a reduction of prices. Without considering that the advance in prices was due to the growing wealth of the country, one of the richest industries of Spain was dealt a mortal blow. Any that might improve the quality of cloths beyond the regulations were condemned to exile or to the loss of their property. Any that dared to place on their cloths their names or trademarks, in order to give to their merchandise a reputation, were threatened with dire evils. A little after this strange decree was issued, obstacles were placed in the way of the manufacture and sale of black *berber*<sup>4</sup> cloth. This did not seem enough, and in 1552 the exportation of a multitude of articles of woollen manufacture was prohibited. The trade in wool that was carried on with Genoa, Florence and Tunis was therefore paralyzed.

Another highly perfected industry was that of preparing fine leathers. A decree was also issued against it. The exportation of dressed skins was prohibited; it was equivalent to aiming a dagger at the manufactories of leathers, *cordobanes* and *badanás*,<sup>4</sup> so numerous in Castilla. An imperial ukase reached as far down as the shoemakers. A shoemaker that did not confine himself to manufacturing foot wear according to the whim of the government was forced to abandon his trade.

This was not all. No national industry must be left standing.

Export trade must be restricted. Hence the shipment of iron and steel abroad must be prevented, according to the counsels of the *cortes* of Valladolid. Not even in the case of fish was it proper to export the surplus of the national consumption. It is not difficult to imagine the effects of these counsels and these measures on the industrial and economic life of Spain.

There was still more, however, for human imbecility is infinite. One royal ordinance prevented free internal commerce in grains; another, trade in wools; another, business in cattle of all kinds; another, commerce in ingredients for dyes and the elaboration of cloths; while at the same time the prohibition extended to the sale of cloths in quantities to those that did not have public shops, and of the latter, to the extent that they should sell only by the yard. One of such government measures, which seem to have been dictated by the genius of folly and which in reality were fathered by the counselors of the crown, consisted in forbidding the drawing, in the interior of Spain, of bills of exchange.

The blunders of the imperial administration of Carlos V did not occur accidentally, from time to time, nor even merely in time of stress; they were the result of conviction: they were methodical, systematic. Even the emperor of noisy memory signed still more absurd ordinances. Did he not prohibit the exportation of innumerable materials, thus destroying with the same pen the foreign commerce of Spain and the merchant marine that served as its foundation? Furthermore, when the export of certain materials was tolerated, the Spanish

<sup>3</sup>Martin A. S. Hume: *The Spanish People: Their Origin, Growth and Influence*, New York, 1901, pages 101, 102.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Derived from *berber* or *berber*, the ethnic name of aboriginal peoples of northern Africa, from the gulf of Aden to Morocco.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Dressed sheepskins.—THE EDITOR.

merchant was forced to import into Spain foreign merchandise; that is, prosperous national industries were killed, the export trade was destroyed, and the people were compelled to bring even what they did not need from abroad.

Taxes were multiplied, and as they were not sufficient to relieve the straits of the royal treasury, recourse was had to pledging the public revenues. The ordinary revenues of Castilla amounted in 1550 to the sum of nine hundred thousand ducats. Of this amount, the sum of two hundred thousand was pledged. Naples and Sicily produced eight hundred thousand, and that same year seven hundred thousand was pledged. The revenues of Flanders were also pledged in the main; as also were those of Milan, which amounted to four hundred thousand ducats. What were the economic results of the reign of Carlos V?

The result was that, as trade and revenues diminished and industry was shackled and suffocated, the extraordinary taxes granted by the *cortes* were increased day by day; and on them and on the destruction of the public wealth followed the ruin to which, to the astonishment of the world, the Spanish nation was reduced.<sup>5</sup>

Did Felipe, his counselors, confessors, ministers, inquisitors and the members of the Consejo de Castilla y de Indias, find palliatives for the economic blunders of the emperor? They did not suspect, even by instinct, if you will, that a public administration ought to have in view those two objects regarding which, with the passing of time, Adam Smith was to theorize: to place the nation in a position to secure abundant resources, and to supply the state with the means of maintaining the public services. In the time of Felipe, the wars with Holland, England and the Turks; military interventions in France; garrisons maintained in Italy; the vain desire to exercise universal monarchy, mainly at the cost of the blood and money of Spain, ruined the treasury, without benefit to the state. National pride reached a climax. The Spaniards, as the Venetian and Florentine ambassadors remarked, believed themselves to be an elect people;

"they were all convinced that they were a superior and sacred nation.<sup>6</sup> Without protest on the part of the Christians, they effected the expulsion of the Israelites and Moors, which impoverished Spain by withdrawing from her thousands and thousands of her most laborious children, those that possessed the secret of exchange and of agriculture, those that contributed in large measure to enrich her and reflect credit on her.

When the Spaniards of Mosaic religion were expelled, foreigners, mainly Genoese, monopolized the banking operations and profits; lacking the Moors, and as the Catholics had been sent as soldiers to remote countries, there was no one to cultivate the fields; the industry decayed and decayed.

The fairs began to be deserted. The cities lost their inhabitants. The population declined. In 1594, the *cortes* said to Felipe II:

In places where wool was worked, where from twenty to thirty *arrobas*<sup>7</sup> were wrought, not six are wrought to-day; where there were owners of cattle in great numbers, they have diminished in like proportion; the same happening in every realm of universal and private commerce.

There did not exist

a city among the principal cities of these kingdoms, nor any place where there has not been a considerable decrease in population, as may be seen from the multitude of houses closed and unoccupied, and from the decrease in the rental of the few that are rented and inhabited.<sup>8</sup>

Felipe was not lazy, nor did he let himself be governed by favorites. He imposed his will; he took an interest in everything, and as a good autocrat he desired to interfere and he did interfere in the least details of administration, without permitting his employees to take the initiative and without accepting the counsels of experts. When he traveled, he was followed by an interminable string of vehicles filled with official papers. He was called "the paper king." Yet neither he nor his administra-

<sup>5</sup>Martin Hume: work quoted, page 403.

<sup>7</sup>A weight of twenty-five pounds: used throughout Spain and Hispanic America wherever the decimal system has not replaced it.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>Cited by Baralt: work quoted, page 244.

<sup>6</sup>R. M. Baralt: *Historia de Venezuela desde el descubrimiento hasta 1797*, Paris, 1841, page 348.

tors could make up the disproportion between the economies of the government and the enormous expenses to which it was driven by the international policy—martial and imperialistic—of Felipe II.

Taxes increased in the same proportion as the straits of the treasury; and the multitude and excess of the former ruined the now already languishing industries.

Internal custom-houses, that is, between different regions of the Peninsula, rendered difficult and costly the life and commercial intercourse of the nation.

Innumerable revenue taxes, such as tolls, excises, et cetera, increased production more and more, but they diminished the earnings of the working people, without being able to meet the needs and demands of the treasury. The day came when Felipe II ordered the payment of four hundred *reales*,<sup>9</sup> and the royal exchequer could not pay it; it did not have the sum. "The founder of the Escorial, the fitter out of the 'invincible armada,' the owner, in short, of the Indies, went from door to door to solicit aid of the powerful inhabitants of the court, on the basis of a shameful quota, as a mendicant might beg."<sup>10</sup>

Want knocked at the doors of the Escorial; and it not only knocked at the doors of the haughty palace, but also at the doors of Spanish homes; and all through the fault of unwise administrators, who wasted in futile and hurtful political and military enterprises the vast and unsuspected energies of a vigorous race and who legislated and governed contrary to common sense and the interests of the kingdom.

The country, hunger stricken, Felipe had recourse finally to a measure that must have wounded his pride. In 1573, "to save his own country from utter ruin he was obliged to open his ports at last to English trade, without restitution of the vast plunder that had been taken from him four years before."<sup>11</sup>

Carlos V had a deficit of more than sixty-two million *reales de vellón* for one year. This deficit increased during the

reign of Felipe to an average of seventy-five millions.

An absurdity, like Felipe's policy, the résumé of that reign: the territory increased and decadence set in; or, rather, the territory of the country or the countries over which Felipe reigned extended, and the decadence of Spain, which began at that time, in the midst of splendor, also extended.

Neither Carlos nor his son nor the counselors of either seem to have suspected, even vaguely, how the wealth of the state ought to be created, distributed and consumed.

## II

### THE SUCCESSORS OF FELIPE II

IN THE time of the immediate successors of Felipe II, the economic situation grew worse, and decadence followed at a gallop. There appeared neither an able prince nor a minister of superior mind. All were religious, sensual, shortsighted, null. Princes in the hands of favorites were frankly degenerates, imbeciles, simpletons. The idiot Carlos II was not an exception, but a representative type of the Austrian princes of the Spain of that day. With soft flesh, fair skins, expressionless eyes, hanging lips, ponderous jaws: those bodies and faces reveal, in spite of the flattery of painters, the moribund spirit of that series of crowned idiots.

Not one of these men was an energetic reformer like Henri IV of France, who lifted his country from the prostration into which she had been plunged by forty years of war. To this people, ruined, creditless, without industries, without an army and without order, Henri bequeathed at his death a well ordered country, troops, the spirit of work, agriculture, factories, new sources of wealth, and possessed of material elements to humiliate the house of Austria; and the king of France could aspire to be the first monarch of Europe.

Not even clear ideas and the will to carry them out, like those that characterized Sully and other of Henri's counselors, such as Olivier de Serres and de Laffemas, were possessed by the favorites and counselors of the Austro-Spaniards. The two coun-

<sup>9</sup>The *real* alluded to here was probably the *real de vellón*, equivalent to the fourth part of a *peseta*, and hence to about five cents of our money.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>R. M. Baralt, work quoted, page 344.

<sup>11</sup>Martin A. S. Hume: work quoted, page 382.

tries had been in a deplorable condition. Why could not both have raised themselves, especially since Spain was the mistress of colonies and resources that France never dreamed of possessing?

Why should periods of prostration alternate in one of them with periods of prosperity—and she be able to save herself—and the other fall into decay without remedy? Without remedy? Was there any one to apply the remedy, however? This was precisely the misfortune of Spain: the state lacked physicians: statesmen, financiers, administrators.

No one observed the complex causes that contributed to the prostration of Spain; no one suggested, or took measures toward, an efficient policy. On the contrary, official measures conspired, as has been seen in the courts of Felipe II and Carlos V, to precipitate the ruin of the nation. She was no longer the commercial power that sent to the single port of Bruges forty thousand bales of wool every year. The looms of Sevilla declined to the number of four hundred.

This maritime nation that had dotted the known seas with her vessels, forgot, little by little, the art of ship-building, and she lacked charts. In 1756, with the departure of the Pinzones, she lacked able pilots; and the town of Juan Sebastián Elcano had not a competent seaman. The army was not in a much better condition. The soldiers deserted or they died of hunger without receiving their pay, or they received it irregularly. The frontier cities were ungarrisoned, the forts in ruins, the parks without arms, the arsenals empty.<sup>12</sup>

The squadron consisted of only six galleys. In these conditions even the military spirit of this nation, which had been so warlike, was partially and temporarily eclipsed. In the war of succession to the throne of Carlos II, no Spanish soldier stood out. The French forced the first Bourbon on Spain. Voltaire, in treating

of the century of Louis XIV, passed lightly over this war, almost without mentioning the Spaniards as military factors.

The bankrupt state could not meet its obligations. The king, the first swindler of the kingdom, deceived his creditors. "How can the king grant so many favors, make such a show and incur so many expenses?" asked the ambassador of the republic of Venice, Simon Contarini, in the time of Felipe III. "I reply to everything," he wrote, "that he does so by not paying. Whence result so many laments. Yet, as the state incurs expenses, and as the public funds, misapplied, slip through their hands and most often find their way into private purses, recourse is had to pledges and promises, which consume the best part of the treasury."

"The government lives," explained Contarini, "by always obligating itself to the Genoese for the provisioning of Flanders and for other expenses that arise, for terms of five or six years, and receiving one ducat for three ducats to be paid; and thus it is that the exchequer is in such a bad way."<sup>13</sup>

This king, the absolute lord of continents, owner of México and Perú, the sole producer of the gold that was flooding the world, did not pay his servants, and he lacked the superfluities he deemed necessary to marry off his daughter. With this poverty—absurd because it was unreasonable and excuseless—were joined vanity, prodigality and disorder, both in public expenditures and in private. The king sent to the French ambassador daily, as a gift:

eight peacocks, twenty-six milk fed capons, sixty hens, a hundred pairs of squabs, a hundred pairs of turtle-doves, a hundred rabbits and a hundred hares, twenty-four lambs, two hind quarters of beef, forty pounds of beef shin-bones, two head of veal, twelve tongues, twelve pounds of sausage, twelve Ganovillas hams, three sides of bacon, a four *arroba* tub of lard, four *fanegas*<sup>14</sup> of biscuits, eight *arrobas* of fruit, six skins of wine, each of which contained six *arrobas* of a different kind of wine.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>12</sup>Fuentes: work quoted, page 67.

<sup>14</sup>The *fanega*, still in use in the Hispanic countries in which the metric system has not replaced the traditional units, is, according to the standard of Castilla, a dry measure equivalent to 55.5 liters.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>Ricardo Fuentes: *Favoritas y validos*, "Biblioteca Nueva," Madrid, pages 192, 193.

<sup>13</sup>Foreigners, mainly the sons of rulers rivaled by Spain, painted, not infelicitously, the decadence of Spain. Buckle, in his *History of Civilization in England*, wrote with a seemingly disinterested purpose in respect of Spain. He often appealed to Spanish sources in dealing with Spain, but an excessive complacency, a delight too Saxon and Lutheran, is perfectly evident in his exposition of Spanish decadence.



The duke of Lerma, Felipe III's minister and favorite, who governed absolutely the slight intellect of the prince and who enriched himself by despoiling the public treasury, spent on a roistering trip to the frontier of France four hundred thousand ducats. Another thirty thousand he gave to the marquis of Labiche to enable him to go to take the baths. When Felipe IV himself conducted to Fuenterrabia the *infanta* María Teresa, whom he was going to give in marriage in France, the *infanta* was provided with an outfit worthy of the Queen of Sheba. The carriages occupied a stretch six leagues long. What a retinue! What pomp! There were forty-eight litters, seventy coaches of state, twenty-six hundred mules with side-saddles, seventy parade horses, nine hundred saddle mules and seventy-two enormous tilt carts. The silver plate and perfumes alone of the *infanta* were carried by sixty horses; her tapestries, by twenty-five. Twenty great boxes, covered with red satin and garnished with silver, conveyed her gowns; another twenty, her linen. In two chests, overlaid with gold, went her gloves. Merely for alms, she had fifty thousand pistoles.

This splendor, worthy of the masters of the New World, concealed absolute poverty. It was like the brocade under which the bedizened dames of the middle ages were wont to hide the leprosy that was gnawing at their white breasts.

This unbridled luxury was an insult and a challenge to the poverty of the nation; but the nation lacked collective consciousness and it did not feel the insult. Who at that time would entertain the thought that the people possessed any rights? The people were ground down under taxes to enable kings to be lavish. The money belonged to the monarch; the debt, to the people. This seemed—and it still seems—natural. The people paid. Taxes increased. Everything was taxed.

The burdened people is coming to resent That they are not taxed for drawing their breath,<sup>16</sup>

said the honored and energetic don Fran-

cisco de Quevedo to King Felipe IV, who replied by persecuting him.

The misgovernment, administrative deficiency and poverty of the court became worse in the time of Felipe IV than in that of Felipe III; and, although it seems impossible, they were still worse in the time of Carlos II than in that of Felipe IV. Felipe IV, like his father and his ancestors Felipe II and Carlos I, did not hesitate to appropriate, for his private needs, the gold the Spaniards sent from America. Felipe IV, dissolute and lacking in scruples—save those of a religious character, which did not hinder him much in his royal debauches and his pettyascalities—went to useless extremes of shamelessness. Did he not place in the churches baskets in which might be dropped alms to relieve the poverty of the king of Spain?

Carlos II's horses died of hunger in the royal stables; there was no money with which to buy the daily supply of feed they ought to have eaten and did not eat.

Felipe V's horses had such a hard time that it occurred to an ambassador of France to make this witticism: "The fate most to be lamented is that of the horses; they can not ask alms."

In the autumn of 1630, the sovereigns, and especially the queen, had a lively desire to enjoy the delights of the season in the beautiful gardens of Aranjuez. The journey was already arranged, but it was necessary to interrupt it because of a lack of money. As a pretext it was said that the pest was in . . . Málaga. To deceive the queen, resort was had to the ridiculous comedy of sending off a drove of mules loaded with the royal equipment, which was to return under some pretext. The queen, who learned the truth, was angered with the jest. Then the ministers decided on a trip to the Escorial near by. To make it, the marquis of Villars, the ambassador of France, entered in his memoirs:

they sold a government in the Indies for forty thousand *escudos*, and two offices of auditor-general for twenty-five thousand; they took all the money brought in by the ordinary revenues and the custom-houses of Madrid, and they laid hands on half of a fund of a hundred thou-

<sup>16</sup>*El pueblo doliente llega a recelar  
No le echen gabela sobre el respirar.*

sand *escudos*, set aside to pay for the equipment of the galleys of the *galeones*.<sup>17</sup>

If the owners of America reached such extremes of want, what must have happened to the middle class and the people?

The middle class lived, and not willingly, a life of more than ascetic frugality.

The gentleman, impoverished, but honest, good, When he falls ill, nor bread nor lamb hath he for food,<sup>18</sup>

Quevedo reminded the monarch, as he painted for him the distressing economic condition of the kingdom.

The evocation of an able writer of our days, based on the best sources, will give an idea of the want and the straits of the middle classes in the Spain of the seventeenth century:

The meal hour draws near; the señora waits; the hidalgo returns to his inn. The noble gentlemen have nothing in their houses in quantity. The hidalgo goes out again and buys for the three—master, mistress and servant—a quarter of kid, fruit, bread and wine. Very modest is the meal. The property of a Spanish gentleman did not yield anything better.<sup>19</sup>

This hidalgo of the evocation was not one of the worst off. He had, if you please, a few farthings with which to buy what he ate. The most of the people did not have. The Spanish hunger of the seventeenth century became classic. You will find it in the life and works of Cervantes, in the ragged clothes and shoes of Góngora, in the mendicant life of Rojas, in all the picaresque novels, in accounts of travel, in the data gathered by sociologists and historians. It was then that the *pícaro* appeared as literary material, from Lázaro de Tormes to Pablo de Segovia, and from Rinconete of Sevilla to Guzmán of Alfarache. In literature and in the Spanish history of that time are known not only the figures of the *pícaro* and the *Celestina*,<sup>20</sup> but also of the beggar in

<sup>17</sup>*España vista por los extranjeros*, volume iii, page 184.

<sup>18</sup>*El bonrado, pobre y buen caballero*  
*Si enferma, no alcanza a pan y carnero,*

<sup>19</sup>Azorín: *El alma castellana*, Madrid, 1920, pages 27, 28.

<sup>20</sup>Derived from the title of and a personage in Fernando de Rojas's work, printed about the end of

all his forms: the begging friar, the fasting student, the hungry hidalgo, the ribald poet. The scribes gnawed their thumbs, for the want of anything more nourishing. The writers, not excepting Cervantes persecuted "the great" with memorials and supplications. No one had a *maravedí*.<sup>21</sup>

The soldiers were in rags; and in rags and beaten for their daring were the sacristans, in love with scullery maids, brought on the stage by the most illustrious geniuses. I put Cervantes at the head. Many clergymen became pick-pockets.

As to the people, they were literally dying of hunger. The frightful spectacle they presented in the last years of the seventeenth century has often been recalled. In 1680 men and women fought in the streets of Madrid over a piece of bread. More than 20,000 beggars from the country overflowed the starving capital. Life was lived in the face of the fury of the enraged and famished rabble. In the capital, five hundred crimes exempt from punishment were committed annually. To distract hunger and to turn aside the threatening instincts of cruelty, the fierce and gratuitous spectacle of the *autos de fe* was exhibited.

The provinces were no better off. Sevilla was reduced to the fourth part, or less, of her population. Hardly the twentieth part of her lands was under cultivation. "The provinces," generalized the ambassador of Louis XIV, "were as completely exhausted as the capital."

From the king down, no one had any money. No one? Exception ought to be made in favor of the favorites of the crown and of the higher clergy. The very ministers themselves and the favorites knew how

the fifteenth century, entitled *La Celestina, o Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>21</sup>A Spanish coin, at times real and effective, at others imaginary, which had different values and denominations: the last in use was of copper, worth the thirty-fourth part of the *real* of the same coin, or the 0.735 part of a *centésimo* (hundredth) of the present *peseta*. As the depreciated Spanish *peseta* of to-day (ordinarily equivalent to the former franc, or twenty cents) is worth only about fifteen and a half cents, the *centésimo* (corresponding to the French *centime*) is worth a little more than a seventh of a cent, and a *maravedí* would be worth about a ninth of a cent.—THE EDITOR.

to reap their harvest in Spain, because in Spain administrative immorality kept pace with administrative incapacity. The duke of Lerma, the count duke of Olivares and Cardinal Alberoni rolled in wealth.<sup>22</sup> As to the clergy it was always a privileged caste in Spain, and therefore it always possessed what the rest lacked: opulence. It was already very rich, even before the liberalities of Felipe II.

According to Navajero:<sup>23</sup>

The archbishop of Toledo has an income of eighty thousand ducats, and the major church has no less; the archdeacon, six thousand ducats; the dean, from three to four thousand, and I think there are two deans; the canons, who are many, receive, some of them, eight hundred, and none of them less than six hundred, ducats. So that the lords and masters of Toledo, mainly of women, are the priests, who have very beautiful houses and spend and shine, leading the merriest life in the world, and no one brings them to book.

Navajero says the same, more or less, of Sevilla, et cetera: the clergy was rich and lorded it.

Malversation and financial irregularities launched their desolating wave. For the gathering and administration of the taxes there was an army of collectors, gougers and bailiffs at the beck and call of the treasury. Their number was infinite, like that of the sands of the sea and the stars of heaven. There existed no less than eighty thousand collectors and administrators. Each of them was a diminutive duke of Lerma, a petty count duke of Olivares, a diminutive

<sup>22</sup>The duke of Lerma handled the money of the nation as if it were his own. The will of the monarch governed her. In order to get possession of that of the queen, he suborned the queen and her favorites: the countess of Barajas and the Jesuit Ricardo. When Lerma fell, he was forced to return, to a single one of his friends, about 1,400,000 ducats. The count duke was insatiable. He accumulated offices and millions; he collected legally from that exhausted country almost half a million ducats a year, apart from an annual shipment that he was able to send to the Indies. As to his income by means of connivance and speculation, none could estimate it. The favorite minister of Felipe V, Cardinal Alberoni, was accused of arranging a treaty of commerce with England disadvantageous to Spain, and for the signing of which he received 100,000 pounds sterling. Prior to these three bloodsuckers, the same thing had occurred. After the brilliant career of that noted favorite named Godoy, who from a simple guard of the corps rose, with his breeches in his hand, to be an all powerful minister, field-marshal, duke of Alcudia, knight of the order of Toison, Príncipe de la Paz and absolute master

Príncipe de la Paz; that is, each was a great robber on a small scale.

The ministers let the ball roll. The king, as a rule, had not the slightest news as to what was happening in his kingdom. All these monarchs wore the visible stigma of degeneracy. Felipe III was deemed incapable of wielding the scepter; Felipe IV, with a repugnant prognathism like Lom-broso's criminals, thought of nothing save the libidinous distractions provided for him by the court hangers-on that dominated him. Carlos II, who could not speak until he was ten years old, never knew the names of the principal cities of his own kingdom. He was a cretin.

The Spanish Bourbons, with the exception of Carlos III, were no better than the Austrians: the first Bourbon, Felipe V, was as degenerate and as great an idiot as the last Austrian. He suffered from flatus; he did not tear himself from the bed of his wives, Marie Louise of Savoy, first, and Isabel of Farnese, afterward. These princesses governed the will of the prince, and, in turn, they were governed by the intrigues of the court.

Fernando VI, it is said, suffered from the same disability as the singers of the Sistine chapel and the guards of the seraglio of the grand Turk.

The state went from bad to worse. The marquis of Villars left an exact and somber picture. The governors of Flanders, Naples and the Indies returned laden with ill gotten millions, and, as their sole punish-

of Spain. When he fell from power, by the force of events independent of royal control, his property—500,000,000 *reales*—was confiscated, against the will of both kings, for Carlos IV also liked him. As to Fernando VII, he was a brazen robber; his odious figure did not lack even this hateful aspect. While to the navy, for example, was due twenty months' wages, and while the soldiers, who saved Spain from the Napoleonic conquest and ingeniously and stupidly restored the Bourbons to the throne of Spain, were not paid, either, Fernando played a trick behind the back of the nation with the emperor of Russia and bought of him some rotten ships, which were worth nothing and were of no use, for the sum of 13,600,000 rubles, which he paid within the peremptory period of seven days. He caused millions to be granted for his libidinous escapades, and he took and deposited millions in his name in the Bank of London. Afterward, during other reigns . . . but the smell of what was rotten in Denmark is too close at hand!

<sup>23</sup>Work quoted, pages 373-374. Carta desde Toledo, 12 de septiembre de 1525.

ment, they received new rewards. The state did not pay "the sums due to the allied princes."

The *ayuntamiento*<sup>24</sup> of Madrid, which contracted debts with powerful neighbors, did not pay what it owed; and neither did private individuals. They did not pay because they were unable to do so. "The provinces were as exhausted as the capital, and in some places in Castilla the people had to exchange merchandise among themselves, owing to the absolute lack of money." Even in the king's house nothing was paid for, as likewise in that of the queen-mother.<sup>25</sup>

In the country that owned Zacatecas, Potosí and the soil and subsoil of Nueva Granada, there was neither silver nor gold in circulation. Hard money had disappeared; and Spain, remarked a Spanish economist of the nineteenth century, "although she was the richest nation in mines, was the poorest in money." In order to secure money, families that could do nothing else sold to foreigners their jewels, their silverware "and everything that was dearest to them."<sup>26</sup>

The government went farther; it sold offices. In Madrid, about 1680, instead of four *corregidores*,<sup>27</sup> there were twenty. These offices sold at prices as high as fifty thousand *escudos*. The government went even a step farther: it sold titles of nobility. His Catholic majesty did not hesitate to sell such titles even to the Jews that could pay for them. The marquis of Villars communicated to Louis XIV the news that the title of marquis had been sold for fifteen thousand pistoles to the son of a wealthy Israelite. This money enabled the prince of Parma to go to take charge of the government of Flanders.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>24</sup>A corporation, composed of the *alcalde* or mayor and the several *concejales* or aldermen, for the administration of the civic affairs of a city or town.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>25</sup>*España vista por los extranjeros*, volume iii, page 190.

<sup>26</sup>*Ibidem*.

<sup>27</sup>Without an exact equivalent in English: literally, correctors, but, in practice, officials, appointed by the crown, who exercised in a more or less definite district the functions, at one and the same time, of magistrates and mayors or civil governors.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>28</sup>*Ibidem*, volume iii, page 191.

The king, the ministers and the clergy were the chief smugglers.

The king himself was wont to be the first to break the laws of trade, by granting to different business men permission to introduce contraband goods, for some pecuniary service or for the large sums they paid to the crown.<sup>29</sup>

At other times he granted hurtful export licenses that ruined trade for the benefit of bold fellows that were able to propitiate the crown. This tariffed benevolence degenerated into "a fiscal expedient and a shameful monopoly." For money, "the authorities themselves set an example in trampling on the laws."<sup>30</sup>

The insatiable count duke of Olivares counted among his perquisites the annual embarkation of a ship laden with merchandise to the Indies. "The so-called counselors of the treasury," said Ambassador Contarini, "are the very ones who, in order to increase their own credit, destroyed that of the nation and had large dealings with the Genoese."<sup>31</sup>

The clergy, a petted class, had no more moral scruples than the kings and ministers, and they aided conscientiously in plundering the country. Given to speculation, they exported without paying any duty whatsoever on current merchandise, and they sought to and did override everything when any article might not be exported and to the reverend gentlemen the exportation of it seemed to be a fat enterprise. "The ordinary authorities were worn out by a constant denial of jurisdiction to exact entrance duties, port charges and tithes." "The clergy deemed themselves exempt by the laws."<sup>32</sup> and because of their influence they were.

Offices were sold. Office-holders also sold themselves. "It was usual to bestow public offices on unworthy persons," said Colmeiro. Employees of the treasury were easy to corrupt. The prohibitions against importing and exporting were, in the main, dead laws, as the merchants evaded them by worming themselves into the good will of the ministers and the coast-

<sup>29</sup>Colmeiro: work quoted, volume ii, page 357.

<sup>30</sup>Colmeiro: work quoted, chapter ii, page 354.

<sup>31</sup>Fuentes: *Reyes, favoritos y validos*.

<sup>32</sup>Colmeiro: work quoted, volume ii, pages 370-371.

guards, who, from being shepherds, had changed into wolves. They were pernicious examples that dominated and corrupted all classes, shedding their pernicious influence, as we have seen, on the highest positions of the state. The corruption of those that occupied the higher positions led to the corruption of those that occupied lower ones. Every minister, every favorite, had a hundred accomplices and tools. The chain of fraud, which began at the foot of the throne, ended with the anonymous underling. Besides, the subalterns, in addition to being thieves, were lazy and negligent. No one bothered about anything.

In the time of Felipe V, that is, in 1720, there was introduced, as a very progressive revenue measure—and one that had no other motive than bureaucratic laziness—"the plan of not examining merchandise that it might pay duty according to its quality, but by feeling the wrappings; that is, of collecting on goods according to the size of the bales or packages that contained them, without opening or valuing them. Every cubic *palmo*<sup>34</sup> paid the same whether it was of Holland laces or Alconchel baize. Foreigners, who manufactured all the fine goods, hurt Spanish commerce and the Spanish treasury; and it was the state that fostered his novelty, which was in no wise behind the ordinances of Carlos V against the woolen goods and leather industries, nor the provisions of Felipe II against internal trade in grains and the circulation of bills of exchange. Laziness had permeated the nation to such an extent that sixty thousand Frenchmen came every year to Spain to do the field work that should have been done by the lazy friars gathered in the convents, and which they did not do. These sixty thousand Frenchmen carried away with them what they earned; that is, they took out of Spain what might have remained in the pauperized land.

Other administrative branches were conducted with no more rectitude than the treasury was. Justice, for example, was an open market where everything was bought and sold. By the use of money, Villars said in his

*Memoirs*, rich criminals could go free; the poor escaped because nothing would be gained by sentencing them.<sup>34</sup> As violence has always been highly esteemed in Spain and among the peoples of Spanish race, criminals were the order of the day. From four to five hundred persons were murdered publicly every year in Madrid, noted the ambassador of Louis XIV, without any one ever seeing to it that the guilty were punished.<sup>35</sup>

Extortion and embezzlement have not been characteristic of a single epoch in Spain, but to all epochs; and on the stool of the accused might be seated, among the kings, those from Carlos V to Fernando VIII; among the soldiers, those from the "gran capitán" to the lowest of the captains-general of Cuba and the Philippines; among the ministers and favorites, those from Xevres to Alberoni, and from Lerma to Godoy.<sup>36</sup>

It is not alone in Spain that speculation has its own way. The America of Spanish origin is not behind her, and at times she surpasses her. Some of those countries present a most shameful spectacle in this respect. Venezuela, for example, is the paradise of official thieves. Other countries rival Venezuela.

What occurred to the financiers of Spain to improve the situation? What was the opinion of the economists?

To men of public affairs nothing seemed more simple, as has been seen, than the sale of offices, the plundering of private in-

<sup>34</sup>*Espana vista por los extranjeros*, volume iii, page 186.

<sup>35</sup>*Ibidem*, volume iii, page 186.

<sup>36</sup>What is happening to-day? There, not long ago, was shot to death, in the heart of Madrid—Calle and Puerta de Alcalá—the president of the council of ministers, don Eduardo Dato. The president was driving in an automobile. The assassins fired on him from a motorcycle and escaped at full speed. The police—the corps of the president's guards—could not follow them because they lacked proper vehicles. Regarding this occurrence, *El Sol* of Madrid, commented on March 10, 1921: "And this occurred in spite of the fact that the state has made ample provision for police equipment, the national budgets often being burdened with fat sums allotted to vigilance. Something therefore is wrong; this something emphasizes the absurd prodigy that an allotment that might produce great efficiency does not reach those directly charged with guarding public safety." Another Madrid daily, *El Liberal*, with greater courage than *El Sol*, is more explicit in these accusations.

dividuals, the despoilment of the *galeones* that brought money for commercial transactions, the pledging of the revenues of the state, the taxation of everything, the burdening of everything, the squeezing of everything dry, the ruination of everything. In the time of Felipe IV there was no public revenue, ordinary or extraordinary, that was not pledged.

The country groaned beneath a burden of taxes. Quevedo, a man of genius, a patriot of great civic courage, told Felipe IV that the people resented "not being taxed for drawing their breath." This was, in truth, what was lacking: to put a tax on the air, a duty on the respiratory organs.

Taxation oppressed Spain; but the treasury underwent no reaction. The deficit during the reigns of Felipe II and Felipe IV was placed at more than seventy-five millions *reales de vellón* per annum. In the time of Felipe V, the situation became worse, and the deficit increased to very nearly two hundred and seventy-three million.

From the time that decadence manifested itself, there were patriots that concerned themselves with the economic question. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century a writer, Cellorigo, bestirred himself in behalf of the "restoration of the republic of Spain;" and with the passing of the years the concern of men capable of thinking and of entertaining an opinion on the subject of political economy increased. What did they say? What was it they discussed for the improvement of the condition of the treasury, of commerce, and, in general, for the prevention of the economic shipwreck of the country? Fernández de Navarrete, who called the monarchs "our sacred kings," thought, in 1622, that foreigners ought to be expelled. Seruela, in 1631, contented himself with little more than sighing for the former plenty, while a friar, Benito de Peñaloza, treated of the five excellences of the Spaniard that ruined Spain.

There was even constituted a *junta*, in the days of Felipe III, to study the causes of the ruin of Spanish industry. The *junta* consulted the great men. An economist of the period, Damián Olivares, in a memorial addressed to the *junta*, set forth his views:

I understand that this opinion that we ought to maintain trade with foreigners, in order that the kingdom may enjoy an abundance of merchandise by this means, is an expedient of the devil himself, which he has placed in the hands of those that stand up for him in order to destroy the kingdom that God has kept so Catholic and Christian.<sup>37</sup>

Gracián Serrano taught:

It would be better for the Spaniards to go about dressed in skins rather than use foreign cloths and clothes.<sup>38</sup>

Some argued that Spain ought to suppress all buying abroad; because, with the departure of the gold and silver of the country, the strength of the nation decreased. According to the theories of the period, merchandise loses in value and is used up, while gold remains the same; to exchange gold for merchandise, although necessary, would be very bad business. If some of the economists advocated that nothing should be bought in Europe, others took the ground that nothing should be sold to Europe, outside of Spain. Why? Because, by not permitting the outgo of the raw materials that the nation produced—"the raw products"—Spaniards would be forced to elaborate these materials, and, "*virtue would be preserved in a great number of persons: maidens, widows, married women of good quality, and even in nuns.*"<sup>39</sup>

If the crops of exportable products exceeded what was needed in the Peninsula, it did not matter: neither then ought the excess to be exported, even to the colonies, although the colonies, on their part, needed the overproduction of these articles that they did not produce. This overproduction, "*it would be wiser to burn it than to send it abroad.*" Such an absurd theory, suicidal for a country with colonies, was not new in Spain. Beginning with 1548, the *cortes* of Valladolid besought the monarch "*to oppose the withdrawal of merchandise from the kingdoms of Spain for the said Indies;*" giving as a reason "*the increase in the cost of subsistence—cloths, silks, cordobanes and other things of which there*

<sup>37</sup>Manuel Colmeiro: *Historia de la economía política*, volume ii, page 335.

<sup>38</sup>*Ibidem*, chapter 2, page 341.

<sup>39</sup>Manuel Colmeiro: work quoted, volume ii, page 336.

*was in those kingdoms general use and need—and from having understood that this resulted from the great export of this merchandise that was being made to the Indies.”<sup>40</sup>*

Could the internal disease from which the nation suffered be remedied by applying such ideas of economic therapeutics, so widely heralded then, and not alone in Spain?

The colonies could have saved the mother-country. They did not save her. Between the mother-country and the colonies were interposed the intellectual haze and the suicidal inexperience of the Spanish politicians and economists.

### III

#### THE COLONIES

THE Indies were a source of wealth to the mother-country. How did the mother-country foster and exploit that wealth? How did Spain carry on her trade with the Indies? The colonies lived sequestered; they had no contact with the world. Foreigners were neither permitted to trade with them nor to establish themselves in them. Spaniards themselves might go to them only with difficulty. The colonies might trade exclusively with the mother-country. They were not even free to trade among themselves. Did there exist, however, facilities for this very trade? All the commerce with the three Spanish Americas was carried on, not with entire liberty for the whole of Spain, but with a thousand hindrances and through a single Spanish port, which was first Sevilla and later Cádiz. From this sole port sailed the few vessels that the wars of Europe, apathy and the pirates permitted. As commercial life and material existence of all the neo-Hispanic continent, it may be said, depended on these few vessels, they lived, in that continent filled with gold and silver and which yielded products sufficient to maintain the world, in incredible and incomprehensible want and in a state of momentary economic perturbation. The products yielded by America were at times not opportunely exported for lack of vessels. Besides, often while waiting they spoiled without benefit to any one, but,

rather, for the ruination of all. Industries that were exploited in Spain might not be developed in America.

There was no one to introduce other industries into either America or Spain. There was an almost constant shortage in the New World of what was most indispensable to life, from agricultural instruments to clothing. Besides, as only one port was authorized along the vast extent of South America, the transportation of merchandise from that single port to a hundred, two hundred, five hundred, a thousand or more kilometers inland, on mule back, cost a fortune and increased the price of the merchandise to an exorbitant degree. Some merchandise reached its destination with a surcharge of five hundred and even of six hundred per cent.; and the merchants had to earn something over and above the excessive cost.

The Indies, nevertheless, produced for the mother-country mountains of gold.

All this was swallowed up in absurd European wars.

How did Spain transport the products from one world to the other?

She transported them by means of the *galeones*—they made the trip annually or biennially—that fired the imagination and spurred the avarice of Dutch, English and French corsairs. The Dutch alone captured, between 1623 and 1636, more than five hundred Spanish vessels loaded with gold and silver from the Indies.

The court awaited with anxiety the arrival of the *galeones*. When they were delayed, it was feared that they had fallen into the hands of pirates. In those longed for *galeones* treasures indeed traveled. The *galeones* that carried to the New World from fifteen to twenty millions of Spanish merchandise or merchandise taken from Spanish ports, brought on each return journey from twenty to forty millions in American products. They brought, besides, the crown money.

In 1686 the *galeones* consisted of twenty-seven vessels that aggregated 15,000 tons; and the armed fleet that accompanied and protected them, of twenty-three vessels that aggregated 12,500 tons. The merchant fleet and the *galeones* totaled therefore fifty vessels, with 27,500 tons. Traffic,

<sup>40</sup>Baralt: work quoted, page 353.

however, fell off, in proportion as everything decayed. During the war of succession, the *galeones* ceased to cross the seas. The fair at Porto Belo, on Tierra Firme, which was a sort of Feria de Medina del Campo, and to which every year or every two years flocked half of America for supplies, was deserted for three consecutive years. In 1737 the fair at Porto Belo had to close.

The fleet that sailed from Cádiz in 1720 amounted to only 6,000 tons.

As America had to live, and as she was not sufficient unto herself; as she needed goods from Europe that the mother-country either sent her with "galeonic" slowness or did not send, contraband became a most urgent necessity. America, since she no longer lived by Spanish commerce or lawful commerce with foreigners, because she was not permitted to do so, maintained herself by contraband. With foreign goods also went as contraband English, Dutch and French ideas: a double harm to Spain—a material injury and a detriment of a moral character.

To facilitate commercial relations between the mother-country and the colonies the Bourbons introduced the so-called "vessels of register;" the exclusive right to trade with America was transferred from Sevilla to Cádiz; and the right to traffic with the Indies was no longer limited to the Castilians alone, but it was extended to all Spaniards.

Weak palliatives! Sometimes licenses to load vessels were granted with slowness and difficulty. At other times the merchants intentionally delayed the vessels in order to raise the prices of goods.

It was not unusual that, when Spanish goods arrived, they found the ultramarine markets glutted with foreign merchandise, introduced as contraband with the connivance and to the private advantage of the

Spanish authorities in the colonies themselves.

What with that which was introduced surreptitiously and that which Spain herself bought in the rest of Europe to send to her colonies, there came a moment in which America lived, it may be said, by her foreign trade and contraband, in spite of restrictions and monopolies. The foreign merchandise introduced there during the eighteenth century has been calculated by the economists at more than eighty per cent of the total.

During the same century, the number of boats that left Spain for America did not reach forty; those of other nations exceeded three hundred.<sup>41</sup>

Practical ineptitude was united with doctrinal stupidity. Certain provincial officials seem to have adopted the deliberate purpose of wresting from the mother-country the advantage that she might have derived from her possessions in the New World. In 1735, for example, Felipe V prohibited the merchants of México and Perú from making shipments of treasure to Spain in order to supply themselves with Spanish merchandise. Why then possess colonies?

The incapacity of the mother-country in the realm of political economy she herself made manifest. Her ruin was inevitable.

Martinique and Barbados yielded France and England more, about the middle of the eighteenth century, than all the islands, provinces, kingdoms, and empires of America yielded the Spaniards.<sup>42</sup>

A moment arrived in which all the politicians of Spain asked themselves whether the immense Spanish empire was a benefit or a heavy burden to the mother-country.

<sup>41</sup>Colmeiro: work quoted, volume ii, page 418.

<sup>42</sup>*Ibidem*, page 421.





# THE BALM-CRICKET AND THE ANT

BY

MONTEIRO LOBATO

An old fable—how many old fables there are!—in a new garb—and the number and variety of garbs is seemingly inexhaustible!—with a practical application to life, and, especially, to modern life with its universal emphasis on the material and its equally universal hunger and search for the immaterial, the ideal, the noble and the beautiful.—THE EDITOR.

THERE was a young balm-cricket of very brilliant coloring that was wont to chirp at the foot of an ant-hill. She<sup>1</sup> only stopped when she was tired; and then her diversion was to observe the laborious ants in their endless task of storing the hampers of Antborough.<sup>2</sup>

After a while, however, the good weather passed, and then came the fine rains of January. All the animals, huddled together, lay tucked away in their warrens, waiting until the frightful downpour should cease. The poor balm-cricket, shelterless in her withered crevice, decided to seek help of some one.

Hobbling along, with one wing dragging, she made her way to Antborough. She knocked.

Up came a shivering ant, swathed in a cotton kerchief.

"What do you wish?" she said, examining the crestfallen beggar, covered with mud, and coughing, coughing. . . .

"I came in search of shelter. The drizzle never stops, and I. . . ."

The ant eyed her over and over from head to foot, wrinkling her brow:

"And what were you about in the good weather, that you did not build a house of your own?"

The poor balm-cricket, shivering, replied, after a spell of coughing:

"I sang, you know quite well. . . ."

"Ahem! . . . ." exclaimed the ant,

recollecting. "It was you then that sang in this dead tree while we were running back and forth storing the hampers."

"The very one; it was I. . . ."

"Come in then, little friend! Never shall we be able to forget the good hours your music afforded us. Your chirping entertained us and made our work light. We always thought how happy we were to have so charming a singer as a neighbor! Come in therefore, friend; here you have bed and board as long as the bad weather lasts."

The balm-cricket entered, stopped coughing and again became the singer of the shining sun and the blue sky; and throughout the whole rainy season she enlivened Antborough by the vibrations of her strident music.

Later, when the sun reappeared and the balm-cricket departed, all the young ants confessed, with sad longing, that it was the pleasantest rainy season they had ever spent.

THERE was, however, a bad ant that could not understand the balm-cricket, and she coldly drove her away from her door. This took place in Europe, in the middle of winter, when the snow covered the earth with its mantle of ice.

The balm-cricket, as was her wont, sang without ceasing throughout the livelong summer. When winter came, she found herself in need of everything, without a house to shelter her, and without as much as a bite to eat.

Desperate, she knocked at the ant's door and tried to borrow—borrow, mind you!—some miserable scraps of food. She would pay. She would pay, with loud oaths, for the food lent her, as soon as the weather would permit.

<sup>1</sup>Of course the balm-cricket like the ant, introduced just below, had to be females, since, grammatically, *cigarra*, "balm-cricket," and *formiga*, "ant," are feminine.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>Formigopolis (*formiga*, "ant," and the familiar *polis*, from the Greek *πόλις* "city") in the Portuguese original, a place name, made, doubtless, by the author.—THE EDITOR.

The ant, however, was a heartless usurer. Hence she became envious. As she herself could not sing, she hated the balm-cricket mortally, because she saw that she was loved by everybody.

"What did you do during the good weather?"

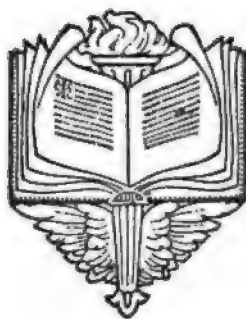
"I . . . I sang!"

"Sang? Then dance now!" and she closed the door in her face.

Result: the balm-cricket died there,

frozen to death; and when spring returned, the world wore a sadder aspect. It was that, in the symphony of things, it missed the strident note of that balm-cricket that had died as a result of the ant's miserliness. If the usurer had died instead, nobody would have missed her.

**A**RTISTS—poets, painters, musicians —are the balm-crickets of humanity.



# JUAN MONTALVO

BY

FEDERICO CORDOVA

We have waited a long time for an opportunity to give our readers an adequate article in English on this great literary figure. We now have the pleasure of doing so. The author presents a study of the man, his work, the times in which he lived, the difficulties, opposition and persecutions he encountered, the influence of his life on his contemporaries and on posterity, and, fortunately, a sufficient number of quotations from Montalvo to enable the thoughtful reader to form an estimate of his thought and literary style.—THE EDITOR.

## I

IT IS related in a famous anecdote that, in the month of September or October, 1808, when Napoleon was in Erfurt, a few leagues from Weimar, Goethe was invited to visit the emperor; and that he found him lunching at the time, with Talleyrand and Daru beside him and Berthier and Savary behind him. Witnesses of the scene said that Napoleon, after looking at him fixedly, exclaimed: "Vous êtes un homme!" a phrase that impressed the mind of the flattered poet.

We could repeat the same, as we begin this essay, in reference to Juan Montalvo; for, in truth, if we were asked to express in broad synthesis our opinion of the great Ecuadorian writer, we should say without hesitation: "He was a man!" We desire to indicate by these words that there were gathered up in his person, along with the virility of his character and the plenitude of his mental faculties, such a sum of knowledge and such noble and elevated purposes, that they made of him one of those rare prototypes of the human species that serve as an expression of all the excelsitudes.

Juan Montalvo was born on April 13, 1833, of distinguished and well-to-do parents, in the city of Ambato, the capital of the province of Tungurahua, in the neighborhood of Quito—the ancient dwelling-place of Incan civilization—near smoking Cotopaxi; he grew up in the contemplation of the beautiful Andes, which rear toward the clouds their lofty peaks crowned with snow; he admired the green prairies of his fertile native soil; beneath the burning rays of the Ecuadorian sun his thought soared like the Andine cordilleras,

and he dreamed of pure ideals, of good men and of upright and able rulers.

His name, which is that of a personality that still seems to possess a heart that beats and an intelligence that dazzles, was like one of those constellations that visit us only very infrequently, but the vivid light of which leaves our minds illuminated for many years. An indefatigable and energetic paladin of liberty and progress; an irreproachable man; a disinterested patriot; a brave champion, who never yielded an inch when he espoused and defended the truth; implacable toward the tyrant, and, on the other hand, tender and complacent toward the weak, Juan Montalvo was a true character, and, beyond all doubt, one of the greatest writers of the beautiful language of Castile.

He himself declared:

Humble with the Lord, haughty with the haughty, I make myself small, like Philotas, when I have to do with kindly and modest people. For the vile, contempt; for the wicked, hatred; for the criminal, horror.

One of his biographers, Roberto Andrade, said:

I have never seen the head of a man better set on his shoulders than that of noble don Juan.

He added:

His face was brown and lean; but his features were very regular: smallpox had pitted his countenance. . . . His neck was firm and flexible; his chin, round; his lips, on the lineaments of which was chiseled the habit of thought, as well as incorruptibility of life, were lightly covered with a long, thin moustache. Exiles, privations, calumnies, disappointments; the daily

employment of the inner strength denominated energy; meditation, study, solitude, dissillusions—many and cruel—especially profound melancholy: all this had wrinkled the skin, with the passing of the years, on the right suture, as has been observed by the señor García Ramón, and stamped on his physiognomy a trace of "concentrated bitternesses."

He had a straight nose, a broad forehead and curly hair, after the manner of Lord Byron. His eyes, black and "deep because of the smallness of the cornea, affable and affectionate, were traversed by fugitive flashes of the inner fieriness of that spirit."

However, let us leave the pen to the author himself, who gives us his portrait in the following sprightly lines:

My face is not one to be taken to New York to be exhibited, although, in my opinion, I am neither a *zambo*<sup>1</sup> nor a mulatto. My father was English for whiteness, Spanish for the jauntiness of his physical and moral being. My mother, of good blood, was a lady of notable gifts; but he that has bad fairies while in the cradle seldom if ever loses them. I venerate Edward Jenner, and I can not complain that this benefactor of the human race reached the world too late: it is not his fault if vaccine—because it was stale or because it might have been that the infernal virus had already taken possession of my veins—did not produce any effect, either small or great. Those invisible witches, filthy Circes, that convert men into monsters, set their dogs to devour me; and, thanks be to God, I issued from that black battle with sight and intelligence. Everything else went anticipatorily, to remind me perhaps that I should not forget my remains and should soon go to seek them in the delicious realm we call burial. Stop; oh no, you must not say that I may enter the lists with Scaron and Mirabeau: thanks to Heaven and to my mother, I was not left blind or one-eyed or hairless or as pitted as I might have been; and perhaps on this account I have failed to be a Milton or a Camoens or the greatest head in France; but the adored fairness of childhood, the dissolution of roses that ran beneath the velvety skin, took leave, alas! they took leave; I have missed them enough, and on a

<sup>1</sup>In the classic Castilian sense, "bow-legged;" used to designate a cross between a negro and an Indian: pronounced in America, *sam'-bo*: in the Castillas, *tham'bo*. Probably the name "Sambo," so frequently applied to an unknown negro in our south, and supposed to be a nickname derived from Sam or Samuel, finds its origin in *zambo*, as pronounced in America.—THE EDITOR.

thousand occasions of my life. Developed like a Saint Bartholomew, with that very tender skin on which might have been imprinted the shadow of a bird that might pass over me: go forth to devour the sun on the sandy wastes of that Libia, as it were, which is burning beneath the equatorial line. It would not be too late to be handsome; but these virtues of the body: where are they prescribed? and I do not know how to supply them. Let us console ourselves, O brothers of Æsop, that we are not gallows fruit, and that, in spite of our ungiveness, we have not been so bereft of luck as not to have caused tears to be shed and lost our wits in this mad world, where the good-looking are wont to be left in the lurch while the ugly rascals are never satisfied with good fortune. Æsop, I have said: did he perhaps possess the lofty stature with which I make my way or this head that is a continuous explosion of enormous rings of jet? These eyes that go like black bullets to the hearts of my enemies and like globes of celestial fire to those of beloved women? This beard . . . I wish I had my shot-gun here: God, in his inscrutable designs, said: "Nothing would please this fellow more than a beard; therefore he must live and die without it; let him be content with what I have given him, and let him not withhold the thanks due for such spontaneous favors!" Thanks be given thee eternally, Lord: if to live and die an honest man; if to help my neighbors with my slight powers, it had been necessary to part with my hair, here thou wouldst have it, here; and behold, it is not that of Absalom, the handsome traitor.<sup>2</sup>

Like Shakespeare, Victor Hugo and Dante, he was combated, persecuted, expatriated. Far from his beloved country, he wrote, like so many others that despotism, tyranny and religious hatred have cast out of their native land. He wandered through Europe. An exile in Ipialis, Colombia, and in Paris, he wrote the *Siete tratados y Mercurial eclesiástica o Libro de las verdades*—which, as its name indicates, was designed to cleanse rottenness—and, homesick at times, he sighed for his mountains and plains and his river Ambato, the companion of his meditations; but he did not fall, like our singer of the Niagara,<sup>3</sup> into "the infinite sadness of

<sup>2</sup>*Siete tratados*, volume i, pages 131-133.

<sup>3</sup>José María Heredia was born in Santiago, Cuba (1803-1839); at the age of eighteen he published his *Ensayos políticos*; later he visited México, studied

other worlds," which was to annul, almost, the marvelous faculties of the Cuban bard.

Banishment is, sometimes, a stimulus that quickens genius. On the island of Guernsey, Hugo wrote his *Les travailleurs de la mer*, and, far from France, he launched also *Les châteaux*, that grandiose *J'accuse* of the poet who, if all could pardon, he would never pardon.

Anyway, there is always to be observed in Montalvo the attraction that nature had for him, and his delight in solitude. Following him through his life and through his works, this marked predilection of his spirit may be noted. Of the nature of his idolized Ecuador he speaks in *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes*; and in *El cosmopolita*, in the chapter he devotes to the Luxembourg, after describing that palace with a master hand, he makes original remarks about Paris and his solitary rambles through the gardens of the Luxembourg, whose parks the author of *Chactas* frequently visited. He recalls in this work, with moving phrase, the death of the great Ney. Nothing escaped his glance. When he describes other countries and certain places, he is a Pierre Loti, who sees everything, hears everything, feels everything, and he knows how to tell of it all in such a manner that it reaches our hearts. A good example of his method is the description of his walks at night through the cemetery, when he speaks or writes of Père Lachaise:

I like wanderings of this kind: a walk in the cemetery is a deep lesson of wisdom. I go there, friend; I find there the human race, gathered together, leveled, under a perfect government: all silent, obedient and orderly; those that loved: Abelard and Héloïse; those that were rich: Casimir Périer, Laffitte; those that captured the world by their genius: Molière and Racine; those that delighted with their art:

law in Habana and established himself as a member of the bar of Puerto Príncipe; involved in a patriotic conspiracy in 1823, he was banished, and he sought refuge in the United States; then he went to México and was made minister of the Audiencia by President Victoria; during all these years he cultivated his gift of poetry; while he wrote such a work as *Lecciones sobre la historia natural*, he was a poet to the marrow, and the great reputation he acquired in his brief career is based on such masterpieces as *Al Niágara*, *Al océano*, *En el teocalli de Cholula*, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

Rachel and Talma; those that suffered: Héloïse and all the rest; for suffering is a seed of the heart, a gift of mankind, which can not be surrendered even in the midst of wealth, and the voice of which does not cease to be heard, even in the crash of the music that makes us to dance with fury.<sup>4</sup>

One sentiment, above all others, seemed to predominate in Juan Montalvo's soul: his immense love of liberty. Here we have, in our judgment, the reason why he enjoyed solitude from his youth and felt attracted by nature; why he later consecrated his whole life to combating fanaticism and tyranny. He felt that it was as necessary for him to breathe the pure air as it was to think freely. He would have smothered in narrow quarters; he could not have endured a prison. He himself declared: "I should have died in a calaboose." Captivity was not for him. The fate of some great men—Tasso, for example—who consumed themselves in the darkness of the prison, would have been intolerable to him. Montalvo would not have consumed himself; he would have succumbed. Light was as indispensable to him as breath itself. He penetrated so deeply into the heart of nature, he felt and identified himself so completely with her, that he seemed to have been born to be her faithful interpreter. In the flights of his imagination we contemplate the murmuring brook; the playful breeze that stirs the fields; the vaporous moon; the ardent sun that gilds the earth; the limitless pampas and the horizons, losing themselves yonder in the distances that the gaze hardly reaches.

Montalvo's probity as a writer was certainly exemplary. This was a characteristic virtue of his; unlike those that consider it lawful to hire out their pens, the Ecuadorian writer conceived that the publicist exercises the mission of an apostolate in diffusing his own ideas, with which he ought to be consistent, and not to betray them for the price that may be paid him; and he was not in this respect one of those that preach one thing and practise another, but of those that give proof of their virtue; which is the only way of

<sup>4</sup>*Joya literaria*, pages 140-142.

knowing when it is true virtue and not a mere piece of Pharisaism. In exile, without resources, and in need of them for his subsistence, he never thought of earning anything by his writings. When a certain friend counseled him to write small monthly works, which would be well received and paid by the public,<sup>5</sup> he regarded the suggestion as an insult; and long afterward he said: "This good fellow thought my pen might be turned to the use of a spoon."

On another occasion, as Yerovi himself tells us, several South Americans planned the establishment of a Spanish newspaper, during one of his residences in Europe, and they agreed to offer the direction of it to Montalvo; but the person intrusted with speaking to him was guilty of the imprudence of telling him, to cause him to accept, that it would be a *good business*. Montalvo replied immediately: "My pen does not lend itself to affairs of pecuniary gain."

However, if Montalvo awakens great admiration in us by this beautiful quality of his spirit, we are none the less impressed by the firmness and constancy of his political ideas and his pure love for his country. In respect of the former, he declared in the prospectus of *El Cosmopolita*<sup>6</sup> that he did not offer to pass over politics in the study of the subjects with which he was going to occupy himself:

it being, as it is and ought to be, the chief and greatest thing that ought to concern citizens. The free men of Athens and Sparta were under obligation to attend the meetings in which were discussed the interests of the republic: the helots were left out; the law compelled them to keep away. Solon denounced as infamous the citizens that did not take part in civil strife; with greater reason would these wise legislators have condemned to infamy those that keep away from and make light of public discussions in which is ventilated what pertains to morality, rectitude and justice of government, for the benefit and well-being of the constituent members of what is called society, the nation, the state.

Confirming this opinion, and as a consequence of it, one encounters

that strange philosophy of the Cyrenaics, which counsels not to take much interest in the affairs of the republic; or at least to be indifferent to them, because they deem it unjust that worthy and honest men should expose themselves to danger from the foolish and the vile.

He replied:

All things considered, this is but a sophism, which, if followed, would bring down untold evils upon mankind; for it does not need to be demonstrated that if the good leave the field, the bad will dominate everything, and governments will become competitions in rascality.

The instructiveness and wisdom that these conceptions involve ought to be made use of by a certain class of ours, which frowns on taking part in the labors of our primary conventions, called ward committees, and whose dereliction makes it possible for the elements that are least qualified for the management of public affairs to secure control of the offices. It is known to all that these organisms appoint their delegates to the municipal conventions—which are those that elect the candidate for the mayoralty and the councilmen—and that from the municipal assemblies are formed the provincial assemblies that designate the candidate for the provincial governorship and counselors and representatives; and, finally, that these provincial assemblies appoint their delegates to the national assembly, which is the one that in turn makes nominations for the highest officers of the republic: that is, the president, the vice-president and the senators. So that, since this electoral organization constitutes a chain whose links are so closely and intimately united that it is impossible to hope from it that it will efficiently fulfil the purposes for which it was created by law, if from the beginning it has suffered from an initial vice in its component elements, which are not qualified in the intellectual and moral sense. Montalvo's opinion as to our political evils was clear, precise and decided. He had observed the disease thoroughly, and he pointed out with firmness the origin of the mystification of republican government among peoples of our kind. See in what a wise manner he discusses this subject:

The ill being of the South American republics

<sup>5</sup>Yerovi: page 72.

<sup>6</sup>*El Cosmopolita*, page 8.

consists not so much in their bad laws as in the fact that good laws are not obeyed, that the executive has, according to them, too much authority, and that when he does not possess it, he arrogates it to himself with a strong hand.<sup>7</sup>

Later he adds, as if to develop his thought:

Do you know under what form of government we South Americans are constituted? Under despotism: despotism pure and simple. I find no other name to give to this preponderance of the executive, this nullity and debasement of the legislative power; this abandon or perversion of the judiciary. The president has his own way, in spite of laws and of good citizens; the president manages the congress according to his whim; the president has the ear of the judges. If moved by evil inclinations, he plunges headlong into tyranny with the greatest facility, without the least danger; and the ruin that he works is accomplished by the excesses of the great master of the Turks. We call ourselves *republicans*, and, very much attached to the name, we take little account of the essence of things. What republic can there be when the legislative power is a mere tool of the executive? You will say that this is the result of abuse, when it is the work of tyranny. I do not say otherwise; but I add that this abuse is now a system, that this tyranny has come to be a necessary quality of the man in power, because the codes have lost their vigor and efficacy, or rather, that they never had any; because the fundamental law has no foundation; because public reason has no weight in the mind of the despot; because justice is a coin that judges refuse; because little affection is lavished on political liberty, or it is not understood in its entirety; because human dignity hardly expresses itself among these unfortunate peoples, who passed from the colony to anarchy, from the hands of viceroys to those of certain rude and ignorant soldiers, who understood that liberty and abuse were one and the same thing. We need to educate ourselves, if we would be well constituted; we need to be civilized, if we would become acquainted with our true happiness: that happiness of first quality, which springs from civic virtues, from measured liberty, from pure patriotism, from equality rightly comprehended.<sup>8</sup>

With so perfect a vision of the evils from which our unhappy people suffer through

the weakness, stupidity and ambition of their so-called *presidents*, we can understand how much Montalvo must have suffered when he beheld his country misgoverned by those good señores—García Moreno, Urbina and Veintemilla—"flayed and portrayed by him," according to the felicitous phrase of Vargas Vila. Therefore we are not surprised, nor do we regard it as an exaggeration of Montalvo's, that he should have approved of tyrannicide in the following brilliant lines of the treatise entitled *Los héroes de la emancipación de la raza hispanoamericana*, which we reproduce:

The life of a base tyrantling, without antecedents or virtue; the life of one that gulps down human flesh by instinct, without reason and perhaps without knowing it; the life of one of those malefic beings that take it on themselves to destroy the moral part of a people by killing its soul with the poison of fanaticism, a substance abstracted by putrefaction from the tree of darkness; the life of one of these monsters, both hateful and despicable, is worth nothing. The scourge of the good, the terror of the pusillanimous, the ruin of the worthy and the courageous; enemies of God and of man, they may be slain, as a tiger, a serpent, is slain.<sup>9</sup>

These ideas, thus uttered, in this manly way, alarmed many pusillanimous spirits, who considered them too daring; and they awakened in their day, at the same time as fervent partizans that put them into practice, deadly enemies that persecuted him to the point of endangering his very life, which was saved miraculously in the time of García Moreno, thanks to the generous sentiments of the youth of his country. Nevertheless, exile was the heavy price in exchange for which that generous patriot was able to save his life. Heartrending are the words he devotes to the exiled in an article entitled "The Proscrits," which can not be read without tears. In Ecuador, as in almost all the other countries of the world, dictators have had in the clergy their staunchest support; and in Montalvo's unfortunate land the evil has been still greater, owing to the large preponderance which, as it seems, has been possessed there by the conservatives: a party to which the

<sup>7</sup>*El Cosmopolita*, page 256

<sup>8</sup>*El Cosmopolita*, page 257

<sup>9</sup>*Siete tratados*, volume II, page 91.

clergy belong, as is natural. The sorrow and anguish that this reality must necessarily have produced in the mind of the great writer were perhaps those from which sprang the following bitter utterance:

All the poor Ecuadorians are cut out with the same scissors: artful for life; incapable, in the sphere of religion, of thinking or believing differently from the way their grandmothers thought and believed; devoted to dressing themselves out as saints and given to surrounding their waists with belts of leather.<sup>10</sup>

The strictness of the clerical marriage and the despotism that prevailed at that time in Ecuador explain that both were equally objects of attack and of war without quarter, which Montalvo, throughout his life, waged in order to free his country from such scourges of humanity. Let it not be believed, however, that Montalvo was an atheist; on the contrary, he was a sincere believer. He believed in God and he deeply admired Christianity. What he hated was Pharisaism.

His admiration of Jesus was such that he wrote in the midst of his enthusiasm:

Jesus as man is a great man, the greatest of all men; Jesus Christ as God, it is, that keeps virtue alive in the world and holds the rein on crime. The law of Jesus Christ ought not only to be the religious law, but even more the political law. If we despoiled this great prophet of his divine character, we should set human societies on the verge of an abyss: man is not sufficient to restrain man; God is necessary: therefore Jesus Christ is God.<sup>11</sup>

Afterward, in mystic rapture, he added:

What a satisfaction to speak with God in solitude, withdrawn from men, wrongly qualified by them, but titled, decorated, by the Sovereign of the heavens!

As may be seen, he that qualified his own people as too religious, is himself religious in so high degree that he goes so far as to attribute divinity to the personality of Jesus, and he declares that the law of Jesus ought to be not only the religious law, but also the political law; and, not content

with all this tribute of admiration of the Christian religion, he flees to solitude to speak with God, just exactly as Santa Teresa de Jesús might have done. We are not surprised, but, on the contrary, it seems in accord with his manner of thinking, that he should have believed that "the Creator breathed upon man and imparted to him his essence and created him for immortality."<sup>12</sup>

Well then: analyzing these ideas of Montalvo's in the light of a sane criticism and without our lack of sympathy with any religious creed's influencing the judgment we may form in the slightest degree, the great admiration the eminent writer awakens in us, which is so great that we do not find an equal to him among the cultivators of our language; and bearing in mind that we are dealing with a man of extraordinary learning, who wrote at the end of the nineteenth century, when the natural sciences had advanced considerably, and that, if, indeed, we may not make absolute affirmations, in maintaining that our discoveries and experiences are definitive, we can, on the other hand, maintain, without its being a presumption, that many of the ancient systems and beliefs held to be true are erroneous and false. In view of all this, which does not cloud or impassion our mind, but rather enables us to appreciate and judge better, may we in truth say that Juan Montalvo was a philosopher? By no means. Not even when we admit all his ideality, will it be possible to accept him save as a "philosopher poet," according to the expression of one of our great friends.

Montalvo possessed a deep knowledge of history; he was profoundly informed regarding art, in its varied manifestations; he was a master of expression—he was familiar with other languages besides his native tongue—and he was not ignorant of the religious and philosophical systems of all times; but I think he did not possess an equal mastery of the exact and the natural sciences. Hence, in our opinion, his mind could not free itself of certain beliefs, the result of the environment and epoch in which he was born, and even perhaps an inheritance that caused him to talk, like a believer, in categorical manner.

<sup>10</sup>*El Cosmopolita*, page 192.

<sup>11</sup>*Ibidem*.

<sup>12</sup>*El Cosmopolita*, page 307.



The point has not yet been made wholly clear; but there can be no doubt that the influence exerted by religious beliefs inculcated in the early years or inheritance itself, or both at the same time, cause enlightened minds, in some cases, to experience a sense of weakness in this respect, as if there might be in them some want that science attempts in vain to fill. Just as the children of certain countries, whose members—the head or the feet—are deformed in their tender infancy, and who retain later these deformities, which are transmitted from fathers to children, so it is to be observed—and we have had notable cases—that men of great learning and well organized minds have refused to accept certain truths because they contradicted the dogmas of their religion. These deformities, as it were, of their intelligences are due in such cases merely to the errors of those that taught them in their youth, who did not permit them to engage in free discussion or to reason about what was in a way beyond the range of their prejudices.

It is necessary, besides, in order to gain a complete idea of what Ecuador was in Montalvo's days, to turn our gaze toward the past that we may appreciate the environment in which our admired writer had to attain his development. With a firm hand Bunge<sup>12</sup> describes it thus:

Above all, her population was, according to approximate estimates, three-fourths Indian, three-eighths *mestizo* and one-eighth white Spanish. Her climate, although she lies in mountainous regions, is equatorial; her geographical position, on the Pacific; her antecessors: three centuries of colonial life under a system of Spanish absolutism. Under this system of isolation, she was the most *isolated* colony of Hispanic America; she could not communicate directly by the Atlantic with Europe, like México, Central America, the Antilles, Colom-

bia, Venezuela or the Río de la Plata, or by a regular detour along the route of the ships, like Chile; nor was she rich or coveted by her own people or foreign corsairs, like Perú or Alto Perú. . . . Besides, she lacked good roads, which would have been very difficult to construct and maintain across mountains and swamps.<sup>14</sup>

He said farther on:

Such isolation preserved in Quito, more than in any other colony, the outworn doctrines of the Austrias.

This explains, along with other causes, which Bunge himself points out, such as the lack of a republican stock and of democratic education, why this "republic," like her unfortunate sisters, was the arena of continuous discords and of the greatest anarchy. In Ecuador, however, for reasons already noted, the evil was "deeper, if possible." A product of that environment and of that period was Gabriel García Moreno, a very much disputed, personality but who, although he be granted intelligence and culture, owing to our impartiality, must be admitted to have been a mystical tyrant, although more inclined to action than to celestial contemplation. García Moreno! The deranged offspring of fanaticism and tyranny, he was, even to his own people—fashioned, as it was, in those days of obscurantism, by many superstitions—a national misfortune, which benevolent critics will seek in vain to mitigate. If any one considers this opinion exaggerated, let him recall that García Moreno's first act of government was to suppress the university in Quito and all the other centers of learning, because they were "nests of freemasonry." He consecrated "the republic" to the heart of Jesus; he recommended the dedication of all of it *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*; to perform acts of humility, such as kissing the floor in secret, and to engage in all kinds of humiliations, in order to avoid meriting them; and, finally—and the most extraordinary of all—the concordat of 1861, the object of which was nothing more, according to Bunge himself, than to establish, literally, in Ecuador, the most absolute theories of a Catholic theocracy.

<sup>12</sup>Carlos Octavio Bunge, an Argentine lawyer, sociologist, historian and man of letters: he served as secretary of the Argentine legation in Spain, and he was afterward a judge of the Argentine criminal court of appeals, a member of the faculty of law and sciences and of the faculty of philosophy and letters of the Universidad de Buenos Aires; he attended the Second Pan American Scientific Congress, held in Washington, December, 1915—January, 1916, as a delegate of the Sociedad Argentina de Derecho Internacional.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>Carlos Octavio Bunge: *Nuestra América*, page 331.

This president, with the "atavic heart of a Torquemada," was one of those against whom Juan Montalvo waged his war. We shall see later, when we examine his works, the important part the lives and acts of these despots played in the tortured existence of the most illustrious of the Ecuadorians.

When we reflect on what might have been accomplished in a more propitious environment by these extraordinary men, who cherished such sensitive hearts in their breasts and such powerful intelligences in their brains, and who, notwithstanding the hard battle in the daily struggle for existence, when everything was hostile to them, have bequeathed to us such exquisite productions that constitute to-day our wealth in the days in which it has been our fate to live; when we see them with the eye of the imagination writing during the advanced hours of the night those immortal pages, in the same way that Benvenuto Cellini modeled his charming figures in bronze, without their entertaining, while they did their tasks, any thought of remuneration, but only of turning out perfect work that would arouse the artistic emotion conceived of by their inspiration; when we contemplate them, poor but proud, eking out a miserable existence, while others brutally enjoyed all the pleasures that appealed to the senses; when we feel better because of them, by experiencing the spiritual satisfactions produced by their works, then we can do no less than lift to them the homage of our souls as a well earned tribute for all they suffered and dreamed.

For those of us who, with José Martí, believe that suffering is a sublime and permeating pleasure, and that to suffer is more than to enjoy—is truly to live—we realize that a person like Juan Montalvo always had on his lips—ready for suffering, either moral or physical, and however great or intense it might be, as Juan Valera remarks—the phrase of the stoic and would exclaim: "Never shall I confess that thou art an evil."

Perhaps this sentiment was the source whence sprang his great productions: *Siete tratados*, in the manner of Montaigne's *Essais*; *El espectador*, like Addison's *Spec-*

*tator*; and *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes*, which the illustrious "maimed of Lepanto" would not have disdained to sign.

## II

THE abundant literary work of Juan Montalvo is difficult to estimate as a whole, because it is scattered. The editions have been small, and the few copies that exist are to be found in the possession of his admirers. Some of his books were published by relatives and friends after his death. His principal works are: *El cosmopolita*,<sup>15</sup> *Las catilinarias*,<sup>16</sup> *La dictadura perpetua*, *El regenerador*, *Mercurial eclesiástica*,<sup>17</sup> *El espectador*,<sup>18</sup> *Siete tratados*,<sup>19</sup> *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes*, *o Ensayo de imitación de un libro inimitable*,<sup>20</sup> *Granja*, *El descomulgado* and *Geometría moral*.<sup>21</sup>

The volume of *El cosmopolita* that we have at hand is very curious. It is the second edition of this work, published in Quito, Ecuador, in 1894, brought out by one of Montalvo's relatives and limited to a very small number of copies, which, according to the confession of the publisher himself, did not exceed a hundred. The first edition, published by the author, has disappeared, and if there exists a collection of this frenziedly sought work, according to the publisher, in must be in the possession of persons that would never make use of it as the original of a new book. He added:

Convinced of this truth, a friend of ours and an admirer of Montalvo's placed at our disposal a small rotary press, with a supply of type barely sufficient to set up a few pages; and as we fortunately possess the complete collection of the work we have reproduced, we set about the task, although it was with the intention of contenting

<sup>15</sup>Second edition, Quito, 1894.

<sup>16</sup>Quito, 1906.

<sup>17</sup>Paris, 1884.

<sup>18</sup>Three volumes, Paris, 1886, 1887, 1888.

<sup>19</sup>Two volumes, Besançon, 1882.

<sup>20</sup>Besançon, 1905.—Author's note.

We have before us an edition of *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes*, published in Barcelona in 1898, and an edition of *Siete tratados* (two volumes) published by Garnier Fils, Paris, without date, but apparently quite recently.—THE EDITOR

<sup>21</sup>Madrid, 1902.

ourselves for the present with the reproduction of the first three numbers, the most difficult to be come at, owing to their scarcity. The work once begun, we have been able to print them all, although page by page, with the constancy and resolution inspired by a great affection.

Worthy of praise was the labor of this new publisher of *El Cosmopolita*, who has bestowed upon us the pleasure of reading it and has saved this work of art for posterity. A note at the end of the Advertencia [Advice to the Reader] that precedes it, says:

This publication dates from January '66 until January '69, interrupted many times by political difficulties in which the author was involved.

The book consists of six hundred and fifty-seven pages and it contains nine numbers of that very valuable publication, collected at last as a volume.

From the first lines we encounter the indefatigable polemist that is the object of our study and admiration. Filled with faith, he wrote:

Tyranny comes to an end, yes; tyranny also has its day, and at times it may be the shortest one of all, just as the psalmist says:

"I have seen the wicked in great power,  
And spreading himself like a green bay-tree.  
He passed away, and, lo, he was not;  
Yea, I sought him, but I could not find him."<sup>22</sup>

*El cosmopolita* is, according to Yerovi, the personification of Montalvo, to such an extent that he fancied Montalvo would appear with *El cosmopolita* under his arm, on the day of judgment, before the Supreme Being, and say to him: "I am this book."

With all respect that is due to Yerovi's judgment regarding Montalvo, we shall say, nevertheless, that in others of his works, as it seems to us, his personality is revealed more fully. For example, in *Las catilinas*, *Mercurial eclesiástica* and *Geometría moral* we find at every step and in all their pages the polemist, the stylist and the incomparable dialectician.

However, the work attracted so much attention that don Miguel Antonio Caro, according to Yerovi's testimony, wrote

Montalvo a letter, on reading one of the first numbers of *El Cosmopolita*, in which he used the following expressions:

I say to you without flattery that in your writings I have been surprised by a rare embodiment of qualities, on the one hand, difficult to find combined in one person, and, on the other, in no sense common in American authors. I find in you a natural and severe style, a great abundance of idioms and turns, picturesque language and chaste phraseology. As to the substance, I note elevation of views, greatness of thought and richness of recollections.

Rufino Cuervo wrote him:

I hope you will have the goodness to send me the collection of *El Cosmopolita*, for it would be the jewel of my library. In addressing you, I do so impelled by the interest that naturally animates all people in respect of works which, because of the philosophy and erudition they contain, as well as because of their vigorous and chaste language, honor the nation that has the glory to count their authors among her sons.

We do not produce here Vargas Vila's brilliant estimate of Montalvo, since it is so well known. We recall merely that in his judgment "no one in Latin America has written better in the Spanish language."

Montalvo not only had his admirers; he also had his censors, and among them were not wanting severe ones: some that did not like his style; others that did not share his opinions. Among the latter we must count Rafael M. Merchán, who held a different "moral opinion" regarding certain historical personages with whom Montalvo concerned himself. It is not our purpose to take sides with either party in the discussion. We appreciate Montalvo's work from the artistic point of view, and, in this sense, as we have already said, we consider it unnecessary that art should possess the odor of sanctity.

Besides, we confess that we are not swept off our feet by critics. Criticism is a thankless task. We prefer artists. To produce, to create, an artistic work seems to us to be more important than to come afterward with a meter in hand to determine whether it has attained to or gone beyond the just measure or failed to do so. Criticism is easy; the ancients said so

<sup>22</sup>*El cosmopolita*, page 3.

long ago. What is difficult is to produce works in some sense definitive; and, above all, the criticism we ought not to endure is that of certain moral critics who, in approving or disapproving or any production, from the esthetic point of view, bring forth the pronouncements and the maxims of the inspired visionary of Nazareth. Afterward these critics, who feign great impartiality in their judgments, are precisely the ones that descend to the level of personalities; and when he that deems himself treated ill in this respect strikes back, they call themselves circumspect and remind him of the regard they owe the public.

This occurred, for example, in the case of the author of the *Estudios críticos*,<sup>22</sup> who, in judging *Siete tratados*, did it in so ill considered a manner that he treated the talented Ecuadorian writer as little better than a lunatic, calling him lascivious and trying to make bad jokes about celibate writers and those that become widowers very young and that remarry, going so far in his recklessness or levity as to counsel Montalvo, before publishing his imitation of Quijote,

to marry first and then not to publish it without consulting his wife beforehand, that she might tell him what men of his social quality ought not to write.

Such personal and immoderate criticism forced Montalvo to answer him with a sharp article that he entitled, "To Go to War and to Marry are Never to be Counseled," published in his admirable *El espectador*. In it he said to Merchán certain things as delicious as the following:

This affair of dragging woman into the realm of our political and literary controversies, not to say wrangles, is to be regarded a grave impertinence. A French author says that his compatriots never speak of their women in the presence of their friends, because they fear that they know them better than they themselves do. What is wiser, what is more proper, is not to bring them into the case, and to leave them quietly seated at home; for if those that have wives laugh at those of us that do not possess them, we, on the other hand, can laugh at them.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>22</sup>By Rafael M. Merchán, Bogotá, 1886.

<sup>24</sup>*El espectador*, volume ii, page 193.

When Merchán received these sharp thrusts, he replied that he would continue to oppose Montalvo, but that he would also do so now with circumspection, because critics have no right to become angry (they ought to have thick skins); and that, as he wrote for the public (he did not forget now that it existed), such was demanded of him by the most trivial rules of good breeding.<sup>25</sup>

In spite of this, Merchán confessed that he could not write like Montalvo, even if he tried; nevertheless, he added: "we can not do it because we have not learned how, and we have not learned how because we believe that it is something that we ought not to learn."<sup>26</sup>

The blind man dreamed that he could see, we should say, after reading what has just been quoted: as if saying were the same as doing; and writing flowingly the same as writing greatly. We have found nothing similar to this majestic language of Montalvo's, save in a work or so of José Martí's—in the prologue of *El poema del Niágara*, by Juan Antonio Pérez Bonalde, for example (published in volume II of Martí's *Cuba*, page 99, by Gonzalo de Quesada, in Habana, 1901)—but it is not an easy thing to learn, believe us, señor Merchán and other critics that think as he does. On the other hand, it requires no effort to find true jewels on any page of one of Juan Montalvo's books opened by chance. In this same book, *El cosmopolita*, qualified by Yerovi as a "monumental publication," we find at every step, as one might say, phrases and thoughts like the following:

We are of the opinion that the chastisement of great sinners ought to be left to Providence, just as ancient laws imposed no punishment on the parricide, because this crime seemed so uncommittable and so beyond human punishment that it was wisely left to God.<sup>27</sup>

It was not, however, Faustino Rayo's blade, as was well said by Montalvo, but the latter's pen, that killed García Moreno

<sup>25</sup>"Cicero," an article published in volume xii of the *Repertorio Colombiano*, number of November, 1886.

<sup>26</sup>Rafael María Merchán: *Estudios críticos*, Madrid, 1916-1917, page 72.

<sup>27</sup>*El cosmopolita*, page 6.

on August 6, 1875. The mortal blow was administered to the tyrant by *El Cosmopolita* and *Dictadura perpetua*; but, unfortunately for Ecuador, the weed of despotism did not disappear with the death of García Moreno. He was replaced by Antonio Borrero, who was overthrown by a revolution, and Ignacio Veintemilla was elected president. Montalvo, who had interposed as a mediator in this struggle, had to leave the country again, and he took up anew his pen against despotism. Out of his titanic duel with dictatorship was born *Las catilinarias*, as Rufino Blanco Fombona has said.

In the words of Yerovi:

There are twelve; and whoever begins to read one of them must devour it to the end.

He feels gripped by the book as if under the influence of an electric fountain. The reader, a victim to impressions, now of pity, now of admiration, now of terror, does not know whether he ought to venerate or to curse the author, who on certain pages seems to be an apostle of the just and the good, and in other pages as a genius of hatred and vengeance.

*Las catilinarias* may be considered—in Yerovi's opinion—as inhuman.

He said:

Montalvo has morally beheaded Veintemilla, he has skinned him, he has passed him over live coals, and after buffeting him and spitting on him, he has exposed him to public vituperation.

Montalvo was conscious of the power and effects of his pen. However solid Veintemilla's government seemed to be, it could not resist the assaults leveled at it. The author of *Las catilinarias*, as he set out for Europe, could fix his gaze on Veintemilla as a lion turns his eyes on his victim, and say: "I leave the prey lifeless."<sup>28</sup>

In a volume of four hundred and sixty-two pages, published in Quito, Ecuador, on the press of *El Tiempo*, in 1906, are to be found gathered the famous twelve *Catilinarias* that Juan Montalvo wrote against Ignacio Veintemilla. In reality this is, as we have already said, a book in which the

personality of the illustrious writer stands out as an incomparable polemist. We doubt whether any ruler has ever been so thoroughly pulverized as this Ecuadorian president. Cataline himself did not hear from the lips of Cicero in the Roman senate harder and more cruel phrases than those written by Montalvo against Veintemilla. The contempt with which he treated him was sovereign, almost Olympic. Take a look at a specimen:

Ignacio Veintemilla has not been and he will never be a tyrant; his brain is so small that he is but very slightly removed from the brute. His heart does not beat; it wallows in a mass of mud. His are base, insane, passions; his impulses are those of matter corrupted and stirred by the devil: the first of them, pride; the second, avarice; the third, lechery; the fourth, anger; the fifth, gluttony; the sixth, envy; the seventh, laziness. This is the caparison of that piece of flesh called Ignacio Veintemilla.<sup>29</sup>

Thus, in a pitiless, ferocious and implacable manner—like the hatreds engendered by a great love, a great passion, for liberty and the rights of oppressed peoples, suffocated, choked, by these abject beings who, to revenge themselves on humanity, ruled one day the destinies of our unhappy countries of America—with a strength that was the product of sincerity and of an upright character and an honorable heart, Montalvo wrote these *Catilinarias*, which still deeply stir the mind of him that reads them.

The chronicles relate that Veintemilla took leave of Ecuador by saying, as if in malediction: "I go, but I leave you Ignacio Ordóñez." This Ordóñez was the priest that García Moreno appointed emissary to Pope Pius IX, at the concordat of 1861, which we have already mentioned. So, this ignorant bishop, this perverse bishop, later archbishop of Quito, condemned, in an absurd pastoral, bristling with hypocritical phrases, Montalvo's masterpiece, the *Siete tratados*, and forbade the reading of it as heretical, immoral and blasphemous. The author of *El cosmopolita*, who, as we have said, was a sincere believer, but of whom a holy anger took

<sup>28</sup>Augustín L. Yerovi: *Juan Montalvo: ensayo biográfico*, Paris, 1901, page 48.

<sup>29</sup>"Segunda catilinaria," page 34.

possession when he was met in the way by a Pharisee disguised as a Jeremiah, couched his pen against the shepherd of the people, who, regardless of the truth, and warping facts, set a mark upon and condemned, without comprehending or analyzing it, the work that won praise and honor at home and abroad. In defense of his *Siete tratados*, the writer, in order to reduce Archbishop Ordóñez to dust and make an end of him, wrote *Mercurial eclesiástica, o Libro de las verdades*, published in Paris in 1884. This is a book of combat, of two hundred and thirty pages, finely printed by the "Biblioteca de Europa y América."

Montalvo's anger was just; his indignation, legitimate. To condemn as immoral an edifying and instructive work that came from the pen of the South American writer was too much to be endured in calmness. It is true that Montalvo said that where darkness prevails there one may shoot without fear, and this, of course, did not suit the ignorant clergy that ruled only where darkness reigned; for, as to an enlightened clergy, the author of *El cosmopolita* deemed it an essential part of well organized society, if it was upright, virtuous and useful.<sup>30</sup>

However, thanks to the stupidity of the "half-civilized priest," as Montalvo called him, we have to-day another of his jewels. Of it, we might say—parodying a Cuban poet—that it is Montalvo.

He was a Dante for accusation; a Juvenal, for scourging; and what accusations! At times one fancies he sees the Catholic church swaying from one side to the other, as if in the act of losing its balance and falling, like a lofty tower brought down by an earthquake in one of those tremors that seem to be the awakening of a colossal monster asleep in the bowels of the earth, which, throwing off his lethargy by shaking himself, cracks the ground in deep, wide crevices. Let it not be believed, however, that Montalvo attacked Catholicism systematically and without recognizing the virtues of some of its priests and making exceptions in favor of those that have merited well of humanity by their wisdom and virtue. A good

proof of his wisdom is that he called Father Las Casas "the guardian angel of the Indians."

There was ground for Montalvo's wrath, when, after he had received honors and felicitations on his *Siete tratados*, there appeared a doleful priest, in the name of fanaticism, to condemn his work as immoral and subversive of good conduct.

What a contrast!

Cesare Cantu found in the *Siete tratados* great loftiness of sentiment; Victor Hugo hastened to felicitate Montalvo on it; García Ramón exalted it; the government at San Salvador ordered bought for the national libraries all the copies of the work that could be obtained; Bolivia sent him a diploma and a decoration with a bust of the Liberator; and the world, the universal consciousness, proclaimed the work meritorious. Only to Ignacio Ordóñez was it bad; and it was natural that the archbishop of Quito should think thus of a book that elevates thought, enlightens the understanding, proclaims the worship of God as Jesus proclaimed it in those doctrines of his with a religion without temples or altars or priests. Why temples? He could build a temple in three days without the hand of man. Altars? What more altar than the desert rock? Priests? Does not the Most High officiate perennially in the firmament roofed with stars, and in the abysses, in the ocean and in the mountain that raises its brow to the heavens like a thanksgiving, always his own priest? Did not Montalvo confess, as the Nazarene recommended and did, in solitude, with no other companion than the nature that surrounded him? Was it necessary to go to the temple to pray, standing, in order that all the world might see him? For all these ideas of purest Christianity Montalvo's work was condemned; and, thanks to his being far away, he escaped with his life. He said:

Absence saved me, but ah! this country that is so strong in one's heart. . . . Exiled from my youth, because I was a writer, because I was a champion of liberty and a scourge of tyrants, shall I return some day to die at the hands of the priests as a witch? Bemoan not my fate, Ecuadorians; wonder at your own.

<sup>30</sup>*Mercurial eclesiástica*, page 8.

From the clutches of an evil-doer like Ignacio Veintemilla you have fallen into those of one of Felipe II's inquisitors, Ignacio Ordóñez.<sup>21</sup>

*Mercurial eclesiástica* is not merely a book addressed to refuting the miserable pastoral that condemned the *Siete tratados* and to not leaving a whole bone in the body of its author, the archbishop of Quito, José Ignacio Ordóñez; it is, like all Montalvo's works, a treatise, in the first place, on good expression, and, in the second, a collection of studies and judgments on different subjects, such as history, philosophy, religion, art and, especially, literature. The judgments he pronounced on novels, for example, are, indeed, noteworthy. He thus expressed himself as to the theater:

The theater is a school of virtue: after a good tragedy, he that has witnessed it feels, if such be possible, greater than himself and capable of larger enterprises than he felt before he saw it. Love, courage, unselfishness, generosity, sacrifice, must be sought in the theater, when, alas! we do not find them in the real world.

Certainly don Juan Montalvo would not have been so great a partizan—had he survived until our times—of the so-called "silent art,"<sup>22</sup> cherishing, as he cherished, a devout admiration for the true art.

Very different opinions have been entertained regarding another of his famous books: *Geometría moral*. We consider it, in the first place, the reverse of the medal of the former two works—*Las catilinarias* and *Mercurial eclesiástica*—with which we have just occupied ourselves; for, if in them he shines as a polemist—at times, hard, savage and implacable—in *Geometría moral* he appears to us as tender and affectionate, the man of heart. It is well known that, as to love, Juan Montalvo had no need to envy Goethe—to whom we have already compared him—or Byron or Mirabeau. Like Byron and Mirabeau, he was unhappy in his wedded life, and he was divorced a short time after his marriage. It is thought that his own love adventures are recounted in *Geometría moral*. Be this

as it may, it is unquestionably true that this book might be entitled *Tratado del amor* (A Treatise on Love). It is true, as he said, that the heart of one of his personages is not a compendium, but the *opus magnum* of *Geometría moral*. He asserted that he loved much, and many women; and, like the German poet, he thought of new amours to cure himself of the pangs of love.

Through *Geometría moral* pass in review all the lovers: don Juan Tenorio, Faust, Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra, Pericles and Aspasia, Leander and Hero, Romeo and Juliet, Bolívar, Byron, Lamartine and Elvira, Héloïse, Atala and René, Goethe, Marguerite; in short, all that have loved and suffered. It is a sort of erotic catalogue of different periods, different countries and different men. Yet we are unable to find two equal, although the sentiment that dominated them seems always to have been one. Perhaps this is due to the degree, intensity or kind of love they experienced; for Montalvo, as an expert on the subject, classified them in loves of the third, second and first class. The last of these is, according to him, the holy love that adores the loved object: that satanic love which drags after it to the pit; that love, lofty as the firmament, deep as the ocean, impetuous as the hurricane, fiery as the forge. This is the love of the first class; and, according to him, it is not wont to seek lodging in mean breasts or in turbulent hearts, but, rather, in those that ring "with love as the celestial vault resounds with thunder."

So Montalvo's doctrine in this sense is in harmony with the example, since he did not consider any capable of feeling true love (love of the first class) save really superior beings. So true was this that he considered such loves rare:

They are comets that appear on the horizon after long revolutions, with orbits that embrace unknown worlds, although in periods of time subject to calculation.

Other kinds of loves do not occasion deep distress; they are light: they run, they return, they flee and disappear; or they are of the kind that "sigh, gazing at the heavens and stretching out their hands toward the stars." Don Juan also recog-

<sup>21</sup>*Mercurial eclesiástica*, page 14.

<sup>22</sup>That of the motion picture, which is thus designated quite generally in the middle and southern countries of America.—THE EDITOR.

nized and made other classifications; the love of the eagle, the lion, the dove, the zephyr, the abyss, the sea: first loves, and the lovelets he called the "basest;" and we would add that they are the common ones, those that the multitude, "the crowd" call love, without knowing what they are saying.

In this work of Montalvo's, his personality is more present than in any other. In its pages are to be found thoughts such as the following, in which one may see the portrait of their author:

That man, swollen with hatred, lived steeped in tears of love and sadness. The unhappiest of all is he who can not be understood because of the superiority of his soul: such a one we detest, either because we are reproached by his greatness, which we qualify as pride, or because we are irritated by his virtues, which wear upon us and oppress us. How often a man is considered mad by the rabble or those about him simply because he can not descend to them, while they, on the other hand, can not ascend to him!

Of Lamartine—"the last of the French gentlemen," as Timón called the tender singer of *Le lac*, who was one of the happy lovers—he gave us a perfect description, on the occasion of the visit he made to Graziella's lover; as he contemplated him advanced in years, almost old, decayed, in want, he exclaimed:

What a pity Lamartine did not die of love! He attained, to his undoing, the age of ambition; and he spoiled everything.

Then he added:

I should prefer that privileged natures, natures essentially poetic, might not pass a certain period; the world mars them, old age tarnishes their luster. Just as the most beautiful phenomena are transitory, so also the life of rare men ought to be of short duration.

He recognizes, nevertheless, as an exception, the life and person of Goethe, who began as Werther and ended as Faust at the conclusion of the poem; but his sympathies followed those that die young: Rafael of Urbino, Alfred de Musset, Mozart, Weber, Malibran and Byron himself, whom he admired so much. Nature

was compassionate and destiny complacent to Montalvo, when, on that cloudy day of a harsh winter in Paris, the "sweet companion of life" went to visit him, the one that brings us with her frozen kiss, the eternal rest from all the meannesses of existence.

The little daily sheet that was published in London by English Addison, called *The Spectator*, and which afterward went to form a book of several volumes, must surely be known to the larger part of our scholars and men of letters, although they do not speak the language of Shakespeare; but Juan Montalvo's American *El Espectador*, very few, perhaps, have had an opportunity to read; this, too, although this work of Montalvo's was published in Paris by the "Librería Franco-Hispano-Americana" in 1886; hence it was not so difficult to acquire as some of his former works were. It consists of three volumes of two hundred and twenty pages each, which were published at intervals of six months: from June 1, 1886, until March 15, 1888; and it is a collection of articles, all interesting and instructive, on a variety of subjects. From the first of them, strictly speaking, entitled "For Country"—like the earlier one, "Who Goes There?" which is in the nature of a prologue—until the last, "For the Memory of Our Own," all awaken the greatest interest in their reading.

Pedro Pablo Figueroa said that

in *El Espectador* Montalvo emptied as in a rough mold all the sap of his genius during his last years, when work and the disillusionments of life had exhausted inspiration in his brain and had extinguished the light of hope in his soul.

The publication of this book was so closely associated with the unhappy fate of its author that it might well be said that with it he concluded his glorious career as a writer. When he left the printing-office, after correcting the last proofs, worn out by his labors, he was overtaken without shelter by a heavy rain, and unquestionably from this chilling resulted the pleurisy that caused his death a few months later.

*Siete tratados* is, beyond all doubt, Montalvo's masterpiece. In it are presented, discussed and estimated all the questions



that have to do with points of morality, history, religion, art, sociology, politics and philosophy, ancient and modern. Nothing escaped his marvelous intelligence, and everything was, of course, said in a masterly way; as if his writings have a place—some one has said—in the category of the immortal and humanly perfect, which is as much of greatness as may be attributed. The truth is that this work of his won for him the title, more than merited, of the "Cervantes of the New World." The congratulations that Montalvo received on the publication of the *Siete tratados* were very numerous, and they came from the most eminent men of the times. Cesare Cantu said: "I do not wish to delay a moment in expressing to the world my admiration of the author of the *Siete tratados*."

Many eminent men felicitated him enthusiastically. What we first observe, as we read the *Siete tratados*, after admiring the style in which it is written—a thing of which the author was conscious when he said "hitherto there has been no American school, properly speaking; I have founded it"—is the extraordinary store of knowledge possessed by Montalvo, which, combined with his astounding memory, enabled him to relate stories and anecdotes and to reproduce ideas, without any effort, naturally, as one that might have at hand a valuable library to consult. He sets us wondering so much by his learning that if we had no information as to how and when this book was written, and if its style were not unique, we should doubt whether his brain could have treasured up all this knowledge, just as doubt has been entertained as to whether the whole of the *Iliad* was the work of a single man, the blind Homer. What was notable in Montalvo was that all this knowledge was acquired by him in his long readings there in the isolation of his native town, in another still more solitary and in Colombia. The general opinion is that when he began his trips to Europe, the writer was already formed, and his mind well nourished on art and science.

The *Siete tratados* is a work that consists of two volumes of some four hundred pages each, and it was published by its author in Paris at the house of Besançon, on the press

of Joseph Jacquin, in 1882. The following are the titles of the treatises: "On Nobility;" "On Beauty in the Human Race;" "Reply to a Pseudo Catholic Sophist;" "On Genius;" "The Heroes of the Emancipation of the Hispanic-American Race;" "The Banquet of the Philosophers;" "The Squib."

As to nobility, he accepted it, but he attributed its origin to some man's merit: "Nobility," he said, "springs from the common people and it returns to them."<sup>33</sup> He found beauty to consist in perfection. Material beauty is, according to him, what harmonizes with the requirements of the eye and fills the heart; and, naturally, the real, the essential, beauty, is associated with woman. In the "Reply to a Pseudo Catholic Sophist" he set forth the true conception of the Christian religion—in which he was a believer—in contradistinction from what is but a mystification of the doctrines of the Nazarene. In the treatise "On Genius" he develops, in a manner that betokens genius, a kind of psychology of his own; but the chapter entitled "The Heroes of the Emancipation of the Hispanic-American Race" is, beyond all dispute, one of his most notable chapters; so much so that if those heroic wars and those stupendous battles which, because of the valor of the combatants, still astonish us and fill us with wonder at the present time, could be forgotten for a moment, those fiery pages of Montalvo's would render them immortal. The parallel between Bolívar and Washington is admirable:

Washington stands forth as more respectable and majestic for the contemplation of the world; Bolívar was loftier and more resplendent. Washington was less ambitious, but less magnanimous, more modest, but less elevated, than Bolívar. Washington, his work finished, accepted the almost humble gifts of his fellow-countrymen; Bolívar refused the millions offered him by the Peruvian government.

His admiration of Simón Bolívar was extraordinary:

Warrior, writer, orator: Bolívar was all of them and of the first rank. Wherein did he

<sup>33</sup>He accepted the creation of man as given in the Bible.

give place to the great men of antiquity? In that he was their junior by twenty centuries. . . . Where will Bolívar be when his deeds, recounted from people to people and hallowed by the prestige of centuries, reach those that are to come a thousand years hence? . . . Within a thousand years his figure will be greater and more resplendent than that of Julius Cæsar.

In "The Banquet of the Philosophers," he caused to pass in review before us all the great men that shone in the age of Pericles; and he revealed to us his deep knowledge of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato. In this chapter is nothing that is not fine and beautiful. Finally, "The Squib" is the last treatise and the one by means of which he crowned his work; and it was also published as a prologue to the work he left inedited entitled *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes: Ensayo de imitación de un libro inimitable*.

This volume was published in Paris by Besançon on the press of Paul Jacquin, in 1895, and it forms a beautiful volume of four hundred and thirty-three pages.<sup>34</sup> It contains sixty chapters, and on the first page appears this thought of Montalvo's: "He that has not in him somewhat of don Quijote is not worthy of the appreciation and affection of his fellows."

There are critics<sup>35</sup> that consider it an act of effrontery that Montalvo should have written this work and imitated what he himself deemed inimitable; but its author modestly presented the explanation by painting his native country and saying that the grandiose predisposes to deeds of intellectual daring. He thus described Ecuador:

The spectacle of the mountains that stretch along the horizon and obscure the celestial vault by casting upward a shadow; the stupendous peaks of snow that rise amid the cordillera, at one and another point, like impregnable fortresses erected yonder by the Omnipotent against the assaults of giants of other worlds unfriendly to the earth; the firmament in whose center gleams the unmasked sun, majestic, great, as the king of the orbs; the twinkling stars amid that deep but

appealing blackness that serves as a book whereon is printed in luminous characters the poetry of the night; the lofty páramos<sup>36</sup> where the winds dart howling amid the straw, like infuriate demons; the rivers that chisel their way between the rugged rocks and, dashing themselves to pieces in the infernos of their channels, roar and bellow and cause the mountains to tremble; these things impart to the soul of the son of nature that love composed of a thousand rustic sensations, which are the springs wherein boils the poetry that deifies the races that are born to greatness.

The elegance and majesty of his style, the easy and impeccable form, and the insuperable majesty with which he manages our rich language assuredly merit the opinion that has been expressed of the master by the señor Pedro César Domínguez:

It is the love of the mother-tongue, it is pride in understanding and speaking it, that draws and seduces us in the literary work of the illustrious Ecuadorian thinker.<sup>37</sup>

The dramas *Granja* [Grange] and *El descomulgado* [The Excommunicate] have been very much disputed; but it is true that the public applauded them enthusiastically during their presentation. The protagonist of *El descomulgado* is Montalvo himself, in divers episodes of his life; and *Granja* is the history of the murder of the señora Chica Cortazar by her husband Remigio Astudillo.

Before concluding, we desire to recall certain phrases of Montalvo's that complete, as it were, the physiognomy of his character.

Misanthropy, he seemed to say to those that called him unsociable, is almost always virtue disillusioned and wounded in its most noble mysteries.

Isolation, obstinacy, that, in short, which they call pride and intractableness in me is not an infelicity: I was going to say "love," but it is well to say "infelicity."

There are days like moans in which I should not wish to be: an unknown ill infects my soul; life to me is an illness; I desire death

<sup>34</sup>We have before us another edition of this work: it is a finely printed octavo volume of 340 pages, and it was printed in Barcelona, in 1898, by Montaner y Simón.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>35</sup>Juan Valera among them.

<sup>36</sup>Páramo: any bleak, bare, exposed region, but, specifically, in South America, such a region on the table-land at a great altitude.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>37</sup>"Juan Montalvo," *Cultura Venezolana*, September, 1921, page 242.

and I angrily summon it; it comes not, and I burst out in complaints against it. Does the air contain for me merely a poisonous principle? Do I drink in water this destructive spirit that penetrates my heart and swells until it fills my breast and drowns me without leaving me able to cry out for assistance? What is it? Why does it persecute me? The wheels of my life have been dismounted; I move with uneven step, and a thick darkness enfolds me. If I did not think so sensibly, I should be deemed a madman.

Finally, on January 17, 1889, he put on his evening clothes and seated himself tranquilly to await the eternal bride, the one that never misses the last engagement.

To his good friend Yerovi he said, when he had entered his house: "It may be your attention is attracted by seeing me as you find me. The passage to eternity is a man's most serious act. This dress ought to be in keeping."

The day before, when a priest urged him to confess, he had refused to do so, saying to him:

"No, father, I do not believe in confession."

When the priest insisted, he said:

"Father, I am at peace with my heart and my conscience; I can appear before God with tranquillity."

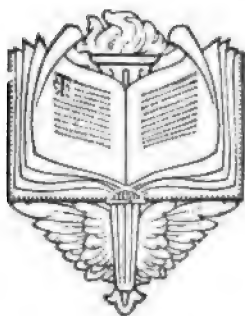
He turned to Yerovi to say to him:

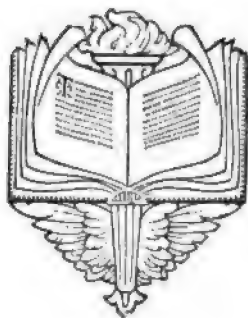
"You will return soon to the patria. In the last letter, I said to my brother—and if he has not received it, repeat it to him—that in the days of my illness, neither God nor man has failed me."

He charged a servant not to forget his last instructions (to buy him flowers):

"A corpse without flowers has always saddened me."

These were his last words. He died with the serenity and majesty of the gods; it was thus that the cóndor of Chimborazo died in Paris on that chill morning.





# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

THE DEAD CATHEDRAL - - - - -	LEOPOLDO LUGONES	69
<i>Repertorio Americano, San José, Costa Rica, December 5, 1921</i>		
PETROLEUM: NOTES FOR A MONOGRAPH -	SANTIAGO MARÍN VICUÑA	75
<i>From a pamphlet published in Santiago, Chile, in 1922</i>		
BOLÍVAR - - - - -	JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ	81
<i>La Prensa, Lima, Perú, July 28, 1921</i>		
THE STORY OF MY LIFE - - - - -	AMADO NERVO	97
<i>Yoli, Rivas, Nicaragua, February, 1921</i>		
THE SYNTHETIC FUNCTION OF THE UNIVERSITY	RAÚL A. ORGAZ	99
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, May, 1922</i>		
THE PARAGUAYAN WOMAN - - - - -	MARÍA FELICIDAD GONZÁLEZ	111
<i>Caras y Cerdas, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July 8, 1922</i>		
JOSE ENRIQUE RODÓ - - - - -	JUSTO MANUEL AGUIAR	113
<i>A pamphlet published in Montevideo, Uruguay, June, 1922</i>		
THE DEATH OF AÑÁ: A GUARANÍ LEGEND - -	ERNESTO LEÓN ÓDENA	124
<i>Tribuna Libre, Buenos Aires, Argentina, November 23, 1921</i>		
URUGUAYAN ARCHÆOLOGY - - - - -	B. SIERRA Y SIERRA	128
<i>Revista Histórica, Montevideo, Uruguay, January-March, 1922</i>		

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DECEMBER, 1922

NUMBER 2

# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

The delay in the issue of the December number of INTER-AMERICA, which we genuinely regret, has been due to the absence of the director on a four months' trip in South America, and to the miscarriage of manuscripts and proofs.—THE EDITOR.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, educator, man of letters, poet and journalist, was born at Río Seco, in the province of Córdoba, Argentina, June 13, 1874. He was educated in the schools of that province, in his home, in libraries and, indeed, wherever he chanced to be, as he has been a voracious and intense reader, with a great variety of interests. He has a good knowledge of a number of languages, he has written on many subjects and he ranks among the leading men of letters of the Spanish world. He has devoted much of his time to journalism and he has had a brief experience as inspector-general of secondary, normal and special instruction, but he seemed not to like the official or pedagogical atmosphere, as he declined the rectorship of one of the national institutions, offered him by the government. He contributed many articles on the great war, being from the beginning, a staunch and energetic supporter of the allies and, later, of the United States. The following are some of his works: in verse, *Las montañas del oro*; *Los crepúsculos del jardín*; *Lunario sentimental*; *Odas seculares*; *El libro fiel*; and *El libro de los paisajes*; in prose, *La reforma educacional*; *El imperio jesuítico*; *La guerra gaucha*; *Las fuerzas extrañas*; *Piedras liminares*; *Prometeo*; *Didáctica*; *Historia de Sarmiento*; *Elogio de Ameghino*; *El ejército de la Iliada*; *El payador*; *Mi beligerancia*; *La torre de Casandra*; and *Las industrias de Atenas*.

SANTIAGO MARÍN VICUÑA, an engineer, was born on November 28, 1871, at La Serena, north of Santiago, Chile; he was educated at the schools of his native town and in the Universidad de Chile, where he obtained his degree in 1909. He has served his country in a number of public capacities both at home and abroad, and he is a member of several learned societies. He has written much for newspapers and reviews, and he is the author of several important books, among which may be mentioned: *A través de la Patagonia*; *Tabla para la cubicación del movimiento de tierras*; *Los ferrocarriles de Chile*; *El laudo arbitral de su majestad británica*; *Informe sobre el ferrocarril longitudinal*; *La ley de regadío de la República de Chile*; *Informe sobre el puerto de Mejillones*; *Chile ante el congreso científico de Buenos Aires*; *El régimen administrativo de los ferrocarriles del estado*; *Ferrocarriles internacionales*; and *Problemas nacionales*.

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ, man of letters and philosopher, was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, July 15, 1872, and he died in Palermo Sicily, May 3, 1917. He is so widely known, and so much has been published about him that we limit ourselves to giving a list of his works, of which no definitive edition has yet been published: *Ariel*; *Hombres de América*; *Liberalismo y jacobinismo*; *Motivos de Proteo*; *El mirador de Próspero*; *El que vendrá*; and *El camino de Paros*. For a specimen of his style, in addition to the essay entitled "Bolívar," published in this number, see "A Dialogue between Bronze and Marble," in INTER-AMERICA for April, 1918, page 197; and for articles on him, see "Rodó: an Evocation of the Spirit of Ariel," by Armando Donoso, in INTER-

AMERICA for October, 1917, page 23; and "José Enrique Rodó," by Gonzalo Zaldumbide, in INTER-AMERICA for October, 1918, page 44.

AMADO NERVO, journalist, poet and diplomat, was born in Tepic, at the time the capital of the territory of Tepic, now the state of Nayarit, México, August 27, 1870; he was educated there and in the city of México, where he spent much of his early life. Later he lived in Paris; during the decade previous to the spring of 1918, he resided in Madrid as chargé d'affaires and secretary of the Mexican legation. He then returned to México, and in the autumn of that year he was appointed minister to Argentina and Uruguay. Passing through New York in November, 1918, he lectured and read a number of his poems at Columbia University and before the Poetry Society of America, to the delight of two large audiences. He took up his duties as minister to Argentina and Uruguay in the spring of 1919. While attending the Congreso del Niño in Montevideo he died suddenly on May 24, 1919. For a list of his publications, see note 2, page 98. For translations of articles and poems by him, see "Leah and Rachel," in INTER-AMERICA for August, 1919, page 343; "If a Thorn Wounds Me," "I am All" and "Rejoice," in INTER-AMERICA for August, 1919, pages 346 and 347; "England and the Religion of To-morrow," in INTER-AMERICA for February, 1920; and "Liberty," in INTER-AMERICA for February, 1922, page 147.

RAÚL A. ORGAZ, lawyer and professor, was born in Santiago, in the province of Santiago del Estero, Argentina, November 30, 1888; he was educated there and in Córdoba, being graduated from the school of law and social sciences of the Universidad de Córdoba. He at once became a teacher, first, of language and literature in the Colegio de Córdoba, later, of commercial geography in the Colegio de Comercio; and, in 1917, of sociology in the Universidad de Córdoba. He is the author of numerous newspaper and magazine articles, and of pamphlets and books on sociological, historical and legal subjects.

MARÍA FELICIDAD GONZÁLEZ, educator and director of the Escuela Nacional Normal, was born in Paraguari, Paraguay; at an early age she went with her family to live in Asunción; she was educated in the schools of the capital and in the normal school of Paraná, Argentina, whence she was graduated *cum laude* in 1907; she has served as director of the school of Encarnación and as professor of pedagogy, as teacher of physical exercises and as vice-director of the Escuela Nacional Normal of Paraguay, and she is at present the director of that institution, being the first woman to preside over it. She is a member of the boards of a number of philanthropic and civic societies, and she is the vice-president of the Asociación Feminista Paraguaya; in 1922 she attended the meeting of the League of Women Voters and the Pan American Conference, held in Baltimore in April, 1922, as the Paraguayan representative.

# Inter = America

DECEMBER 1922

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NUMBER 2

## THE DEAD CATHEDRAL

BY

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

The man of letters and poet makes one feel the tragedy of the "murdered cathedral," destroyed by a blow aimed at the heart of a people, an art and a civilization. He visited Rheims in 1912 and again after the armistice; his comparisons are striking and his disquisition on Gothic architecture in general is interesting and suggestive. He holds the ruin of the cathedral to be irreparable, for "if the mere restoration of Gothic churches, deteriorated by time alone, was to a great extent impossible, in respect of monuments of inspiration, where all is something vital, and which, once decadent, can no more be repaired by artifice, the attempted reconstruction seems to me to be a chimera. It would begin by requiring centuries, like the original task itself, centuries more and more incompatible, because of their remoteness, with the vital inspiration of a now absent faith. . . . The profound reason for Gothic asymmetry resides, like that of the human body, in its being a question of living things. So the leaf of stone, like that of the humble thistle, never repeats itself. Its essential beauty is based on this fact, and reconstruction would be an exact repetition."—THE EDITOR.

**I**F THE cathedral of Arras is a tragic ruin, that of Rheims is a lugubrious ruin. In the tragic there is always something of combat; but the corpse of the cathedral crushes Rheims beneath its ruins. There are other cathedrals still more completely annihilated, such as the cathedral of Soissons, which is but a specter, and that of Ypres, which is barely a shadow.

The cathedral of Rheims adds to the horror of death the reality of a corpse. Its destruction displays the violence of the assassination. These two cathedrals that I have just mentioned—piles of gray stone—seem rather to be the volcanic débris of insipid nakedness, like fossil bones under solar calcination. The cathedral of Rheims retains in its cavities enough shadow to be lugubrious, as I have said. There still floats in it a remnant of a desolated soul. Its tremendous breaches are wounds that still bleed; its brutal fractures send out

sharp splinters on which sorrow is rent asunder; its stains foster a gangrenous blackness. The fragments of the dome seem to prolong the echo of the explosions and the terror of the catastrophe. The statues of the portals, and of the external niches, where they serve as a counterpoise to the buttresses, are, on their part, gigantic corpses of stone. In a statue from which the shell of the howitzer tore away the entire face I recognize one of the kings of the western portico. Here, placed on the ground, separated from their group, one notes that they were veritable colossi scaled to natural proportions by that harmony of the whole which is the basis of esthetics, or, rather, the vital reason of all art, and especially of architecture and music. There, amid other ruins, stands out the haunch of one of those huge lambs of stone that allegorized, in the lofty southern cornice, the mystical feeding of the flock, and over whose architectural type—

of a perfect local realism, like all the reproductions from nature of the Gothic artists—I succeeded in proving in 1912 that the ram of Rheims, like our merinos, was formed in the thirteenth century, if it did not naturally prolong the illustrious Roman source to which the Spanish congener traced its quality; for these cathedrals with which the people glorified their maximum effort by an act of faith were encyclopedias in which were contained religion, nature, art, industry, science and history. Hence had come into being the magnificent temple of the little city that spent centuries in constructing “her” cathedral, the vocal book of such as could not read; for it was, above all, a bible of stone, a museum of natural history, a gallery of art, a decorative glorification of the holy office, a celebration of science through the beauty of architecture, a concert hall, a theater, a hospice, a class-room for council through the medium of preaching, an asylum from all ills, a succor in the direst of troubles, a watch-tower and defense that stood on the foundation hill—lofty and resplendent—which dominated the roads; an inexhaustible source of stories and moral teachings profuse in allegory; the achievement of the chimera through the magic invented daily by the sun on the stained glass windows; the soaring of fancy on the mystical wings given it by the exhalation of incense; the treasury of the beauty and the relics brought by travelers from remote lands and legendary seas as an offering; and it was not only a sanctuary, but also the political seat where the kings were consecrated. So the cathedral—and this one of Rheims especially—was the center, as well as the synthesis, of Christian civilization at the moment of its maximum splendor, and this fact gives to it its incalculable historical value. The cathedral is the living history of the Middle Ages. Therefore, to destroy it is to kill: to kill not only the beauty, but the soul of a complete civilization, which was that of credulous and obedient peoples; a civilization all the more precious because, as it constituted our immediate historical antecedents, it is the key to the life we are living. Being rationalists, that is, disobedient, the history of our gods, or, if you

will, the study of the social organization from the religious point of view, acquires for us a singular importance. Through it we ascertain that monotheism is the mystical transfiguration of the absolute or autocratic monarchy: an instrument of subjection, incompatible with liberty; but also that no human congregation is possible, as a spiritual state, except around a transcendent ideal. Anarchy supervenes where men are bereft of the concept of transcendency; for serenity is a spiritual state, not a physical satisfaction. Greco-Roman paganism attained it better and for a longer time than Christianity, but we are not and we can no longer be either pagans or Christians. We must construct another temple to a new dignity, in which will be revealed to us one day—who knows how?—the transcendent ideal: that is, the notion of immortality that resides in our spirits, manifesting itself as goodness, truth and beauty.

Beauty! Behold, the historical sign of our race: the Greco-Roman, to which we belong through Latinity. A race of beauty: that is what we are. The road of beauty is the one we take to attain to justice and goodness; esthetic satisfaction is what we seek even in truth.

And the murdered cathedral was, above all, beauty.

I have it clearly before me as it was in those quiet days of 1912, when we came here to see it, on a Gothic pilgrimage, as it were, with the inseparable one, who brought along, like one of those Ruskinian lamps of her predilection, the genuine clarity of a companion soul. We arrived exactly at the hour when one ought to arrive, that is, late in the afternoon. The cathedral soared aloft in the glory of the setting sun, and toward it the pigeons were already returning.

In spite of its industrial, democratic and political importance, Rheims was the cathedral. Hence, temple and the city have died together. All have in mind the statistics, which I recall merely to signalize its destruction: when the armistice was signed, of the fourteen thousand houses that the city had contained, there remained sixty that were habitable. For four years the schools had been conducted in cellars



shaken by the bombardments. Three years after the cessation of hostilities, and in spite of the continued reconstruction, there is nothing but rubbish. The stirred cretaceous earth shrouds everything with its white mantle of dust. It is as if the biblical curse that desolated the cities of the Dead Sea had just passed along, spreading over the doleful ruins the ashes of Jehovah. Yet no: the fury of the barbarian exceeded the anger of the numens of hatred, and there comes to mind the so often recalled quotation from Heine, who knew what he was talking about:

Some day or other, the martial ardor of the German will awake and will destroy the Gothic cathedrals.

Rheims, like Paris, was something essentially French. From the famous miracle of the cruet of oil that the Holy Spirit brought to the anointer of kings, the history of France has been one with the history of the cathedral. It would not have been strange therefore that the destruction of the august temple, like that of Paris, should be in perfect harmony, if it were a subsequent occurrence, with the plan of annihilation. The temple and the city were therefore, I repeat, a complete entity. Hence the shot was aimed in reality at the soul of the hated nation.

The work of reparation, which had lasted thirty years, was completed precisely at the moment when war was declared. In 1912, when I visited the cathedral, a great part of the edifice was covered with immense scaffolding: a protective fence for that formidable forest of stone. About the walls could be noted much sculpture, fallen or lowered from the cornices and niches, awaiting restoration; and it was of great service to me in studying the decorative zoölogy and botany of the medieval artists.

However, in all this there was nothing of rubbish. It was—I have already written—like fire-wood shed naturally by the Gothic forest mentioned above, which was so opulent that the decoration was not thereby diminished in a perceptible manner: inexhaustible with flowers, fruits, leaves, branches, trunks, volutes, animals, monsters, was the forest of beauty; while

within, the perennial foliage of stone continued to strain the splendid illumination of the allegorical roses of glass set in the walls, murmurous with the music of the organs, dizzy with the perfume of incense, in a simultaneous glory of spring, summer and autumn created for it by art with colored lights, deep melodies and precious rosins. The nave lifted thus its prayer of stone, which, outside, in the full blue of immensity, the towers spread abroad, filigreed by the pealing of the bells exalted by the vibrating verticality of pillars, gables and spires; while under each ogive the afternoon sun seemed to nest in gold mystical song-birds. Like a celestial flame, prayer, which is Gothic, rose straight toward immensity, like swords and like miters. The two towers, in the multiple allegory, represented indeed the dual pinnacle of the Episcopalian head-dress, and the central arrow rose like an offertory sword. A swallow, flying round and round, accentuated the ascensional movement of the lines with a touch of ecstasy, like a soul, already released, but darkened still by the nearness of the earth.

And now! . . .

A raw morning, on which the abnormal cold of the drought was rendered more disagreeable by the dust, agonized the bones of the enormous corpse. The hoarding that protects the work of restoration suggests openings in a coffin. Loose strips of burlap float like pieces of mummy skin. The life that stirs in the half obstructed or still twisted streets is not able to disinter itself from the rubbish. One or another tree that escaped the bombardments, one or another little remade garden, yields to the sepulchral gloom, livid with chalk. The corpse-like smell that is exhaled by the deep layers of this substance, due probably to its organic origin, issues from the excavations as if it were the very stench of the dead city.

Let any one that would know sorrow go to Rheims and visit the cathedral. If any one desires to steep himself in desolation, let him speak with the aged mourners of Rheims.

Here is the *maire*, an old man in whose eyes still show the scars of devoured tears, on whose beard still trembles con-

sternation over the horrors he had to bear for all. Still suffering from the catastrophe, but full, indeed, of dignity, of patriotic confidence, they show to the friend from remote lands the immense reliquary of art and history constituted by these ruins. They play the part, without knowing it, of a tragic curiosity: they, like the survivors of the fifth century, to whom *The Apocalypse* was a recreative novel, are those that witnessed the barbarous invasion. It might be said that they remain buried beneath the frightful violence. The tranquillity that came with victory has quenched their gaze and their voices, and as they are of the same ethnic type as the decorative statues of the cathedral, they seem to form a part of the identical destruction. The dust from the ruins that clings to them imparts to them a sort of medieval petrification. It is as if they came from afar, and remained aloof, astonished, very sad, after surviving enormous weariness. With them they bring silence, now the soul of the city. For in vain are the snapping of the motor, the hissing of the valves of one or another engine engaged in reconstruction or manufacture, the braying of cornets or the blowing of the horns of automobiles; the silence of the ruins absorbs it all in its immense cavity. The death of sound is not the least tragic in this city of the dead.

A great old man of Rheims constitutes, however, an exception amid that old age meditating over the black thresholds: the archbishop, Louis Henri Luçon, who received us, in the borrowed residence where he has set up his palatial see, after a long day of ecclesiastical duties, willingly interrupted, "to salute the friends of France."

He is a notable type of that Gallic vitality—energetic and vivacious—which Clemenceau, in turn, represents, as it were, on the "infernal" side of "the blues." Never have I seen eighty more solid years in robust bodily structure; more sure in the firmness of a broad face, in which the canonical smoothness of the close shaven skin is relieved by the tan polish of the pallid limestone of the locality; more serene in the honest precision of the word, free, nevertheless, with generous abundance; or clearer in the frankness of

benevolent eyes; and nothing less polished by the devout application of soap and the lean compunction of the seminary.

One immediately observes that he is in the presence of a man. From his speech, his expression, his entire being, emanates that sureness which is the meekness of valor; and, as there is nothing nearer to courage than honesty, his hand, which comes forward frankly, extended with manly abandon, imparts confidence to the mind of the interlocutor. Nor is there to be observed a trace of that serpentine insinuation which, beneath the silk of the clerical utterance, suggests the glide of the reptile, on the road to the conscience. His scarlet cassock, covered in the main by a simple riding coat, does not boast, as far as one can see, the Roman tail.

Nevertheless, when he speaks of the fruitless struggles he had to maintain with the enemy command for the protection of the cathedral, he says to us, referring to the pope:

"He, who is our general, had confided to me the outpost, and I had to hold it until the end."

Of course I, for my part, did not come to seek in that Catholic prelate the impression of the schism for which many looked when the Vatican committed the great treachery of neutrality by being visibly sympathetic toward the Lutheran kaiser. It would have been an infamous action, and my friends there have known from the time of the war that I never believed in any such schism. This act—I said and wrote then—was a manifestation of vitality that was not characteristic of a Christianity already decrepit.

What I desired to hear was what the prelate narrated: how, in spite of all assurances that the cathedral was not used in military operations, the German command bombed it daily.

"It held," he said, "that the French were firing surreptitiously from the roof and the spires; and it must have believed it in good faith, because it so affirmed; but I declare, for my part, that it was not so. I could not lie from patriotism, and if I say it, it is because it was so."

Let the reader observe the following two expressions of lofty morality that I tran-

scribed immediately, and for this reason they stayed with me, although they were uttered in passing, during the conversation: "One must believe in the good faith of one that affirms, even if he be an enemy," and "One ought not to lie from patriotism." There is nothing higher than the truth, according to the morality of all ages.

"To prevent mistakes," continued the cardinal, "I informed the Germans that, in order to save certain fragments of ancient stained glass in the half-destroyed building, certain laborers were going openly up to the windows. It is to be inferred that they did not believe so, because they continued to bombard, under the well known pretext. Then they maintained that they had seen signal lights at night in the upper part of the building. As the edifice was opened from side to side by enormous breaches, it is to be believed that the lights of certain houses situated in the rear appeared as if they were in the interior, owing to the well known optical illusion that alters the idea of distance in nocturnal shadows and to the telescopic effect of any loopholed mass. There is also another tenable conjecture; tormented by hunger, some of the neighbors might have climbed over the rubbish, provided with dark lanterns, in search of the pigeons that the howitzers had not been able to frighten away and that persisted in continuing to nest there.

"It is evident," he concluded, "that their purpose was to destroy, and all my efforts to prevent it were in vain."

Unfortunately, their purpose was accomplished. The cathedral of Rheims is a ruin, irreparable, in my opinion. Unquestionably, in the presence of those men that are bent on the moving task of rebuilding, I ought to keep quiet regarding this impression, offering them, as to the relatives of a beloved being, the respect of my silence. If, however, the mere restoration of Gothic churches, deteriorated by time alone, was to a great extent impossible, in respect of monuments of inspiration, where all is something vital, and which, once decadent, can no more be repaired by artifice, the attempted reconstruction seems to me to be a chimera. It would begin by requiring centuries, like the original

task itself: centuries more and more incompatible, because of their remoteness, with the vital inspiration of the now absent faith. Then, in the sculptural decoration, as necessary as construction itself to the Gothic life, all would be *pasticcio*: a reconstruction, as exact as might be desired, but not an engendering; turned out of a mold, but not a reproduction; for only love reproduces life. The profound reason for Gothic asymmetry resides, like that of the human body, in its being a question of living things. So the leaf of stone, like that of the humble thistle, never repeats itself. Its essential beauty is based on this fact, and reconstruction would be an exact repetition.

The Gothic flora and fauna and even the Gothic teratology could only be engendered by the man of faith, who loved because he believed. That man then constituted the people that worked together as a whole in erecting those essentially popular monuments. That same man may exist to-day, but as an isolated case, that is, impotently, even if it be a question of an artist; and the work of constructing a cathedral would require not one artist, but dozens of artists.

I said construction, however, in addition to decoration, and in the former is involved the chief difficulty.

The esthetics of Gothic architecture is essentially heroic, since it finds inspiration in martyrdom, in the renunciation of all earthly happiness, in chastity and in chivalresque adventure. The structure of the cathedral was—often with direct application—that of the stronghold; and, being heroic, it achieved in the temple the heroism that was a magnificent disproportion among the material means of the hero and the decision of this triumphal purpose: a state of mind which, in the face of cold analysis, turns out to be a paradox.

So for the temple is sought the maximum of light by breaking the walls with enormous windows and resting the weight of the vault on the outer supports of the buttresses. The wall therefore is designed for the window, and not as a support. Light was a substitute for the mass of the wall, which was, thitherto, logically, opaque. The mass of the edifice, instead of striving for the impression of repose—also logical thitherto because of the notion of stability

and security, inherent in weight and construction—suggested the vertical elevation, with the soaring of its ascendant lines. Therefore the predominance of the acute element that rose on “tip-toes,” as we say, and the replacement of the idea of a trunk in the column by a bunch of bamboos, the natural stoutness of the trunk, which gives the impression of solidity, was transformed into the ascendant flexibility of the reed. Without, the buttresses also create the ascending impression, with the dissimulation of the burden they counterpoise, as I have said: sharp niches occupied by very heavy statues; while the spires, whose supports remain invisible, as they are located in the interior of the temple, seem to have as their only function a glorious ascension in the vibrant music of bells. The very decadency of Gothic is the exaggeration of the heroic purpose: the changing of stone into marvelous lace, whose excessive beauty became its weakness.

Gothic had therefore a peculiar logic founded on heroism, one that seems paradoxical to us, because its concepts formulated what is for us a dead belief; and this is why there were created an arch, a column and a system of buttresses entirely *sui generis*, that is, the essential elements of architecture, appropriate to this originality, even to the possession of a complete art. In the same way, life has general characteristics of organization, but every genus of living being lives in its own way.

Hence also the prodigious solidity, compatible with that supreme grace, and which destruction reveals like a brutal anatomy. In spite of seventy bombardments, there still stand the main columns, some arches and the framework of the vault. It is there that the heroism to which I have referred is more visible than anywhere else. Much spirit in little material, which is the higher formula of all art, improved the quality of matter thus animated, and there is no art more spiritual than Gothic. This is made clear in the chambers of the floor by disclosing the subterranean *cella* of the ancient pagan temple, above which the Christian functions superimposed themselves in triumphant domination. Roman arch and pillars, thrust into prominence now by the surrounding ruin, show them-

selves to be inferior in comparison with Gothic, not only in vigor—the mortar alone sustains the parallel, converted by the ages into a true petrification—but also in forceful elegance, as the positive Roman solidity tended more to pomp than to beauty. There is nothing to be compared with it except the Greek orders, which constitute another, or, rather, the other, perfection of architecture; for Romanic was an organism of transition, in which certain elements of Oriental origin imported by Byzantium did not become refused, and the art of the Renaissance, a style, but not an order.

Among the half dozen complete Gothic types that exist, Rheims was one of the higher tetrad, along with the cathedrals of Chartres, Amiens and Paris; and of its species, it was unique. Such was the marvel destroyed by the cannon.

An art so spiritual, its living soul was music, which within and without made the temple sensitive, until it animated the stone with the strong, sweet thrill of organs, hymns and chimes; its natural exhalation, the perfume that had saturated everything with incense; its serenity, the abstraction of meditative shadow. The harsh wind, entering the ruins everywhere, destroys all that with its lugubrious howling.

There only remains for the immense anguish of the dead cathedral—for in the kindness of nature, something always remains—the simple, and, as it were, mystical recess of the soft pigeons, which have returned to their age-long abode where they were domesticated, perhaps from the time of Rome, by the enticement of the incense, and which continue to coo amid the rubbish, the sole owners now of all the locality whence, as the cardinal said, the cannon was unable to dislodge them.

The murmur of their fidelity is the last music of the wrecked church. They return now, as they did on that happy afternoon of our arrival, to the vaulted niche now broken, but where there still remains perhaps a survival of the wonted incense; and once more the poor nest in which love immortal finds shelter, being denied by the numens of death, outlasts those gods and the temples of the men that exterminated one another while invoking them.

# PETROLEUM

## NOTES FOR A MONOGRAPH

BY

SANTIAGO MARÍN VICUÑA

An able and timely sketch of the history of the exploitation and use of petroleum, with particular emphasis on the resources of the southern countries of America in respect of it and on recent and present developments in those countries that will aid in meeting the growing demand for this product and in increasing the waning supply of it.—THE EDITOR.

ACCORDING to Mr. Edward Prizer, president of the Vacuum Oil Company of New York, crude petroleum is a combination of several kinds of hydrocarbides. When these components are once separated, a diversity of products is obtained, which, at ordinary temperatures, vary, from very volatile oils, like the naphthas, the gasolenes, or semi-solids like vaseline, to the solids, such as the asphaltums. Separation is induced by heating crude petroleum in metallic retorts, in which may be effected the proper distillation.

The boring of oil-wells dates back but a few years (1857), but it is worthy of note that at the beginning of the exploitation of this product in the deposits of Pennsylvania, California and Texas, in the United States, not much importance was attached to the product, as its use was limited to the production of kerosene and other illuminating oils; but, after a thorough chemical study, it was observed that the distillable by-products were almost infinite, all of them of great industrial value. To this discovery should be added the extraordinary development that took place in automobilism, aviation, et cetera. In view of all this, oil fields and the exploitation of petroleum have acquired a vast and unexpected importance.

In the United States alone there are almost ten million vehicles propelled by gasolene, which consume not less than twenty million tons of this product a year.

Hence the crude petroleum industry, limited at first to the exploitation of the fields of the United States, has now extended to the whole world. According to the

statistics, the world production, between 1857-1920, inclusive, may be estimated at some 1,200,000,000 cubic meters, of which perhaps 60 per cent. is to be credited to the United States.

In the trade, the standard of measure that has usually been accepted is the *barrel*, the capacity of which is 42 gallons, that is, 160 liters; so that a cubic meter is equivalent to approximately 6.3 barrels.

According to these data then, we see that the total output of 500,000 barrels, produced in 1860, was increased in 1920 to the extraordinary figure of 688,000,000, which shows a mean annual increase of 11,500,000. In order that this ascending scale of production may be more fully appreciated, I present in a table, expressed in millions of barrels, the amount of this vast production at the ends of the last seven decades:

YEAR	PRODUCTION	ANNUAL INCREASE
1860 . . . . .	0.5	
1870 . . . . .	6.0	0.5
1880 . . . . .	30.0	2.4
1890 . . . . .	77.0	4.7
1900 . . . . .	149.0	7.2
1910 . . . . .	328.0	17.9
1920 . . . . .	688.0	36.0
Average . . . .	182.64	11.5

According to these items, the mean increase of production during the last decade (1910-1920) has been 36,000,000 barrels a year.

In the United States, which hitherto has occupied the first place among the oil bearing countries, statistics show us that the production of 500,000 barrels in 1860 rose to 26,000,000 in 1880, to 63,000,000 in 1900 and to 443,000,000 in 1920.

In like manner, in México, which occupies the second place in this scale, and in spite of the abnormal state of civil war in which this country has existed, the production of 3,000,000 barrels recorded in 1910 rose to 33,000,000 in 1915 and to 160,000,000 in 1920, from which it will be seen that this country, which produced only 3.7 per cent. of the total output of petroleum ten years ago, has raised its quota to 12.8 per cent.

The same is happening in the other oil bearing countries; for, as I have already said, this industry, confined at the beginning to the United States, has now extended to both the hemispheres.

Among the South American countries, very new in this kind of exploitation, only Perú and Argentina may be mentioned at the present time, and their increase in production during the last decade has been:

	1910	1920
Perú . . .	1,330,000 barrels	2,790,000 barrels
Argentina	20,000 barrels	1,367,000 barrels

which shows a mean annual increase for Perú of 140,000 barrels, and for Argentina, 135,000 barrels.

Furthermore, it may be noted that the ten countries or regions that surpass in the petroleum industry, that is, those that attained to the largest quotas in 1920, were:

	MILLIONS OF BARRELS
United States . . . . .	443.4
México . . . . .	159.8
Russia . . . . .	30.0
India . . . . .	24.5
Rumania . . . . .	7.4
Persia . . . . .	6.6
Poland . . . . .	6.0
Perú . . . . .	2.8
Japan . . . . .	2.2
Trinidad . . . . .	1.6

Following these countries come, in the order mentioned, Argentina, Egypt, France, Venezuela, Canada, Germany and Italy.

This enormous total production of 688,000,000 barrels has been obtained from hundreds of thousands of wells, of a highly variable quantity and output; nevertheless, the average for each well is generally estimated at five barrels daily, although we cite cases of extraordinary production.

In California, for example, was opened a well from which, at a depth of 850 meters, a gush of petroleum rose 40 meters high, and which, for a period of several years, produced 1,300 tons a day; and in México has also been mentioned a well at Tampico that formed in its neighborhood a veritable lake of petroleum, which had a surface of ten hectares.

In this respect, however, the most extraordinary case has occurred at Baku (Russia), where wells have been opened that produced 1,500 tons a day. In this same zone is a company that owns a tract of land that contains an area of not more than 10 hectares, which, down to 1913, produced such a volume of petroleum that it would fill a tank that might cover its own surface as a base, by 100 meters in height, which would be equivalent to a volume of 63,000,000 barrels and which, at the present price, would amount to \$400,000,000, or 4,000,000,000 of our *pesos* at the present value!

AS MAY readily be understood, the active operation of these wells is not everlasting, as the extinction of them is being lamented every day, and, according to calculations made by the Bureau of Mines, the impending danger of the exhaustion of the fields indicated is very evident. In the United States, the bureau just mentioned has estimated that 40 per cent. of the petroleum reserve is already exhausted. Of the 28,500 wells that have been bored, about 6,000 have become exhausted during recent years, which comes to a total of 22 per cent., and to this is due the extraordinary rise in price that this product has undergone in the markets of the world.

In Pennsylvania, for example, it was quoted at \$1.35 a barrel in 1916; to-day one must pay \$6.50 a barrel: an increase of 300 per cent.!

It is easy to understand that this *shortage*, added to the extraordinary increase in consumption, has expressed itself in a speculative fever that has occasioned many serious disturbances of industrial economy.

*Consumption* has increased in geometrical proportion and *production* in arithmetical

proportion, from which results a *world deficit* easy to explain.

To make this phenomenon more evident, we proceed to give a table that sets forth the progress of consumption and production in the internal trade of the United States, in which the figures express millions of cubic meters.

YEAR	CONSUMPTION	PRODUCTION
1912 . . . . .	35.8	35.6
1913 . . . . .	41.4	39.8
1914 . . . . .	44.6	42.2
1915 . . . . .	47.0	44.6
1916 . . . . .	51.0	47.8
1917 . . . . .	59.9	51.8
1918 . . . . .	64.1	54.2
1919 . . . . .	69.5	58.3

Hence, in eight years, the market of the United States has had to buy abroad, in order to supply the shortage in its own production, 39,000,000 cubic meters, that is, about 250,000,000 barrels.

This shortage, which, in 1912, began with 159,000 cubic meters, in 1920 had reached 15,000,000, or 70,000,000 barrels, with the approximate value of \$500,000,000.

These figures explain and justify the era of speculation and extraordinary interest in oil fields that is evident throughout the world.

The government of the United States, alarmed by the magnitude and importance of these events, instructed one of its principal offices of information, the Geological Survey, to measure and study the cubic contents of all the subterranean *reserves* of petroleum in that country, and after prolonged and thorough investigations, it has reached the startling conclusion that the whole of them may be estimated at 1,075,000,000 cubic meters. This means that with a mean annual consumption of 71,000,000, all the present petroliferous fields of the United States will be exhausted in fifty years.

It is easy to understand the alarm that must have been occasioned throughout the world by this disconcerting prediction.

AS A logical consequence of what I have said, there has been an incredible development of enterprises engaged in prospecting for new deposits everywhere to replace those that are being exhausted.

In this second era of the petroleum

industry, Latin America will begin to play an important part, to judge by the successes proclaimed in certain regions.

Monsieur Descamps, the director of the department of economic studies of the Banque de France, has thus expressed himself in his recent report, and, referring to México, he added:

Judging by the results obtained, the output of 1921 will exceed that even of 156,000,000 produced in 1920. At the beginning of this year was extracted about 16,000,000 barrels a month; but this figure had passed from 18,000,000 in April, to 19,000,000 in May, which leads us to think that during the present year the output will exceed 200,000,000 barrels: a prediction that coincides with the cabled information I have read to-day, according to which the yield of petroleum during the past month of November has beaten the *record*.<sup>1</sup> From only one of the deposits of that country, the one called Cerro Azul, the daily output reached 188,000 barrels, valued at \$250,000,

In like manner, the present exploitations of Venezuela, Argentina and Perú, which in 1920 totaled only 4,700,000 barrels, tend to an era of very great prosperity.

In Perú the existence of "pitch mines" was known from the time of the Incas; but the first scientific investigations, made with a view to learning as to the presence of petroleum, date only from 1862; and eight years later was begun, although in a very rudimentary way, its exploitation in the zone of Los Zorritos. It continued in a state of intermission for a long time, and only after the year 1887, that is, after the war of the Pacific, was work resumed. Subsequently it extended to the regions of Lobitos, et cetera.

Thus we see then that the very limited production of 776 tons in 1884 had risen to 2,500 tons in 1890, to 35,000 in 1900, to 168,000 in 1910 and to 373,000 in 1920.

According to calculations to which I have had access in an official monograph, in the thirty-seven years passed between 1884 and 1920, inclusive, the quantity of petroleum extracted from the Peruvian deposits was in excess of 4,080,000 tons, that is, about 15,000,000 barrels.

Engineer Ricardo A. Deustua presented to the Congreso de la Industria Minera,

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

held in Lima in 1918, a paper on these deposits, on which this assertion may be scientifically based; and the same may be maintained in respect of Argentina and Brazil by referring to the scrupulous memorials of their scientists and the men of their mining and technical institutions.

It is not necessary therefore to be a prophet or a dreamer to proclaim that our neighbor on the east, who began only in 1907 the exploitation of petroleum, will become, within ten years, one of the greatest of the world's producers of petroleum. Her present wells in the Rivadavia region, and her growing explorations in Neuquén, Mendoza, Salta and Jujuy tell the same story.

It is not venturesome to predict an equally brilliant future for Bolivia, Ecuador and Colombia, which are just beginning to participate in this new branch of human activity.

As to Chile, nothing certain may yet be said, in spite of the persevering effort of business men that have spent many millions of *pesos* prospecting for petroleum, from Tacna to Magellan. The numerous foreign efforts have not yet achieved the expected success, but this failure has not caused hope for the future to be abandoned.

TO WHAT has been pointed out, that is, the annual increase of prospecting for and exploitations of subterranean petroleum, whether or not it rises to the surface, ought to be added the practically *inexhaustible* quantity of it that can be produced by the external beds of *asphaltums*, *rafaelitas* and *bituminous schists*, which are so abundant in nature, and from which may be distilled gasolenes, benzines, naphtha, kerosene, et cetera; and each of the three hundred by-products obtained to-day from crude petroleum to which I have already referred.

*Asphaltum*, for example, considered chemically, is but a residue left by internal petroleum, after a prolonged exposure to the air, through the evaporation of their volatile components. Hence they have always been regarded as a simple form of petroleum.

According to the Peruvian engineer Carlos L. Romero:

Petroleum and asphaltum are, in truth, but the intercalated terms of a series of hydrocarbides, the extreme members of which are *marsh gas* and *pure carbon*: in this series enter, as elements of increasing carburization, natural gas, naphtha, petroleum, pitch (mineral tar), maltha, claterite and asphaltum, products of a *common* origin, but which present themselves, owing to their origins in nature, with different degrees of fluidity, determined by their richness in carbon, which, in turn, depends on the later phenomena of their constitution.

Hence the layers or deposits of asphaltum always coincide with the existence, at a greater or less depth, of subterranean petroleum.

In the island of Trinidad, for example, are to be found genuine lakes of asphaltum, which have an area of as many as 5,000 hectares, from which are superficially extracted, year after year, about 200,000 tons of this substance, used for paving, et cetera; and from the bottoms of them is extracted, at the same time, not less than 2,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum.

These asphaltums are, besides, capable of industrial distillation and they produce as much as 60 per cent. of lubricants, benzines, naphtha and a thousand different by-products.

THE same is true of the *rafaelitas* (oxocherites) so abundant in Argentina, and which are commonly and accurately called *solidified petroleum*.

A short time ago this substance was subjected to careful analysis in the laboratory of our university, and the yield *per ton* was, apart from the appreciable residues of metallurgical coke and gas oil, the following:

22 tins of 18 liters of lubricant	. 396 liters
6 " " " " " benzine	. 108 liters
5 " " " " " paraffin	. 90 liters

which would yield, in distillable products, a value of nearly 1,000 *pesos* a ton.

To corroborate what is given above, I am pleased to cite several paragraphs of a recent report, not yet known to the public, signed by my distinguished friend don Belisario Ossa, a chemical engineer, professor in the university and director of the technical review *Caliche*, who has had an



opportunity to devote thorough study to this valuable product. He says:

The material in question (*rafaelita*) is to be classified among the bitumines and it is composed of the chemical elements of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and sulphur, with small quantities of the mineral elements that form ashes (0.3 to 0.5); it has a density of 1.14. By pyrogenetic distillation, it gives off a large percentage of volatile products, leaving a shiny, silvery, very spongy or porous coke. Its calorimetric power is approximately 10,000 calories; it is perfectly soluble in sulphide of carbon, benzine and alcohol, and a little less so in ether and acetone.

He afterward describes the several analyses he has made. From them he deduces the following practical conclusions:

Every ton of *rafaelita*—brought from Neuquén (Argentina)—that he analyzed was capable of producing an average of:

Coke 350 Kilograms

Pitch	600 Kilograms	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 150 \text{ liters of essence} \\ 90 \text{ liters of petroleum} \\ 360 \text{ liters of lubricants} \\ \text{with as much as 180} \\ \text{kilograms of paraffin} \end{array} \right.$

Gas 180 to 200 cubic meters

This led the señor Díaz Ossa to affirm that, practically, the pitch that results from a distillation conducted in the manner effected, can produce:

20 per cent. of light products, with a density of from 0.76 to 0.80

15 per cent. of medium products, with a density of from 0.80 to 0.86

60 per cent. of heavy products, with a density of from 0.85 to 0.88; which contain as much as 50 per cent. of solid paraffin, and

5 per cent. of losses and residues

100 per cent.

In this manner the señor Díaz Ossa estimates at \$600 the gross commercial value of the products obtained from a ton of distilled *rafaelita*, there being, at all events, a net return of not less than \$500, for the expenses—estimated as twice as great as those of the Fábrica de Gas de San Miguel (Santiago) and four times as great as those of plants with modern equipment—reach only \$100 per ton.

This reminds me of the felicitous phrase

of an expert, which it will probably be useful to quote now.

I asked this friend of mine why the Argentine railways, which, during the period of the recent European war, went so far even as to use Indian corn as fuel, did not use *rafaelita* in their locomotives. He answered:

"It would be the same as if you lighted a cigar with a bank-note."

AS TO the deposits of bituminous schists (shale-oil), which are to be found in inexhaustible deposits in nature: it is well known that the extraction of them has constituted an appreciable industry for centuries.

It may be said that from the distillation of these schists sprang the name of petroleum (rock-oil), since it ought not to be forgotten that in 1694 the chemist Hancock succeeded in extracting pitch from certain rocks, which he called "shore fire;" or that Dundonald in 1781 distilled petroleum from coal; and that Reichenbacken in 1830, by a similar procedure, obtained it from schists.

From then until to-day, this industry has taken on considerable proportions. In Scotland alone is treated annually about 5,000,000 tons, from which is distilled 500,000 tons of crude petroleum, and the same has occurred in Australia, France, Germany and the United States.

In the latter country, the government, alarmed by the increasing exhaustion of the subterranean deposits of petroleum, to which I have already alluded, has set apart, in Colorado and Utah, two great *national reserves* for the future use of the navy. They comprise an area of 70 hectares, and it is calculated that they contain 40,000,000,000 tons of schist.

According to a report that I have at hand, if in these reserves were established a hundred distillation plants, each with a capacity to treat 2,000 tons of schist a day, five centuries would be required for their exhaustion.

The beds that are being exploited in Scotland have a very low percentage of oil—as low as 5 per cent.—but those of the United States and Argentina have 16 and even 18 per cent. From the analysis have

been obtained the following by-products, for each ton of material:

55 per cent. of gas oil . . .	550 liters
15 " " " fuel oil . . .	150 "
15 " " " naphtha . . .	150 "
10 " " " kerosene . . .	100 "
5 " " " various losses . . .	50 "

100 per cent. 1,000 liters

which, sold at the market prices, would produce about \$800.

This constitutes a highly important datum for us, who possess very valuable beds of this material, such as those of Lonquimay, analyzed by Doctor Brügen, professor of geology in the university, and from which were obtained 12 and even 15 per cent. of petroleum by the ordinary process of distillation.

Let it not be forgotten that Chile consumes annually in her industries about 1,000,000 tons of petroleum, the value of which is estimated at 200,000,000 *pesos*.<sup>2</sup>

WE SEE then, in short, that petroleum is found in nature in a variety of forms. It is exploited, as a *fluid*, from subterranean deposits, and also as a *solid*, in superficial beds.

In some places, as in the island of Trinidad, the superficial asphaltums or pitches coincide with internal stores; and in others as in *Cacheuta (Mendoza)*, it has been proven that there exist peaks of bituminous schists, resting on beds of asphaltum, which, at varying depths, are resolved into petroleum, rich in hydrocarbonaceous substances.

According to Mr. Hileman, an engineer from the University of California and the present director of the División de Minas, Petróleo y Geología de Mendoza (Argentina):

In this region (Cacheuta) are to be found out-

<sup>2</sup>The Chilean *peso* is worth about 11 cents at present.—THE EDITOR.

croppings of schist very rich in petroleum, with the great advantage that at a depth petroleum is encountered, there existing, besides, asphaltum, from the products of which, worked as a whole, the quantity of petroleum to be elaborated in retorts will be notably increased.

If we make a calculation based on data that can be attested in the region, and, taking into consideration a breadth of only 400 meters in layers of schists, with a thickness of 100 meters, a proportion of 16 per cent. of petroleum, and of length of 2,000 meters at the points visible, we have here 25,600,000 tons of petroleum.

To this already enormous quantity ought to be added what will also be produced by the layers of asphaltum and the bored wells.

During my recent visit to this deposit (Cacheuta) was made a trial test, well worthy of mention, since it reveals the petrolific *impregnation* of all the zone.

In the region of the asphaltums was opened a ditch some two meters deep, by forty meters long, with perfectly vertical walls, and from all of it—walls and floor—seeped liquid petroleum, which flowed in appreciable jets toward the lower end.

Is not this an evident proof that asphaltum is but a residue that subterranean petroleum leaves, through the evaporation of its volatile components.

We must here conclude this paper, which has no other object than that of calling attention to the growing importance of petroleum, whatever the form in which it is found in nature.

Industry, insatiable in the consumption of it, seeks and finds it wherever it exists, and it multiplies to infinity the system and means of obtaining and applying it, since the problem of fuel is the most important problem that the world is at present called upon to face.

Where there is petroleum there are light and heat, movement and life.



# BOLÍVAR

BY

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ

A classic portrayal of the great Liberator, offered to English readers for the first time, we think, and that is beyond commendation. It does not lend itself to brief analysis and summary; so we make no attempt to outline it; but to read it is to know Bolívar—the man, the soldier, the statesman, the writer—he can be known through no other instrumentality.—THE EDITOR.

GREAT in thought, great in action, great in glory, great in misfortune; great enough to magnify the impure portion that is contained within the souls of the great; and great enough to endure, in abandonment and death, the magic expiation of greatness. There are many human lives that present a more perfect harmony, moral order or purer aesthetics; few present so constant a character of greatness and power; few win with so violent a dominance the sympathy of the heroic imagination.

When one considers that superb personification of original energy, in the environment and the hour in which he appeared, he is inclined to think that all the repressed spontaneity, all the light and color smothered in the inert existence of the ten generations subjected to the colonial yoke, were concentrated, as an instantaneous retaliation, in an individual life and a unique consciousness. An infinite virtuosity, genius lurks for ever in the depths of human society, as the thunderbolt lurks in the bosom of the cloud. To spring into action, the occasion is needed. Its only course is that of the initial stimulus that leases it and abandons it to its unmerciful liberty; but this stimulus is the condition that fate holds in reserve, because it is brought to its hour by the character of the society that tempts and elicits the renewing outburst. A long succession of generations passes, perhaps, without the extraordinary faculty that keeps veiled in common forms having a worthy task on which to employ itself; and then, in the predestined generation, the illumination of an aspiration and the maturing of a necessity bring the propitious occasion, it is wont to happen that

the response to the silent call springs from a life that has begun to flow, ignorant of its hidden riches, in a direction other than the one that is to transfigure it with glory.

In the heroism of Bolívar there is somewhat of this sudden exaltation. From the time his consciousness opened to the world, he beheld the moment of the revolution approaching, while participating in the longings that were preparing it in the secret agitation of men's minds; but that vague stirring of his spirit did not impress character on a youthfulness which, in its expressive and plastic part, bore a stamp different from the one that would be sought as a harbinger of the supreme energies of action. His first dream was of beauty, magnificence and delight. If the fatalities of history had placed the hour of the emancipation outside of his epoch, he would have lived the life of a great, refined and restless lord, of which he gave promise while he distributed his time among his journeys, the retirement of his *hacienda* of San Mateo and the society of the courtly and academic Caracas of the last days of the colony. Some strain of the soul of Alcibiades seems to have been reflected in the bronze of that figure of the youthful and sensual patrician, the unconscious possessor of the flame of genius, in whom the atmosphere of Europe, ablaze with the fire of the first Napoleonic wars, excited the sentiment of political liberty, as a bent of superiority and nobility, filled with the classic tone, and by reason of his most essential substance, hostile to all demagogic and vulgar fancies. At that moment he had not yet announced the glory, but he had the brilliancy that resembles it, there where there was no room for anything more. In the aureola of his youth were united the luster of his cradle, the resources of his rich

patrimony, all the gifts of intelligence and courtliness, set off by a fine literary taste and a passion for fine living. This first husk of his personality did not disappear entirely with the revelation of his deep unfathomed soul. "An esthetic man," as was said of Plato and as might be said of a whole caste of souls, he continued to be so when genius lifted him to the heights; a hero, he possessed heroic elegance: the preoccupation of the statuesque expression, the noble gesture, the gallant and imposing attitude, which might seem histrionic to such as may not have attained to a full comprehension of his personality, but which is a trait that complements in a spontaneous manner and harmonizes the figures of those men of action in whom the genius of war, because of the visionary and creative finality that moves it, borders on the nature of the artist and participates in the character of his passions. Has not Taine, in the strict analysis of psychology, likened the sword of Napoleon to the chisel of Michelangelo as an instrument of the same sovereign faculty that one of them exercised on the insensible marble and the other, on the animate and anguished vitals of reality?

So he appeared from the day in which he sealed his espousal with the vocation that already enamored and disturbed him, when, as he passed through Rome, he ascended with the rapture of a numen to the solitude of the Aventine, at the foot of which he beheld outspread the vast sea of the reminders of freedom and greatness; and, as if speaking to the consciousness of this antiquity, he vowed to liberate a world. So he appeared later, in Caracas, when, amid terror of the earthquake that shattered the city on the eve of the revolution, he lifted above the convulsed ruins of the church of San Jacinto his nervous and haughty figure, and there, in the presence of a terrified Spaniard, burst into the splendid words beside which pales the famous imprecation of Ajax of Telamon: "If nature opposes, we shall fight and vanquish her!" In battle, in victory, in the entry into cities, in the exercise of power, or amid festive rejoicings, always there shone in him the same instinctive sentiment of that which we may call the

plastic form of heroism and glory. When directing the feverish activity of an implacable war, there was still room in his imagination to honor, in a solemn style, the memory and example of his own ceremonies like that procession, similar to a pagan rite, which bore in triumph the heart of Girardot, in an urn, guarded by the weapons of the army, from Bárburo where occurred the death of the hero, Caracas. In the memory of his contemporaries was stamped the ancient majestic look and port with which, when Colombia was constituted, he penetrated the quarters of the first assembly, there to resign the command over peoples. In the presence of sovereign and magnificent things of the material world he experienced a sort of emulation that would impel him to act in such a manner that he himself might become a part of the imposing spectacle at which he lord it as a protagonist. In his ascent to Chimborazo, which is attributed, by the rhetoric that is violent but sincere in its emphasis, to "Delirium," may be seen above every other sentiment, the pride of climbing, of treading, the brow of the colossus, of attaining to a greater height than La Condamine, than Humboldt, when no foot-print had preceded his. Then he visited the Tequendama, to admire its sublimity. There his spirit and nature concerted a harmony that exalted him like an influence from Dionysus. Crossing the current of the waters, and at the precise moment in which they were about to plunge below, he encountered a stone just as far from the edge as the exact distance that a man could leap. Bolívar, without removing his boots with iron-shod heels, made a dash at that stone burnished by the foam and, taking it as a pedestal, raised his head incapable of vertigo, above the yawning horror of the abyss.

He was the continuation—transfigured as befits heroic greatness—of that same characteristic of his youth that made him write, while he was plucking the petals of the roses of his twenty years in the courts of Europe, this confession taken from a letter to the baroness of Trobriand: "I love pleasure less than pomp, for it seems to me that pomp has a false air of glory," and this came from so deep down in his

nature that, it may be said in strictness, there never was a character freer of all artifice and suggestion of affectation. Never was there, in general, a more spontaneous and inspired person. All his purposes were luminous; in his work all was rapture. His spirit was of those that reveal the presence of that mysterious manner of thought and action that escapes the consciousness of him that possesses it, and which, sublimating its effects far above the reach of deliberate and prudent intention, links the highest works of man to that blind force of instinct which shapes the architecture of the honey-comb, orientates the impetus of flight and gives sureness to the stroke of the talon. So, for his victories he was served by his sudden conception and his fulminating and wise execution; and in defeat, by a kind gift of *Antæus*, such as has not been seen in so great a degree in any other hero: a strange capacity for rendering himself more gigantic in proportion as the fall was harder and lower; as it were, the invigorating assimilation of the juices of adversity and opprobrium; yet not as a result of the lessening of experience, but as the unconscious and immediate reaction of a nature that fulfilled in it its law. His martial physiognomy possessed in this trait the stamp that individualized it. Morillo the Spaniard described him well in a few words: "More to be feared conquered than conquering." His campaigns were not the gradual and systematic development of a plan of wisdom and reflection that went forward everywhere, while holding and securing what had already been left behind, and proportioning the designs of daring to the judicious measure of forces. They were, so to speak, tremendous onslaughts, gigantic waves, which alternated in unequal rhythm with downfalls and defeats no less violent and frightful, the effort that was on the verge of complete success yielding suddenly, to revive very soon, elsewhere, in a different manner and with greater strength, until a more powerful or felicitous impulse than the others should go beyond the point whence it might not be rolled back, and then victory persist and grow and spread like the waters of a flood, and from fastness to fast-

ness of the Andes each mountain become a stage of victory. No one has experienced more often and in less time the alternation of victory, with the guise and honors of finality, and of annihilation and loss of prestige, hopeless of recovery—from the point of view of others. The unsuccessful and proscribed revolutionary, in want of higher renown and material means of action, rose at a soar to the pinnacle of military fame and leadership with that astounding campaign of 1813, which he began at the head of half a thousand men and which he carried, in a hundred or so days of triumphant daring, from the Andine slopes of Nueva Granada to the Palacio de los Capitanes in Caracas, where above the transitoriness of honors and powers, he joined for ever with his name the title of Liberator. Less than a year later he was a fugitive on the shores of the Caribbean sea, abandoned and denied by his own; turned to smoke, seemingly, all that glory, which did not even defend him from the anger with which they accused him and the ingratitude with which they affronted him; and when search was made for the place to which he had gone to bury his humiliation, he was once again seen on the heights, grasping the mace of Nueva Granada, which was growing faint; entering Bogotá bearing liberty, as formerly he had entered Caracas. . . . Yet hardly had this page been turned when he appeared again, disobeyed and forced to leave in the hands of an obscure rival the armies with which he was preparing to enter Venezuela; and then his reappearance was in Haiti, whence, for the same purpose, he set out in command of an expedition that twice landed near Caracas, only to be defeated each time, and the latter in a new ruin of his power and his credit, amid the insults of the people and the vauntings of ambitious emulation. However, the natural authority that emanated from him was an irresistible force, like nature's every will, and it was but a short time before this outcry was silenced, and his rivals recognized and obeyed him, and the destiny of the revolution was again in his hands, from La Guayana, where Piar had secured support for future campaigns, to the plains of

the Apure, where Páez's bands were astir. He set up a government; he fought; he suppressed rebellions among the patriots; adversity pursued him implacably at La Puerta, at Ortiz, at Rincón de los Toros; and one night, after the latest defeat, a man, without a companion or a horse, fled to hide himself in the depth of the forests, until, by the light of dawn, he gathered an escort of scattered horsemen, with whom he set out on his way. It was Bolívar, who, his army and authority lost, marched—and how much, being 'who he was!—to forge for himself a new authority and a new army. He was not to delay long in securing both the one and the other: authority, strengthened by the sanction of an assembly that set on him the seal of constitutionality; and an army, more regular and better organized than any he had hitherto possessed.

It was the moment in which his unshakable constancy was to subdue and to draw into firm adherence the inequalities of fate. The illumination of his genius showed him the destiny of the revolution assured by the reconquest of Nueva Granada. To reconquer Nueva Granada it was necessary to scale the Andes, then to cross extensive marshes and broad rivers; it was the middle of winter, and an enterprise of such a character was attacked with an army but a little short of naked. Other passages over mountains may have been more intelligent or may have been characterized by more exemplary strategy; none have been more audacious, none so heroic and legendary. Twenty-five hundred men climbed the eastern slopes of the cordillera, and down the western slopes toiled a smaller number of specters: they were the specters of those that were strong in body and spirit; for the weak remained on the snow, in the torrents, on the heights where air was lacking for the lungs. With the specters of the strong was won Boyacá, which opened the way to the plateau where Colombia was to establish her scepter; and, returning from the plateau, they took Carabobo, which opened toward the east the pass to Caracas; and from that instant Spanish domination perished, from the mouth of the Orinoco to the isthmus of Panamá. From that moment, the ups and downs of that

war of agonizing uncertainty were succeeded by something like an irresistible declivity, which victory, exhausted and bewitched, wrought with her hands turned toward the south, in order that the torrent of the emancipative arms might hasten to mingle with that other one that was advancing from the Argentine Andes, announcing its advent by the echoes of the triumphant reveilles of Chacabuco and Maipó. Colombia had completed her frontiers, after she had placed beneath "the mantle of iris" the volcanoes of Ecuador; and she was free for ever. However, it still remained to Bolívar to fight for America, which was more his patria than Colombia. San Martín was before him, laurel for laurel. The glory of that which remained to be done was not a sharable ambition. When it was a question of determining which of the two was to enjoy it, the consciousness of superiority, on the one hand, and the loyal and noble recognition of it, on the other, were sufficient. Bolívar, it was, who should crown the campaigns of the south as he had crowned those of the north; and as he had entered Bogotá, Caracas and Quito, so he entered Lima, El Cuzco and La Paz, as the Liberator of America; and while the last Spanish army, numerous and strong, made ready to await him, and while he devoted himself to preparing his own, he fell sick, and, suffering still, he heard that they were inquiring of him:

"What do you think of doing now?"

"Of winning," he answered with the simplicity of a Spartan; and he won; he won after crossing the gorges of the Andes, at the altitude of the condor, as on the eve of Boyacá, which was soon duplicated by Junín; and with the impulse of Junín he won, through the arm of Sucre, at Ayacucho, where fourteen Spanish generals surrendered, as they extended their vanquished swords, the titles to those fabulous possessions that Columbus had placed, three hundred years earlier, in the hands of Isabel and Fernando. The work of Bolívar was finished, but aspiration and heroic longings hovered over it. The hero dreamed of something more; he still wished to reach the banks of the Plata, where suffered beneath the burden of conquest a

people wrested from the community that triumphed at Ayacucho: to be, also for it, the Liberator; to roll back even to the very court of Brazil the imperial hosts; to found there a republic; and, mounting the currents of the Amazon, as Alexander ascended the mysterious rivers of the Orient, to close the immense ellipse of glory on the soil of Colombia and then to go to concert and preside over the perennial harmony of his work in the amphictyonic assembly of Panamá.

THE whole of this tempestuous heroism is of a singular and unmistakable character in history. It is so because of the energetic personal stamp of the hero himself, and it is so likewise because of the close and indissoluble vinculation of his action with a hundred intimate peculiarities of the environment in which he was generated and developed. This constitutes one of the dissimilarities that open so wide an abyss between Bolívar and the one that shares with him the glory of liberator in America. San Martín could leave his setting without being out of character or losing caste amid other peoples and other epopees. His severe figure would change, without impropriety, the pedestal of the Andes for that of the Pyrenees, the Alps or the Rockies. Let us imagine him beside Turenne: he would serve as heir to his sure and searching sword and to his noble and simple gravity. Place him side by side with Washington: he would be the most illustrious of his fellow-soldiers and the most exemplary of his disciples. If we should set him in the wars of the French revolution and of the empire: he would fill the place of the unselfish Hoche, when he was unfortunate, or of the prudent Moreau, when he was proscribed. He was, considered apart from the great design that he obeyed, the type of military abstraction that finds a setting of its own in all time of organized warfare, because it requires not originality of color, but a firm and simple drawing of certain higher qualities of the intelligence and the will, which human character reproduces in spite of differences of race and age.

On the other hand, the figure of Bolívar admits of no other adaptation than the real

one. Outside of our America and fighting for another liberty than ours, it would become vitiated or truncated. Bolívar, the revolutionary, the partizan, the general, the leader, the tribune, the legislator, the president . . . all in one and all in his own way, was an irreducible originality that presupposed and included that of the earth from which he was nourished and of the means he had at his command. He did not fight as a European strategist, nor did he take, for his dreams as a founder, any more than the dispersed elements of institutions based on universal experience or reason, nor did he leave, as a whole, an image that resembles aught of former times. Therefore he stirs us and subdues us, and he will always be the hero representative par excellence of the everlasting unity of Hispanic America. Greater and loftier than the regional leaders, in whom was individualized a semibarbarous originality, he personified what was characteristic and peculiar in our history. He was the clay of America permeated with the breath of genius, which transmuted its aroma and its savor into properties of the spirit and caused to be exhaled in him, as in a living flame, a different and original heroicalness.

The revolution of South American independence, in the two centers where it broke out and where it spread—on the Orinoco and on the Plata—manifested the same duality of character and forms. It comprised in the two centers the initiative of the cities, which is a revolution of ideas, and the uprising of the country, which is a rebellion of instincts. In the spirit of cities, the maturity of self-development and the reflected influences of the world brought the idea of the patria as a political association, and the concept of liberty as practicable among regular institutions: deliberation of assemblies, oratorical propaganda and organized militia were the means of action; but on the extensive plains that open from near the valley of Caracas to the banks of the Orinoco, and on the broad pampas that lie between the Argentine Andes and the banks of the Paraná and the Paraguay, as likewise in the gorges of eastern Uruguay that run down toward the ocean, colonial

civilization, striving to penetrate the heart of the wilds, which opposed to it as a shield its infinite extent, had only succeeded in implanting a sparse and almost nomadic population, which lived in a pastoral semi-barbarism not very different from the Arab Bedouin or the Hebrew of the times of Abraham and Jacob: seated, as they were, on the backs of their horses by means of which they dominated the vast solitudes stretched between one and another of the herds of the north and one and another of the *estancias* of the south, rather than upon the ground. The man of this society, which was barely solidary or coherent, was the *llanero*<sup>1</sup> of Venezuela and the *gaucho*<sup>2</sup> of the Plata, the indomitable centaur sculptured by the winds and suns of the desert in clay kneaded with the blood of conqueror and indigene; a very beautiful type of naked human staunchness, of natural and spontaneous heroism, whose hardy geniality was destined to impart a strength of overwhelming action and a plastic character and color to the epopee from whose bosom would issue triumphant the destiny of America. In reality, this strength was alien, originally, to all aspiration after a constituted patria and all notion of political rights by which it might proceed, in a conscious manner, to take its place in the struggle provoked by the men of the cities. Artigas, in the south, united it from the beginning with the flags of revolution; Boves and Yáñez, in the north, loosed it in favor of resistance to Spain; and then Páez, exactly there, won it definitely for the American cause. For the earnest sentiment of liberty, which constituted the resistless efficacy of that force unchained by the temptation of war, was that of a liberty prior to any kind of political or even patriotic feeling: the primitive, barbarous, cruel, individualistic liberty that recognizes no other dictates than those of nature, and that is never satisfied save with its uncoercible wildness in open space, beyond all restraint of laws

and all coparticipation of a social character: the liberty of the band and of the horde; that liberty which, on the most critical occasion of human history, hastened to rend a decaying world, and to rock upon the ruins the cradle of a new one, with its gusts of candor and energy. The only kind of authority consistent with this unbridled instinct was a personal authority capable of driving it to its frankest expansion and dominated by the prestige of the strongest, the bravest or the ablest; and thus arose, over the restless multitudes of the open country, the sovereignty of the *caudillo*,<sup>3</sup> like that of the primitive German chief that gathered around him his vast martial family without other community of purposes and stimuli than filial attachment to his person. Led by the authority of the *caudillos*, that barbarous democracy tinted with rose the torrent of the revolution, acquired the sentiment and consciousness of it and thrust into its bosom the rough popular ferment that was to contrast with the oligarchical tendencies of the aristocracy of the cities, at the same time that it would impress on the forms of war the stamp of originality and picturesque Americanism which was to define them and differentiate them in history. Facing the regular army, or in alliance with it, appeared the instinctive tactics and strategy of the *montonera*,<sup>4</sup> which made up for the results of calculation and discipline by crudeness of valor and heroic agility; fighting for which the only essential means were the vivid lightening of the barely tamed colt that united with man in the organism of the centaur and the firmness of the lance wielded with the pulse of a Titan in the formidable charges that were swallowed up by the extent of the submissive plain.

Bolívar subordinated to his authority and his prestige this force, which complemented that which he brought originally in ideas, in the spirit of the city, in an organized army. He included in his heroic

<sup>1</sup>Literally, an inhabitant of the *llano* or *llanura*, a "plainsman;" in general usage, the equivalent, in northern South America, of the Rioplatensian *gaucho*, "cow-boy."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>The traditional cow-boy of the Argentine pampa, usually a creole, now almost extinct.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>According to Hispanic-American usage, a partizan or factional leader or chief.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>According to South American usage, an irregular band of armed and mounted men, usually at strife with the existing government, in whose eyes they are regarded as outlaws.—THE EDITOR.



part that of this original and instinctive half of the American revolution, for he involved himself in his environment and he had as vassals its immediate personifications. Páez, the intrepid leader of the *llaneros*, recognized him and put him over himself from his first interview, when he was coming from regaining his prestige, lost with the unfortunate expedition of Los Cayos; and thenceforward the two reins of the revolution were in the hands of Bolívar; and the unlucky campaign of 1817 and 1818 shows, concertedly, the resources of instinct in possession of the land and those of higher and educated military aptitude. On the broad plains of the Apure, the Liberator lived and fought side by side with that primitive and talented soldiery, which was soon to give him warriors that would follow him over the Andes and would form the vanguard with which he was to win at Carabobo. He possessed, to enable him to carry himself well in that environment, the supreme quality, the possession of which is a title of superiority and dominion, just as its absence is a note of inadaptability and weakness: the quality of great dexterity as a horseman, as an insatiable drinker of the winds on a horse going full tilt after the fugitive deer or from the pure voluptuousness of wild coursing after the ideal flight of the horizon. The Alcibiades, the writer, the diplomat of Caracas was, when the occasion offered, the *gaucho* of the pampas of the north: the *llanero*.

This intimate contact with American originality was never established in San Martín. The captain of the south—absent from America during his first years and returned now at a mature age, with no other relation with the environment during this extended time than the remote image, sufficient to maintain and test the constancy of love, but insufficient for the subtle preparation by which is infused into the deepest nature of man the air of the patria—effected his work as an organizer and strategist without needing to plunge into the living fountains of popular sentiment in which the passion for liberty was loosed with a turbulent and uncontrollable impulse, to which such a rigid temper as a soldier would never have been

able to adapt itself. Accidental coöperation with the *montoneras* of Güemes did not reduce these distances. In the south, the revolution had one orbit for the soldier and another for the *caudillo*. The soldier was San Martín, Belgrano or Rondeau; the *caudillo* was Artigas, Güemes or López. One of them it was that raised multitudes and bound them to his personal and prophetic prestige; another it was that moved armies of the line and put himself with them at the service of the civil authorities.

In Bolívar the two natures were interwoven, the two mysteries mingled. Artigas plus San Martín: that is, Bolívar; and it would still be necessary to add the traits of Moreno, for the part of the writer and the tribune. Bolívar incarnated, in the total complexity of means and forms, the energy of the revolution, since, in its uncertain glimmerings, it opened to him the way as a conspirator and a diplomat, until, when it was once declared, he stirred the people for it with the authority of the *caudillo*; imparted the word that announced it in the spoken and written utterance; guided it to its last victories with the inspiration of military genius; and finally organized it as a legislator and governed it as a statesman.

For so much did the natural and magnificent multiplicity of his faculties serve him. Genius, which is often simplest unity, is wont to be also stupendous harmony. There are times in which this mysterious energy is concentrated and incarnated in a single faculty, in a unique potency of the soul, whether it be observation, fantasy for discursive thought, moral character or militant will; and then shines restrictedly and monotonously the genius of vocation, which, if it be born for war, fights silently, austere, being incapable of weariness, like Charles XII of Sweden; if for art, it spends life like Flaubert, in a play of beauty, beholding all else in the world with the indifference of a child; and if for thought, it lives in the exclusive society of ideas, as Kant lived, in the persistent abstraction of the somnambulist. The sovereign faculty magnifies itself, wresting place and strength from others, and it takes its flight, like a serene and solitary eagle, above the bare austerity of

the inner landscape. Not infrequently, however, far from operating as a zealous and ascetic power, it works in the manner of an evocative incantation or of a fertile seed; for its information and complement it arouses secondary vocations that vie in serving it, and as if behind the eagle of the exampilar there arose from the abysses and eminences of the soul other inferior ones that should follow in its train, the power of genius spreads out in a series of diverse aptitudes that concertedly cleave space in the direction of one vertex. To this image correspond complex and harmonious geniuses: those in which all the fullness of the soul seems to be kindled in a single light of election, whether the center of this roundness be occupied by the artistic imagination, as in Leonardo; whether it be poetic invention, as in Goethe; whether, as in Cæsar or Napoleon, it be the heroic will. All the more does the mental architectonic of these multiple spirits stand out in proportion, when the vocation or faculty that bears the scepter in them—the “king carat,” if we recall Gracián—finds a way to orientate itself firmly and resolutely, in a great and concentrated work, in a constant idea that shall impress upon it a strong unity and in which, at one and the same time, all the vassal aptitudes may coöperate, so that the richest and most harmonious variety shall appear to be operating in the bosom of that energetic unity.

Bolívar was of this kind of genius. Every capacity of his great spirit, every kind of superiority that inhered in him, was subordinated to a final purpose and contributed to the supreme work: the purpose and work of the Liberator; and within this unity worked together, about the central and dominant faculty—which was that of martial action—intuition of political understanding, power of oratorical aptitude and the gift of literary style. As for political comprehension, no one, in the American revolution, possessed it in a greater degree, more illuminating and discerning, more original and creative; although not a few of his contemporaries surpassed him in the concrete art of government and in the comprehension of immediate realities. He saw the future with greater clarity than the present. From

Jamaica, in 1815, while the end of the revolution was still remote and obscure, he wrote that astounding letter, agleam with prophetic lightning, in which he predicted the fate of each of the Hispanic-American peoples after their independence, thus foretelling the existence of the orderly tranquillity of Chile, as well as the despotism that was to supervene with Rosas on the Plata. The system of organization proposed in 1819 to the congress of Angostura showed, by reason of what it contained of the hybrid and utopian, the penetrating and audacious criticism of the political models supplied by experience and the constructive faculty, in constitutional material, which sought their support in the consideration of the differences and peculiarities of the environment to which it was to be applied. This faculty assumed even greater scope and character in the Bolivian constitution—later extended to Perú—the work of the apogee of his genius and his fortune, in which the dreams of his ambition formed a strange whole with the traits of an innovating inventiveness that has claimed the attention and analysis of constitutionalists, such as the idea of an “electoral power,” selected from the whole body of the citizens, in the proportion of one for every ten, which was to choose or nominate the public functionaries.

With these constitutional plans the activity of his thought, in the plenitude of his glory, was assured the manner of achieving his vast aspiration of uniting in a firm federal bond the new peoples of America from the gulf of México to the strait of Magellan. The Liberator possessed no more glorious merit—unless it be the heroic achievement of independence—than the fervent passion with which he felt the natural brotherhood of the Hispanic-American peoples and the unbreakable faith with which he aspired to have their ideal unity strengthened by a real political unity. In him this idea of unity was not different from the idea of emancipation: they were two phases of the same thought; and as not for an instant did he dream of an independence limited to the borders of Venezuela or of the three peoples of Colombia, but always saw in the entire extent of the continent the indivisible

theater of the revolution, so also he did not believe, either, that confraternity for war ought to be terminated in the separation that was involved in international frontiers. Emancipated America presented herself to his mind from the first moment as an indissoluble confederation of peoples; not in the vague sense of a friendly concord or an alliance addressed to upholding the fact of emancipation, but in the concrete and positive sense of an organization that would raise to a common political consciousness the autonomies that were determined by the structure of the dissolved viceroyalties. At the isthmus of Panamá, where the two halves of America join and the two oceans approach each other, he thought he saw the predestined spot of the federal assembly in which the new amphictyony would establish its seat, like the amphictyony of Athens on the isthmus of Corinth. From the moment when, occupying Caracas, after the campaign of 1813, he governed for the first time in the name of America, there appeared in his policy this idea of continental unity, which was to constitute the supreme reward to which he aspired as the conqueror and arbiter of a world. The immediate reality did not welcome his dream: a thousand forces of separation—which were at work in the shattered colonial empire, from the immensity of the physical distances, without regular means of communication, to rivalries and the distrust of people toward people, whether based on a relative opposition of interests or on the maintenance of personal prepotencies—rendered utopian and premature the great thought that still to-day extends beyond the visible horizon; and not even the partial unity of Colombia was able to endure. What did it matter? The vision of genius did not on this account fail to anticipate the necessary convergence, although it was to be difficult and slow, of the destinies of these peoples: the triumphant and inevitable reality of a future, the remoter it were imagined, all the more would it bring credit to the prophetic intuition of the glance that envisaged it.

In what is serious and organic, the unity sought by Bolívar will never be more than an historical recollection; but beneath this temporary shelter is the perennial virtue

of the idea. When in Mazzini, d'Azeglio or Gioberti is glorified the annunciative and propagative faith of the unity of Italy, one does not pause to consider the manner of the union they proposed, but rather the efficacious fervor with which they aspired to what was essential in the grand objective. With more or less delay, in one form or another, a political bond will one day unite the peoples of our America, and on that day the thought of the Liberator will be the one to experience resurrection and victory, and his name will be the one that will be worthy, above any other, to enjoy the glory of so lofty an occasion. The régime of a life consulate, which Bolívar proclaimed, could solve neither the problem of the confederation of these peoples nor that of their internal organization. It was a vain image of a republic; but at this point it ought to be said that if Bolívar did not reach the frank and full acceptance of the republican system, with its very essential spring of the renewal of the supreme office, he always maintained—and it is an indisputable glory of his—the republican principle in opposition to the monarchy, from whose side he was solicited by the most prudent and valuable opinions, which was the ideal of government which, in fulfilment of the political program of Buenos Aires, came from the south with the triumphant sword of San Martín.

The pure and thorough republic had, in revolutionary America, and from the first moment of the revolution, a very faithful partizan and armed supporter: only one, and that one was Artigas; but this is not yet well known, outside the people that cherishes within its soul that glorious tradition, because it happens that some of the most interesting and revealing aspects of the revolution of the Río de la Plata have either not yet been written about or have not been propagated. I thought so a short time ago while reading the résumé—admirable for perspicacity and precision—of the beginnings of contemporary America, made by the lofty and noble talent of Rufino Blanco Fombona in his recent lectures in Madrid. In it we learn that the revolution in the extreme south was born and maintained in an environ-

ment of monarchical ideas; and this is relatively true, for Artigas was not included in it, and the monarchical revolution, without the eccentric action of Artigas, the stirrer of the democracy of the country regions, threatened and pursued, like a wild beast in the arena, by the monarchical oligarchy of the Posadas and the Pueyrredones, and then torn to pieces and defamed, in ephemeral histories, by the writers that inherited the hatreds of that political oligarchy. A fundamental revision of values is a task that is beginning in the history of this part of the south; and when this revision shall have been made, while pallid and mediocre figures shall pass into the second place, giant proportions, as a figure of America, will be assumed by the leader with the leonine clutch, who raised in 1813, as a banner of organization, integral and clearly defined, the republican system, which Bolívar immediately opposed, although in a less genuine form, to the monarchical program of San Martín.

**I**N TREATING of Bolívar the statesman, the subject of his ambition presents itself of necessity. This trait was cardinal and inseparable from his image. I shall always hold as poor an opinion of the historical discernment of the one that endeavors to present Bolívar as free of a passion for command as of the degree of human comprehension of the one that initiates for him, because of such a passion, a process that tends to belittle and besmirch him. It is important to recall at once that negative perfection, in the moral realm, can not be the measure applicable to certain occurrences of the active world, just as it is not, in the esthetic realm, when one is in the presence of the power of creation that gives of itself in the *Divina Commedia* or in the statues of Michelangelo. Nature does not cast in her molds characters such as those that can be obtained by abstraction, eliminating or adding traits, in order to compose the paradigm for a body of morality that shall satisfy the esthetic aspirations of a society or a school; nature molds organic characters, in which good and evil—or that which the mutable and relative standard of men is wont to classify as such—are repeated according to a correlation

in which operates a logic as complete and imperative as the logic of discursive thought, with which are constructed the systems of ethics, although the one and the other do not resemble each other absolutely in anything. If, indeed, the analysis of the moral criterion can legitimately reach the character that nature models, to point out what it finds in it of imperfection, transmitted to the world of liberty, it ought never to go to extremes in this realm when it comes face to face with great personal temperaments of overmastering efficacy, nor ought it to aspire to see disintegrated or enervated by an ideal mold of fictitious perfection that original structure of character, the stone channel of personality, in which thought receives its stamp, and action the impulse with which it is released. There is a kind of heroism of which ambition is a natural attribute. He that should say that energy of genius and disinterestedness are not contained in a single center would affirm a senseless opposition between two vague abstractions; but he that would say that a certain kind of energy of genius and a certain kind of disinterestedness are terms naturally irreconcilable would put his hand in a relation as safe as that which authorizes us to assert that no carnivorous animal will have either the teeth or the stomach of one that feeds on herbs, or that there never could be a species in which would be united, as in the mythological griffin, the head of an eagle with the body of a lion. If the energy of genius is of that temperament which presupposes as a specific quality indomitable faith in the sole and predestined virtue of self-action, and if with the name of disinterestedness is classified, not the easy superficiality in respect of sensual egoisms, but a withdrawal from an enterprise when it is unconcluded, and the disdain of the authority that brings in itself the means of developing the part of the work that is still hidden and wrapped in the virtualities of a visionary illumination, then it is proper to affirm that the existence of the two characters side by side implies a contradiction. A Bolívar who, after the interview of Guayaquil,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup>The celebrated interview between Bolívar and San Martín.—THE EDITOR.

abandoned the field to his rival, or who, when his military work was once consummated, should decline to influence decisively the new destiny of America, would be a psychological contradiction, an unsolvable enigma of human nature. On the other hand, these denuements of renunciation are spontaneous and consistent in heroes of the moral temper of San Martín.

To minds of a limited and reflective vocation the abnegation of a power to which they are not attracted by any lofty purpose to be achieved comes after the firm constancy with which they have laid the foundation of a single concrete thought; and the former quality fits the latter like enamel. So nothing could be more natural, in these two captains of America, than the voluntary eclipse and the greater exultation of glory with which the historic interview of 1822 solved their opposite destinies. The withdrawal of San Martín has an explanation in his noble and austere virtue, but it has it, in no less a degree doubtless, in the involuntary reactions of instinct, and it was anticipated by Gracián in the fourteenth "Primor" of *El héroe*, where he defined the "natural empire," when he said:

The other wild beasts recognize the lion by natural instinct, and without ever having examined his worth, they hasten to fawn upon him; so to these heroes and kings by nature, respect is offered by others in advance, without awaiting a display of strength.

Apart from the activity of war, in the aspiration or the exercise of civil government, Bolívar's ambition for command gives freer scope to controversy and criticism; but even in this respect it would never be proper to judge him save after rising to the height whence one is able to behold, infinitely above vulgar egoisms, the hero that pursues a great object with the sentiment of historical predestination, and that esteems and gives prominence to his personal ambition. This criterion does not signify that all the will and every step of the hero necessarily have to be in accord with the higher aim that he brings into the world, nor that his faith in himself will never be able to induce aberration in him; neither does it signify maintaining the posi-

tive irresponsibility of the hero at the bar of his contemporaries, nor his ideal irresponsibility before the verdict of posterity. It simply means granting to the indivisible unity of heroic character all its value, so that the element of impurity that is perhaps mingled in the effective ferment may not be presented to the abstract judgment of others as the material portion which, being dissociated from a whole in which it is a virtue or maturity shall become a crude poison. The multitude which, thanks to its instinct, is at times as reliable as the instinct of genius itself, stands up to the hero and disputes his passage; the group of men of reflection or of character, which opposes to the audacities of the heroic will the prevision of their wisdom and the haughtiness of their rights, may or may not have just cause against the hero—frequently they have—but the historian that then extends his vision along the process of actions and reactions that weave together the complexity of human drama will see in the unbridled will of the hero a force which, with the forces that are associated with it and those that limit it, contributes to the harmony of history, and they will never confuse the excesses of this force with the vain or disturbing disquietude of the false hero, who disguises a selfish and sensual ambition under the assumed vocation of heroism, putting on the mane of the lion over the sleek fur of the fox.

AS INTERESTING as political aptitude, among the accessory talents of the Liberator, was his faculty for literary expression. His name, in this kind of glory, lives principally associated with the ardent and pompous eloquence of his proclamations and harangues, the most vibrating, unquestionably, that have ever been heard by armies and multitudes on the American soil. However, although not denying our admiration of this splendid oratory, there are many of us that prefer to enjoy the writer in the literature of his letters, which is more natural and flowing. The proclamations and speeches, like any similar kind of literature, in which emphasis of accent and pomp of expression are characteristics legitimated by the occasion, in the effort to secure a momentary

and violent effect on the consciousness of multitudes, lose in style much more than the chaste and serene or the intimate and spontaneous work. On the other hand, in the woof of those oratorical documents is wont to be mingled the faded and fragile threads of the vocabulary of political rhetoric, which is the least poetic of rhetorics, with its vagaries and abstractions and its forms of speech coined for the common exigencies of the platform; and so, in the proclamations and harangues of the Liberator, the lightning of genius, the leonine footprint, the image, the phrase or the word of imperishable virtue, stand out from the background of that pseudo-classic declamation, adapted to the language of modern political liberty, which, being disseminated in the books of Raynal, Marmontel and Mably, and in the eloquence of the Mountain and Girond, gave its instrument of propaganda to the revolution of 1789 and afterward by reflection to our Hispanic-American revolution. This unconscious clay, in the hands of Bolívar, was the material that modeled an artifice of genius, but which, after all, was clay.

On the other hand, in the letters, the very nature of the style preserved an air of spontaneity, which did not exclude, certainly, either eloquence or color. Now with abandon and confidential, now concerted to a tone somewhat more lyrical or oratorical, if the occasion involved it in itself; now giving voice to the concentrations of his thought, now to the aspects of his sensibility, radiant or melancholy, the letters constitute an important whole. The new and significant image imparts relief to the idea. He wrote in 1826:

We were as if by a miracle, on a point of casual equilibrium, as when two maddened waves meet at a given point and stand together in tranquillity, one of them reposing on the other, and in a calm that appears real, although instantaneous; navigators have seen the original of this many times.

There are sovereign bursts of personality, like this one from the letter in which he repudiates the royal crown that had been proposed to him by Páez:

I am not a Napoleon, nor do I wish to be one; neither do I wish to imitate a Cæsar;

much less an Itúrbide. Such examples seem unworthy of my glory. The title of Liberator is superior to all those that have been received by human pride. Therefore it is impossible for me to degrade it.

Attention is held elsewhere by the brilliancy that characterizes the sentence:

To judge well of revolutions and of their actors, it is necessary to observe them very near at hand and judge of them very far away. . . . Without stability, all political principle becomes corrupt and ends by destroying itself. . . . The soul of a slave is seldom able to appreciate a wholesome liberty: it becomes furious in tumults or it fawns in chains.

Losses for which we can never be consoled have reduced this precious treasure of his letters; but just as it stands preserved, it is not only an indelible testimony to the great writer that existed in Bolívar, but also the most complete and animated transcript of his extraordinary vigor. The poem of his life is there; and, in truth, what a magnificent poem, that of his life, for that esthetics of reality and action that makes of a human life a plastic poem! . . . None lived it more beautifully, and, it might even be said, in a sublime sense, more happily, or more enviably, at least, for him that raises his ideal life above the peace of the epicurean and the stoic. The eyes of his virgin fantasy, through which came the light of the world to awaken the inner sylvia—opened to the marvelous spectacle of that aurora of the nineteenth century which rent the realistic continuity of history with an abyss of miracle and fable. For the tempering of the heart, he experienced an unfortunate love, in his first nuptials, due to death: an unsated passion, of the kind which, occasioning in the void the release of an immense force, thrust it forth to seek desperately a new object, from which are wont to be born the great vocations. From all this came the inner revelation of genius, and for its employment and incentive, the grandiose occasion of a patria to be created, a world to be redeemed. Then followed the paroxysm of ten years of gigantic adventure, sustained with satanic vigor: the emotion of victory, a hundred times experienced; that of defeat, a hundred times repeated; the immense scene

wherein, as an image of those sublime discordances, alternated rivers like seas and mountains like clouds; the calcinating breath of the plains and the frozen blast of the blizzard; and, at length, the floating and fugitive dream that assumed the garb of plastic glory: the passage through the cities in wild delirium, amid rejoicings heaped upon the conqueror; the enchanted nights of Lima, where a languid ecstasy eased the martialness of the epopee; and the ineffable hour in which, from the pinnacle of Potosí, the Olympic glance ranged over the vast calm that followed the last battle.

Did anything else remain? The bitter voluptuousness experienced in feeling descend upon him the Nemesis of celestial envy; the unjust and thankless proscription, whence the consciousness of the strong is able to extract a proud fruition, a chord of harsh tones that could not be wanting in that life destined to have vibrate in it the most complex harmony of passion and beauty? Souls for these lives were brought by those astounding times of theirs, which renewed with an heroic and creative breath the affairs of men and gave to poetic invention the last of its great moments that were worthy to be styled "classic." When the explosion of personality and strength was able to take the form of action, it revived the prodigies of the Napoleonic deification, with their reflections of soldiers that crowned themselves kings. When the time came for him to be consumed with images and ideas, he generated the devouring longing of René, the indomitable haughtiness of Harold or the imperial majesty of Goethe. Never, since the Renaissance, had the human plant flourished in the world with such an impulse of sap and such energy of color; and the Renaissance, is it not called, in American history, the conquest? Among the men of the Renaissance that conquered America or that governed it, still wild and skittish, did there not come hidalgos from the manorial estate of the Bolívars of Vizcaya, whose blazon of an azure bar in a field sinople was to be changed in their offspring for a loftier blazon: the flag of Colombia? . . . When this recollection is illuminated, the heroic vocation ad-

dressed to shattering the yoke of the conquest seems to the imagination as if the genius of those same superhuman people that placed the yoke with their own hands would awaken, after the long stupor of colonial quietude, with a hunger for adventure and the impetus with which the cat concludes its stretching. The Liberator Bolívar might also be called the reconqueror.

THE end of 1826 was approaching. At the summit of human exaltation, the numen and arbiter of a world, Bolívar returned to Colombia to assume the civil command. Soon the intoxication of victory and glory was to be changed into "the intoxication of absinthe" mentioned in the lamentations of the prophet. All that remained of that life was pain. That surrounding reality—which he had managed according to his will as long as his heroic thaumaturgy lasted, bending it like soft wax to the least of his designs, feeling it yield that he might ascend to rule, as if mounted on his war-horse; and, seeing it bestow of itself the marvel and the miracle when he evoked them—became, from the precise point where the epopee touched its bounds, rebellious and oblivious to his voice. Formerly things revolved about him like the notes of a music that he was concerting, an epic Orpheus in triumphant harmony; now they were to be dumb and motionless, or they would arrange themselves in a chorus that would deny and vilify him. A logical and fatal transition, if one gives it thought! That social reality which surrounded him, that America wrought by fire and iron in the Vulcanic forges of the conqueror, hid, when the hour of the revolution struck, beneath the seemingly servile enervation, a fathomless well of heroic will, of martial efficacy, purified by its age-long lethargy, like the wine that is matured in shadow and quietude. No sooner appeared the one that possessed the charmed word than that slumbering effervescence came to light, capable of prodigies: in the stirring and martial genius reality then found the pole that was to magnetize it according to the affinities of its nature; there where genius was, reality followed it and obeyed with filial eagerness. by Google

However, the heroic part accomplished, the work that awaited the hero, back from victory, like the inquiries of the Sphinx, was the manner of assimilating, of organizing, the good achieved; of developing, by efficacy of civic valor and political wisdom, that precious germ, although in mere potency, which military courage and the inspiration of battles had won, less as a prize to be enjoyed than as a conditional and relative promise. For such a work there was in reality nothing more than adverse preparation; in inherited character, in education, in manners and customs, in geographical relation, in economy, there was nothing but inert or hostile resistance. To establish free nations where servility was a tissue of habits thickened and strengthened by the ages; nations organic and united, where the wilderness interposed between inhabited land and inhabited land more time and obstructions than the sea that separates two worlds; to infuse the stimulus of progress, where the uncouthness of barbarism trenched on the smallness of the village; to form the capacity to govern where all culture was a thin and artificial superficiality; to find springs with which to maintain, without the oppression of despotism, a stable order: such and so arduous was the work. The conflict between purpose and means that it presented at every step in the external reality did not spare the mind itself of the worker, of the Liberator, predestined much more for a hero than for an educator of republics; much greater, in his political designs, for the illuminated vision of the remote goal and the sovereign potency of initial impulse, than for the slow and obscure effort by means of which one passes from this to that extreme in enterprises that are the result of resignation, caution and perseverance. Along with these essential obstacles, there still remained those that sprang accidentally from the occasion. There remained those impure dregs that are brought to the surface by the surge of revolutions: brutal energies that thrust themselves into the front rank; feverish deliriums that are proposed as ideas; ambition that demands a usurious price for its anticipatory courage or audacity; and the exacerbated

insolence of the multitude, which is jealous of the most legitimate use of power in the very one it has tempted or will tempt tomorrow with the brutal excesses of tyranny.

From the first hours of administration, Bolívar was surrounded by distrust and aversion, and very soon by the conspiracy that threatened him; while in the depths of his own consciousness he felt forming the doubt, which, excited by a premature and violent hostility, brought to his lips the manly confession of the message in which he offered his resignation to the congress: "I myself do not feel innocent of ambition." Two years therefrom had not passed, and the authority with which he was invested was no longer the mandate of the laws, but that of dictatorial power. The political organization that he left established, with the omnipotent prestige of his victories, in Perú and Bolivia, went to pieces during his absence; interests and passions found there other centers, which tended to the avenging of that servile submission to the ideas and arms of the Liberator, by arousing the spirit of autonomy, and war broke out between Colombia and Perú. He had dreamed of gathering the nations created by his genius in a new amphictyonic league; and no sooner were they constituted than they fought among themselves, as from the womb of their mother fought the sons of Rebecca. In the meanwhile, in Colombia, the exacerbation of civil discord went to the extreme of putting arms in the hands of the plotters who, assaulting Bolívar's house on the night of September 25, 1828, attempted to aim their daggers at the Liberator's breast. While the frustrated conspiracy of his enemies left in his bosom, if not a bloody wound, at least the bitterness of the enormous iniquity, the coterie of his supporters caused to dangle industriously before his eyes the monarchical temptations that he was wise enough to reject with an imperturbable consciousness of his dignity and glory. Thanks to this firmness, the complete ruin of democratic institutions did not result from all this inharmony; but there persisted the bitter fatality of the dictatorship, in which necessarily the stature of the hero was to shrink into a ministry unworthy of his moral altitude.



The rebellion against the *de facto* government broke out in Popayán, with López and Obando; later, in Antioquía, with Córdoba; and it was not subdued save at the cost of blood, which fostered hatred. Calamities did not end thus. In 1829, peace now secured with Perú, something even more lamentable and cruel followed that fratricidal war. Venezuela withdrew from the national union, which, ten years earlier, had crowned the laurels of Boyacá. The unity of Colombia perished, and the cry of that emancipation reached the ears of Bolívar chorused by the insolent and furious clamor with which, from the very land in which he was born, blinded multitudes accused him and demanded of Nueva Granada his overthrow and banishment. The star of Bolívar had touched the shadow that was to swallow it; his political ruin was inevitable from that moment. In January, 1830, began the sessions of the assembly; summoned to restore constitutional order, and the Liberator resigned office and retired, although still without a mind resolved to seek obscurity, to his *quinta*,<sup>6</sup> in the neighborhood of Bogotá, whence he set out very soon for Cartagena, in a retirement that was to be definitive. Neither health nor fortune accompanied him as pledges saved from the shipwreck. His body was failing him, stricken as it was by an incurable disease of the chest, which had already stamped on his face the symptoms of a premature old age. Of his inherited wealth there remained nothing: all had been consumed between abnegation and neglect. As for pangs of soul, above him crossed the darts of disinterested sorrow, as of a father or teacher, and those of the selfish sorrow of a broken and outraged ambition. Not even in thought of the future was there refuge for all his pain, because the saddest of it all was that Bolívar lived the brief remainder of his days in doubt as to the greatness of his work and in despair over the destiny of America. Even if some spark of faith lurked beneath these ashes, he did not long delay in persuading himself that his ostracism would not even have the virtue of re-establishing tranquillity. Often enough

the sound of clashing arms, there where there was a garrison of soldiers, announced, not, as on another day, the glory of war, but rather the shame of mutiny: the remnant of the army that had liberated a world was dissolving in that miserable agitation. From the neighboring Hispanic-American peoples came the echo of similar turbulence; and as if all this spectacle of America in anarchy and delirium needed, in order to wound Bolívar more deeply, to condense itself in a single atrocious act that would be the culmination of ingratitude and subversion and would thrust him through the heart of his affections, soon he was to learn of the vile assassination of Sucre, the illustrious marshal of Ayacucho, run down like a vulgar criminal, in a defile of the Andes, without the purest and most austere military glory of the revolution in America's being a shield against the wantonness of demagogy. A very bitter letter written on that occasion by Bolívar shows to what point this crime drove his hopelessness. Such was the situation of his mind when he heard himself summoned from Bogotá, where the government of Mosquera had been overthrown and the victorious mob desired the return of the Liberator. A final throb of his instinct for domination and his faith in himself darted through him, and for an instant he turned his eyes to those that called him; but as soon as he observed that it was a military sedition, without the recognized sanction of the people, that tempted him with a power wrested from its legitimate possessors, he regained his desire for retirement and his stoic attitude, and a proud sense of his dignity prevented his breaking that solemn sunset of his life with the vulgar pomp of a pretorian triumph.

His illness aggravated, he moved in the autumn of 1830 to Santa Marta. There, where eighteen years before he had taken the road to his first victories; there, lulled by the thunder of the sea, he awaited impending death, epiloguing, like the sea, with the sadness of a sublime calm, the dynamic sublimity of his tempestuous outbursts. His spirit, purified, tranquillized, had, in those last hours, only words of forgiveness for ingratitude, forgetfulness for insults and prayers of concord

<sup>6</sup>Country estate.—THE EDITOR.

and of love for his people. Few men have enjoyed, in the whirlpool of action, so beautiful a life; no one has died, in the peace of his couch, so noble a death. It began on the afternoon of December 7, 1830, when Simón Bolívar, the Liberator of America, drew his last breath.

He had given to the new peoples of Spanish origin his greatest, his most effective and his most heroic will, the most splendid public utterances of his revolutionary propaganda, the most penetrating vision of their future destiny; and, harmonizing all this, the original and enduring representation of his spirit in the human concourse of genius. To find peers for him it is necessary to ascend to that supreme group of war heroes, not more than ten or twelve in the history of the world, in whom the sword was the innovating demiurge which, when the ephemeral light of battles had waned, has left a trace that has transformed, or is to transform, in the course of the ages, the fate of a preponderating and noble race. What is lacking in order that this magnitude of his glory may appear in the universal consciousness, as it appears clearly in ours? Nothing that shall reveal unknown things regarding him, nor that shall purify or interpret again those that are known. He is now cold and perennial bronze, which neither waxes nor wanes nor keeps silent. It is only lacking that a pedestal be raised. It only remains for us to go upward, and, with our shoulders uplifted to the required height, as the pedestal of such a statue, cause it to rest upon us together with those primary and universal figures that seem higher only because the shoulders of peoples that lift them to an open and luminous space are

higher than ours. However, the plenitude of our destiny is approaching, and with it the hour in which the whole truth about Bolívar will spread throughout the world.

As to our America: he will always stand as her unsurpassed eponymous hero; for the superiority of the hero is not determined merely by what he is capable of doing abstractly by the vehemence of his vocation and the energy of his aptitude, but also by what is contributed by the occasion itself on which he appears, the undertaking to which he has been sent by the appointment of God; and there are heroic occasions which, because they are predestined and fundamental, are unique or as rare as those celestial conjunctions that the movement of the stars does not reproduce save at enormous intervals of time. When ten centuries shall have passed; when the patina of a legendary antiquity shall extend from Anáhuac to the Plata, where nature frisks or civilization nurtures its roots; when a hundred generations of humanity shall have mingled, in the masses of the earth, the dust of their bones with the dust of forests a thousand times shorn of their leaves, and of cities twenty times reconstructed, and myriads of names glorious by virtue of enterprises, prowess and victory of which we can form no image shall cause to echo in the memory of men that would astonish us by their strangeness, if we should succeed in glimpsing them: even then, if the collective sentiment of free and united America has not lost its essential potency, those men, who will see like ourselves, on the snowy brow of the Sorata the loftiest summit of the Andes, will see, like us also, that in the expanse of their recollections of glory there is none greater than Bolívar.



# THE STORY OF MY LIFE

BY

AMADO NERVO

Whether or not one may have had the good fortune to be personally acquainted with Amado Nervo, he will appreciate this brief autobiography, not only for the facts that may be obtained from it at first hand, but also for the characteristic modesty and humor with which they are presented.—THE EDITOR.

I WAS born in Tepic, a little city on the Pacific coast,<sup>1</sup> August 27, 1870. My surname was Ruiz de Nervo; my father changed it by shortening it. His Christian name was Amado, and he gave it to me. I therefore became Amado Nervo, and this name, which sounds like a pseudonym—many in America have considered it such—and which at all events was unusual, has probably contributed not a little to my literary fortune. Who knows what my fate would have been with the ancestral Ruiz de Nervo, or if my name had been Pérez y Pérez!

I began to write when I was very young, and on a certain occasion a sister of mine found my verses, made on the sly, and read them in the dining-room before the assembled family. I shrank into a corner. My father frowned. That was all. A little more sternness, and I should have escaped for ever. To-day I might perhaps be a practical man. I might have amassed a fortune with the money of others, and my honesty and seriousness would have opened all doors to me. My father merely frowned, however. Besides, my father also wrote verses, and also on the sly. His sex and his great sorrows saved him in time, and he died without knowing that he possessed talent. He has now discovered it with a pious smile. . . .

I did not and I do not possess any special literary tendency. I write according to my whim, as "*spiritus qui flat ubi vult*." I belong to but one school: that of my deep and perennial sincerity.

<sup>1</sup>To be exact, thirty miles from the coast: it is the capital of what was formerly the territory of Tepic, now the state of Nayarit, the name of which was taken from that of the Huichol Indians (Nayariti, as they called and continue to call themselves) and their country the Sierra del Nayarit, one of the wildest, most inaccessible and most forbidding regions of America.—THE EDITOR.

I have turned out innumerable bad pieces, in prose and verse; and some good ones; but I know which are which. If I had been wealthy, I should have produced nothing but good ones, and to-day the world would perhaps have from me only a small book of conscious, free, haughty art. It could not be! I had to live, in a country where almost no one read books, and where the only means for the diffusion of ideas consisted in the newspaper. Of all the things that most pain me that is the one that pains me most: a brief and precious book, which life did not let me write: a free and unique book.

I HAVE published hitherto in prose: *El bachiller*; *El domador de almas*; *Pascual Aguilera*; *Otras vidas*, in which the preceding three works were reprinted; *Almas que pasan*; and an infinitude of articles of all kinds in infinite newspapers and magazines.

The press and the critics in general have concerned themselves not a little with me, but almost always to say horrible things. I have devoured ten tons of fresh toads . . . and I have digested them.

*El bachiller*, because of the audacity and unexpectedness of its form, and especially of its dénouement, caused such a scandal in America that it served admirably to make me known. I was discussed with passion, and at times with anger; but they discussed me, which was the essential. *El bachiller* was published in French by Vanier, Verlaine's publisher, and three editions of it have been brought out in Spanish.

As to my lyrics, here you have them: *Perlas negras* (adolescent verses); *Místicas*; *Poemas* (of which *El prisma roto* and *La hermana agua* form a part); *Lira heroica*; *Jardines interiores*; and *El éxodo y las flores del camino* (prose and verse).

I am preparing *En voz baja*, which will

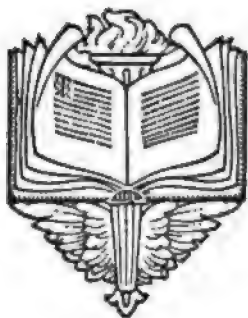
be a book exclusively in a minor key, in which one should not seek sonorities, oratory or whimsicality: it is Life, in what it contains of the enigmatic, insinuating and beautifully imprecise, that goes whispering through these pages.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup>We have been unable to ascertain when this autobiographical sketch was written or was first published, but it must have appeared years ago, in Europe, since the author fails to allude to his later works and since he writes as if outside of America. We have before us the *Obras completas de Amado Nervo*, up to volume xxviii, published by the Biblioteca Nueva, Madrid, 1920-1921. The set, as far as published, contains:

i. *Perlas negras, Místicas*; ii. *Poemas*; iii. *Las voces*,

*Lira heroica y otros poemas*; *El exodo'y las flores del camino*; v. *Almas que pasan*; vi. *Pascual Aguilera, El donador de almas*; vii. *Los jardines interiores, En voz baja*; viii. *Juana de Asbaje*; ix. *Ellos*; x. *Mis filosofías*; xi. *Serenidad*; xii. *La amada inmóvil*; xiii. *El bachiller, Un sueño, Amnesia, El sexto sentido*; xiv. *El diamante de la inquietud, El diablo desinteresado, Una mentira*; xv. *Elevación*; xvi. *Los balcones*; xvii. *Plenitud*; xviii. *El estanque de los lotos*; xix. *Las ideas de Tello Téllez, Como el cristal*; xx. *Cuentos misteriosos*; xxi. *Algunos, Crónicas varias*; xxii. *La lengua y la literatura, primera parte*; xxiii. *La lengua y la literatura, segunda parte*; xxiv. *En torno a la guerra*; xxv. *Crónicas*; xxvi. *Ensayos*; xxvii. *El arquero divino*; xxviii. *Discursos, Conferencias, Miscelánea*.

Amado's last volume, published in Buenos Aires, shortly before his death in Montevideo, was *El estanque de los lotos*.—THE EDITOR.



# THE SYNTHETIC FUNCTION OF THE UNIVERSITY<sup>1</sup>

BY

RAÚL A. ORGAZ

A review of the present state of the Argentine universities, with particular emphasis on the unrelated character of the teaching of the several schools that constitute them, and a plea for the creation of a faculty of philosophy and letters and of higher studies that shall not only offer ampler courses than those that are now provided, but shall also encourage investigation, coördinate the faculties and function "triply in respect of teaching, science and philosophy."—THE EDITOR.

THE Asociación Bibliotecaria de Córdoba—created to foster popular culture—is seeking to make a part of its function the consideration of palpitating questions by arousing through periodical lectures the attention of all those that feel in any way responsible in the work of common progress. I now have the honor to present to you some ideas regarding a subject that I deem important, as it deals directly with the social function of universities, a theme already much debated in the country, although the discussion has left—it must be confessed—practical conclusions of but slight significance.

The reform effected a short time ago in the regimen of the Argentine universities has induced a wholesome democratization of the teaching function from the triple point of view of responsibility, periodicity and publicity: true dogmas of a republican society; but I must hasten to add that we have gone but half way, for, in order to crown the work, it is necessary to institute—not to restore, because it never existed—in our universities the philosophical spirit of the times in which they exist and of the society in which they play a part. If the university is to be something more than the mere sum total of the schools into which it is divided, it is necessary that a synthesis be made of the fragmentary culture that these schools have in view by creating a faculty of philosophy and letters and of higher studies.

The thesis of the "social function" of

universities has become a commonplace. The former conception, according to which they accumulated and transformed knowledge, has given place to the present one, in compliance with which there is a tendency to lay more stress on science, with a view to the greater good of all. As means of social action, as organs to facilitate and perfect the adaptation of institutions to the ideals that inform the social consciousness, universities daily increase in importance. It has been rightly remarked that modern universities do not seek merely to know more than the old universities, but—and this is the main and most interesting thing—also to utilize knowledge in a more perfect manner for the general betterment. Are they to train competent professionals only, or must they work, above all, for the advancement of the sciences? To attribute an optative sense to the problem is to belittle it. Universities, in the modern conception of the word, ought to perfect the increasing phenomenon of the division of social work, thus assuring the maximum of competition in each of the professional realms; but, at the same time, they ought to vitalize special studies, synthesizing their ultimate conclusions and forming what we may call the ideological atmosphere that corresponds to each period of civilization.

The university tends in this manner to be everywhere a directive organ of the national energies: a focus of energetic radiation in the process of transmitting scientific values. Whatsoever the type of university that prevails among different peoples—whether that of a bureaucratic institute designed to grant titles and diplomas of profes-

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered under the auspices of the Asociación Bibliotecaria de Córdoba, in the halls of the Biblioteca Provincial.

sional aptitude, as was the university created in France by the empire; whether that of a laboratory to train men of science capable of transmitting and transforming it, such as Germany offers; or whether that of a higher instrument designed to secure the most perfect adaptation of the individual to the social environment, thus forming *men* rather than *scholars*, and *characters* rather than *vocations*, as occurs in England, the university of our time, and, above all, that of the first of the types indicated—which is the type common to France, Spain and the nations of the New World—seeks to overcome the one-sidedness of the different faculties that constitute it and, at the same time, to complement their *teaching* function with a properly *scientific* function, that is, it seeks both to transmit the highest knowledge of human wisdom and to organize original and direct investigation in order to broaden the field of knowledge.

As to the former—that is, the desire to offer to scientific work a systematic synthesis, the *corpus* of the general ideas of each epoch—it is so urgent that any university that still claims the right to such a title can not pretend to do so without fulfilling this lofty and fundamental function. To fulfil it, universities have an *instrument*: the faculty of philosophy; and a *method*: scientific investigation. The fundamental idea that I would try to fix in the minds of my hearers this afternoon, and that I could wish all the social classes of Córdoba heartily to welcome, is that of the function of the faculty of philosophy and letters in order to complete the organism of our glorious, classic institution; but if the undertaking that I favor is to be something more than a new wheel in the official machine, and if the synthetic function that it would seek to discharge is to constitute something better than a generalizing stammer or a clever gloss of the dilettanti of philosophy, it will be indispensable to harmonize philosophy with science, and metaphysics with experience, in order that hypotheses may flourish in the soil of reality.

The eminent Liard, when he traces the outline of higher instruction in France in the period of the empire, gives us these

words, in emphasizing the lack of a spirit of solidarity among the different faculties of that country, which seem to have been written to call attention to a similar evil in those of many other peoples. He says:

The empire created the university. It created it, however, that it might be a manufactory of public spirit in its behalf; it did not take thought to assign a place in it to science, which is a home of the spirit of liberty. Doubtless there must have been in the university of the empire—one and indivisible like the empire—an especial compartment for higher instruction, and in this compartment as many as five kinds of faculties: theology, law, medicine, science and letters; yet under these words, what a world of falsehoods! In this picture, what a multitude of phantasms! At bottom, the new faculties were nothing more than new names for former special schools, and, in giving them this name, there was not given to them what it explained as essential, that is, a *common soul*, of which they would have been the different forces. Among them, no tie, no relation and at times no contact! Now dispersed, now disseminated at the hazard of an absolutely empirical distribution, they had to live without helping one another, without their always being acquainted with one another, each one bent on its particular task, creating here graduates in law, there doctors of medicine, elsewhere, bachelors. To confer degrees was their great, and even their sole, mission.<sup>3</sup>

“To confer degrees,” “to turn out professionals:” such seemed also, until a short time ago, the ingenuous idea of the Argentine faculties. The pompous word “university” did not involve in their minds an implicit interest in synthesis and solidarity. Each faculty was a different kingdom, each chair was an inclusive fief, each professor—in the best of cases—an uncompromising paladin of his own speciality. It might have been called “the university Middle Ages:” isolation, particularism, disdain for general ideas and for the university values of the world and of life.<sup>3</sup>

Theoretically, the knell of this conception seems inevitable. All the world ac-

<sup>3</sup>Liard: *Universités et facultés*, page 7.

<sup>4</sup>In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 15, 1920, Maurice Barrès addressed the minister of public instruction in France in advocacy of the intellectual reconstruction of the nation and in criticism of the defects of scientific organization. His remarks are fundamental.

cepts and repeats now, in every tone, that knowledge is a constant reduction to a common denominator of values achieved by every particular investigation, and the higher integration of the partial truths that it wins. "Specialization," it is said, recalling Liard's words, "is not separation; distinction is not isolation. On the contrary, in proportion as science penetrates the infinite detail of things, the more necessary seem basic elements and general views. The specialist alone, exclusively, is a terrible millstone that pulverizes ideas; he needs a corrective: general ideas." Nevertheless, general ideas, introduced with the faculties of philosophy and letters, do not accomplish the miracle. The universities, in creating the *instrument*, forgot the *method*: they separated philosophy from science, and they preferred to maintain the professor that would gloss—ill or well—the classic themes of traditional metaphysics, to stimulating investigators who, in broadening the domains of science, would contribute new suggestions or give rise to new hypotheses regarding the fundamental problems of life and of the spirit.

Let us not forget, indeed, that the notion of university, in the modern sense of the word, involves a double finality: the teaching of the higher branches of human knowledge and the development of original and direct investigation for the broadening of knowledge. Both are, unquestionably, fundamental, for while one carries on the work of *diffusion* by transmitting accumulated knowledge and rendering permeable the spirit of the generations of every country and every period to the scientific environment that dominates in them, the other fulfils the task of *penetration* by working upon the scientific reality itself in order to win new truths and to come at other generations. In spite of the importance that I have just recognized in the supreme aims of the modern university, I ought to add that in a country that we always remember in our constant struggle for social betterment—the United States of America—the second of them, that is, *scientific investigation*, tends to prevail over the first, that is, the simple teaching function. *To cause science to progress* is the device of the contemporary Yankee universities.

With the vigorous precision that characterizes the language of their professors, they have begun to proclaim it insistently.

"Research is the nervous system of the university," said Professor C. M. Coulter of Chicago, in a toast that I had the pleasure of hearing, April 15, 1916, at the banquet of the Philosophical Society. "It stimulates and dominates every other function. It makes the atmosphere of the university, even in the undergraduate division, differ from that of the college. It affects the whole attitude toward subjects and toward life. This devotion, not merely to the acquisition of knowledge, but chiefly to the advancement of knowledge for its own sake, is the peculiar possession of universities."<sup>4</sup>

This most recent tendency of advanced studies in that admirable country meets the difficulties that are presented there by the present organization of secondary instruction, which is of interest to us, inasmuch as one of the factors of the poverty of higher studies in our country is to be found in the low level occupied by students that come to the university. "The American university," says, moreover, Mr. A. G. Mayer, "to-day remains a hypertrophied college, and the conservation of the past is its ideal, rather than the revelation of the new truth;"<sup>5</sup> but the movement is making its way; some of the North American universities had already attained, several years ago, to the perfect type of the scientific university. It did not have *professors* to *explain* lessons to their students, but only *companions* to work together in laboratories and in classes for personal investigation, according to the methods of the German seminaries; their statutes called professors "more advanced students that direct the younger students." So that if "the American university," Mr. Schurman, the president of Cornell, says, further, from the same point of view, "is still in the state of expectancy or of promise, its future is to be a great school of research."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup>Maurice Caullery: *Les universités et la vie scientifique aux États-Unis*, translated by James Haughton Woods and Emmet Russell, Cambridge, 1922, page 157.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibidem*, page 157.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibidem*, page 157.—THE EDITOR.

Thus is clearly shown the thorough conception that now prevails in the orientation of university teaching in the most advanced nations of the world, that is, both the perfect *transmission* of knowledge, indispensable to the formation of professionals useful to society and meeting the needs of the division of technical labor, and arduous and patient *investigation* in the field of knowledge itself, from which follows at the same time an educative or ethico-social function of the greatest importance, for there is nothing comparable to the heroism of those that strive to wrest from nature the elements for the eternal transmutation of knowledge. The example of the German university is highly suggestive. A writer has remarked:

It has been said that the German university has as its chief end the *creating of science*, just as the English university had that of *creating men* or characters; that is, to the English university has been assigned a more educative character and to the German a more scientific and instructive character. The reality does not confirm this assertion, which, like all general assertions, always has its defects. The German university has a scientific aim, a professional aim and an educative aim, and, one might even add, a social aim, if we take note of the mutual relations that exist between the university as an organ of culture, and the social spirit of the people in which it is rooted. The contemporary German professor must not be merely *Foscher* or *Leber*, but also *Erzieher*, that is, not only an "investigator" or a "professor," but also an "educator." From the thorough and admirable work of the cultivation of science springs spontaneously its synthetic organization, and from the latter the transcendent notion of culture that by essence tends not only to the incessant progress of science itself, but also to diffuse itself in the mass, in the social spirit, with more intensity than ever. This means that in proportion as the investigator wrests truth from mystery, he also sows it in the minds of those that are ignorant of it, although he may not try to do so and although he may not himself be wholly aware of it. Hence results, as a logical condition of scientific progress, its ethical importance, or, rather, the imminence of the *ethical movement* as an integral factor of scientific progress itself.<sup>7</sup>

If such is the conclusion at which we ought to arrive, when we contemplate this phase of the subject, that is, the twofold teaching and scientific function of contemporary university institutions, it still remains, however, to insist on the urgency of the demand for synthesis that is to be observed in them, and, above all, on the supreme vinculation of all the schools or faculties by means of a higher organ, without which the notion of the university seems mutilated: an organ which, in our opinion, is a faculty of philosophy and letters created with a different tendency from that which is assigned it to-day. It is understood, indeed, that each of the university schools or faculties ought to address itself to the dual end or function enunciated above; but it does not yet seem clear how the vinculation or synthesis of the partial teachings supplied by each faculty can be imparted in such a way as to avoid exclusive *specialism*, "that terrible millstone that pulverizes ideas," according to Liard's graphic expression already noted. This leads us to pause over the present concept of philosophy in its relation to the sciences, as well as over the so-called "social function" of philosophy.

A few days ago, in the last session of the class in the subject that I teach in the university, I pointed out to my students the nature of the relations that exist between the human mind and society, and how, if the science of society must be based on the science of mind, the latter, in turn, finds in the studies carried on by the former a valuable contribution to the success of its own investigations. Not only are the things with which society occupies itself mental or psychical things—sentiments, impulses, ideas and beliefs—but many of the things of which psychology treats are the product of society. If sensation, I said to them, does not require anything more than the participation of the subject that perceives and the external world, the highest manifestations of the spirit of man have flourished only in life in common. Man is polished by man; and from the obscure realm of the actions and reactions of minds upon one another spring the supreme victories of reason. Only in social life does man learn to discipline his

<sup>7</sup>Eloy Luis André: *La mentalidad alemana*, Madrid, 1914, page 131.



instincts and dominate the springs of his own government. What there is in him of nobility and greatness comes from the practice of collective activity. It has been rightly said therefore that "reason is the offspring of the city," and that "intelligence is the torch that is kindled by the reciprocal contact of man," since, in drawing together, men have learned, if not to judge and to reason, at least to effect this operation with precision, amplitude and profit.

The reference to my course will be pardoned, if it be borne in mind that philosophy is, above all, an *education*, a *practice*, an intellectual norm. "To learn philosophy is, above all, to learn to philosophize," said Giner de los Ríos excellently, "or, in other words, to learn to investigate and to discover relations, aspects, problems, which transcend not only sense knowledge, but also each particular object and relate it gradually to other and all objects until we recognize it, in the most complete possible manner, as an object of universal value and importance. By this means, at the same time that the clearly social genesis of philosophy is proven, in respect of learning to investigate, to discover relations, aspects and general problems of reality, it involves a certain aptitude for *reflecting, penetrating, generalizing and explaining*, that is, the supreme aptitudes of the spirit, and one begins to comprehend the *social value* of philosophy, inasmuch as it disciplines for the harmonious adaptation of our mental forces to the intelligent investigation of the problems of the universe imposed by that proud ministry, as it were, to which the verse of Terence alludes:

I am a man, and nothing that is human deem  
I alien to me.

Social because of its origin, philosophy is so, and in an eminent degree, because of its function. The body of general ideas that dominate each period; the optimistic or pessimistic conception that men form for themselves in the face of the riddles of nature and of life; the successive avatars of justice in codes and institutions; the problems of law, the problems of property; the phenomenon of economic coöperation

and the division of labor; the notion of the moral freedom of man and of the congeneric manifestations of social life—in politics, in ethics and in law—are in intimate relation with one another and are influenced in a reciprocal manner. If philosophy is the transcendent characteristic of a certain social conception of the universe and of life, it serves at the same time as an instrument for the struggle of interests and ideals in the heart of each civilization. The philosopher not only operates in the short radius of pure speculation, when he states the problems of *being, knowing and doing*, and assigns solutions, but he, consciously or unconsciously, interestedly or disinterestedly, supplies the masses with instruments with which they are to fight in their struggles for respective supremacy.

Will it be necessary to demonstrate by examples how far the so-called "social function" bears upon the history of philosophy, in the sense that—apart from its economic phase—the social question is at one and the same time a moral question? In one of the most notable books of the abundant bibliography on the subject, the eminent Gaston Richard, professor in the Université de Bordeaux, has shown how the social question depends on a theory of law and on the affirmation of the value of personality—problems, both, discussed by the philosophers of the nineteenth century in accord with the conceptions they elaborated—and he has analyzed the causes that were able to associate "the speculations of a Fichte or a Hegel with the social action of a Lasalle a Karl Marx or a Friedrich Engels; the utopias of a Fourier with the penetrating criticism of a Renouvier; the audacious metaphysics of a Secrétan with the efforts of evangelical Christianity; the causes that have induced the positivism of Comte to spring from Saint Simonism, the system of Bentham from the system of Stuart Mill, or the democratic idealism of a Lamennais from the theocratic essays of a Joseph Marie Maistre or a viscount of Bonald." Have we not at hand a history of scientific socialism, with its deep philosophical rootage? Speaking now of the moment in which we live, filled with unexpected interrogators, occupied with a restless revision of doctrines and

dogmas, is it not paradoxical that the anti-intellectual and semi-mystical philosophy of Bergson should have supplied philosophical ballast to the rude dreams of the syndicalism of Sorel, with his protests against positivistic culture, his revolutionary myths, his hatred of bourgeois science, his faith in catastrophic revolution that is to prevent the unconscious mixture of the classes in the democratic morass? If the university is to be a living organ of national consciousness; if it is to discharge its mission of social pedagogy by means of the criticism and analysis of the motives of the collective work; if it is to be something more than the expression of the mind of a definite class or the crystallization of historical particularisms; if it aspires, in short, to the title of *civitas academia*, the orientator of social conduct, it can not avoid taking into account the *system of general ideas* that have constituted the atmosphere of each civilization, in which the partial problems of the social life have found their conditions of existence.

In the university organism the different schools or faculties discharge a philosophical function when they consider the more general aspects of the sciences they respectively inform; but it would be excessive and false to claim that this species of philosophical nimbus that surrounds each of the great abstract sciences—whether mathematics, physics, biology or sociology—exhausts the content itself of a general philosophy, as their supreme synthesis. Philosophy becomes every day more and more scientific, while at the same time the sciences become more generalizing; but in this phenomenon of the mutual penetration of knowledge, each order of activity preserves its own sphere.

Have the sciences rendered unnecessary the maintenance of philosophy as something peculiar and substantive? In other words, have the sciences satisfied *all* the problems of the reality with which they concern themselves? The negative of both questions is indisputable. If it is true that philosophy is still spoken of as a generic name to designate all the philosophical branches, that is, psychology, logic, esthetics and metaphysics, it is none the less true that the content itself of modern

philosophy is that of a simple metaphysics, not indeed with the meaning and scope of traditional metaphysics—dethroned and decrepit—but with the modern sense of a theory of the supreme questions of reality and knowledge. The legitimacy of this scientific metaphysics—to juxtapose two words traditionally regarded as antithetical—will be evident to him that shall consider that the sciences—even the general ones—have not met all the problems of the realities to which they address themselves.

Indeed, the different sciences view reality according to certain *fundamental notions* of which they are the development; but there remains to be demonstrated the relation between these notions by explaining how, in spite of their diversity, they refer to the same world, the same reality. The different sciences utilize *certain proceedings* of investigation whose value is justified, according to them, by the success of their application; there remains to be investigated, however, the legitimacy of these proceedings or methods, and to be demonstrated how they depend on conditions superior to the empiricism of the results obtained. The different sciences presuppose certain general principles that define the kind of union they establish between the mind and its objects. We have still to ascertain what these principles mean, whence they come and to what extent they establish the connection between intelligence and things. The different sciences, in short, institute only one truth in a certain abstract manner obtained by a reduction of what is real to its points of view, and by a reduction of the human spirit to the sole faculty of *knowing*; we must pursue the concept of the world, ask ourselves whether in the human mind, beside the intelligence, there does not exist *intuition*—of which Bergson speaks to us—and, by a supreme effort, reintegrate in a science or in a perfect representation the whole of reality.<sup>8</sup>

Present philosophy is therefore the metaphysics of the sciences, the science of the sciences, and, according to the expression of William James, a more determined effort to think out clearly the universal

<sup>8</sup>V. Victor Delbs: article entitled "Philosophie," in *La grande encyclopédie* edited by Google

realities. A thing of the past is the antagonism between philosophy and science, generated by the antinomy between noumenon and phenomenon and by the Platonic idea that every object of experience is like the shadow of the ideal and luminous object on which we turn our backs in life. "There was a moment," according to Rey, "in which the learned entertained a preconceived disdain for all philosophical thought, and in which the philosophers, at least those that claimed to be such in the professional sense, systematically ignored the works of the learned." Dilettantism established itself, with perfect assurance, in the inner world, and "philosophy became transformed into a literary genus, free of the necessity of the observation and analysis demanded by true literature, and in which imagination, eloquence and, above all, grandiloquence, seemed to be amply sufficient."<sup>9</sup> Perhaps this literary and sentimental point of view was not lacking in educative value, inasmuch as it implied respect for ideas and noble pre-occupations. Indeed, that which Ortega y Gasset—reviving an expression of Spinoza's—calls *amor intellectualis*, that is, love of comprehension, is sufficient; but it would be ingenuous to think that this delicate recreation of select souls—which consists in beholding how ideas combine harmoniously in respect of the most serious problems of the universe—could be equivalent to the arduous task of the scientist, convinced of the substantive value of truth and aware of the thorny paths that lead to the conquest of the most humble principle.

The positivism of Auguste Comte, with his relativistic concept of knowledge and his anathemas of metaphysics, went so far as to identify philosophy and science; but his theory, by a sort of reaction, in fleeing from the metaphysical *cause*, provoked the belief that the true explanation of things ought to be sought outside of scientific investigations, and served as a handle for philosophy—a theory of the absolute—in the presence of science—a theory of the relative—thus sanctioning the divorce of the two. More directly have contributed to the same result all the

philosophies that have rehabilitated the unconscious, the indeterminate, the irrational, thus creating an energetic, anti-intellectualistic and mystical current, visible in contemporary thought.

A new type of *culture*—which is to germinate in the new *university* demanded by the times—makes the sciences solidary with philosophy. The latter no longer seeks, as in the time of Comte, to hold aloof from the ultimate problems of experience, nor does it confide in the omnipotence of reason to solve them in the whirlpool of phrases that constituted the charm of Cousin's philosophy, nor does it betake itself to mere inner reflection to come at the complex problems of the spirit. Its mission is another: to restate the problems of the old philosophy *in respect of* the sciences and not *outside of* the sciences; to constitute a system of hypotheses based on principles that the sciences obtain, and to transmute radically the classic types of philosophy, in harmony with the conclusions of experience.<sup>10</sup>

Thus conceived, philosophy assumes a transcendent significance. It is an instrument for the common advancement, for spiritual and collective perfection, for useful orientations in the life of men. Formerly they said: "Science for science's sake;" "philosophy for philosophy's sake;" "art for art's sake." To-day this scientific amorality yields its place to the human significance of science, philosophy and art, and art, philosophy and science coöperate with the other forces which, consciously or unconsciously, are transforming society according to the rules of a higher justice. Fouillée, in his book *La réforme de l'enseignement par la philosophie*, affirmed:

The hour of scepticism and dilettantism has passed. The moment of serious thought and considered action has arrived. We no longer have time to entertain ourselves, like Renan, either with ideas or with forms; to distract ourselves with the play of contradictory propositions; to analyze our ego with curiosity and to contemplate our intellectual umbilicus: all these poses of a century that is growing old are antiquated, and, in themselves, both immoral and

<sup>9</sup>Abel Rey: "La philosophie moderne," Paris, 1911, page 23.

<sup>10</sup>See José Ingenieros's article entitled "La filosofía científica en la organización de las universidades," in *Revista de Filosofía*, Buenos Aires, March, 1916.

unintelligible. I think, for my part, that the philosophy of the twentieth century, without abandoning higher speculations, will become more and more sociological. Preoccupation with social questions is already visible in the philosophical teaching of the university; instead of wishing to struggle against this tendency, we must frankly accept it and endeavor to give professors a thorough social instruction. The students of our colleges are not designed to live a contemplative life; they ought to coöperate in the great work, which is precisely the social justice that ought to be instituted, and, with justice, social peace.

The unity of philosophy with the sciences being thus made clear, and as the latter do not exhaust the explanation of reality, the conclusion that we desire to emphasize is this: the unity of science demands the higher unity of the university. The different schools or colleges created for the study of the general sciences ought to be united among themselves by an organism coöordinative of university work, one that shall determine principles, directions and ideals that make it possible to organize culture for the service of society. This coöordinating organism is the faculty of philosophy and of higher studies.

However, before continuing, and in order to maintain as far as possible the connection of ideas, let us synthesize the preceding ideas in two conclusions:

1. Modern universities discharge a triple function: the *teaching* function, that of the transmission and diffusion of knowledge; the *scientific* function, that of the broadening of knowledge by investigation; the *philosophical* function, that of the synthesis and coöordination of the practical sciences.

2. Philosophy—apart from its *educative* phase, applied in secondary instruction—has a *university* function: the synthesis and integration of the sciences, the constitution of the system of general ideas as to the problems of the universe and of life; and a *social* function: the organization of culture as an instrument of common betterment and progress.

These ideas being established, how is the coördination of university work to be effected?

Faculties of philosophy—divided ordinarily into letters and sciences—are the successors of the former faculties of arts of

the fifteenth century. Those—the ancient ones—possessed a mingled character of higher and secondary instruction: the former as to their philosophical element; the latter, in the studies of grammar, rhetoric and mathematics. Their character was quite like that of the present *colleges*<sup>11</sup> of the United States. They occupied a rank lower than the other faculties, as they furnished the preparation for the faculty denominated “higher,” or—as they say in Spain—“greater,” that is, law, theology and medicine. Their methods do not concern us: formal logic, dialectics, syllogisms, “expositions,” “questions,” the passion for disputes, in short—which the chancellor of Paris compared to cock-fights—have become proverbial and have furnished food for the satire habitually wasted on university themes by the detractors of the Middle Ages. Let it suffice for our purpose to recall that the faculty of arts has served as a germ, on the one hand, for the courses in secondary instruction, and, on the other, for the faculties of philosophy of Germany, those of letters and sciences of France, Italy, Belgium and Spain, and our own faculties of philosophy and letters.<sup>12</sup>

In view of the notion that prevails to-day regarding the organization of universities, the faculties of philosophy have varied radically in their functional position. In contrast with what took place centuries ago, when—as has just been set forth—the faculty of arts occupied a somewhat inferior rank, since it served merely to train for other schools, the faculties of philosophy to-day tend to be recognized as the crowning of the special and technical studies of the university, and as the perfect form of the supreme doctrinaire integration.

Such is the view that prevails in Germany. In this country the so-called faculties of philosophy include the departments of philosophy, letters and sciences, although the last, or the faculty of sciences, involves nothing like what is understood among us by this phrase, since, for the training of engineers, special schools,

<sup>11</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>12</sup>In view of the nature of this address, it is necessary for us to enter into these details, thoroughly set forth in a bibliography on which we need not dwell here.

independent of the university, exist in Germany. Well then: the German faculty of philosophy maintains a glorious superiority over other faculties of philosophy, in conformity with the most transparent logic, for the unity of science—as I have already said—contributes to university unity. André, a professor of philosophy in the Instituto de Toledo, lays much stress on this exalted position of the German faculty of philosophy and on how beneficial it is to culture. After reminding us that the classic faculties in Germany are those of theology, law, medicine and philosophy, he adds:

The faculty of philosophy is so broad in its content that it includes at one and the same time the sciences, literature and philosophy properly so called. By the cultivation of the natural sciences, it bears relation to that of medicine; by the cultivation of the historical, economic and social sciences, to law; by the cultivation of historical criticism, oriental languages and the philosophy of religion, to theology. The faculty of philosophy in Germany is *the faculty* by antonomasia, the one that possesses the most liberal and humanistic character of all and the one that best expresses the spirit of the modern university of that nation, since, as Paulsen says, to the philosophical spirit of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the German university owes its characteristic of scientific liberty that has raised it to so high a point: a characteristic that has been so fertile and estimable in investigation. Because the faculty of philosophy sustains this ample relation to the other faculties—which are professions or professional schools rather than faculties—the German university not only preserves its traditional spirit as *universitas* and *studium generale*, but also that eternal youth, that incessant renewal of investigation and speculation, even in those fields which, like merely professional philosophy, seemed to face a crisis in the century that is dawning.

This supremacy does not spring exclusively from the broad content of instruction, but also—and this is the interesting part—from the solidly scientific character of the faculty. While the faculties of letters and sciences of the French type—like ours—have languished in the task of transmitting *made* science, their congeners in Germany have become glowing forges for the incessant transformation of knowledge.

“The German universities,” remarked Sir William Ramsay, “possess their faculty of philosophy, and this name preserves its primitive meaning, for it indicates a faculty devoted to wisdom and science. The motto of the men of that faculty is *investigation*: the discovery of secrets of nature; the accumulation of new knowledge. The whole organization of the faculty of philosophy tends to this end; to it are subordinated the choice of teachers, the equipment of the scientific institutions and the granting of degrees.”

Hence the contrast with the faculties of other countries, burdened with the excessive development of the simple function of teaching: while in the latter may be noted a small contingent of students, composed in the main, as in France, of would-be professors, teachers by rote, fellows and seekers for degrees, in Germany the faculties of philosophy, science and letters is the best attended of all, for, as all the world knows, the students of every faculty must study in that faculty some subject—philosophical, historical, et cetera—of a scientific character, in order to round out and give emphasis to the special or technical culture that is required in the respective schools. Hence it also follows that in the ordinary kind of faculties of philosophy, the axis of their life is constituted by the *public*, the audience, aim and supreme recompense of the oratorical and didactic power of the professors; while in the type of faculty that prevails in Germany, what is essential is the *scientific authority* of their professors, their standing among the specialists of the sciences they cultivate, the number and value of their books and papers. Therefore it has been justly observed that the danger of the German university teaching is *pedantism*, and of the French university teaching, *dilettantism*.

In the meanwhile, how do we in our country conceive of the integral and scientific function that we assign to philosophical teaching in the university organisms?

The simple observation of facts reveals that our universities continue an existence very similar to that which Liard pointed out to us, in the passage already transcribed, in speaking of the French university

in the period of the empire. Schools or faculties, even when—considered in particular—they habitually discharge with success their function of training physicians, engineers and lawyers, lack in themselves the animating spirit that ought to be the characteristic of every university worthy to be considered such. "Theoretically," it has been truly remarked, "the *university* is a school in which are gathered and *coördinated* the different parts of knowledge, in the same order that is assigned them by nature and the laws of the human spirit and of things;" and, in truth, we see brought together in the university the different parts of knowledge, grouped about one of the sciences that study generically a fundamental order of facts: physics, mathematics, chemistry, biology, psychology, et cetera; but there is lacking in this aggregation the indispensable *coördination*, according to a system of general principles, hypotheses and conclusions that can be conceived of as the true field of contemporary philosophy.

Twenty years ago the Universidad de Buenos Aires attached to its organism the so-called "faculty of philosophy and letters." It was established mainly for these two purposes: to serve as a higher bond between the teaching of the other schools and to foster the training and perfecting of professors in general. Its inspirer, Doctor Miguel Cané, a man of rare mind and of a talent of the first order, whose influence on Argentine culture permits his being assigned the rôle of a true civilizer, explained, with his habitually insuperable clarity, the objects of the faculty of which he was the first dean. "We believe," he said, "that the studies that shall be pursued here ought to be of a *scientific and general character*. Just as we can not admit that this faculty should be conceived of as a means of perfecting secondary studies, even the most complete, so also we do not admit that it shall serve, as the faculty of letters in France did for a century, as an instrument for manufacturing diplomas;" and, emphasizing what concerns us most, that is, the relative superiority of the new institution to the other professional schools, Doctor Cané added: "In the same way that a thorough unity of teaching is in-

dispensable, within the faculties, the constant contact that their own diversity justifies and renders necessary is indispensable, and even more so, among the different faculties. The modern man of broad culture is not and can not be the product of a special school: in order to understand clearly and precisely all that he needs to know, if he wishes to keep his intelligence on a high level, it is not necessary that he shall have received all the partial teachings, but that he shall have accustomed himself to productive generalizations, which may be attained only by being grounded in the university spirit." Finally, with a singular discernment of the true character of the modern university as an instrument of discipline by means of investigation and one's own labors, he said: "What ought to concern us above everything, in the study of philosophy, as in the other branches of our system, is *not to give ideas* to the student, but *to train his intelligence in order that he may be able to acquire ideas of his own and by his own effort.*"

Have the results of the creation of the faculty of philosophy and letters in the Universidad de Buenos Aires been in consonance with the purposes traced by its inspirer? Doctor Cané—repeating the simile of Victor Duruy, who compared the school of advanced studies of Paris to the living plant whose roots, by penetrating through the crevices, would succeed in dislocating the hoary stones of the old Sorbonne—cherished the hope that the intellectual future of our country would be reserved for the modest faculty of philosophy and letters. Nevertheless, the truth is that this augury does not yet seem to be near fulfilment, if we measure the results of the present organization of this faculty of Buenos Aires, sharply censured—at times with excessive severity—by some of those that have followed its teachings.

Outlining generically the faults from which the environment of the faculty of philosophy and letters still suffers, José Ingenieros, with his characteristic energy, has asserted that "the faculty of philosophy and letters is a faculty of luxury; its professors are lent by the other faculties; its students become fewer and fewer; its function is almost null; with a good motive.

some universities have elected to convert themselves into advanced pedagogical institutions." In this manner, by proving the decadence or stagnancy of these institutions, is implicitly revealed the vice of verbalism and vacuous abstractness that is gnawing at them, and stress is again laid on the contrast that we have just pointed out between the vigorous faculty of philosophy—of the German type—and the anemic faculty of sciences and letters, or of philosophy and letters, that predominates in the Latin countries.

In the Universidad de Córdoba, philosophical studies go back to the deepest roots of its tradition, and they have given to it—along with theological studies—the medieval physiognomy that is wont to constitute the enchantment of minds that are wanting in a sense of present reality, both of which classes being parallelly fatuous and temporary. Under the divine authority of Aristotle—"*praecursor Christi in rebus naturalibus*," nothing less—whose teachings reached the students marred by adaptations, translations, excisions and compendiums, the teaching of philosophy in the Universidad de Córdoba possessed the character or objective given it by the classic faculties of arts, to which we have already alluded, that is, that of preparation for entrance into other faculties: theology or law. The subjects comprised under the name of "arts" were four: logic, moral philosophy, metaphysics and physics; and the degrees conferred were three: bachelor of arts, licentiate [lawyer] and master of arts.

The teaching of philosophy underwent several modifications—the details of which do not interest us—after the reforms introduced by Dean Funes and those that resulted from the visit of Governor Castro in 1818, and of Doctor Baigani in 1825, from the nationalization of the university on September 11, 1856, until we reach the general statute of the year of 1879, which divided the university into four faculties (law and social sciences, physico-mathematical sciences, medicine, and philosophy and humanities). The national law of July 3, 1885, retained this division, and the statutes enacted in conformity with it added to the three professional faculties the faculty of theology and the former faculty

of arts, now called in the present statute, that of 1893 with the latest modifications: "Facultad de Filosofía y Letras."

At the present time, after the reform of 1918, philosophical studies are carried on without greater amplitude, curtailment or importance in the pedagogical and scientific plan of the university. The three faculties unquestionably possess, in their respective schemes of courses, strictly technical and professional subjects, and courses of a philosophical and comprehensive character, on the perfecting and progress of which depend the perfecting and progress of metaphysics, which is to-day the true philosophy in general. Thus, the faculty of law has general philosophy in the first year, and that of sociology, in the sixth; the faculty of medicine has a course in physiology, in which Ducceschi has shone, and into which he introduced biological physics and chemistry; the faculty of engineering has a course in physics, the study of which—like that of the other subjects that I have just mentioned—may be followed with a tendency purely and essentially scientific; but all these courses—even adapted to modern standards—are rendered sterile by a lack of solidarity and correlation, and they demand a higher institution in which, as a finality, shall exist the idea of the true university, functioning triply in respect of teaching, science and philosophy.

If I have the good fortune to be thoroughly comprehended, it will be clearly appreciated that the modern university, conceived of in the ideal form, preserves, on the one hand, its classical concept, that is, of an organ for the diffusion of knowledge, thus fulfilling its *teaching* design; and, on the other, it has integrated this classic concept both with the development of a strictly *scientific* function, which consists in working for the broadening of knowledge, and with the coöperation of the faculties of philosophy, which coöordinate the more general conclusions of human knowledge and render possible the institution of a metaphysics based solidly on experience.

The three primary functions of the university are correlated. None of them ought to predominate. The predominance of the teaching function over investigation

develops a routine and bookish mind; the exclusive development of the scientific function is out of harmony with the exigencies of society, which demands also competent and skilful professionals; the philosophical function, that of synthesis, is badly discharged when, far from unifying philosophy and the sciences, it persists in separating them by maintaining philosophical, historical, dogmatic and arbitrary categories.

These synthetic conclusions enable us to shorten the exposition of the subject and give a synopsis of the present state of the universities of Buenos Aires and Córdoba—which are the most important ones of the country—in respect of the threefold design of their studies, they being explained, at the same time, by the state of the faculty of philosophy and letters in the first of these universities. We have therefore as cardinal points:

The Universidad de Buenos Aires: excess of the teaching function; little investigation; defective synthesis.

The Universidad de Córdoba: excess of the teaching function; the least possible investigation; absence of synthesis.

The reform of 1918 induced a certain progress in the teaching function of the university, but it was incomplete, inasmuch as it left the other two functions almost in the same state as that in which they had been.

It is time therefore for us to continue the work by creating the faculty of advanced studies in the Universidad de Córdoba, thus carrying out what was decreed by the statutes of the house. We do not favor, of course, the creation, as by magic, of a showy institution, fated, unquestionably, to languish because of a lack of comprehension and of the surrounding precariousness of culture, but of something simpler: a modest section of advanced philosophical and general studies, attached to one of the existing faculties—let us say, that of law—in which, besides what pertains to philosophy, may be included courses in Latin and Greek, and, perhaps, a chair of history as a nucleus of the future organism. Moreover, it would not be wise to forget the relation between philosophy and the sciences and give the new school or section the verbalistic and inert

character of similar studies in other universities. It would be necessary to create and organize new laboratories, establish a serious and intelligent seminary course and plan and, in short, carry on labors of personal and direct investigation, professors and students being in close coöperation, and forgetting somewhat the teaching "lecture," the pedagogical discourses, the fine and elegant conversations to which at the present time the *desideratum* of the new Cordoban university seems to be confined. Indeed, I consider it necessary to introduce the practice that exists in Germany, that is, the one that requires that the physician, lawyer or engineer that is working for his doctorate shall take certain courses of the faculty of philosophy. Such a method would break the rigidity of technicism, admit of a greater mingling and intimacy among the students and add thoughtfulness, serenity, *equanimitas*.

Córdoba demands this complement to her culture. Her tradition, good or bad, but definite in this sense: the desire of all modern universities to perfect their studies more and more, thus balancing the weight of the teaching function with that of greater investigation, in order wisely to achieve a larger degree of harmony; the very reality of certain favorable factors, such as the existence of our astronomical observatory, the creation of the doctorate in natural sciences with the correlative organization; the more modern aspect that is every day assumed by the teaching of the fundamental sciences, such as biological physiology, chemistry and physics; the very increase in studies of a general character as a consequence of new intellectual tendencies that are beginning to show themselves: all this marks the opportunity for such an enterprise. To continue the present organization in which the faculties function separately, with no other bond than the official or bureaucratic one, is to maintain a body without spirit and to live in a state of illusory progress. Let us not strive, ladies and gentlemen, to foster the partial studies of the university, if the current of general ideas is to continue to lead us toward the past, with its solutions that can not be reconciled with the present sense of the eternal problems of nature and of life.



# THE PARAGUAYAN WOMAN

BY

MARÍA FELICIDAD GONZÁLEZ

Among South Americans, the Paraguayan woman enjoys a reputation for domesticity, fidelity, patience and courage. The writer of this article emphasizes the intellectual opportunities and attainments of her fellow-countrywomen. At the same time, she shows that, in respect of placing woman teachers on a level with man teachers, the chief executive of her country "is not refractory to this modern achievement of individual rights," and that there do not exist in her country "any of those social hindrances that render the position of woman difficult elsewhere." Furthermore, she calls attention to the presentation in the national chamber of deputies of a bill in favor of woman suffrage, in connection with which one of the deputies concluded his address by "urging that civil and political rights be granted to Paraguayan women," in view of the "life of the Paraguayan woman before and after independence, in the war and after her labor of reconstruction."—THE EDITOR.

**P**ARAGUAY is striving resolutely to raise the level of her culture in all the realms of human activity. The education of women occupies a place of preference in the regard of the government and of society; the time has passed in which the instruction and higher training of woman did not extend beyond the narrow limits of a course of primary studies.

To-day she is offered a broad field in which to develop her activity. In Paraguay exist the principle of liberty of study and the coeducation of the sexes, so that women may follow what best accords with their individual idiosyncrasies. At the same time they are guaranteed in the practice of their professions. In other words, Paraguayan women have won intellectual equality, which now enables them to say to men: "We also participate in human progress, in the great concert of civilization, by contributing to social economy the capital of our aptitudes in the professions we exercise."

Indeed, it may be said that in Paraguay primary instruction, a part of secondary instruction and much of professional teaching are under the exclusive direction of woman. She plays a leading part in the formation of minds, and this circumstance contributes to giving her prestige and ascendancy in society. The growing influx of women into secondary institutions, formerly directed by men alone, is to-day yielding splendid results in law, medicine, pharmacy and commerce. The school of commerce has granted diplomas to many

women that to-day fill important positions in public and private administration. Recently, on the occasion of the presentation of a new organic law relative to teachers, in which provision was made for a difference of salary between schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, the Asociación Nacional de Maestros, composed in the main of women, induced the members of the congress to vote by a large majority to put the sexes on an equal basis. Almost at the same time the minister of public instruction, in bestowing the directorship of a professional institution on a woman, proclaimed in open congress that he recognized a perfect equality of capacity between men and women, to judge by the results achieved.

I present these facts for your consideration for the simple purpose of demonstrating that the Paraguayan government, including the chief executive, his excellency Doctor Eusebio Ayala, is not refractory to this modern achievement of individual rights.

Hence there do not exist in my country any of those social hindrances that render the position of women difficult elsewhere.

It is true that we have inherited from Spanish law the system of the legal inferiority of the married woman in respect of the management of property and other acts of a juridical character. This system is deeply rooted in our customs, as in those of the other Latin-American peoples, with whom we form a single family by tradition, habits of thought and fundamental culture, but it might disappear with the advent of a strong infusion of public opinion, which, I

doubt not, will come soon, with the stimulus afforded us by the United States of the north, a great nation that always marches in the vanguard of progress.

The Paraguayan woman is not lacking in virility. She demonstrated the fact in our unequaled contest, doing police duty, bearing arms, encouraging a son, brother, husband, for the fray; she reconstructed the ruined home, sowed and tilled the soil and taught. She is industrious in peace; she does not regard misfortune, abandoned childhood or helpless old age with indifference. To her initiative is due a whole group of associations that to-day constitute the haven of many unfortunates, such as: Asilo de Huérfanos y Mendigos; Asilo de Ancianos; Asociación Santa Marta (for the instruction of servants); Asociación Nacional de Damas de Caridad pro Tuberculosos; Asociación de Protección a los Niños Pobres; Asociación pro Presos [prison association]; La Gota de Leche [society for the distribution of milk]; et cetera.

In the political realm, woman has no rights, but there is no clearly defined adverse opinion; on the contrary, spontaneous efforts have been made by prominent members of the congress with a view to effecting the political emancipation of women.

One of them is the feminist bill of National Deputy Doctor Telémaco Silvera. In presenting this bill, after setting forth in a conclusive manner the reasons why woman ought to enjoy a privilege possessed by every free being, and, after making a brief apology for the life of the Paraguayan woman before and after independence, in the war and after her labor of reconstruction, he concluded by urging that civil and political rights be granted to Paraguayan women.

Something is being accomplished in the direction of a more decided action and a surer orientation by Paraguayan intellectuals, among whom appear lawyers, such as Serafina Dávalos, Virginia Corvalán; writers, such as the señorita Teresa L. Rodríguez Alcalá, the señorita Josefina Sapena Pastor; professors, such as the

señoritas Carmen Garceta, Fidelina Frutos, Carmen Gatti, Rosa Ventre, Lucía Tavarozzi, as well as a great number of intelligent young women of the faculties of medicine and law and social sciences, and of the Escuela Normal de Profesores, who are the true hopes that will constitute the columns upon which will be built the temple of Paraguayan feminist rights.

If a campaign be opened, it will receive the support of many respectable men, who have declared themselves in favor of woman suffrage; and I cherish the conviction that in this time of perpetual upheavals—a hindrance to the progress of my country—if woman triumphs in her struggle for her just rights, in the words of Posadas:

Politics will assume again its true character as the science of governing, and there will be seen in administration, as never before, the honest management of public affairs.

Women of the higher classes divide their time between the care of the home and the tasks demanded of them by the many institutions of beneficence of which they are members. The associations mentioned above are composed wholly of the leaders of Paraguayan society. In spite of their being trained for an external and brilliant life, they are the guardians of well constituted homes, and their family spirit is worthy of praise.

As a general thing they possess a thorough education and an intellectual capacity that admits of their accepting new ideals and new currents of life.

The absence of factories renders it impossible, indeed, for the working woman to exist in my country. The women that the necessities of life lead to seek a livelihood engage in commerce on a small scale, with the products supplied them by their own country.

Strong and energetic, generous and submissive, without broader horizons, they sing in concert with the middle and wealthy classes their *Home, Sweet Home* in a different language from that of their sisters of the north, but with equal feeling.

# JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ

BY

JUSTO MANUEL AGUIAR

The Seer, or rather the enthusiast, of Uruguay has already come into his own in the world where Spanish is spoken; little by little people of English speech are beginning to know and appreciate him. The following article, frankly admiring, but none the less discerning, is a distinct contribution to the comprehension of Rodó as a thinker, writer and citizen and lover of an ideal America.—THE EDITOR.

I  
WHEN I learned that Rodó had decided to go to Europe as a representative of *Caras y Caretas*, I felt a presentiment, and almost a conviction, of his approaching death; and such was the obsession that then laid hold of all my spirit that I was forced to think more than once of the void that his early disappearance would create in the country. "He is going; he will not return," I said to myself; and I thought: "Rodó is going to die yonder where death seems to predominate over life itself with a startling reality, and not by the operation of nature, but by the insensate passions of men, engaged in a vain and inhuman struggle;" and I say "inhuman" in order not to apply an adjective all the harsher because of its truthfulness. So, by the logical association of ideas, passed through my mind all the Odyssey of the pain and sorrow of the great Florencio,<sup>1</sup> another sorrowful pilgrim in noble Italy.

In recalling at this moment that bitter recollection, that presentiment of a calamity—which, after all, I was unable to measure in its entire magnitude—to the country that to-day preserves his remains, I ask myself whether they were not many, those who, like myself, had a more or less clear vision of his destiny.

The impressions that remain to us of that journey—begun by him in the maturity of life, somewhat disilluminated at the time, not only by his political campaigns,

but also by the unreliable friendships of men—collected and published, after his death, in a book that brings together other interesting productions of his under the felicitous and suggestive title of *El camino de Paros*, are deep and very noble meditations saturated with human and melancholy sentiments, to which criticism, it seems to me, has not devoted due consideration.

In it are motives for long analyses and psychological estimates regarding its author during the period in which they were written: pages of great beauty that speak to us of a life wholly devoted to the most elevated teaching that we could imagine.

It may be said that that environment, impregnated with a desperate spirit of extermination and desolation, possessed the strength necessary to cause to take root in his brain the earnest desire for evocation in the presence of the luminous past of the home of art, where the Renaissance had its most elevated manifestation of artistic life. I fancy too that when he left us, he also thought with bitterness, more than once disguised, that he would not again return to the spot where he had first seen the light, and whence his own light radiated throughout the whole American continent, except in his immortal remains: immortal in the memory of the generations and in the dust of his bones, which we are to preserve for ever in cinerary urns, as a venerable relic of that man who cherished in his brain such noble and beautiful thoughts.

At least, from the time he trod the soil—fertile and, for him, suggestive, as was no other—of Dante and Leopardi, of Benvenuto Cellini and Michelangelo Buonarroti, the idea of death pursued him like an obsession, to such an extent that it will

<sup>1</sup>Florencio Sánchez, a distinguished Uruguayan dramatist: born in Montevideo, July 17, 1875, he died in Milan, November 7, 1910. For an article regarding him, see INTER-AMERICA for August, 1921.—THE EDITOR.

hardly be given to us to find in his articles of the period one or two in which he does not speak, incidentally or definitely, of death. Neither more nor less than funerary motives many of those pages seem to have been, although they teemed with life and profound thought.

The idea of death had passed frequently through his mind, like lightning across a sky peopled with stars, causing him to pause whenever it could give him a motive for speaking of it with devotion and love.

He reached Florence and he gave himself up devotedly to evoking in pages of stupendous beauty and vital and suggestive poetry all the past, laden with grandeur, wherein the life of a hundred generations is perpetuated indefinitely in the materiality of the forms the artist fashioned in imperishable and shining art. It was there, it seems to me, that he was able to feel with most penetrating spirit the life of other epochs, which seem to be reborn in his articles under the winged touch of a prodigious numen.

I recall now the *Diálogo de bronce y mármol*;<sup>2</sup> *Y bien, formas divinas; y Recuerdos de Pisa*, of which admirable trilogy one knows not which to prefer, because in the three he speaks with great loftiness of the supreme conceptions that Latin genius can offer to humanity. It was there in Florence that he wrote:

Divine forms, archetypes of marble! If the drop of water that dashes in confusion from the curve of Niagara beholds, in passing, the innumerable rocks of the banks, it will not regard them with any other sentiment than that which I, *a drop of water in the torrent that rolls to death and oblivion*, consecrate to you, immutable in your ideal serenity.

In *Recuerdos de Pisa*, signed also at Florence, he wrote as if to give fuller relief to this thought, almost lost and incomprehensible in the sumptuousness of his images:

I return once more to the Piazza del Duomo and I fall into ecstasy before the Baptistery, which I find more and more beautiful, and I submerge myself in the divine serenity of the Campo Santo, *whose four cypresses already seem*

*to me to be old friends under whose shade it would not be ungrateful to sleep.*

When he said this, he confessed the profound melancholy that reached to the depths of his soul in the presence of the noble sadness of Pisa, "the battling and inspired."

Later, in Capri, the little city kissed by the waves of the Tyrrhenian sea, visiting the "famous Blue Grotto," dear to the fantasy of travelers, as he said, he saw himself, awaiting the moment of his desired return, "*stretched at the bottom of the boat in the posture of a corpse in its coffin*," as in a presentiment of his own death. Only two months separated him from it, and who knows whether because of that very impression, more suggestive than any other, the mysterious "blue grotto" was a disappointment to his spirit, always alert to see to it that over disappointment should prevail a teaching or a victory of optimism never diminished, as in his parable of the cup?

Nevertheless, he still seemed to be strong in body; he was not decrepit, by a great deal, and it is sufficient to read the productions he sent to the review of which he was a correspondent to be convinced that his faculties retained vivid flashes of genius; but death was circling about him, and he, perceiving the silent steps of the pallid messenger garbed in mourning, paused serenely to contemplate him in his invisible habiliments. He fixed his great eyes on him without alarm, and the more he saw of him, the more he loved him and the more he admired those that admired him, because to admire him is to admire all those that are enamoured of death, to love him in himself like them, feeling the attraction of the "white bride" that awaits him.

Hence a deep motive for meditation on death was to him the tomb of Leopardi, which inspired in him one of the most brilliant pages of his everlasting journey of a candid child, of an "illusioned pilgrim;" for his ceaseless desire to make a pilgrimage through the world, his plans of a "Wandering Jew," formed from an early age, possessed the candor and the ingenuousness of childhood.

Such a purpose, even if life had per-

<sup>2</sup>For a translation of this dialogue, see INTER-AMERICA for April, 1918, page 197.—THE EDITOR.

mitted it, would not, I think, have reached a complete fruition, for at length would have prevailed over it, with the passage of time, the voice that was wont to say to him softly: "Remain here; put ballast in your cargo, to prevent the caprice for soaring aloft."

His longings! . . . His journeys! . . . One could write at length upon themes as full of suggestion as his work, but I prefer to concrete here a final estimate of a purely psychological character. When Rodó, showing his marvelous power of evocation and his penetrating critical vision, speaks to us, with Montalvo's lofty lyric flight, of the work of the great Ecuadorian, of his exemplary life and his exalted love of beauty, as all ideal love is, by the spontaneous association of ideas, as some one has remarked, not without exactitude, this estimate seems as applicable to himself as to the distinguished author. We could make a similar assertion when he, speaking to us with fervid devotion of the sentiment of death, writes that marvelous page "on the tomb of Leopardi," which is felt to have been born under the influence of the same sublimated spirit that he analyzes, as if he also felt the nearness of his end.

Read, you that still doubt as to his nocturnal colloquies with the fates, the page written on his journey, regarding the Castello Sant' Angelo, in which he tells us that he was always "caused to shiver with terror by the idea of being buried alive; of being shut up where air is lacking for the lungs, space for movement and light for the eyes, and where an inexorable silence is the only witness of a frightful quietude and a slow death."

Shall I be told, perchance, that if such was his predilection, the writings produced during this state of mind would suffer from heaviness or monotony? Nevertheless, nothing could be farther from it, so much so, that to many of his readers, more intent on the beauties of his prose, which overflows in winged and noble poetry in his harmonious periods, than on the ideas expressed in it, like a treasure kept in an overlaid coffer, passes unobserved the idea of death, which he felt to be more or less near, although he certainly did not believe

it so near that it might bring to an end his trip to Italy itself, without permitting him to become acquainted with other horizons that he loved. Yet, if it be true that the idea of death was but little short of an obsession there for him, it is no less true also that his thought and his heart always remained fixed on this America of ours, to which he sent thence his fraternal messages, his words laden with faith and hope in the realization of the highest and noblest ideals. However, I shall have opportunity later to dwell again on this Americanism of his, which he exalted in articles such as: "When the Year Ends" and "Cities with Souls."

## II

PERHAPS with more exactitude and no less devotion to the varied work of Renan than that which he confesses to us in the opening pages of *El que vendrá* [He that Is to Come], we that have followed, as far as we have been able to do so, the traces of his luminous spirit, might say, parodying his estimate of the master—like him, "taciturn and athletic"—that, to-day, as yesterday, in the chain of American thought, his personality as a writer stands out unmistakable and isolated. "His personality is still our supreme admiration," and it is so, at least in as far as I am concerned, perhaps with less reservations than those inspired by the author of the *Dialogues et fragments philosophiques*, because he saw in the latter "the tables of the law broken in his hands," while all the American youth, and even that generation that came with and after him, preserves—as a faithful custodian of his work—his precious legacy intact.

His value is permanent and vital as a whole, and it must be so for a long time to come, since, before this or that part of his work is to descend to a second place, as a thing not yet decadent, but, perhaps, indeed, secondary, there will have to issue from among the peoples of America one that is predestined by his genius, he, doubtless, that "is to come," in order to be the new orientator of the twenty sister republics, which, with tacit unanimity and almost from Rodó's initiation, have proclaimed him master. To America he was indeed the Master, as Bolívar was the

Liberator: two entities, two forces, two values, that complement each other: he of *action* and he of *ideas*; he that achieved material independence with the flash of his sword, and he that aspired and then strove to give it spiritual independence, together with political independence; and it was because Rodó also, in his sphere, was the liberator that came to complete the unfinished work of the heroes.

It is useless to deny him originality in his ideas; to point out the more or less visible influences of others in his work; to say that he had a little of all men, or, on the contrary, that he was ignorant, and knew not how to take advantage, of the work of many others of the last century, truly representative in the evolution of universal thought,<sup>3</sup> because over and above these affirmations lives his immortal spirit, palpitating in the pages of his work.

He has been denied, besides, philosophical originality, because "he constructed no system," and, indeed, this is true, but we know—and it is supported by the authoritative judgment of Gabriel Alomar—that "philosophical systems die or soon grow old," and, on the other hand, such works as the *Quijote*, *Faust*, the dialogues of Plato and the dramas of Shakespeare live and even develop with the human spirit.

### III

NOT without timorous disquietude and frank and enthusiastic admiration for one who, like Rodó, was, through his works, from my first adolescence, the greatest of my guides, besides giving me the example of a life full of austerity and moral beauty, in the midst of lives that one of our sociologists of vast culture, initiated into the world of letters beneath the ægis of Rodó in days now remote, would call "barbarous democracies," I am going to try to make here a summary examination, as it were, of some aspects of his work: aspects related especially to criticism.

An inoffensive soul—if there ever was one among those that worshiped at the

altar of thought, and one that was certainly the greatest pioneer born on American soil, if we exclude the name of Darío in the modern lyrics of both worlds—when he sought in his criticism to point out defects in the writers of his period, he did so on a high plane, without personalisms, without hatred, without envy, which could not be contained in his generous heart, and only in pages laudatory of some did he apply at times, incidentally, criticism that might be called negative, if it were not highly educative, of the deficiencies of other authors, without being definite, however, in any case, as to titles and names. Perhaps his *Rubén Darío* was the only one of his studies in which, in the midst of eulogies that gave the poet a continental reputation, he offered a brief criticism of two or three productions in the sense mentioned, although without ever failing to justify the genius of the poet exalted with lyric fervor. These pages, if not superior to the work commended, were, at least, comparable to it, and seldom has a poet found a contemporary critic that has done in the case of his work what Rodó did in the case of Darío's.

In prologues and in letters to new authors, he emphasized, almost without exception—which was quite comprehensible—the note of eulogy that guides and stimulates. We have a good example of this very peculiar manner of his guiding mind in the presence of the youth of his country in the prologue<sup>4</sup> of the ardent and exuberant eulogy of the book *Narraciones*, by Juan Carlos Blanco, and which has, I think, furnished inspiration for a part of a beautiful "Manifesto to the literary youth of America," which years later was published in one of the best Hispanic-American reviews<sup>5</sup> by Víctor Pérez Petit, to whom the name of Rodó is indebted for an amply critico-biographical study of his personality. Now that the occasion offers, why not declare here that this book of Pérez Petit's, announced on the occasion of Rodó's death as an homage to a most

<sup>3</sup>An allusion to the several judgments published in the number that the Argentine magazine *Nosotros* devoted to Rodó as a posthumous expression of homage.

<sup>4</sup>Included in the volume of his works, published by the "Editorial Cervantes," with the title of *El que vendrá*.

<sup>5</sup>*La Revista de América*, December, 1912 and January, 1913.

eminent man so prematurely removed, is not, in my opinion—which although it does not possess the authority of a recognized pen, cherishes, nevertheless, the loftiest sincerity—what was to be expected of its author, who demonstrated in other works the possession of sufficient qualifications to write a book that would be a credit to the lamented master? To me it has been a disappointing book; its pages have not seemed to me to be wholly sincere; and I should like to be mistaken, because I hold Pérez Petit to be one of our best writers, with a culture as solid as his learning is admirable. I have always regarded with deep sympathy the work of this fertile author, who writes a novel, a drama or a criticism with a facility equal to that with which he writes a newspaper article or a sonnet; for don Víctor Pérez Petit is also a poet. This same book will also aid me, in a large measure, in weaving this humble essay, in spite of the fact that I dissent from many of its conclusions. His idea, for example, of "Liberalism and Jacobinism" seems to me frankly erroneous, and also, in spite of Pérez Petit's opinion to the contrary, Rodó's *Bolívar* not only is not inferior to that written by the prodigious pen of don Juan Montalvo, but, in my opinion, it surpasses it. Rodó's *Bolívar* gives an impression of life, strength, unity and conciseness that it is impossible to find in Montalvo's brilliant study. Perhaps Montalvo presented bolder estimates and parallels, but not on this account did he succeed in giving to his essay the impression of true exactitude that we observe in Rodó's. The whole life of *Bolívar* is contained, in all its power, within the brief compass of that essay, regarding which, in spite of what was said above, the author of *Gil* holds with certainty that "it lives with more life than that of Montalvo."

Let us return to Pérez Petit's work, which, at all events, is interesting to me, even if it be not so interesting and so just as we admirers of Rodó expected or as the celebrated author of *Los modernistas* perhaps could, and ought to, have given us.

I think I may not conclude this section without justifying one of my early affirmations regarding Rodó's prologue, already mentioned, and Doctor Pérez

Petit's *Manifiesto*, in which he quotes Valera, Clarín, Altamira and a hundred others, remaining silent—and I would not think that he did so deliberately—regarding the name of Rodó, in a prose rich and full of rhetorical exuberance, like the best works sprung from his pen. How admirable would have been a quotation from that prologue in the pages of the stirring *Manifiesto*! What authority at that moment, what more significant name, with which to enrich his own ideas in a message of warning to American youth? Because in that prologue there are whole pages that ought to be included in the *Manifiesto*, with advantage to more than one of his frequent quotations.

Can this be the sincerity that our authority shouts to the four winds of America when he counsels us to be "sincere in art as the first attribute of artistic creation?" Is that truly the "igneous particle" of which he speaks to us, discovered by Carlyle in the depths of great souls?

It seems evident to me, on the other hand, that when Pérez Petit wrote this book, feeling possessed of himself and with an egotism never dissimulated in his work, he thought more of his own reputation than of that of the subject of his biography. In spite of this, I still hope to do full justice some day to the great merit I am pleased to recognize in Víctor Pérez Petit.

I have expressed myself at length, but it does not seem to me, however, that I here carry to an extreme my enthusiasm over a prologue written for the book of a new author, holding it to be a model of perfection or critical discernment; for if it be true that in it exist pages that are brilliant in form—all of Rodó's may be said to be so—and because of the orienting spirit that flows from them—all his work is a force that orients and stimulates—it seems to me that he himself desired to place it in the second place in respect of his work, when he failed to include it in *El mirador de Próspero*.

#### IV

IN THE whole course of the literary history of America, only the name of José Enrique Rodó has received unanimous recognition, one that Zaldumbide calls

"alarming," as the first prose writer of our America, to such an extent that he has been called by a writer as erudite as Andrés González Blanco "the publicist of the whole round earth that best writes Spanish;" and another Hispanic writer, a novelist of ductile intelligence—Augusto Martínez Olmedilla—affirms with dithyrambic enthusiasm that "posterity will include him among the half dozen that in the last analysis will form the great thinkers of the universe," and he considered him, besides, the "loftiest mind of the Latin race." I make these quotations—the last pure hyperbole, doubtless—to show that the recognition of Rodó is not only American, but also Spanish. However, in spite of this unanimity, his American ideal itself that inspired his best efforts has furnished occasion in a sister nation for a kind of atmosphere of national distrust and negation, raised about the name of the master after his death, when the echo of his voice had already become silent for ever and from his pen could no longer issue a single word to weave, as formerly, the eulogy of her sons, which, in an impenitent indignation that informs the sentiment of a vanity that is patriotic, but one that in the end can not justify an exaggerated or ill understood patriotism, did not will to see in him not only the leader of all the American youth, but not even, many of them, the representative writer of his period in Hispanic America; for he was so, in truth, although there are not lacking there those that would deny him any depth of thought, and his work, sufficient value to be able to go down to posterity.

Hence the two conceptions that I propose to analyze in these pages.

In opposition to the frankly affirmative conception that initiated a current of continuous admiration from the appearance of *El que vendrá* to the last page that emerged from his pen, and which passed from one end of America to the other, finally culminating in Spain, where, if the echo of his work arrived early, it only began to spread after the death of this great reviver of ideals, stands one that is more or less dubitative of, and in part frankly hostile to, a great number of

writers imbued with a mistaken and impolitic Argentine nationalism. However, as it would not be just to make this judgment too inclusive or to extend it to all or even to the majority of Argentine writers that form the élite of the national thought, I ought to explain that there are men in Argentina of sufficient independence of views, not attached to dead traditions and capable of a sincere appreciation of any author that has a genuine personality as such, who have done full justice to our writer.

He—who devoted himself more to the criticism of Argentine writers than to that of his fellow-countrymen, studying Payró with enthusiasm and depth in the brilliant pages that he entitled *Impresiones de un drama*; Guido,<sup>6</sup> with affection and admiration; Ricardo Gutiérrez, with an intense veneration that recalls the days of his vehement adolescence; and Ugarte, with extreme benevolence, in respect of the defective and more than incomplete anthology that is now going through the third edition, without any of the emendations promised in the first and second editions, and without including his more meritorious study of *Juan María Gutiérrez y su época*—is accused of partiality when he raises Bolívar above San Martín, and they say, Montalvo above Sarmiento.

He also pays tribute to atavic passions, seconding the hostile campaign initiated in Venezuela against San Martín.<sup>7</sup>

I do not wish to pause to analyze the parallel that suggests itself between the two historical criteria, as I could not devote to it here the space necessary to such a purpose; and as to the opinion regarding Montalvo and Sarmiento, between whose names it should be stated that there never existed any parallel, I think, for my part, that the superiority of the former is undeniable, the two being considered as writers and essayists, although often Sarmiento's quality as a genius, which in this sense raised him so far above the lofty position of Bello,

<sup>6</sup>Carlos Guido y Spano: regarding him see "Carlos Guido y Spano," by Ricardo Rojas, in *INTER-AMERICA* for December, 1918.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>The number of *Nosotros* mentioned.



appears more visible and profound than Montalvo's.

In the same way that there can be no parallel—if it be not to make evident the enormous distance that exists between the creative mind of Sarmiento and that of Bello, the latter lacking the quality of genius of the great Argentine, although with other faculties—neither would be proper the equalitarian parallel between Sarmiento and Montalvo, whenever an effort be made to analyze them as thinkers or essayists.

Rodó offered in the stupendous essay devoted to the study of the personality of Montalvo—"don Juan Montalvo," as he taught us to call him in order to do reverence to his august name—a prose so rich in coloring and in its incomparable power of evocation, while reproducing in such a finished form the Ecuadorian environment, that it produces the sensation of speaking to us of a land familiar to our sight.

He—who rarely lost a proper sense of proportion in his eulogies, if we limit this judgment to his more pretentious works—shows clearly in that masterly essay the supreme equilibrium and the great equity that absolutely never ceased to manifest themselves in his marvelous work.

Gustavo Gallinal, who, beyond all doubt, is the one among us, as far as I know, who has analyzed with most depth and exactitude, in a brief essay, a lecture that is included in his book *Crítica y arte*, the work of Rodó, believes, nevertheless, that the estimate of the author of *Siete tratados* verges on the borders of the dithyramb.

Analyzing this judgment, I have to confess frankly that I do not share the authoritative opinion of our youthful critic, in whom I behold at the present time one of the greatest hopes for national literature. This opinion, based on the reading of this book of his just mentioned, I desire to express here, as a tribute of admiration, assured that time will confirm it. This work alone is sufficient, on the other hand, to cause his name to stand out among those of the group of national leaders of recent generations, not only because of the mature culture that it reveals in its youthful author, but also because of the wisdom of his judgments,

the vastness of his critical insight and his evident gifts as a writer, probably seldom excelled in our environment.

As to the remarks he makes regarding the literary work of Montalvo, they do not seem to me to be other than those traced by Rodó with definitive strokes in his study: "absence," comments Gallinal, "of a deep and permanent interest in meditation; lack of that inner and thoughtful serenity that diffuses a soft glow in the pages of Rodó." "There are works of his, such as *Geometría moral*, which, squeezed out, yield hardly anything of substance." Yet Rodó pointed out the characteristics of Montalvo's writings in a similar sense. There is, furthermore, neither disproportion nor dithyramb, when, for example, Rodó admits that "the essay, disorderly and wanting in all methodical plan, carries to the extreme in the hands of Montalvo its wilful and erring course. The theme that is announced in the title barely persists as a thread, tenuous and veiled by the exuberance that entwines about its imperceptible axis the capricious turns of the creeping vine." He added, moreover: "From the time that one turns the first leaf, it is observable that the theme is but an accessory to the essayist, and that what is essential is the continuous and scintillating display of ingenuity, reading and style." "If one attempts to reduce it to substance and dialectic order, the fundamental thought seems lean and scarce amid the foliage of digressions." He added: "There are few writers who, analyzed in the abstract entity of their ideas, yield to analysis so slight a personal residue, and few are there also who, taken as a whole and living, possess a seal of personality so clear and unyielding." We must quote, further, his estimate of Montalvo as a thinker, to whom—after denying him a true mentality as such, because "he lacked," as he said, "that pertinacious earnestness with which one enters into the reconditenesses of an idea until he illuminates the most involved and secret element of it, with which he scrutinizes it and grapples with it until he perceives it surrender its most essential substance"—he grants the name of "a fragmentary and militant thinker."

On the other hand, it seems to me that it was Rodó who erred when he affirmed that "no one has spoken in the Spanish language of Cervantes and of the *Quijote* as Montalvo has, in the pages of the essay that precedes the *Capítulos*,<sup>8</sup> which Rodó qualified as "added to the *Quijote*." "Without a shadow of hyperbole," he remarked later: "it may be said that they are an analysis worthy of the creative synthesis of genius." As for myself, I think that if anywhere in his study dithyramb and hyperbole appear, it is precisely here that they ought to be pointed out, for if it is true that in that essay of the *Siete tratados* and in that of *Los héroes de la emancipación de la raza hispanoamericana* his thought delved most deeply, and to the fragile form of his essays he succeeded in giving a certain firm and coördinated unity that we do not find in the rest of his work; and if in respect of them one is made to feel also, at times, the defects observed in his prose as a characteristic quality, as a personal manner of developing ideas, they are always less visible there and of less intensity than in his other works.

Ought I to declare here that I am not guided by any secondary motive of predilection for the noble and prudent archaism of Montalvo? Offspring of another period, if I have been able to appreciate the beauties of his style, it has certainly not been in him that I have found my most intense delight. I may therefore confess sincerely that I have read many of his pages, yet not without their producing in me a certain sense of weariness and heaviness, when I have gone to such essays as *El genio* and *La nobleza* in search of concrete and definite ideas regarding what their titles seem to promise us.

Let us return, however—for it is time—to that to which I have seen fit to refer in earlier pages: to Argentine praise—singular praise!—which seems to have been made more to rob the work of Rodó of merit, and, in part, perhaps also to lower the man with belittling and inaccurate estimates, than to exalt his worth; although, certainly, this criticism ought not to extend to its originators, who were doubtless guided

by more noble and commendable intentions.

It is that I could not respect the critical judgment of any one that affirms, for example—I mention a single case—that "the proclamation of the esthetic ideal, in countries like ours, is *no longer folly, but an absolute social crime*," however much substance he display in his culture, and still less when he affirms that "the countries that have persisted most in maintaining their *colonialism*, *what has come to be called the Latin idealism*, are those that show the greatest backwardness in all senses: *countries that are*"—no less, O señor Colmo!—than "*reproaches, as it were, to the continent*."

It seems to be, to the author of what has been quoted, that the idealism proclaimed by Rodó in his work is nothing more or less than the prolongation of the colonial spirit, and so therefore an idealist would be, according to him, doubtless, one that would still strive to-day, with unremitting effort, to preserve the same ideas and the same practices as those of the period of the conquest, or of that of independence, at least, if not those of other unfortunate days in which prevailed over our then desolate America the most baleful tyrannies, the living negation of all generous idealism.

On the other hand, this does not imply a denial in Rodó's mind of a natural inclination to resuscitate old values that he had proposed to himself to introduce into the body of our culture, in new and unquestionably masterly essays, which, sculptured in the marble of his prose, at times more precise than the ancient white marble of Paros, would have come, in the course of time, to form the monumental statue that death intervened to leave unfinished, when he had barely sculptured from it two or three of his culminating figures among others of a secondary value or less significant reality. A proof of it is the purpose manifested in writing the life of our forefathers into his outstanding figures.

The colonial spirit is something that is vanishing, that has departed from our most isolated regions, and that has disappeared because new views—idealism among them—have slain at their source all

<sup>8</sup>*Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes: Ensayo de imitación de un libro inimitable.*—THE EDITOR.

that which has to-day no reason for being.

Rodó, a true professor of idealism, an idealogue in the vastest sense of the word, did not need, in order to appear such, to seek out impossible originalities, for since idealism is a value inherited from other civilizations, he was able to impart to it the breath of a new life, aspirations common to all the men of his period and race, capable of feeling in their depths all the disquietudes of an hour of spiritual disorientation, and, above all, he was able to impress upon it the unmistakable traits of his creative personality.

I shall now analyze other aspects of his work, related also, as far as possible, to the criticisms of which they have been the object.

## V

WHOSOEVER analyzes his *Ariel* with that thoughtful serenity that was the constant norm of his life, alien to all negative impassionment, will see clearly how unjust are the criticisms that show it to us as the banner of combat and intransigency, and even of a lack of comprehension of any manifestation that emanated from the country of Washington.

An error, some say; incomprehension, incapacity or ineptitude, others; and his work was even qualified as sterile and innocuous. Neither the one nor the other. On the contrary, those admirable pages are a proof of equity and well considered justice, in view of the conciseness and exactitude with which he studied the life of the American people.

He counseled that there should be no imitation of a model that he deemed contrary to the higher ideal interests of our incipient democracies, too near, besides, for it to be possible that its influence should fail to be felt anyway.

I always thought, even during Rodó's life, that his anti-Yankeeism could not mean the negation of values that he fully recognized in his work. Indeed, it would be necessary to forget his judgments, unquestionably definitive, in respect of the hour in which they were written, in order to deny him justice regarding the criticisms he made of the American people in his work.

"I admire them, but I do not love them," he said, it is true, but he also asserted that "to pass over their defects did not seem to him so unwise as to deny their good qualities." "To them belong," he said, "some of the boldest traits that will cause the work of this century to stand out in the perspective of time. Theirs is the glory of having revealed clearly, by accenting the firmest note of moral beauty in our civilization, the greatness and value of work: that blessed force that antiquity abandoned to the abjectness of slavery and that we identify to-day with the highest expression of human dignity, founded on the consciousness and activity of one's own merit. It is, before all and above all, the capacity for enthusiasm, the happy vocation of action. Will is the chisel that has sculptured that people in hard marble. Its characteristic reliefs are manifestations of the power of the will: originality and audacity. Its history is all of it a rapture of virile activity. Its representative personage is called *I Will*, like Nietzsche's superman." The quotation is a long one, but it is justified by the necessity of gainsaying legends put forth to the detriment of the truth of history.

Truth is that Rodó could not have failed to do true justice to the people who, because of its quality of an iron and indomitable will, seems to be dictating to him from the pages of *Ariel* the parable of the "Pampa of Granite," in all its grandiose, although exaggerated, proportions.

The will of a man, of a specter, lacking the most elementary sentiments that raise present humanity above other civilizations, does everything in the aridity of the pampa of granite; the will of a people, sure of its destiny and its natural capacity for action, will do everything on the virgin lands of America.

I do not claim that Rodó did full justice, without restrictions of any kind, to the Anglo-American people; I am not ignorant that if he quoted Poe, Emerson and other similar names in their history, he forgot those of many others, who, if they were not equal, were of similar significance; but let us not forget, on the other hand, that neither was it his purpose to make this enumeration, only too vulgar, nor did his

natural temperament harmonize with it, since it was at variance with the spirit of his work.

"Are not the rude Yankees the true idealists?" asked himself Gonzalo Zaldumbide, the most judicious and temperate of the critics of Rodó, to whom I have referred and whom I shall perhaps mention more than once, because it is difficult to write on Rodó, after Zaldumbide, without leaning to the judgment expressed by the wise commentator on d'Annunzio and Barbusse.

I am also pleased to make public here an opinion that coincides with that of Zaldumbide, that of our eminent poet, Juan Zorrilla de San Martín, who, if I do not remember ill, asserts in an inedited book that will soon be published, with the title *La profecía de Ezequiel*,<sup>9</sup> that "the Americans of the north were the great idealists of the great war,"<sup>10</sup> it abounding in other philosophical considerations that enrich its thesis.

Is Zorrilla's opinion, which I give merely as information, opposed to Rodó's book? I think it is not; I believe that if Rodó had lived, he would have been the first to applaud the attitude of the United States in the great war; but it is proper to inquire: "Does such an attitude imply a cardinal change in her political policy and in her spiritual life, with permanent characteristics?" Can a single fact, however significant, be taken as a proof and a complete justification of a radical change in the basic tendency of her life? By no means; it is only a sign that we certainly ought not to forget; but neither ought we to permit

ourselves to venture on either passionate affirmations or negations.

## VI

IT IS necessary to bring out the Americanist in his multiple personality. A true type of the thinker; a master with the "gift of teaching with grace," which he venerated in so high a degree; a solitary without ostentations or vacuities, he wished to live for his America; and he was one of her predilect sons, offering her all the fruits of his spirit, and bearing to her youth, thirsting for guidance, a philosophy that imparts to all souls tormented by a thousand opposing ideals *hope, power and faith*, as an immediate and indispensable antecedent to every human victory; that is, his ideal formula, "Hope as a north and a light, and will as strength," which he sets forth in the pages of his *Proteo*.

This ideal Americanist whose most remote and vigorous origin was incarnated by the powerful genius of Bolívar, whom he consecrated in an essay of stupendous beauty as the "eponymous hero" of Hispanic America, was at every moment the fountainhead of his work. "I owe myself to America," he wrote years after the publication of his *Ariel*, and precisely when he was "sculpturing" his monumental *Proteo*, and all his work was made by and for America.

He desired to render us independent of European tutelage, with a spirit that did not exclude the sense of the past, and he wrote, in a brief essay on the tradition of the Hispanic-American peoples, that if "to be something of our own, to have a personal character, is an irreducible and sovereign value in the life of the individual, it is no less so in the life of nations." He thus preached an Americanism which, without tending to take away from each nation, each city or each town what it possesses that is original and individual, in its traditions and in its history, should be engaged in forming the true American unity in all its manifestations—political, social and spiritual—without prejudice to stamping on each of them, as far as possible, a character of its own that would make of them all "cities with souls," about which he spoke to us in one of his letters.

<sup>9</sup>During our recent visit to Uruguay, in October and November, we had the pleasure of spending several hours with Doctor Zorrilla de San Martín, and of examining the galleries of this remarkable work, some chapters of which, those that make especial reference to the United States, the author was kind enough to read to us. The day of the issuing of this work will be great in the annals of the New World. When we urged its immediate publication, he said: "I write not for to-day or for to-morrow; I am seeking to express eternal truths, and if I am successful, they will be as important fifty years from now as they would to-morrow.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>I owe this quotation to the courtesy of the master, who in his glorious old age takes delight in being benevolent to all that go to his residence of dreams, where he made me acquainted with the fruits of his privileged thought in fragmentary readings.

His *Ariel* is a vibrant and unequalled plea for that elevated Americanism that he once rendered concrete, especially, in essays such as *Montalvo*, *Bolívar* and *Juan María Gutiérrez y su época*; in his discourse *El centenario de Chile*, a veritable Americanist evangel; and in the admirable and vigorously helpful pages with which he saluted the appearance of a great Hispanic-American book: *Idola fori*, by Carlos Arturo Torres, an author whose works are not yet sufficiently known, in spite of their truly continental literary and philosophical value.

A product of that ideal is also that exalted and prophetic cry of his genius that the name of Montalvo inspired in him: "In America only those are great that have developed by word or action an American sentiment," which vibrates and echoes in our ear with the persistent force of ideas destined to live a long life, passing from generation to generation, until they take on flesh and palpitate in the souls of people.

Either I am much mistaken, or for the formation of American sentiment, for the effective achievement of a continental solidarity and in order that there may be established the true fraternal spirit that ought to animate all the sons of the great Colombian patria, it is necessary, in the first place, broadly to intensify and to fan the sentiment of an ample nationalism as a force generative of the most patriotic exaltations; because the sentiment of nationality must evolve with time and as the work of men, until it shall become American sentiment, thus blotting out the old jealousies of people in respect of people, settling the problems of opposing interests, and invigorating the collective spirit and the material strength, weakened by excisions hurtful to all, but always inevitable in every incipient democracy, and still more so in Latin democracies, where the effervescences of the French revolution exerted so strong an influence both for good and for evil.

From childhood we love the home of our dearest affections; when we become adolescents, we love our country, not always with a perfect sense of our duties toward her; afterward our conception of the patria broadens with our culture, and we enlarge our vision, desiring light and space, toward the America of Bolívar, San Martín and Artigas. Only then shall we be able to call ourselves in truth the sons of the American patria.

## VII

I HAVE spoken, although summarily, of several aspects of Rodó's work, without pausing for an analysis of his *Proteo*, "a book opened above an infinite perspective," according to his own clear-cut judgment, because I have always thought that for the study of it are required exceptional faculties and a literary and philosophical culture that I evidently lack.

To attempt, on the other hand, the exegesis of works like *Motivos de Proteo* and *Ariel* is, to say the least, to break the harmony of a permanent and lofty rhythm in order to present fragmentarily to the reader what can only be appreciated at its full value as a totality.

There already exist studies of his work in the nature of glosses and quotations, as well meaning, assuredly, as these more than modest pages, and executed with no less enthusiasm than that which is displayed in them, but which leave, however, the painful impression on our mind of work mutilated of necessity. However, in the face of such facts there remains the satisfaction of seeing the intellectual superiority of the master fully comprehended by all his glossers, or, at least, by all those with whom we are acquainted.

The fact remains that his work could only be glossed by those that possess genuine powers as stylists and sufficient gifts not to denaturalize it.



# THE DEATH OF AÑÁ

## A GUARANÍ LEGEND

BY

ERNESTO LEÓN ÓDNA

A bit of folk-lore that takes us of the north as far as possible from our material surroundings and the habitual currents of our sophisticated thought to a primitive island of the Paraná, the home of legend and the haunt of goblins and witches and pestilential gods.—THE EDITOR.

### I

IN THE full sun of midday, the intricate bosom of the forest remains obscure wheresoever no "clearing" lets its refulgent rays enter. The gigantic trunks of the huge, old trees rise at irregular distances from one another like columns in the temple of nature, and the creepers intertwine their long slender cords that bear bunches of leaves and flowers, like embellishments of the columns, upward to the highest tree-tops, in which, as a climax of marvel and luxurious fecundity, fantastic orchids display their festive colors, hung like votive lamps. An impressive silence, interrupted at times by the chatter of the birds or the noise of the leaves; mystery that has dwelt from ancient times in the hidden recesses of the woods; shadows, distant roars, the slow and sonorous quiver that now and then breaks the silence as if were heard the sound of an airplane; howlings, chirpings, voices that cross one another mysteriously, which the imagination magnifies; all that is inexplicable, occult, somber and solemn, infuses a superstitious terror, which infects everything, giving rise to fantastic legends, some of unknown age, which oral narrative transmits and ceaselessly changes; and the simple and candid souls of the laborers and hunters of the forests gather in goodly quantity, assuredly without philosophical purpose: the beliefs, more or less altered, of religion and the numerous pagan and indigenous myths that time and the mingling of peoples have gone on accumulating, to form the soul of the forest.

Thence comes the belief in the marvel of love of the feathers of the *caburé*, the king-bird, as dominating and cruel as a *cau-*

*dillo*,<sup>1</sup> with miraculous magnetic powers over the will of other beings; thence that Guaraní goblin with whose malignant shadow are held in doors the children of Misiones and Corrientes that they may not go out to expose themselves to the terrible suns of the siesta, the *Pombero*, probably a Jesuit creation, a low devil, a mulatto and a traitor, who wears a large straw hat and carries a great whip, the lash of which is twenty-five yards long, and, hidden in the growing grain, the corn fields by preference, he awaits naughty children to imprison them and amuse himself with their cries. *Añá* (the devil), pursuing human beings to work them injury, to drag them down to perdition, sometimes taking possession of them; the *bants* and *apparitions*, whose presence is announced by the dogs with their doleful howling or the augural owls, to which appeal is made by the "devil cross" and other preventatives. . . . *Añá* prefers to assume the form of a black hog or of a great dark *carpincho*,<sup>2</sup> for the *carpincho* is an animal that abounds in these latitudes. Many swear they have seen the great black horse that spouts flames from his eyes and mouth and in sight of which a person must bark and cross himself seven times in succession with his eyes closed. . . . Many have seen evil lights or have been awakened in their camps at midnight by the infernal, strident whispering of an invisible multitude, and, believing them to be monkeys, have gone out in pursuit of them without finding even

<sup>1</sup>The traditional leader or petty chief of Hispanic-American history.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>Or *capibara* (water-cavy), *Hydrochærus capibara*: a native quadruped of South America.—THE EDITOR.

one. . . . The *capataz*<sup>2</sup> of a party of woodsmen from the islands attempted to fire a pistol at an apparition, and he not only missed him five times, but the balls melted in the weapon, and his arm was paralyzed for more than a month.

In these forests, far away, in a settlement, I heard, when I was still very young, a legend that deeply impressed me and which, on this pleasant night, on the islands of the delta, so similar to those of the Paraná in the neighborhood of my native town, it comes to my memory, with all its rustic beauty and savage strength, so much so that I only fear that my pen may be incapable of relating it. . . . I place it in the note-book of a girl—very assiduous, discreet, attractive and intelligent, a great reader of poetry and fond of literature—one whom the wonted guests of this Recreo de Cardani, formerly Calzetta, call affectionately "Amalia."

## II

IT WAS thus they related it to me:

When Añá observes that our souls are stirred by gusts of passion, he at once prepares his snares to drag us to perdition. Ambition, love, desire, jealousy, deprive us of sleep, and the wind and the river utter in our ears secret and terrible things, as when we hear at times that we are being called, and no one has called us. . . . So, at the age of the great passions, suddenly a voice says to us: "He is deceiving thee, kill him;" and the "tempter" always seems disposed to play with our passions, as the winds sport with the rushes along the banks.

This is the story in which the beautiful *Tesáverá* ("Bright Eyes") overcame Añá, aided by a good witch, mastering the terrible jealousy of her brother, who was influenced by Añá.

Tesáverá lived with her brothers on the edge of the island of Apipemini (Little Apipé), where the Paraná, after having passed convulsively over the Salto de Apipé, embraces the Isla de los Pájaros and hastens toward the west as if to follow the sun, before turning toward the south, to go to die in the arms of its offspring, the Plata, which bears it to the ocean. . . . Like

a great brilliant and living highway, the river pours itself between its high *barrancas*, its islands and its bars of white sand, surrounded by its forests, its birds, its numerous beasts and its lofty rocks, where its tortured waters dash and roar.

Lumber, hunting and fishing, favor living a life that is easy, but rude and full of dangers at times. The great freshets of the Paraná cause the inundation of the islands, and then the tigers, serpents, tapirs, deer and innumerable other animals seek refuge in the houses, and sometimes swim across the arms of the river and penetrate the mainland, alarming the natives of the *estancias* near the banks.

When this occurred, Tesáverá's brothers had to pass through tremendous labors and dangers to protect their ranch by day and by night, but the harvest of skins and live animals kept them at a high pitch of enthusiasm.

The older of them, *Gregorio*, who was called "Yaguáreté," because of his ungovernable impetuosity, cherished for his sister a savage affection, for he had brought her up almost from a child, after they were left orphans many years before. When the freshet caused the desperate flight of the animals, he did not lose sight of his sister, who, armed also, and as brave as a man, let herself be defended, however, sweetly vain and proud of that formidable brother, who, at the mercy of the waters, had once saved several bulls that had fallen from a raft broken up by a storm, forcing them to the bank in spite of the efforts of the maddened beasts to swim upward against the current, and at another time had beaten back with a club a band of ferocious monkeys that had attacked him because he had laid hold of several young ones and torn them from their mothers.

*Melchor*, the neighbor of the Isla de los Pájaros, loved Tesáverá in silence. In order to see her, he rowed several leagues every day, and, under the pretext that on the Argentine shores game was scarce, he crossed to the Paraguayan shores, and, returning every evening to the slow rhythm of the oars, passed by the ranch of the Lazcanos at the exact hour when she was alone beside the fire, preparing supper for her brothers, who did not delay long in

<sup>2</sup>Foreman or manager.—THE EDITOR.

returning, axes on their shoulders, while the visitor, affectionate and discreet, left for the girl the most beautiful crane from his canoe and not infrequently a tapir, a deer or a tiger, pierced through by the dexterous point of his sure lance or a bullet or a deep knife thrust.

Seeing how this love was increasing and how the souls of the young people were being dominated by it, Añá, as swift in malice as in his flashing appearances, began to distil into Gregorio's ears fugitive words of distrust against Melchor, presenting to his imagination mortifying scenes. Now he fancied that he saw his sister flee with Melchor to unknown lands, abandoning her brothers with the most infamous ingratitude; now he saw her in Melchor's house, and, instead of imagining her happy and surrounded by the comforts that an able hunter could provide, he fancied her in rags, weeping and ill treated. These imaginings turned his brother love into somber desperation, and what was nothing more than a creation of his fancy took such root in his mind that Melchor did not fail to observe his uneasy, evasive and hard glances.

Then Añá, to increase the harm, told Melchor that he was despised, and at this idea his pride arose fiercely, his wounded self-love became inflamed, his love to Tesáverá was joined with the whim of overcoming all opposition, and his passion took away his power of reflection, to such an extent that he would not have hesitated to resort to crime.

The prudent girl wept in silence when she observed the implacable hatred that was growing up between those two men that were for her two loves that filled her life, and whose strife filled her with presentiment and horrified her, for the clash of the two would be like the clash of two Titans. The devil presented to her at every moment the painful echo of this struggle and caused her to behold a scene of blood. . . . Inspired doubtless by *Nandeyara* (our Master, that is, our Lord, God), Tesáverá, she of the bright eyes, called her younger brother and made him promise to watch, in order at all hazards to prevent a calamity.

Many days passed, and those two men, raging, exchanged haughty and challenging glances, but they did not utter a word of

their distrust, for, in truth, they had no grounds for a fight. However, one day Melchor proposed to himself to clear up the situation, and, arriving at the ranch in his swift, sharp-pointed canoe, he faced Gregorio and said to him simply:

"I see that it does not please thee to have me love thy sister, and I warn thee that I am going to marry her, even if I have to carry her off, and if thou dost not wish me to do so, thou wilt have to kill me."

These words aroused the already prepared mind of Gregorio, who replied at once with an insult, and something terrible would have happened right there, if Tesáverá, full of kindness and unselfishness, had not intervened. Serenely, as if some one were dictating the words to her, she said to Melchor:

"If thou wishest me to continue to love thee, do not return to the house again until I summon thee."

Melchor obeyed in silence, and Tesáverá said to Gregorio:

"If thou dost harm Melchor, I swear to thee that I shall throw myself into the pool at the point, and thou wilt never find my body."

Melchor heard this and he thought that the girl loved him to the death and that in thrusting him forth from her house, she did not do so to hurt him, because at the same time she placed her life in the balance for his; and thinking thus, he went upstream pulling strongly at his oars.

### III

TESÁVERÁ endured many days of sorrow and silence. There came to the ranch one day old *Yeraró*, all malice and wisdom, with her gleaming little eyes of a pure Indian, her toothless mouth from which protruded an enormous cigar of Pará tobacco, capable of putting stones to sleep. She came well supplied with aromatic and curative herbs in a well worn leathern bag; rare feathers in the pockets of a sort of coat with which she covered her light clothing; and a jar, fired in a mysterious manner, within which she carried a number of torpid serpents of the most venomous kind.

The Indian woman read the sorrows of love in the face of the beautiful Tesáverá;



she discovered anguish in her deep, sad eyes; she besought her confidence; and, hearing her, understood that Añá was the author of the trouble; and she proposed to conquer him and take him prisoner.

## IV

IT WAS summer, and at midnight the moon shone like an immense electric lamp, and so bright was its light that things could be seen as clear as day. All were asleep. Tesáverá lay on her cot of stakes driven in the ground, which sustained the mattress by means of a webbing of crossed slices of raw meat plaited together. Yeraró, with her bag at her side, was lying at the foot of Tesáverá's bed on a skin.

Suddenly the Indian sat up cautiously, spying carefully to see whether all were asleep. Reassured by the regular breathing of the sleepers, she felt in her bag, in the semidarkness of the room, and she drew out some dry leaves, which she smelled several times. These she crushed in her hand, moistening them every little while with saliva, until she formed a wad. With this she carefully rubbed one of Tesáverá's feet, which projected, delicate and white, from amid the coverings of the bed. Next, crawling, she took from the jar one of the torpid serpents; then she pressed the glands, and on the floor fell the dark, heavy black drops of deadly poison. Holding the viper by the head, she drew near Tesáverá's couch and applied the snake's mouth to the girl's foot. The serpent, squeezed by Yeraró, darted its lancet into the white foot and then withdrew it in instinctive reaction. An instant later the Indian closed her bag and lay down upon her pallet, with her eyes gleaming in the shadow.

## V

THE awakening from that night was one of immense anguish. Tesáverá had fever, and her face was disfigured by the swelling that extended over her whole body; she was burning and very thirsty. Her brothers, filled with consternation, begged Yeraró to save her, and Yeraró in silence prepared concoctions, which the patient drank with insatiable avidity. Tesáverá, inspired doubtless by her good angel, called her elder brother and said to him:

"Gregorio, do not let me die without seeing the man I love; I beseech thee to bring him to me and to be his friend."

Gregorio, who was weeping and thought with terror that his sister was dying, left the ranch like a madman, and went in search of Melchor, with whom he returned two hours later, the two united once more by the same love and the same sorrow.

The two men reached the cabin and silently kissed the hands of the sick girl, who smiled with joy amid the grief and the danger.

Old Yeraró grinned maliciously while wrapping the white foot of the sufferer in a revolting poultice. Two days later Tesáverá left the couch, more beautiful than ever.

## VI

IT WAS a stormy night. The brothers slept, and Melchor, who had not left his sweetheart's side for a single moment, shared the bed of Gregorio, with whom he had renewed the tender and manly affection of friends from childhood.

The old Indian sorcerer and pilgrim explained to the astonished girl her clever trick, and how she had triumphed over the wiles of Añá, who had been destroying the basis of Tesáverá's happiness.

## VII

ORAL tradition, of an unknown and very remote date, adds that, under the conjuration of Yeraró, Añá was made prisoner and wrapped in a black mantle, adorned with crosses of silver; and, thus confined, he was placed in an old Indian canoe, managed by the old woman alone, who took him to the neighborhood of the Salto de Apipé and there made a hole in the canoe and let it sink in the swift eddy.

A great smoke, lights and thunderbolts disturbed the waters at that spot at the burial of Añá, who squealed dully like a pig, while old Yeraró swam to the banks of the Isla de los Pájaros.

At that spot was formed that day, on the dark bottom of the river, a narrow and dangerous passage between the lines of great, sharp, black rocks, threatening and terrible, and that passage of the Salto de Apipé is called the *Paso del Diablo*, because it was there that Añá was buried.

# URUGUAYAN ARCHÆOLOGY<sup>1</sup>

BY

B. SIERRA Y SIERRA

Much attention has been given to the archaeology of México, Perú, Bolivia, Brazil, the United States and other American countries. Little, however, is known by the outside world of the archaeology of Uruguay. The author of the following article therefore, although he does not develop his thesis systematically, makes a distinct contribution to the general knowledge of the subject.—THE EDITOR.

THE number of utensils or dishes used by the Indians for domestic purposes was extremely limited. Mortars, in all their gradations, and bowls, in their rare varieties, are the only instruments or apparatus of indigenous culinary art that survive. The former represent almost the sole pieces of stone vessels of the savage peoples of this region.

It is natural to suppose that the flint knives—at one and the same time weapons of war and tools for use in the manual arts—were employed by the Indians in eating.

The saw-knives—instruments of many kinds—were, it is proper to think, powerful trenchers, the best adapted to cutting up game, whether deer, *tatu*<sup>2</sup>, tiger or some other animal.

The variety of uses to which the same object was put ought not to surprise us, as we have evidence that those peoples possessed few utensils. Hence each object would have had to serve many purposes.

The "stones with dimples," called ordinarily "cocoanut breakers," have served, it is almost certain, as "nut-crackers," to break the kernels of the abundant and nutritive fruit of the *butiá* palm in certain localities that were occupied or frequented by the tribes we are discussing.

The most complete and recent advances and discoveries in science enable us to divide the history of ceramics, "the art of manufacturing objects from clay," into eighteen periods. To the tenth of them

belongs pre-American pottery, which coincided exactly with the beginning of our Christian era. These periods were not marked, as might be believed, by the genesis of the ceramic art. In far earlier times, very ancient peoples traced epochs in the advancement of ceramics. China, for example, twenty-six hundred years before Jesus Christ, already had an intendant of ceramic arts. On the other hand, the American tribes, forty centuries later, obtained in their pottery only objects of a "dense, blackish substance, silicio-alkaline luster, hard, slightly baked, of simple forms, with symmetrical adornments, profusely engraved or painted black or red, with *meandros*,<sup>3</sup> posts and zigzags."

Rioplatsensian pottery, or more accurately, that of the Atlantic Indians, is limited, in that which has been found, to a multitude of slightly varied bowls; certain very scarce cups, as well as equally scarce balls of baked clay, of unknown usage; and very rare specimens of almost crude bricks, which have been found in the tumuli or mounds of the Indians.

The potter's art is as old as man. If the art of producing fire distinguished the rational being from the brute, from the first moment, the consideration or observation that earth, from which God had formed him, was material for invention, would exalt him to the category of an artificer. From that time he made receptacles for various purposes, and pottery or ceramics was therefore discovered.

American archæology has in this respect, as a source of its pottery, the caverns, the tombs and, above all, the mounds. The ceramics of the mound-builders is superior in every way to that of the European

<sup>3</sup>The *meandro* is a form of swastika or fylfot.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup>See the paper by the same author, in volume vii, page 841.

The original of this article, as it appeared in the *Revista Histórica* of Montevideo, is profusely illustrated.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>In Guaraní, a food animal of the Rioplatsensian countries: the "hog-headed" armadillo.—THE EDITOR.

peoples of the same age: that of stone.<sup>4</sup>

However, there is a great diversity in the Indian pottery in the different regions. That of our country is rudimentary, in general, although there exist a few artistic specimens.

Plastic clays were worked in a great variety of manners: they were kneaded with other substances; they were hardened by exposure to the sun, they were toasted before a fire, and they were even fired in an oven by the pre-American man.

The size of the prehistoric vessels varies from a capacity of a few centiliters to half a hectoliter. In Uruguay the largest vessels are the funerary urns and bowls.

The shape also varies greatly: there are bottles of such perfect forms that we are led to believe in the existence of pressure apparatus and, above all, in that of skilful workmen.

The coloring is only slightly variable: red, black, white. Red abounded among the mound-builders; nevertheless, among us painted vessels are unknown.

Varnish is unusual in American ceramics; porcelain is unknown. The ornamentation of the vessels of the mound-builders is simple, as a rule; in spite of this fact, objects tastefully bordered and in relief have been found.

In Uruguay the designs of ceramics are rudimentary: they consist of dots and thin lines made by the nail of the potter or with a shell. The vessels found in the camping places and in the tumuli are of the simplest character: pots or basins, without necks, handles, ears, spouts, et cetera.

The original pipes of the mound-builders of North America have not been found in our territory, save as an exception; the Indians of Uruguay did not smoke from bowls then; if they smoked, it was leaf-tobacco.

The age of clay, that is, the age of ceramics, was contemporary with the age of stone, in its periods of polish, and without it.

It is unquestionable, according to Ambrosetti,<sup>5</sup> that South America has been one of the centers of the ceramic art.

<sup>4</sup>Nadaillac.

<sup>5</sup>For an article on Juan B. Ambrosetti, see INTER-AMERICA for December, 1917.—THE EDITOR.

The products of ceramics are as varied in form as in size and ornamentation: simple paintings, hieroglyphs, urns, jugs, bottles, plates, cups, water-jars, idols, amulets, et cetera, et cetera.

The celebrated *buacas*<sup>6</sup> of the valley of Calchaquí, in the Argentine province of Catamarca, studied by the Americanist Lafone Quevedo, yielded extraordinary products of indigenous pottery: a jar sixty-five centimeters high, by forty-eight in circumference, of fired clay, with bands of colors, which is in no way surpassed by those of modern European manufacture. Besides, there were found in the neighborhood of Chañar-Yaco potsherds, tiles or fragments of vessels, exquisite in form, design and color, and of fine, well fired and highly polished material. The jars, jugs or urns whence they came are ornamented with figures of serpents, dragons, faces, et cetera. These objects are usually made up of two sections: the neck and the body; besides, they have ears.

The paints or enamels are mainly red and black; the color of the potter's earth is reddish. Small idols of clay abound.

POTS, very abundant in certain camping places, almost always reduced to small fragments, are all of clay, well kneaded, but badly baked. Only thus may be explained the extreme fragility of the products of Indian ceramics when there exist in the country good potter's earths.

These pots are of medium size, in the main; rarely are they to be found whole or in great jars. Some are entirely smooth and formed of a single piece. Others are marked with the finger nail or they bear simple designs, and at times they are even made, it seems of several pieces to form the borders and the intermediate rings.

Of this kind is my "Lirompeya," which constitutes two-fifths of an important pot.

In such profusion are found potsherds in certain places that there is not a single one of the rich veins (spaces left exposed by the sand when the wind blows it away, and where archæological monuments usually appear) that does not present fragments of

<sup>6</sup>Sepulchres of the Indians. Compare *buacos*, the idols (usually of clay) buried in the *buacas*.—THE EDITOR.

vessels scattered in an incredible quantity, as happens in the neighborhood of Puerto de la Coronilla.

On the other hand, in other places potsherds are so scarce that it may well be assumed that pots were not used there, save exceptionably, as for example, at Angostura.

To this piece of handicraft was generally limited the indigenous pottery of the tribes of the eastern frontiers. Some examples of cups (small pots) have usually been found, as well as balls of fired clay, of no known use. In the west, toward the Río Uruguay, have been found funerary urns of large size.

It is said that South American pottery only slightly resembles the ceramics of the ancient peoples of the Old World, and it may be asserted that this is true, consequently, of Rioplatensian pottery.

For the last twenty-five years I have been studying as an amateur the products of Uruguayan ceramics, as well as other utensils, arms and monuments, prehistoric or pre-Colombian.

It is well known that, unfortunately, scientific bibliography progresses very little and very slowly in our Uruguayan environment; therefore, although I was greatly interested in it at all times, only a short time ago did there come into my hands the laic gospels of the great scientific fathers, Ameghino, Moreno, Zeballos, Ambrosetti, and others.

With them I shall seriously amplify my modest notes relating to Rioplatensian ceramics or pottery, and I shall attempt to fathom the subject of Uruguayan archæology as much as possible.

Ameghino and Ambrosetti said that throughout the whole of America the ceramic art had achieved a greater degree of perfection than that to which European men of the stone age had attained.

Both in Argentina and Uruguay have been collected thousands and thousands of fragments or potsherds; but they have always been small, all diminutive: none of them so large, none so complete—almost whole—as the fragment I personally removed at Puerto de la Coronilla, known in my archæological collection as "Lirompeya."

As to the thickness of the fragments of pottery, Ameghino said that they fluctuated in Argentina between two and thirty millimeters. In the jars that I have observed in this country the same dimensions may be noted.

Potter's clay or earth is always argillaceous, and frequently mixed with particles of various rocks, such as mica, flint, quartz, granite, et cetera. The color of pottery, according to Ameghino, depends on the color of the earth from which it is made and on the degree of firing.

When this firing is applied regularly, the color resembles that of flower-pots; but it never reaches yellowish red, as Moreno remarks.

Querandí ceramics, like Charrúa ceramics, presents many gradations in its kneading and calcination: some masses are badly wrought and merely exposed to the sun. At other times the mixture seems to have been well kneaded and well baked. The surface of the objects of clay is generally smooth, in the case of all the Rioplatensian pottery; occasionally it appears carved with very primitive signs.

The work of modeling is therefore crude, in general. Nevertheless, according to Ameghino, "some small specimens are wrought with so much perfection that it seems impossible that they were done by Indian hands."

Hence it was that an Argentine archæologist believed that he had discovered traces of the use of the potter's wheel in Querandí pottery.

Nadaillac has said that the potter's wheel, probable in the prehistoric period, has not yet appeared in the ruins either of North America or of South America; but that, in view of the perfection of certain ceramic objects, it is difficult to believe that the workers that fashioned them did not have at their disposal a mechanical apparatus to insure uniformity of pressure. Such is also the opinion of eminent Yankee archæologists, as, for instance, Conant. We may not say the same of Charrúa modeling, which is rude enough.

The color of the paint applied to ceramic manufactures is but slightly varied in Argentina also: red, black, white, and little else. Zeballos deems it of vegetable

origin, because of its firmness. Nevertheless, it is known that the indigenes employed ochers and other earths, as also metallic oxides.

We have been able to observe the same gradations of colors in the fragments and objects of Uruguayan pottery, as has already been remarked.

THE author of *Antigüedades de los indios*, the señor Francisco P. Moreno, described the pots thus:

Almost all the vessels must have had a common form—hemispherical—but others are of different types.

The most of the vessels are like the *cazuelas*<sup>7</sup> of vitrified clay that we use in our kitchens, although not so thick. (The Uruguayan vessels are deeper, more "long-necked").

The fragments collected enable us to estimate the diameter of their mouths at twenty-five centimeters and their depth at fourteen, in the case of the most of these articles.

The bottoms of these vessels were arranged in such a manner that they could stand upright; and in this respect they resemble others found in Europe, especially in houses in marshy regions.

The señor Moreno has numbers of vessels with holes in the sides, instead of ears, for hanging by cords that pass through them. Ameghino, on his part, had fragments that show true ears: protuberances; handles of several shapes, beaks and holes.

The extraordinary bowl that we collected, almost whole, lacks handles, neck, et cetera. A large quantity of fragments, also of bowls, that we have observed and which at present we shall call Charrúa, likewise did not present protuberances or any perforations.

In studying Charrúa pottery, Ameghino observed that it much resembles, in color and firing the fragments that he himself found in 1875 and 1876 in the Cañada de Rocha (in the Partido de Luján); but, he added, regarding its ornamentation, that he possessed only scarce and incomplete data, which did not enable him to describe the fragments.

<sup>7</sup>The *cazuela* has no exact equivalent in English: it is a flat bowl or frying-pan (except that "pan" in English is applied almost exclusively to vessels of metal) of glazed pottery, and it is the primitive vessel for frying or stewing throughout the southern countries of America.—THE EDITOR.

AMEGHINO himself, in one of his works (1880), studied the clay pipes of the province of Buenos Aires, and he explained that thitherto they had not been found in that region. The dough of which they are modeled consists of fine homogeneous clay, without any mixture.

The firing is imperfect, but they are ornamented with various designs, only slightly common among the savage peoples. These designs are usually carved in hollow or high relief.

The pipes collected in Argentina are all in fragments; it is to be seen then that there exists between them and similar pipes of the age of bronze in Europe a great analogy.

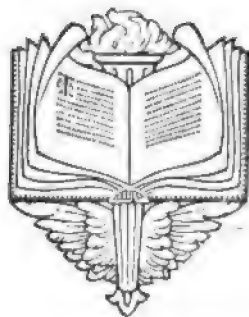
The marquis of Nadaillac, in his work already mentioned, *Amérique préhistorique*, said that the number of pipes that originated with the mound-builders is very considerable; but he gave attention to only two clay pipes, as he dwelt in the main on stone pipes, which were also modeled by the constructors of the tumuli.

The primitive inhabitants of America must have been inveterate smokers, to judge by the great number of pipes found in the excavations opened. The Americanist Bancroft<sup>8</sup> asserts that, when the Spaniards reached the New World, the Indians were smoking cigars also, a statement that we confirm regarding our Charrúas.

The stone pipes are carved in soft chalk, slate and sandstone, and even in hard porphyry. There are some of very simple shape, but there are also those that represent animals, such as the cat, the beaver, the elephant, the *tucán*, the crane, the tortoise; others are made in the likeness of human faces.

It was believed for a long time that the mound-builders applied their lips to the orifice of the pipe and smoked thus; soon appeared canes or stems of baked clay, of stone and even of metal. Then the problem was solved. For our part, and in spite of the preceding observations, we have not even found any fragments of them among the thousands of potsherds that we have had before our eyes.

<sup>8</sup>Herbert Howe Bancroft, the author of *History of the Pacific States of North America* and other works.—THE EDITOR.



# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

AN ARGENTINE'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES: PECULIARITIES IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FAMILY; THE POSITION OF WOMAN; OBSERVATION REGARDING SOME OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE DAY - - ENRIQUE GIL	135
A pamphlet published in Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1922	
THE IDEA OF PATRIOTISM - - - JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN	146
<i>Pegaso</i> , Montevideo, Uruguay, November, 1920	
EXCAVATIONS IN THE VALLEY OF MÉXICO: QUATERNARY FOSSIL REMAINS AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL CULTURES - - - ENRIQUE DÍAZ LOZANO	152
<i>Ethnos</i> , México, México, November, 1922-January, 1923	
THREE LETTERS OF JORGE ISAACS - - - - -	160
<i>Cultura Venezolana</i> , Caracas, Venezuela, July, 1922	
DON QUIJOTE IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHIATRY - - EDUARDO URZAIZ	164
<i>Boletín de la Universidad Nacional del Sureste</i> , Mérida, México, March, 1922	
PACIFISM IN LATIN AMERICA - - - - - ALBERTO M. CANDIOTI	173
<i>Nosotros</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, October, 1922	
THE WINNING OF A PEOPLE ( <i>inedited bilberto</i> )	179
LORENZO INURRIGARRO	
FLUCTUATIONS IN EXCHANGE AND THE DEPRECIATION OF CURRENCY - - - - - RAÚL SIMÓN	182
<i>Revista Chilena</i> , Santiago, Chile, July, 1922	
THE MYSTERIOUS MAMMAL - - - - - CLEMENTE ONELLI	189
<i>Boletín de La "Sarmiento" Asociación Protectora de Animales</i> , and <i>Revista Cultural del Jardín Zoológico de Buenos Aires</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, October, 1922	
SUGGESTION AND DELINQUENCY: A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CRIMINAL - - - - - JUAN RAMÓN BELTRÁN	192
<i>Verbum</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, September-October, 1922	

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

ENRIQUE GIL was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, March 22, 1890; he was educated in the schools of Buenos Aires and La Plata, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts from the Colegio de la Universidad Nacional de La Plata, and that of doctor of laws from the faculty of laws of the same university; on his completion of the statutory period of military service, he was entered in the army reserve as a lieutenant; in 1910 he came to the United States to study on a fellowship granted by the Universidad Nacional de La Plata; in the United States he took special courses at the University of Wisconsin and the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated with the degree of master of arts; from 1911 until 1922 he was a special correspondent of the newspaper *La Nación* of Buenos Aires; in 1912 he was granted a special fellowship for the study of political science by the University of Pennsylvania; the same year he was elected a *socio numerario* of the Universidad de Oviedo, Spain, in which he delivered the opening address of the winter session, speaking as a representative of the Universidad Nacional de La Plata; in 1912 and 1913 he studied in the Universität zu Berlin on the fellowship granted by the University of Pennsylvania; in 1913 he entered the law firm of Aldao, Campos and del Valle as the resident partner in New York; in 1915 he took a course in international law at Columbia University; in 1916 he became a partner in the firm of Aldao, Campos and Gil of New York; he has served on several important boards and committees and as a member of a number of interamerican congresses; in 1921 he lectured in the extension department of the law school of Columbia University on Spanish-American civil law; he has published a number of pamphlets and addresses.

JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN: see INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, Biographical Data, page 130.

JORGE ISAACS was born in Cali, in the state of El Cauca, Colombia, in 1837, and, besides being a distinguished man of letters, he served the government of his state and that of the republic in a number of important official capacities; in 1872 he represented his country as consul-general in Chile; while there he contributed a number of articles to the newspaper *El Mercurio*, and several poems to *El Sud-América*, *La Revista de Santiago* and *La Revista Chilena*; later he published the first canto of a poem entitled *Saulo*; he died in 1895; his reputation as a man of letters rests mainly on *María*, a novel of customs, which is widely known and has passed through many editions; among his poems may be mentioned *La tumba del soldado*; *Río Moro*; and *La noche callada*.

LORENZO INURRIGARRO, now in middle life, was born in Avellaneda, in the province of Buenos Aires, Argentina; he was educated in the schools of Buenos Aires, in the Colegio Nacional of that city and in the faculty of medicine of the Universidad de Buenos Aires; he has served as an intern of the Hospital de Clínicas and of the Hospital de Rivadavia, and he is now at the head of the department of diseases of the stomach of the Hospital Rawson, all of Buenos Aires; he is the author of numerous articles and a book on medical subjects; he was one of the Argentine delegates to the congress on alcoholism, held in Milan, Italy, and an official delegate of his government to the Berlin congress on tuberculosis; is a knight of the Légion d'Honneur of France.

RAÚL SIMÓN is a Chilean engineer, and he is the editor of economics of *La Nación* of Santiago, Chile.

CLEMENTE ONELLI: see INTER-AMERICA for October, 1919, Biographical Data, page 2.



# Inter = America

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NUMBER 3

## AN ARGENTINE'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

PECULIARITIES IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FAMILY; THE  
POSITION OF WOMAN; OBSERVATIONS REGARDING SOME  
OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE DAY<sup>1</sup>

BY

ENRIQUE GIL

It is refreshing to come upon an analysis and exposition of us as intelligent and sympathetic as the one presented in the following address. We, an "ingenuous" people, as the speaker rightly intimates, who, in our innocence, childlikeness and generosity, have been laboring for several years under the impression that we cherish kindly sentiments for the rest of the world and that we have made more or less of an effort to express them, find ourselves at the present moment somewhat disillusioned, so much have we been misprized and censured and badgered and isolated, so frequently have we been attacked and maligned, so persistently have our motives been misunderstood, or at least, misrepresented and impugned; and we are inclined to try to thicken our national skin, fold our hands in disgust and become indifferent to the world's opinion. Refreshing as spring-water to the parched tongue, grateful as a soothing unguent to an excoriated surface, pleasing as a phrase of encouragement from the mouth of a music-master, is the intelligent word of genuine comprehension and friendliness voiced by a fellow-American . . . of another region of our continent, who has spent years among us and knows us thoroughly, and who does not hesitate to express himself boldly in our favor, on a dignified and influential platform, in his own country.—THE EDITOR.

DOCTOR SUÁREZ'S invitation to give you my impressions of the United States reminds me of an anecdote of Jimmie, a Virginia Negro, whose master asked him whether he had change for five dollars. Jimmie replied: "I haven't, boss, but I am much obliged to you for the compliment."

I find myself in somewhat the same position in respect of this request of Doctor Suárez's; if I lack the ability to treat the

theme as effectively as it deserves, or as brilliantly as you justly have a right to expect . . . I appreciate the compliment.

It is for this reason that I, while disclaiming the ability to deliver an address on the subject, accepted the invitation to rob you of some of your time in order to speak to you on this theme, which is so pleasing to me.

Nothing impelled me more to it than the reading of section D of article I of the statutes of the Ateneo, which sets forth as one of the purposes of the institution the promotion of a greater cordiality of rela-

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered before the Ateneo Hispano-americano, of Buenos Aires, May 19, 1922.—THE EDITOR.

tions among the countries of America, including, by express and separate mention, the United States.

My ideas regarding the United States that will be of interest to you may be classified under three heads:

First, as to her international and, especially, her interamerican policy.

Second, those suggested by an analysis of the financial, industrial and labor situations, and their influence on the economic conditions of the other countries.

Third, those that deal with the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of that people, considering them as a basis and norm for the interpretation of the subjects previously mentioned. Within this realm fall the study of the family, of manners and customs and of education and culture, as well as of certain social and ethical problems that concern the people of the country.

Doctor Suárez, with his wonted kindness, has suggested that impressions of a political and economic character might preferably be the subject of a discussion in the Facultad de Ciencias Económicas, an invitation that does me great honor and that I am pleased to accept. Hence I shall limit myself to giving my impressions regarding the United States as a people, a society, a human aggregate.

When a stranger visits a new country, and especially one that is so complex, he receives impressions that he soon spreads broadcast in some 'blich' with the vigor of a definitive , while influenced by a variety of circumstances that cause these impressions to assume a diversity of forms, and, in general, one-sided and incomplete ones.

In the first place, we have, for example, those who—recalling the phrase of Ricardo Rojas—enter the United States, but into whom the United States does not enter. They usually go back to their homes with impressions like those of one of my fellow-countrymen, who, when he had returned from Habana, and was asked why he had not visited the United States, answered:

"I . . . go to the land of barbarians?"

The most of them, besides not knowing the language and not having learned that the beautiful language of Spain is all Greek to Americans, as a rule, spend the period of

their stay shut up within the four walls of a New York hotel, their minds becoming embittered by their having found everything bad, while they damn the service in a jargon that is unintelligible to the Negro, Japanese or Irishman that it has been their fate to have as a servant.

These visitors are disturbed by the traffic, the manners and customs, the skyscrapers, the omnibuses, the dress of the women; in short, they are the propitiatory victims of their own lack of understanding; and they generally depart from the least American of the cities of the United States, New York, in a state of irritability, without having become well acquainted, if you please, with even that great commercial metropolis of which they have had occasion to see only its colossal motion-picture houses.

In the second place, we have the stranger that goes to the United States to study or to engage in business, who lives entirely within the group of his fellow-countrymen. They, in general—and very especially the representatives of the so-called Latin-American countries—live in the poorest and most isolated quarters of the city. Hence, their impressions are determined by what is thought and done within the group of their compatriots that reside there. Such a group contains its aristocracy and its plebeians. We have, reproduced in an inferior *quartier*, the passions and vanities of the village, which the individuals took with them when they transplanted themselves. As to the life that throbs about them, they are aware only of the rancor it awakens in them. The recently arrived person falls headlong into an atmosphere in which he is forewarned regarding the other inhabitants by the local gossip characteristic of such centers, in which the sediment of permanent residents is composed almost entirely of failures, who have been outstripped because they do not possess the capacity for assimilation with the higher activities of the environment in which they live.

Those that possess this capacity almost never frequent the colony, as they seek among the native elements a means of developing their energies and of assimilating what seems to be useful in life in com-

mon with a new and vigorous people. Those that limit their vision to what the groups of compatriots offer them in respect of the country must of necessity disseminate ideas manifestly erroneous, since all that unites these elements is a sense of incapacity to comprehend what surrounds them; and their thoughts center on praising their native land and what it affords, and on discussions of the defects of the people that give them shelter.

There are also several other kinds of impressions that spring from a diversity of circumstances that contribute to the formation of them in the visitor's mind. Among them is the impression produced on the stranger that deceives himself into judging of Americans by certain standards or norms of life that prevail in the circle of native persons in which one moves. Hence it has occurred that strangers have often taken some of the signs of wealth and comfort among certain families as an indication of the social status or class to which these families belong, since, in their own country, the enjoyment of such comfort and the possession of such material wealth are indications of a certain superior social position. Nothing is more deceptive or at times more dangerous than this false view. In the United States the average family enjoys much more comfort and dresses and lives better than the average family of any other country in the world. This fact, which is an indication of the progress and enlightenment of that people, may be synthesized by saying that their civilization and progress have justified themselves by giving or tending to give the greatest happiness to the greatest number of human beings.

This material welfare, however, is not always indicative of certain qualities of education and culture that are characteristic of families that possess traditions or the individuals of which have enjoyed the privilege of mingling with persons of a certain refinement of manners and even of morals.

A large apartment, automobiles, country-houses and other visible signs of prosperity are not to be taken in the United States—or, indeed, anywhere else—as evidences of distinction, and still less as

proofs that the people that possess them belong to what the English call the *backbone*<sup>2</sup> of the country, and what Ricardo Rojas has translated, happily, in my opinion, by “*reserva moral*.”

There is another type of visitor whose impressions are always the object of eager comments on the part of his friends. He is the one who, with plenty of money, goes from the circle of the social élite of his own environment and plunges headlong into the midst of that other international élite of the wealthy, the distinguished and the agreeable whose names and pictures adorn *Vogue* or *Vanity Fair*, *The Graphic* or *The Illustrated News*, and whose activities bring prosperity to such publications as *Town Topics* in the United States. It is the multitude that throngs the halls of the international hotels; it is the same in Buenos Aires as in Paris; in New York as in Vienna or Constantinople. It is the multitude of the idle, bored, as a rule, sated to excess, whose canons of morality do not recognize the bonds imposed by circumstances and who generally prevail among the bourgeoisie of a people.

To such visitors, New York and the United States in general, are but a stupendous field where, because of the power of the country and her extent and wealth, all the manifestations of this worldly, frivolous and unbridled life are multiplied and magnified almost to infinity.

Consequently, you can imagine the pious horror of our matrons of the old school at the lurid stories of that worldly vortex, and the curious eagerness of persons of the new generation to become better acquainted with, and to comment on, that aspect of the life of a great people; and hence the stupendous generalizations we are accustomed to hear. “We have lived for a long time in the United States! The United States, the land of moral bankruptcy, license, sumptuous feasts, unspeakable orgies, the most absolute social rottenness and corruption!”

When one tells these good compatriots that this life is not typical of the country, he hears in reply:

“But, my friend, I am acquainted with

the best of that society: So-and-So and So-and-So are in the books of gold; their names are of the most prominent."

Nevertheless, it is not true; and what our fellow-countryman has known, the environment that he has cultivated, is purely and simply that floating population that does not constitute, in the United States, in France or in any other country, what is fundamental or wholesome socially.

One not infrequently encounters a tendency to deny to the United States the possession of an intellectual class that devotes itself to the speculations of genius and pure thought; and people that return to their homes with this impression, one readily observes, add with sincerity:

"A great people, in the material sense, but its mind is in swaddling-clothes."

Such persons have learned what they know of the country through their eyes, but they have not been able to form a correct judgment, for the very simple reason that, if they had eyes to see and if they saw, they lacked the instrument necessary to an appreciation of the rest, that is, the language. This fact, added to another, that the American mind is not exhibited or advertised, like the sewing or washing machine, causes it to be unperceived by the casual observer or one that has not sojournd for a long time in the country, especially when, as with every new people, the manifestations of mind are only visualized and measured after the formative process and the economic consolidation of the country have reached their zenith. Hence the Renaissance appeared after the Italian republics had acquired great wealth from their commerce with the Orient, and art and literature prospered under the lavish patronage of the rich.

If we apply this historical criterion in judging of the progress of culture in the United States, we shall see that it constitutes a force not to be despised, although it may not be so complete as some of the other manifestations of her life.

We shall say, without fear of being mistaken, that the idealism that prevails in that country has not only been inspired by, but that it has sprung from, the intellectual work of hundreds of colleges and universities that are developing the

mind of this nation with great energy and on an immense stage.

There is no better proof of it than the appearance of Wilson, the exponent of a new creed; the eloquent interpreter of the loftiest aspirations of modern peoples; the poet of the disquietudes and anxieties that have stirred the human soul; a man already set apart by history: Wilson, an American academic; and I mention Wilson, not to take time to mention other figures in the realm of literature and philosophy, with the exception of those of Poe, Emerson and James, who alone would serve to give sufficient claims to any country.

It is futile to attempt to interpret the peculiarities of any people by using as a basis of comparison the standards that prevail in other countries.

THE American family may not be judged by the standards that govern the family in our country, just as the latter may not be judged by the canons that obtain in the American family. To judge fairly in either case requires the application of canons characteristic of the country, in view of the relativity and difference in the circumstances, environment, inheritance, tradition, et cetera, from which these canons result. The same may be said of judgments that are formulated in respect of morality and ideas.

If we follow this process, we shall be able to understand that neither the family nor the manners and customs nor the morality nor the ideas of the people of the United States are either exotic or extravagant, and least of all, incomprehensible. The people of the United States are essentially normal, because they are wholesome; generous, because they are strong; romantic and idealistic, because they are young and have a mission to perform in the world.

To feel all this, it is sufficient to become intimate with persons that belong to what we have called the "reserva moral" of the country, which is not an exception like the persons that give the impression of exoticism by their actions and ways of living.

From that "reserva moral" we ought to select a typical family, the nucleus family, about which are formed the new families, a process slower than among us, because of

the fact that immigration, quite restricted now, was very considerable in the years previous to the war. when it exceeded a million a year.

In this typical family—and it is unnecessary to choose an extreme case of strictness from the communities of New England—the father maintains his position of authority in the direction of the affairs of the home, equally with the mother; and it does not happen that the father thus loses anything, but, on the contrary, that to his authority and influence are added those of the mother.

This state of control in the home by the father and mother does not differ in any respect from the one that obtains among us; there as here the father provides, in the type family of which we are speaking, the necessities of the home, and the mother has under her charge the administration of it and the education of the children.

As to household economy, we find no differences worthy of mention; nevertheless the position of the wife, the mother and the children presents interesting phases.

The situation of the wife is, legally and practically, one of independence. The husband is not the overbearing person with whom we are acquainted; nor is the wife the unsalaried housekeeper that is so general here. She is conscious of the responsibilities that she assumes when she marries. This fact alone dignifies her position in the home, which loses nothing because of this distribution of responsibility in its management. The woman is no longer either the *Hausfrau* or the *bibelot* to whose caprices the husband yields. She demands and obtains from the husband an equality of morality, that is, the marital relation has been established not only on the basis of affection, but also on the principle of reciprocal respect. In the American home is not seen the subservience that lowers the position of woman and that contributes so much to the husband's forgetting his duties little by little and his deeming it his privilege to do what he likes without considering the feelings of the wife or the interests of the home he has created; that is, it is understood that love can not exist without reciprocal respect on the part of the husband and the wife.

It is unnecessary to enter into details regarding the benefits that arise from this state of things. With the passing of the years, the mother becomes the companion of her children, and in case of the father's death, the family is not left unprotected or destitute: first, because the widow is perfectly capable of continuing to direct the home; and, second, because life insurance is so general that there is no household budget, however modest the condition of the couple may be, that does not provide for the payment of premiums.

This condition of things is based mainly on the very peculiar situation of woman in the United States: a situation that may seem a privileged one to those of us that are accustomed to see her in a position of inferiority to man, but which, in reality, is merely one of equality with man. This position to which I allude is neither the result of gallantry nor of deference for the so-called weaker sex; rather, it is purely and simply the consummation of a condition imposed by preparation and the qualities developed by woman in view of the education and economic independence that she has little by little acquired.

Hugo Münsterberg, in his well known work *The Americans*, said that woman constitutes one of the corner-stones of the strength and health that characterize the American social organism. She leads in many of the activities of the community, moderates and improves the action of man and frequently prevents the evils of a masculine liberty that would soon become abuse or excess. The daughters of these families of the "reserva moral" of the country receive their first lessons in the home itself, when they see the position occupied by their mother and the personality that is being formed without sex inhibitions.

Thence they go to *boarding-schools*<sup>3</sup>—the best known are in New England—and afterward to *finishing-schools*,<sup>3</sup> where, in the main, they study languages and other subjects of social importance. Many—and in an increasing number, especially among the rich families—go to the colleges for women to pursue higher studies—

Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Smith, et cetera—institutions from which have gone forth the women of the United States that have excelled most in social and public activities.

Among us this independence of woman is subject to comment under the name of "liberality." One need not delve very deeply to learn what it is sought to indicate by this term; the difficulty is, however, that we fail to consider that we can not conceive of an independent woman apart from a respectful man.

I deem it proper to point out that the respect that is entertained for women in the United States is not to be found in polite phrases or in the more or less profound genuflexions made by the men. This attitude is based on the thorough conviction that the men have, that self-respect involves respect for their fellows, and very especially for women.

Social sanction in the United States disqualifies incontinently any man that violates this unwritten law; and in my experience as a friend of young men of that country, I do not recall a single case in which a confidence has been made to me that affected the reputation of a woman, or one in which they have boasted of their conquests or have exhibited letters they have received from their woman friends. Any one that did this would be qualified as a *cad*,<sup>4</sup> and there could be nothing more opprobrious than such an imputation. I know that on a certain occasion a young man, who wished to join a famous country club, was absolutely blackballed because of an indiscretion of this kind.

With these explanations it will be understood that suffrage is not a purely academic question in the United States, and that the use of the vote obtained by the women has given certain new tendencies to policies. The acquisition of the suffrage has not bestowed a new capacity on the American woman; it has simply recognized a capacity that already existed. To-day the most hardened politicians have made it their business to treat the political organizations of the women the same as those of the men, because they have not been slow to recognize their electoral value.

That the truth of this new activity of

woman's may be appreciated, I mention that the wife and daughter of a senator with whom I am acquainted made the trip from Washington to Montana, that is, from one side of the country to the other, to vote in the last presidential election, and this case is certainly not unique. In this same election I visited several of the *polling places*,<sup>4</sup> as they are called in the United States, and I could do no less than admire the seriousness and tranquillity with which the women, in a mixture of classes and colors, waited patiently for their turn to do their civic duty.

Many persons have asked me whether this life of independence has not caused women to lose her charm as such. I answer that what constitutes *charm*<sup>4</sup> in the woman of our country is not what constitutes charm in the American woman.

Here in Argentina physical attraction outweighs that of personality. The formula would seem to be: a pretty woman, of great femininity of character; which would signify: weakness and dependence on man. This flatters our masculine vanity, and we forget that we base our supremacy on something that begins with self-belittlement. In the United States it seems that what counts for most is personality, that is, the sense of "strength" rightly understood—not physical strength—as one perceives when he has to do with a *girl*.<sup>4</sup> It is the outcome of a lack of sex inhibitions, which surely does not signify a lack of modesty; and certainty of one's self, which results from the cultivation of character, from an early age, free of trammels or hindrances. In this respect, as in much that is characteristic of our country and of the United States. I find that there is no antagonism, but that we represent the culmination of types that differ in race and environment, each with its virtues and defects and each capable of improvement, which must come with a better understanding between the peoples. I believe, frankly, that it would be as absurd for the Argentine women of to-day to adopt the American woman's manner of life, without having the preparation that she unquestionably has, as it would be for the American woman to follow in the footsteps of our women.

<sup>4</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

If this is the situation of daughters in the home and in society, it is not difficult to understand what that of the sons is, and how in the life of the colleges, with their sports and other activities, which are modeled on those in which they will later be called on to participate in life, form the character and the habits that are to qualify them to be useful men.

The education of the women is more varied than that of the men, but the latter, from very early, although they specialize in given subjects, always continue to consider work as the cure of all ills. The ambition of every boy is to make himself independent of his family as soon as possible.

In the United States the profession of rentier is unknown. The young men, and the most of the elderly men, in spite of the fortunes they may enjoy, would consider it shameful not to be engaged in some kind of work or not to devote their energies to something useful. There, both among the highest and among the most humble, the boast of "not doing anything" is unknown.

Speaking of this, I recall an anecdote that was related to me by a distinguished fellow-countryman. During his stay in a Chicago hotel, he asked the manager to send a workman to make some repairs in the bathroom. A young workman in *overalls*<sup>6</sup> made the necessary repairs, and, as he was about to leave, our countryman was on the point of offering him a gratuity, when he observed a certain expression on the workman's face, which checked him, and he limited himself to thanking him. Shortly afterward he asked the manager who the workman in question was, as his curiosity had been aroused. He was informed that he was the son of X—, a manufacturer of plumbers' supplies, a man with a considerable fortune, and that he would probably see the young man again that night at the opera.

In contrast with this case, I recall the lamentations of one of my compatriots whose son had replied to his recommendation that he should go to work by saying to him:

"But, father, why have you made so

much money? That I should stand behind a counter?"

More than once I have heard the American people qualified as "ingenuous," as if this word denoted a serious shortcoming. Those that say this are not aware that in order to be ingenuous and candid one must be endowed with very exceptional qualities and with great fortitude of spirit. To be able to be ingenuous is a luxury reserved for the strong alone. To those among us that are called *vivos*,<sup>6</sup> ingenuousness is folly, since to them *viveza*<sup>7</sup> is a virtue that at times masks a crime, an act of injustice or an underhand trick. It is so much so, that to-day, when it is said that some one is very *vivo*, we no longer know whether we ought to condole with the one complimented or to felicitate him. It is characteristic of the well endowed to go straight to their objects, without circumlocutions, trickery or disguises, and only the incapable appeal to subterfuge to hold their places in the struggle for life. I think it would be difficult to find the equivalent in the English vocabulary for the terms *agachada*<sup>8</sup> and *gambeteador*,<sup>9</sup> and in the creole vocabulary for the terms "fair play," "sport" and "good loser."<sup>10</sup>

On the other hand, it is common to hear in a tone of reproach, to emphasize our own superiority, that the Americans are lacking in a sense of the ridiculous. This is a fact, but we little understand that this much lauded sense of the ridiculous is nothing more than "fear:" that inhibition which forces us to inaction or to the destruction of that which, by breaking the monotony or uniformity of the environment, would stand out above the ordinary. In other words,

<sup>6</sup>"Lively," "smart," "sharp," "keen," "up and coming," when used in this slang sense.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>The substantive of *vivo*: "sharpness," "smartness," et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>According to the dictionary: "trick," "artifice," "snare." The verb "*agachar*" means, in its natural sense, actively, "to bend" (the head), "to double" (the body); and, reflexively, "to stoop," "to squat." The metaphorical and vulgar characteristic of the kind of fraud denoted by *agachada* is to be found in the peculiarity that it consists in obtaining one's object by permitting some difficulty, persecution or accusation to pass without defense or excuse.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>From *gambetear*, "to dodge," "to duck": in the slang sense, a *gambeteador* is one that dodges, plays sly tricks.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

the standards that govern the American's actions have their origin in himself, in the dictates of his own judgment, which may be mistaken or not, but is seldom subject to the influence of a conventionalism which, in most cases, is the law of mediocrity.

On this discussion bears the aphorism that I found, as a legacy from my predecessor, on the wall of the dormitory of my Alma Mater in Philadelphia: **THE MAN THAT HAS NOT SOMETHING OF THE CHILD IN HIM IS NOT A MAN.**

However, this lack of a sense of the ridiculous does not mean a lack of a sense of humor. There are few peoples on earth that have it developed to so considerable a degree as the American people, since few contain so important an admixture of Irish and Hebrew stock. In the United States, humor does not wound; it invigorates; it is, as it were, a by-product of the health and strength of the people, which expresses itself in overflowing and wholesome fun. It inspires their music, their literature, their drama. This sadness that is the filth of the spirit of this world of ours seems to be giving way, little by little, before the disorderly advance of American music: barbaric music, if you will, but elemental rather than barbaric, as it is an expression of a state of mind in which the joy of living predominates.

The morality of the American people has been more than once brought to judgment by our fellow-countrymen, who visit the United States with all the morbidness of spirit that we have always possessed.

To facilitate the discussion, I am led to make the following remarks, dividing the subject into social morality and business morality.

The business morality of the people of the United States has been misjudged among us, because, in reality, the United States, until very recently, was not interested in foreign commerce, and the Americans that have engaged in it have generally been "mushroom" or upstart exporters. The commercial morality of that people is neither better nor worse than that of any other, and it is subjected there, as everywhere, to the same forces and circumstances.

On the other hand, there are certain

rules, such as the one I am about to indicate, that are fixed, and any deviation from them is totally incomprehensible to the American. I refer to the fact that when a money obligation is once contracted, however insignificant in value, the American expects that it will be discharged strictly and within the period stipulated. It has sometimes given rise to the mistaken idea that attributes this attitude to love of the dollar, when, in reality, it is merely respect for a principle, for a standard of conduct, which gives stability to business relations between men. This same individual that is capable of protesting a note for a hundred dollars and of suing a debtor, may have given a thousand or two thousand dollars to a person as a gift to aid him, without ever giving a second thought to the subject afterward.

As to social morality, I do not need to recall—since it is so well known—what the view is that prevails in respect of man, and which is synthesized, in the teachings of the schools and colleges, in the meaning that attaches to the word "gentleman." The American—especially the young man—leads a wholesome life. It would be interesting to make known among us the result of certain questionnaires sent out by the secret societies of students in this respect in the most important universities of the country.

The "canons" of morality among women have been little studied in general by foreigners; but judging the typical woman of the "reserva moral" of the country, few are the peoples that can boast of uniting in their women so many virtues with other gifts that make the American girl *sui generis*.

The great number of divorces in the United States, which emphasizes the evolution of the family toward "matriarchy," often causes it to be thought that that country is going straight to moral bankruptcy; but who does not know that every legally sanctioned divorce has always been preceded by the moral divorce of the man and the woman? Who knows the percentage of moral divorces that exist here among us, where obstacles are placed in the way of the happiness of husband and wife, and, what is worse, where are main-



tained schools of immorality for the children?

When so much concern and so many censures are expressed regarding the morality of the American people, I can do no less than recall the astonishing figures given by the statistics of our country in respect of illegitimate births, which, in certain provinces, are greater in number than the legitimate; and I can but recall then, as an antithesis, those unforgettable days of the war, when I saw parade, with ill suppressed emotion, through Fifth avenue, in New York, the American legionaries, all youth, all health: vigorous and erect, they seemed athletes setting forth to win new victories in an Olympiad of epic proportions, rather than soldiers; and then I said to myself that if the morality of the home is to be judged by its fruits, blessed be that morality!

As I have previously indicated, the culture of the people of the United States has been, in general, little appreciated, or it has been disesteemed by our fellow-countrymen. It is common to hear:

"But, man, we are much more advanced than the Americans, we possess more culture!"

This exclamation has caused me to inquire as to its reason for being, and I find it to be the result of measuring the modern culture—youthful and at times rudimentary—of the Americans by the standards of European culture, which constitutes for us the *non plus ultra* and which we cling to tenaciously and show off as our own.

The culture of the two Americas, especially in respect of the arts of the spirit, is to be viewed in the light of history and with loftiness of vision, if we wish to obtain a true and accurate perspective. For this purpose, it would be sufficient to step forward in imagination a hundred years, which is nothing in the life of peoples; and what do we see? That the culture of today—elementary but characteristic of the United States—has flourished to such an extent that it has become a vigorous and fruitful tree, one that constitutes a new stage in human progress; and that the showy garb that we borrowed from Europe, and in which we are strutting with an air of superiority, is torn to tatters and merely

serves perhaps to choke the impulses that exist in every new people, tending to impress a personal and individual stamp on its intellectual development.

Now this subject of culture may also be dealt with from the social point of view when we come to consider the sense of collective discipline and tranquillity revealed by the American people even during the gravest moments of a crisis.

Not to weary you, I must confine myself to illustrating my thought with three examples that seem to me typical.

One of them is an incident that occurred during the war. The United States Fuel Administration, urged by the enormous demand for gasoline required by the armies in Europe and foreseeing the possible shortage of this combustible, caused to be published in the newspapers throughout the country a request to owners of automobiles to refrain from using them on Sundays, as far as possible. Nothing more was required, for several Sundays, until the committee informed the public that the restriction would no longer be necessary. The thousands of kilometers of the roadways of the country, from Alaska to Florida, were traveled merely by a picturesque variety of wagons, coaches and other vehicles; but no automobiles were used, even to take guests back and forth between the stations and the country-houses where they had been invited to spend week-ends. This result was not obtained by police pressure or by a decree of the government, but simply by a request to the public, in which the committee reasoned with it, without threatening it with any coercion whatsoever.

Another example of social culture was to be observed when, following the declaration of war against Germany, the ambassador of that country was given his passport by the government of the United States. Bernstorff, the ambassador, embarked at Hoboken to return to his country amid the deep, but none the less eloquent, silence of the multitude that had invaded the docks to witness his departure. Nevertheless, the recollection of the *Lusitania* and its more than a thousand victims was still fresh and it filled the hearts of the people with anguish.

I permit myself to point out a last example of social culture in the United States, and it is one that has come into prominence through the application of the "dry law." There is no record in the annals of peoples of the establishment of so radical a measure, one that affects so many interests and that has caused less disturbance and open resistance. The efficacy of the law may be a subject for discussion, as well as its greater or less enforcement; but what no one can question is that the courts have had less work; that industrial production has increased; that the poor man's club—the saloon—has disappeared completely; that the retail merchants are to-day the most ardent partizans of the measure; that many jails have been closed; and, what is more important, that through the sacrifices of the few, an appreciable contribution has been made to the welfare and happiness of the many. Of course, people drink in the United States to-day, but what they drink is expensive and bad, and the only ones that injure themselves or violate the law are those whose financial condition enables them to do so, and they are in the minority. The law will perhaps be modified to permit the sale of wines and beers that contain a low percentage of alcohol; but, as in every reaction against an established order of things, it has been necessary to go beyond the just limit, perhaps, whatever it be. The truth is, however, that the country has responded by giving its sanction to this radical measure.

Before concluding the presentation of my impressions, I desire to answer a question that I know you have been asking yourselves. It is why, in referring to the people of the United States, I use the word "American," and not one of the substitutes that we tend to employ among us and that do not wound the susceptibilities of those that believe that to call the inhabitants of the United States "Americans" is to encourage the usurpation of a title that belongs to all the peoples of the Americas. My reason for the use of this word is very simple, at the same time that it is inspired by a spirit of patriotism that I conceive to be justifiable. As an Argentine, I belong to a nation, a political organization—Argentina—and not to a ter-

ritory whose geographical denomination is America.

The United States, on the other hand, from the beginning of her organization as a free country, has been called the United States of America; this has always been the official title of that nation, and it is generally accepted and recognized by a diplomatic practice according to which that country is usually classified under the letter A. From the point of view of our nation, I think there is no reason why we should be classified under a geographical denomination, when we have a political denomination, much more individual, more our own, which is the one that we ought to stand by and proclaim.

I have the same aversion to our being classified as "South Americans" or "Latin-Americans," for the reason given above and for many other reasons that need not be mentioned.

With this explanation, I think I can present a synthesis in which I shall seek to express the essential conception that may serve to interpret the different manifestations of the life of the American people in themselves and also in their relations with the other peoples of America.

I am sincerely convinced that the principles and strength that inspire Argentine and American culture, respectively, as well as those that determine their political destiny, are not antagonistic, as they are also not divergent or convergent, but parallel.

Civilization moves from east to west, as Victor Hugo pointed out.<sup>11</sup>

America's hour has struck. In the elaboration of the new social and political creed of humanity, the two great groups of races in the world, the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, rejuvenated on the virgin soil of America, are called upon to work together in the development of the new civilization. Of the Anglo-Saxon race, the United States is the leader on the continent; let us hope that our progress will enable us to claim this title as the representatives of the Latin race, whose contribution to the enrichment of the world has been so valuable.

<sup>11</sup>Bishop Berkeley had already said:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."—  
THE EDITOR.

I say there is no antagonism between the two peoples, because they tend to complement each other, and from their life in common must spring reciprocal benefits. This process of integration we have always seen repeat itself in the labor of the two races that history has revealed to us; and, carrying the observation farther, we may even note it in the manner in which the representatives of the two countries think. Americans go from the concrete to the abstract, we proceed from generalizations to details; they construct, we intuit; they are heat, we are light. In their women, it is the personality that stamps the physical that is beautiful; in ours, it is the physical that inspires the personality. In the United States, the advantages of coöperation are accentuated; here, those of individualism. The swing of human events drives us toward one extreme to-day, and toward another to-morrow; in the two races the impulses of one of them are moderated or stimulated by those of the other.

We are united to-day by what Alejandro Álvarez calls "the American consciousness" in the task of forming a new civilization which, in its origin—like all other civilizations—is based on the virtue of work, on the negation of the spirit of class; and its aim is to make possible the greatest happiness for the greatest number. This is the evangel of the New World.

In making a profession of faith of my affection and admiration for the United States, I can but recall the change that has taken place in my ideas and feelings, and the aversion that I felt for that nation in the years of my childhood, when I armed my brothers in a martial legion, which, turbulent and audacious, hurled its attacks against the furniture of our house, which symbolized the power of the colossus of the north, the imperialistic and dangerous country. To-day that enemy of my childhood has won my heart, after I have spent more than a decade living in her, studying in her universities and becoming intimately acquainted with her vigorous and wholesome ideality. To-day I am convinced—after having been a witness to the attitude

of that people in the great epopee of the war and after having seen the beginning and the end of that American expedition that went to uphold the dominion of principle in Europe—the most quixotic adventure contemplated by man for many centuries—that this people is a nation of romanticists and dreamers.

I make profession of respect for it, because it has sent me back to my own people more Argentine than when I left my country for the first time, with a better and a clearer perspective of the destiny and the grandeur that await us, and of the great virtues that lie still dormant in our youthful nation. Sarmiento understood the United States and he presented it to us as an example when the Union had not yet passed beyond its material stage; Martín García Merou lived there at the beginning of the period in which was budding the spiritual flower that I have had the opportunity to follow during its cycle of florescence.

From the philosophy of that people, I have been able to obtain peace of spirit and equanimity, which contribute so much to personal happiness; from its wholesome joy of living, I have drawn an invincible optimism, in respect of men and things; from the example of its labor and activity, I have deduced standards by which to try to regulate my present labor and activity; from its generosity and hospitality of spirit, I have learned that they are the virtues of the strong. Such is the harvest that I have garnered from the years spent there, and it is because of it that I sincerely desire a real and effective understanding between these two peoples which, maintaining the due proportions, have the greatest analogy, for both are "by race, Europeans, and by their civilization, Americans."

Ladies and gentlemen: I think I have contributed by this address to the objects indicated in the statutes of the Ateneo in respect of the relations and reciprocal knowledge that ought to exist among the peoples of America. I thank you for the courtesies with which you have honored me.

# THE IDEA OF PATRIOTISM<sup>1</sup>

BY

JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN

The author, the incarnation of the spirit of his country, the singer of her primitive race, her forests, her birds, her beasts, her skies, and the portrayer and interpreter of her national hero, presents the plea of the modest, gently undulating land against the mountain-ridden one, and of the small state against the larger, the imperial, the far-reaching state. Dimensions, he holds, do not make for patriotism: "Heterogeneous size satisfies, not infrequently, the sentiment of pride, which is not properly a virtue: patriotic love. . . . Pride in what is complex, the worship of size, incites to provocative boastfulness, in turn generative of the desire for aggrandisement, for the possession of bodies without winning their souls, for enjoying without love. . . . What I call patria, in its most intense sense, is the patriotic unity—simple, homogeneous, harmonious—loved, not for what it has, but for what it is, and because it is a product of our own, of us who are a single force, a single love for common objects or images: recollections, names, colors, landscapes, structures, ruins, graves, wherein is found all that exists in time and eternity."—THE EDITOR.

I

"HOW they fly!" said the lad Bernardino, when he saw the steeples of his village for the first time.

It was not the steeples that were flying; it was the swallows, which seemed to be coming out of them.

We, in the presence of our landscape, shall perceive the flight of what is singing there beyond the swallows and gulls: that of ideas, which also spring from everything, as the thought of the universe.

There is no such thought of the universe, however; only man, among all the visible creatures, thinks. What I find in nature is not in nature. It is in me myself. We carry in our fantasy morning and evening; spring and winter; the voice of the thunder and the voice of the bird; unfathomable words and uninhabited cities; and deserts filled with voices.

To affirm that things are sad or joyful because they produce sadness or joy in us is like supposing that they possess memory because they awaken recollection in us: the recollection of things, colors, inarticulate sounds!

The joy of darkness is the laughter of a blind man; the sadness of light is the grief of a child; the influence of things on us is the memory of the universe of which we

form a part; for no one remembers anything save of himself, in the last analysis.

When there is no peace or joy in us, things are not our friends and they do not console us. Yet they are full of serenity and cherishing thoughts, when we yield them the resignation of our souls.

"When there is no joy," said a man of thought—Ortega y Gasset—"the soul retires into a corner of our body and makes of it her lair. Every now and then she gives a distressing howl and bares her teeth at the things that pass. . . ."

Besides, when joy is lacking, we believe we have made a frightful discovery: we perceive with weird clarity the black line that bounds every being and shuts it in within itself, "without windows that open outward." This is the discovery that we make by pain, above all, physical pain, as by means of a microscope: the solitude of everything. We follow, with our gaze, the bent, spent back of everything, which in turn follows its own solitary trajectory.

It is the contrary of this, in truth, that I have felt and feel habitually in the presence of the landscape that I have beheld for long hours from my turret: I feel "the society of things." They also—things—without excluding the stars, have been born, like myself, to live in society, I doubt not.

"Brother Wolf, Brother Sun, Sister Water," said Saint Francis, the poor man of Assisi.

What is "property" in the water that seeks its level is "instinct" in the bird that

<sup>1</sup>The second chapter of an inedited work entitled *La profecía de Ezequiel*, by Juan Zorrilla de San Martín, which we have had the pleasure of seeing in galleys, and to which we alluded in the December number of INTER-AMERICA, page 122, note 9.—THE EDITOR.

seeks materials for its nest, and is "faculty" in the mind that craves goodness. Properties, instincts, faculties: behold, the potencies of this immense organism of creation, the society of things visible and invisible, made by God for one another, and all for the glory of his name!

Verily, nothing in nature is isolated; there is no black line about the contours of objects; everything aids and permeates in the environment of lights and shadows; the reflections of some things on others, of the visible and the invisible, form the harmony of the spheres, which is peace. To understand that God has been no less good in giving us darkness than in giving us the sun is wisdom. If, just as we place a little water in our wine, we accept a little sorrow in our joy, we make it wholesome, as being more in harmony with the universe, and more soluble in the happiness of others, always relative. We do not make discords; we do not trace the dark lines of sadness and black envy. The good and generous man, when he is very happy, ought to feel a sense of indebtedness and almost ashamed in the presence of those that suffer. The suffering of others is the delight of the perverse; the supreme diversion of a pagan was always the spectacle of the pain and death of his fellows. Christ redeemed humanity by dying.

## II

NO ONE has failed to perceive, however, in my ingenuous love for my landscape and my rustic house, the predominance, in my psychic life, of a sentiment, which, like the swallows around the steeples, is seen to revolve about all this, and which is related to that society of all things of which we are speaking. I am speaking, of course, of love for the land in which one was born; of the resolve to find it beautiful and make it lovely and respectable to the greatest number.

This, indeed, is the motive that impels me: to render perceptible the true idea of patria and of patriotism, which, if it be really a virtue, and not an ugly vice, must be something different from what it is generally conceived to be. The enormous problem of war has only this solution: the evangelical purification of the concept of patriotism.

This sentiment of patria or collective patrimony exists at the bottom of all human love of nature; it is perhaps rooted in it. To man, the universe is divided into two fractions: the patria on one side; all the rest on the other; but without the existence of a black line between them. This concept of patria, a continuation or enlargement of one's own home thronged by recollections, is, in my judgment, the only true one. As my garden is precious in proportion as it is cultivated by my hand, so is the patria all the more the patria in proportion as we have served and honored her with our love or anointed her with our sorrow. Her history is that of my trees; her flag garners us all the sun the universe produces for us. The rest of it is yonder; it belongs to other beings; it is for other flags; and we do not need it to see well the colors of our flag and to feel life in all its fullness.

That love, "raised from the category of sentiment to that of virtue," is what is called patriotism; changed into a disorderly or senseless passion, it is a collective vice and it generates war.

It is well known that certain innovators (Tolstoi is their most famous interpreter) say that patriotism "is a selfish sentiment that leads to wars, one destined to disappear, to give place to the sentiment of universal brotherhood." They have taken for patriotism what is nothing of the kind; they have seen in it a sentiment mainly negative or exclusive, while, indeed, it is essentially positive, of love alone. "Science has no country," they once said to the French Pasteur. "No; it has no country," he answered; "but scientists have."

## III

ONE needs, unquestionably, to concentrate his gaze on a piece of the habitable surface of the earth in order to make it the object of his spiritual cultivation. Must thou furrow the whole planet with thy plow?

In the same manner, one centers and cultivates love for man on the love he feels for those that are nearest and most like him, those that are bound to him by a common love of things and by common virtues and defects. Only thereby does

one attain to love for mankind and even to love for God. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen," says John the evangelist, "how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Sons of the sumptuous mountains are wont to speak to us of them with the pride of a wealthy heir. They are welcome to do so. I, a son of this horizonless *Río de la Plata* and of its hills, felt awed—I must confess it—when I saw the cordillera for the first time; I almost felt envy; but, rightly understood, all that awed without impressing me. An extravagant thought vibrated in my soul: it seemed to me that there was no habitable land there for man, because all of it, and even a great part of the sky, were occupied by its formidable owners, the mountains. Man seemed to me to be a guest there, a sojourner; his buildings, however sumptuous and however strong their foundations, always seemed small, temporary, always recently constructed, beside those enormous ancient structures, without doors or windows, in which the earth projects outward its reliefs and the forms of its inner life, with hidden meaning in their depths. There is no steeple that can bear the proximity of the *Corcovado*<sup>2</sup> of *Rio de Janeiro*; no edifice may stand beside the *Pão de Assucar*,<sup>3</sup> men move among the roughnesses of that sublime land as though bound to silence, like conspirators in prison. The very stones, as they blend in the buildings have obeyed an unknown force that returns them to the maternal quarries rather than the will of men.

Another thing is the docility of the green hill; it might well be said that it bends low, like a dromedary, to receive the weight of its master: a human habitation takes possession of it and makes it live; fills it completely and changes it; a cupola enlarges and glorifies it.

The cupola of Michelangelo, for instance, rises like a lady above the hills of Rome which are its well proportioned pedestal.

<sup>2</sup>"Hunch-back:" a peak of irregular shape that rises about 2,500 feet above and behind *Rio de Janeiro*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>"Sugar-loaf:" a pointed monolith that rises from near one of the edges of the harbor of *Rio de Janeiro* to an altitude of some 2,000 feet.—THE EDITOR.

From everywhere it is visible; the sky emanates from it as a nimbus emanates from the helmet of an archangel. Set upon the Apennines, it would be smothered to death. The little hill on the bay of *Montevideo*, of which we have spoken, would be but a graceful sinuosity of the ground, if it did not boast the ancient fort that graces its summit. With it, the graceful mountlet is the frowning and formidable guardian of the city. The ancient structure is the spirit of the mount: a symbol, on its part, of the patria, mistress of herself, strong in the individual soul.

#### IV

BE ALL this as it may, and while I admire the genius of great foreign mountains, I feel my love for the universe concentrated on this landscape of mine that surrounds me, whose contour, marked by the line that the sea traces along the hospitable land, is lost in the blue of the distance, composed of many blues. . . . I see, from my rustic terrace, the *Isla de Flores*, perched on the imprecise spot that the water shares with the air. It is three bits of earth or rock, which seem to have gone swimming away from our shores to take possession of our horizon and come to rest at our door with a light in their hand. At times they are blocks of white marble, which assume different colors according to the hour and the state of the atmosphere; at others, small black promontories, when they wrap themselves in their mists and light their lamp companioned by friendly twinklings. They stand out as if more or less near or remote, according to the whims of the diffuse light. There are moments when, revealed by it, they seem as if they have just appeared on the horizon and as if we see them for the first time. At other times, I seek them and almost do not find them: they have gone away, or they have hidden themselves in the air.

Much farther off, when the air is limpid, may be distinguished quite clearly, on the eastern and northern horizons, the heights of our Atlantic coast, like light clouds: the *Sierra de las Ánimas*, *Pan de Azúcar*, the *Montañas de Maldonado*, which are exploring the sea for us. They are not mountains in any strict sense: they are

mere elevations of the plains that reveal the granitic bony structure of the land. Like all that is ours, these elevations or irregularities are moderate and harmonious; large but not enormous; high but not inaccessible. They are approachable, even to their summits, by man or by the stalk, by the eagle or by the nightingale, by the horse or by the quail: all are wheatlands. Rather than sprung from the depths of the earth, they seem to have been dropped from the air and become rooted in the heart of the land.

Harmony and proportion are distinctive of this my national heritage, as they were of ancient Greece, our ancestress; they, it was, that gave birth to the beautiful immortal myths. The sea, wine-colored or violet, spread a bosom propitious to barks with sails of purple, propelled by oars to the sound of flutes; a torrent of transparent water, a fragment of rock with a patch of moss, offered a habitation to a smiling divinity; a little mountain—Olympus—was the worthy and harmonious abode of all the gods.

They did not exist, but they live somewhere: humanity continues to believe in the greatness of that mount Olympus.

## V

**G**UIDED by the remote sierras, I follow in thought the shore-line of the patria, along which resounds the voice of our stretch of the Atlantic, filled with gods. I advance toward the north as far as our boundary with our sister Brazil, and, turning westward then toward the inland, until I reach the Río del Uruguay, which gave us its name, I return by that doughty progenitor of ours, between the innumerable islands, in search of my point of departure.

Once again face to face with the Río de la Plata and the Cerro de Montevideo;<sup>4</sup> once more in this little white house from which I set out and which is the center of my universe, it seems to me that I have encompassed my entire country with my two arms; that it is but a splendid amplification

<sup>4</sup>The Cerro de Montevideo, to which the author alludes so frequently, is a small peak or hill that is visible to the left of the harbor of Montevideo as one enters from the Río de la Plata.—THE EDITOR.

of the piece of ground cultivated by me, with nothing exotic, nothing that is not mine and my brothers': the Spanish language changed to suit our accent; the rivers that nourish Uruguay; the indigenous forests that drink at those rivers; the twin hills that undulate in their "green silence divine," and in which the innumerable herds—cows, sheep, horses—share their bread with the savage ostrich; trees with primitive names that sing in their birds songs in the same language, tuned to the purling of countless brooks embroidered with *camalotes*,<sup>5</sup> to the odor of the pastures, to the flight of the birds: the strident *terutereros*<sup>6</sup> that nest on the ground; the *borneros*,<sup>7</sup> manufacturers of cupolas; the *palomas torcaces*<sup>8</sup> that live in the thistle thickets; and the herons that gladden the rush clumps. All this is in harmony with the speech of men and the laughter of women, with the song of mothers that give suck to children; with the picturesque names that throng the history that is dear to us.

Although we do not claim that it constitutes all the sentiment of patriotism, we must agree that this companionship of man with nature forms an integral part of that love for something terrestrial that ought to survive us and our children: something everlasting in time; something that seems sacred.

I am persuaded, for example, that my frivolous allegation in behalf of the hill, in its esthetic plea with the mountain, has brought joy to the offspring of the plains. They have thought themselves personally alluded to in the defense; they, like myself, have felt like hills.

<sup>5</sup>An aquatic plant of the family of the *Pontederiaceae* that grows on the rivers of South America.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>The *teruterero*, according to Granada (*Vocabulario rioplatense razonado*, Montevideo, 1890, page 372), is "a bird a foot or so long, of white color, with a mixture of changing black and brown . . . whose note sounds like its name. It is easily tamed, and, let out in the patio of a house, it serves as a sentinel, always alert."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>The *bornero*, according to Granada (work quoted, page 241), is "a bird of a cinnamon tan color, excepting the breast, which is white, and the tail, which is reddish. It builds a spherical nest of clay, similar to an oven [*horno*], with a side entrance and divided into two compartments by a wall with a means of communication."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>Ring-doves.—THE EDITOR.

I recall an occasion on which I perceived with particular intensity this force of cohesion between man and things. The occurrence took place during one of my journeys through the world, when I visited the zoölogical garden of Madrid.

"And have you no specimens of American flora?" I asked the famous owner of that house, don Miguel Colmeiro, after he had made me acquainted with his treasures.

"There is there a specimen of *Picurnia dioica*," the amiable savant said to me.

We went to see the *Picurnia dioica*. . . . I regret to have to confess that I almost felt tears in my eyes, like an imbecile, when I observed that the tree he showed me was an *ombú*, the tree of my land, which was growing there, with an exotic name, removed from its climate, weak and sad.

The tree seemed to me to be a sick brother that awaited me before dying in solitude. I felt a longing to embrace it, to console it. The learned botanist knew nothing of this: of the soul of the tree; of its relations to my soul.

This recollection is less frivolous than it seems. I do not mean to say that this communion of man with nature is the cause of the national soul; but I do say that it is its immediate effect and its symbol. A tree is as much as, or more than, a flag. It is not because we love these things—trees and flags—that we constitute one collective soul, but this love reveals that collective soul to us; it makes us feel our soul.

Philosophers discern clearly enough the subjective character of the internal image produced in man by sensation. One of them remarks that every individual has a peculiar way of imagining; he calls it "the personality of the imagination." Although the vision of a horse, for example, is the same in a trader, a *sportsman*,<sup>9</sup> a painter or an indifferent person, the "phantasm" that each one forms of a horse, when there is no horse present, is wholly different. This remark may be extended to races, peoples and epochs, and art confirms it. The phantasm of a woman was different in the Egyptian from what it was in the Greek, without our confusing that collective transformation with the transformation of the beloved woman, for example,

in the brain of the lover, which, if quite similar, is the work of each one's heart; but the observation is applicable, above all, to the pure concept of patria that we desire to inculcate. The phantasm of the things of our land is different in us from what it is in others; but it is the same in those of the same land.

The image or phantasm of the *ombú* in my spirit is not identical, by a great deal, with that of the *Picurnia dioica* in that of the botanist of Castilla; but it is, if not identical, very similar in the soul of all my fellow-countrymen.

From this comes what is wont to be called "stylizing" in art; it is the things copied from the inner original that a people or a race forms for itself. The *ombú* might occupy a quarter of our national shield.

## VI

THIS is not to say, of course, that true patrias may not exist if they are great and complex. There are those, I doubt not, which, because of the intensity of their spirit, would be worthy to be small; but let us observe that in this case the great patria is a conglomeration of small patrias, united even more by the understanding, if not by strength, than by the heart. Let us confess too that extent is, if not the cause, the near occasion of a sin opposed to the virtue of patriotism. Heterogeneous size satisfies, not infrequently, the sentiment of pride, which is not properly a virtue: patriotic love; the latter is "contentment," that is—and the word "contentment" says it—fully satisfied with the object of love; the other may become "incontinence," stupidity, dispersion or dissipation of the affective energies.

Virtue-patriotism inclines to the defense of the soil in which one is rooted, as filial love, to the defense of the honor of a mother: with firm resolution, but without emphasis, without provocations, without proclamations, which seem to put it in doubt. The other, pride in what is complex, the worship of size, incites to provocative boastfulness, in turn generative of the desire for aggrandizement, for the possession of bodies without winning their souls, for enjoying without love. I shall not say that it is, but I do say that it may become

<sup>9</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.



something like, the voracity of the lower species.

What I call *patria*, in its most intense sense, is the patriotic unity—simple, homogeneous, harmonious—loved, not for what it has, but for what it is, and because it is a product of our own, of us who are a single force, a single love for common objects or images: recollections, names, colors, landscapes, structures, ruins, graves, wherein is found all that exists in time and eternity.

In the love of a country, rich, strong—strong, above all—there may be something of this, unquestionably; but there is also much, if I am not mistaken, of the idea of reciprocity, of receiving a compensation, even if it be of pride. Such and such a man of superior mind and heart who, because he is the son of a nation none too strong, conceives that his life is passing unobserved, might have enjoyed the delights of flashing glory, if he had been born in a powerful state. Another, in turn, might not have risen above the anonymous multitude without the fostering reflection of the country that has illuminated him.

## VII

THE danger of making the nation to which we belong a sort of prolongation or amplification of one's self is serious, when that nation is very strong or very large; there is seen in the very person a concentration or reduction of the national strength; it is thought to bear it about with it as a title of superiority over other men. A German may cherish the feeling that he himself is Germany; a Frenchman, that he is France; and the Anglo-American, that he is America, when they encounter other men by the way; but not so much the kindly, intelligent, friendly France or Germany, as the strong France or England or America, capable of living without asking anything of anybody, almost menacingly.

It is not rare to see something of this, as we know, even in the sons of nations that are secondary in the material sense, when they come to imagine that they are strong: it is a law of poverty. Irreparable words are uttered. This itching of men infects governments, given to adopting a protective tone in their relations with states they deem less powerful. From this

identification of physical persons with international or collective persons comes the old idea of seeing in men just so many more international persons, as if their skins were dyed with the colors of their flag: their skins and even their blood.

It is quite true that this boasting of which we are speaking, above all when it is accompanied by disdain, is in inverse proportion to each man's personal worth; but few are the occasions on which this worth is so great that human weakness may not be greater. It is found alike in the clodhopper and in the gentleman; alike, or little less, in the priest and in the sergeant.

The soldier who, brave . . . and also cruel, in the ranks, begs for quarter as soon as he finds himself isolated, is not uncommon in war, we are told; and equally common in peace is the man who, amiable and modest as such, becomes disdainful and almost aggressive as an Englishman, a Spaniard, an Italian.

So are nations also in direct proportion to their pride.

The phrase "*civis romanus sum*" of the Rome of the Cæsars is still repeated, as an anachronism, in the midst of democracies. Our Greco-Roman historical education has contributed not a little to it, we must confess; and not without foundation, some one, agreeing with the Russian Tolstoi, who called patriotism a selfish sentiment, has said that modern wars are the result of the study of history. If so, they are, of routinary studies, not of the philosophy of history, which ought to be something more than a gallery of battles and official persons. There is much more than officialdom in the existence of peoples: don Quijote is as worthy of the honor of history as don Felipe II, and perhaps even more so; the philosophy of Sancho or that of the jester of King Lear is more profound than that of many authors of scientific manuals, experimental or otherwise.

Those philosophies—that of the English jester and that of the Spanish squire—the truly experimental ones, are the philosophies that ought to illuminate us in this hour of darkness through which humanity is passing, for want, perhaps, of common sense . . . the least common of the senses.

# EXCAVATIONS IN THE VALLEY OF MÉXICO<sup>1</sup>

## QUATERNARY FOSSIL REMAINS AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL CULTURES

BY

ENRIQUE DÍAZ LOZANO

México will never cease to interest geologists, paleontologists, archaeologists, anthropologists, ethnologists, botanists, historians and such other learned folk; but it is just as interesting to the unlearned, to the "man on the street," to the "average reader," the flitting tourist, provided he or she be gifted with a modicum of imagination. The following article is a case in point: in opening a drain for the construction of a culvert under a new highway, the point of a pick or the end of a crowbar touches the husk of mystery, and lo! the present vanishes and the past looms big with suggestion: engineers and workmen turn—at least temporarily—from digging to excavation, and from the building of a road to the interrogation of paleontology and archaeology, with highly interesting results.—THE EDITOR.

*C'est aux fossiles seuls qu'est  
due la naissance de la théorie  
de la terre. —CUVIER.*

WHILE the enterprise undertaken by the Dirección de Caminos, a dependency of the Secretaría de Comunicaciones y Obras Públicas, to open a highway that would put the city of México into communication with the very important archæological center of Teotihuacán, was in progress, the laborers at work on this road found—in the section that extends between the station named Venta de Carpio, on the Hidalgo railway, and that of Tepexpan, in the *hacienda* of the same name, on the Mexican railway—the first remains of an elephant's skeleton,<sup>2</sup> in digging for a culvert on the right side of the railway, some three kilometers from the former station. Informed of the discovery, the Instituto Geológico de México com-

missioned me to remove these remains and to make the required observations.

As the work of exploration advanced, there were found the remains of another large proboscidean, of which a complete cranium is worthy of especial mention. Later, behind the station of Tepexpan, Mr. S. McGregor, an engineer, who was appointed to assist me in this undertaking, took out the remains of another specimen. It may be said therefore that we had come upon a locality of a well defined fossiliferous character.

This fossiliferous locality is situated northeast of the city of México, and south of a volcano called Cerro de Chiconautla, at a short distance from its base, in the characteristic desert plain: a survival of what had been the bottom of the great lake of Texcoco.

This great depression that forms a part of the system of lakes that exists in the basin, the depth and extent of which must have been very considerable in the beginning, was gradually filled up as it received the materials that came down from a part of the solid mountains that surround this great region of the valley of México, borne by the waters which, descending from the inner slopes, gradually accumulated, and slowly but constantly raised its primitive bottom until they filled it in almost completely. The waters that accumulated in the great undrained reservoir evaporated and became concentrated, and the substances they held in solution resulted in the formation of a salt lake.

<sup>1</sup>A report on these explorations was duly made to the Instituto Geológico de México and a paper on the subject was presented at the Primer Congreso Nacional de Geografía, held on the occasion of the celebration of the first centenary of independence, by the honorable Sociedad de Geografía y Estadística, in September, 1921.

<sup>2</sup>In the original, this article is accompanied by illustrations. At this point occurs a reference to the first plate. The author of the article makes acknowledgment to the señor Edmundo del Río, an engineer, for the photographs that illustrate the original. He also adds that in the Instituto Geológico Nacional exist a good number of photographs of the excavations made at Venta de Carpio and Tepexpan.—THE EDITOR.

The transported materials that had come from the different igneous rocks ejected in the several periods—some more ancient and others contemporary—supplied the drift that finally filled in this lacustrine receptacle. Hence this drift is composed of the numerous materials that have resulted from the disintegration of rocks of different degrees of fragmentation and alteration, combined also with the substances discharged by the many volcanic vents of the basin, the energies of which, although now diminishing, have continued down to our times. Therefore all the sediments deposited in the lake of Texcoco, and, in general, throughout the lower part of the basin, represent, with the respective degree of alteration, the rocks from which they came. Among these deposits are intercalated, in many places, eruptive rocks that were ejected during the ages and mixed with the materials that were being deposited.

At the same time that the sedimentation was being effected, the remains of the organisms developed on the shores of the lake were deposited in the sediments, mingling with those that flourished in the waters of the lake itself; hence it is that among the products that came from the surrounding rocks are also to be found the remains of life, both animal and vegetable, developed on the shores of the lake of Texcoco and the other lakes, which are but the survivals, now dried up, of a great reservoir whose waters covered a large extent of the basin.

There have already been found in different localities of the valley numerous fossil remains that belonged to vertebrates that inhabited the shores of these lacustrine receptacles. Our museums contain a good number of specimens, belonging, many of them, to large skeletons, some of which were taken out when the drainage system of the valley of México was completed, with the opening of the Tequixquiac cut.<sup>3</sup>

The fossil flora is less known, but it also exists, such as the remains of *Diatomaceæ*, which are found mingled with the lacus-

trine mud or which form layers intercalated with the sediments.<sup>4</sup>

There have also been found remains of lacustrine *Monocotyledones*, some of which are indeterminable, such as those that were found in a layer, along with the elephants' remains in the lands of the *hacienda* of Tepexpan. Besides, some specimens, perfectly silicified, were taken from a well dug in the year 1887, in the neighborhood of Peñon de los Baños, at a depth of 16.76 meters.<sup>5</sup>

It may be said that our great basin that bears the name of "valley of México" is quite rich in fossils, although, unfortunately, investigations in respect of them have been very few, and the stratigraphic descriptions of the numerous discovered remains found are, it may be said, practically unintelligible. What has been remarked about the basin of the valley of México may also be, regarding basins of a similar character distributed throughout the central plateau of México.

The study of fossils is not, as is commonly supposed, a mere scientific speculation; for on these studies depend the identification and correlation of the sedimentary formations. *It will be impossible to determine the age of any geological formation, such as, for example, that which should be assigned to the igneous rocks, if the age of the immediate fossiliferous sedimentary rocks has not been previously fixed.*

The relations that exist between fossils and the strata that contain them are the only resource at the command of the geologist for his guidance in the study of the materials that constitute the earth's crust, as far as the latter is known; for the petrographic characteristics are insufficient, both in respect of igneous rocks and of sedimentary rocks themselves, since it has been made clear that both the former and

<sup>3</sup>*Memoria histórico-técnica de las obras del desagüe del valle de México, 1449 to 1900*, published in 1902, volume i, plates facing pages 8, 13, 20 and 25.

<sup>4</sup>E. Díaz Lozano: *Importancia de los yacimientos diatomíferos*, a paper presented to the Congreso Nacional de Geografía under the auspices of the honorable Sociedad de Geografía y Estadística, on the occasion of the first centenary of the completion of independence, 1921; "Diatomeas fósiles mexicanas," in *Anales del Instituto Geológico de México*, 1917, number 1, pages 8, 9.

<sup>5</sup>These specimens belonged to the deceased mining engineer, the señor don Santiago Ramírez, and they were given to me by Doctor Santiago Ramírez Vázquez.

the latter have been repeated in all the periods; hence the conclusions to which these characteristics may lead are always uncertain.

After these preliminary considerations, we shall now present a brief description of the fossiliferous bed of Tepexpan.

In it may be distinguished the following layers, from above downward:

1. A layer of vegetable mold of bad quality, which is the soil that covers these plains in general; it is of a variable thickness, with some twenty-five centimeters as a maximum.

2. A layer of fine sand slightly consolidated (soft sandstone), of a grey color and a variable thickness, its maximum being twenty-five centimeters; in some places it has the appearance of being "flagged." The consolidation of this layer is due to carbonates, which, with an admixture of clay, impregnate it, the former from the waters that have circulated among its particles; the latter is detritus of igneous rocks.

3. Then follows a thin layer of loose sand, the particles of which are from the same source as that of the preceding layer; it is of an irregular thickness.

4. The fossiliferous layer is a grey, marly clay, very plastic when it is wet, but very inconsistent and easily friable when it dries. The thickness of the layer was not determined, as it was explored only as far as the spot where the most dispersed remains of the skeleton were found, the excavation not going beyond two meters, and even less in that which was made by Mr. McGregor behind the station of Tepexpan. In these places, water appears at a very slight depth, this phenomenon being observed mainly in the second excavation; whereupon it became necessary to draw it off in order to continue the work.

It should be noted that these deposits, in a perceptibly horizontal position, rest on basaltic streams ejected by the volcano of Chiconautla, the outcroppings of which may be observed on the road between the first excavation and the station of Venta de Carpio. In the fossiliferous layer mentioned are to be found:

1. Fossil animals belonging to the species

*Elephas* (*Elephas imperator*, Leidy); other smaller fossils, some of them of birds; and the spicula of sponges.

2. The vegetable fossils are represented by carbonized remains, very badly preserved, of lacustrine plants (*tules* (?)), and numerous frustules of diatoms.

Of all these remains, unquestionably the most important are those of the *Proboscidea*, for there were discovered a good number of pieces that belonged to the two specimens found in the first excavation and the greater part of those that belonged to the third specimen brought to light in the second.\*

It is worth while to call attention, both in the first and in the second excavation, to the fact that the skeletons of the elephants were not only found assembled in a relatively small space, but that many parts of the skeletons were still articulated, especially in the second and third specimens; for large sections of the vertebral columns were to be observed. In the first excavation were found the iliac bones articulated to the sacrum; in the second, a femur perfectly articulated to an iliac bone. It is quite probable that if the excavating had been continued the missing pieces could have been secured.

From the appearance of these skeletons, it may be supposed that the great *Proboscidea* to which they belong remained almost *in situ*, that is, that these great mammals died near the edge of the lake, their heavy skeletons being buried in the marshy bottom of the shore, slightly moved by the movement of the waters, the reason why are wanting some of the parts of the skeletons that were slightly separated from the whole.

It is to be hoped that, with more extended and patient explorations, there may be found other remains that will give us a clearer idea of the stratigraphy in this fossiliferous region, in order that we may thus begin to determine the geological horizons of our basin: a problem that will facilitate the effecting of other investi-

\*All these remains were mended and prepared in the Instituto Geológico, the complete cranium being set up, with the exception of its defenses, which it was impossible to save, and several pieces, such as the lower mandibles and the extremities, which were placed in the halls of the museum. The rest were carefully preserved in the basement of the institute.

gations, with which we shall occupy ourselves later.

The different pieces of the skeletons were found to be almost as a whole, apparently in a good state, with the exception of the defenses, which could not be preserved save in certain parts—for example, a piece that belonged to the second cranium—as they were destroyed in their middle section so that it became necessary to remove them that we might take out the cranium without exposing it to the risk of being broken.

All these skeletons are incompletely fossilized. Hence we had to impregnate them on the spot with a solution of "soluble glass" (silicate of soda), else they would have been destroyed as soon as they were exposed to the influence of the weather. After these bones were impregnated with the substance mentioned, they were given a coating of Japan varnish, an operation that was effected when the necessary repairs were made in the institute.

The state of incomplete fossilization is probably due to the fact that, as the skeletons were in a layer of sandy clay, they were very slightly affected by the action of the air, which caused the organic matter to be destroyed very slowly; so that, as soon as this organic matter came into direct contact with the air, the destruction of the tissues proceeded very rapidly. Hence the specimens would have fallen to pieces and been reduced to powder, if they had not been opportunely impregnated and varnished.

As to the flora, especial attention is due to the *Diatomaceæ*, which are very abundant, and the interpretative value of which is quite important, since they reveal the characteristics of the saltiness, temperature and regimen of the waters, et cetera: a subject that has been discussed in other finished studies.<sup>7</sup>

In the numerous examples of fossils of Quaternary vertebrates that are to be found in the halls of our museums may be

seen many parts of the skeletons of elephants (*Elephas imperator*, Leidy, the species to which belong the specimens discovered at Tepexpan), mastodons, horses, llamas, bison, glyptodons, et cetera, et cetera; but each of them still remains to be described; hence it is necessary to begin explorations in a systematic manner, and, along with paleontological determination, to make a minute study of the fossiliferous deposits.

Fossil remains of these vertebrates have been discovered in many regions of the country, and it has been proven that these creatures were emigrants, like the elephant, which, passing through Siberia, crossed North America and made its way to our country, Central and South America.

The glyptodon, which originated in the southern regions of South America, is also found amid the lacustrine sediments of our basin. The same may be said of the bison, the fossil remains of which have been found in México, and which lives, although tending to become extinct, in the territory of the United States. The llama, which still exists in South America (Perú, Ecuador, Chile and Colombia)<sup>8</sup> is a fossil in our basin. This indicates that in the region comprised by our country occurred a mingling of the faunas that have inhabited and still inhabit the two American continents. Because of this fact may be at once understood the importance attached to thoroughly methodical explorations both in México and Central America, without overlooking, since it is no less important, the study of the fossil flora, which is so much neglected among us.

The establishment of the chronological succession and an acquaintance with the lacustrine sediments of the valley of México would render a great service to economic geology, hitherto generally applied among us with not a little empiricism; and, besides, it would greatly aid investigations as to the presence of man in the basin of México: a point that has been

<sup>7</sup>E. Díaz Lozano: "Depósitos diatomíferos del valle de Toxi," *Anales del Instituto Geológico de México*, number 9, 1920, pages 8, 9; H. Camacho: "Aguas subterráneas de Tlanalapan," *Anales del Instituto Geológico de México*, number 8, 1919, pages 13, 14. P. Waitz and F. Urbina: "Los temblores de Guadalajara en 1812," *Boletín del Instituto Geológico de México*, number 19, 1919, page 38.

<sup>8</sup>Llamas are not produced in Chile or Colombia, and only rarely are they driven into the loftiest regions of these countries with packs; and few are to be found in Ecuador; while they are raised and are very abundant in Bolivia, a circumstance overlooked by the author.—THE EDITOR.

much discussed and that has occasioned serious discomfitures, as in the case of the man of El Peñón<sup>9</sup> and in other cases that came up later, because, as a result of the very laudable endeavor to solve this important problem, certain investigators have been deluded by circumstances, such as those that surround discoveries like the find at El Peñón, and have overlooked anthropological characteristics that are far removed from those displayed by the earliest human types found in Europe,<sup>10</sup> where also has been proven their co-existence side by side with the Quaternary animals, such as the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*), the bear (*Ursus spelæus*), the horse (*Equus*), the reindeer (*Cervuus*) and many others.

The American man is an emigrant from an older continent,<sup>11</sup> as may be seen by reference to the very interesting study and observations made by Professor Hrdlička, which leaves no doubt on the subject, as well as of man's passage through the Siberian regions toward North America and his spread throughout the two continents, like the great mammals that had preceded him.

The presence of these vertebrates and of man in the basin of México, as may be inferred from the vestiges of both the former and the latter, occurred when the lacustrine evolution was already well advanced.

For greater clarity it is proper to make a brief résumé in order to give an idea of the history of our basin of the valley of México, which is similar to that of other existing basins on the Mexican plateau called Mesa Central. That history is as follows:

<sup>9</sup>La naturaleza, México, 1887, volume vii; Mariano Bárcena and Antonio del Castillo: *Noticia acerca del hallazgo de restos humanos prehistóricos en el valle de México*, 1884, pages 257-284; Mariano Bárcena: *Antigüedad del hombre en el valle de México*, 1886, pages 265-270; *Discusión acerca del hombre del Peñón*, carta del profesor Newberry al director de La Tribuna, 1885, pages 284, 285; *Contestación a las observaciones dadas por el señor Mariano Bárcena en 1886*, pages 286-288.

<sup>10</sup>E. Haug: *Les périodes géologiques*, Paris, 1908-1911, volume ii, page 1773.

<sup>11</sup>Aleš Hrdlička: "Genesis of the American Indian," *Proceedings of the American Scientific Congress*, Washington, 1917, pages 128-137; Aleš Hrdlička: "Early Man in South America," *Bulletin 52 of the Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1912.

1. Great tectonic energy, which produced the upheaval that gave rise to the Mesa Central.

2. Manifestations of great volcanic energy (Cænozoic era) from which resulted the solid mountains that set bounds on this great lacustrine basin:<sup>12</sup> an energy that abated with the decrease of the depth and surface occupied by the waters in the interior of this inclosed basin.

The subsequent phenomena have already been outlined at the beginning of this paper; hence the final manifestations of volcanism are represented by the latest andesitic discharges (andesites of hypers-thene) and the basalts.

The latest basaltic discharges took place then in the dawn of human life, as is proven by the vestiges and primitive cultures now found beneath these lavas.

However, what has not been established is the coexistence of man and the great mammals that were developed on the old continent at the same time as the earliest human types.

Numerous remains of abundant Quaternary fauna have been discovered in the basin, in spite of the few investigations made hitherto, and nothing has been proven regarding such a coexistence.

Mention has been made of a fossil llama bone<sup>13</sup> (misplaced long ago) that might well have been carved as a fossil and the value of which is much reduced, since care was not taken to record with the requisite precision the stratigraphic characteristics of the fossiliferous deposits. On the other hand, paleontological classification has been made with much more care, and to it have contributed distinguished paleontologists, such as Cope, Owen and others.

The anthropological characteristics observed in the oldest skeletons, such as those offered by the human remains found beneath the lavas of the Pedregal de San Ángel, in the quarries of Copilco,<sup>14</sup> do not

<sup>12</sup>J. G. Aguilera: *Bosquejo geológico de México*, bulletins number 4, 5 and 6, 1896, pages 248, 249 and 232-234.

<sup>13</sup>Mariano Bárcena: "Nuevos datos acerca de la antigüedad del hombre en el valle de México," *La Naturaleza*, 1886, volume vii, page 265.

<sup>14</sup>Manuel Gamio: *Las excavaciones del Pedregal de San Angel y la cultura arcaica del valle de México*, 1920, pages 136-142.

show any differences of importance in comparison with those of the modern indigenes.

With those skeletons have been discovered fragments of stone implements and pottery; the latter, which has been observed in other places of the valley and even in other parts of the country, has been considered the most ancient yet known: the reason why the archaeologists have classified it with the culture they have denominated archaic.

Among all the implements that belong to this culture there has been found no tracing or sign that bears a likeness to any representative of the fauna, which, as in Europe, surrounded the man that was a contemporary of the mammoth and which was abundantly represented in the grottoes and left numerous remains that place it beyond doubt that they lived at the same time and in the same region.

The geological character of the Pedregal de San Ángel and that of the adjacent formations have been much studied;<sup>15</sup> hence it is no longer necessary to discuss this point.

However, what does increase the importance of the basaltic flow called Pedregal de San Ángel is the result of the work undertaken by the Dirección de Antropología, for, by means of excavations made in the deposits that lie beneath the stream, were discovered sepulchers in which have been found quite complete human skeletons that it has been possible to study and that show that the lava of the Pedregal de San Ángel is modern, not to mention that recently there have been found in it the remains of monuments covered partly by the lavas themselves, as has occurred in the case of the pyramid that is being unearthed in the neighborhood of Peña Pobre, in Tlalpan.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>15</sup>J. D. Villarelo: "Aguas subterráneas en el borde meridional de la cuenca de México," in *Boletín número 28 del Instituto Geológico Nacional*; Ezequiel Ordóñez: "El Pedregal de San Ángel," *Memorias de la Sociedad Científica Antonio Alzate*, 1893, volume iv; E. Wittich and P. Waitz: "Tubos de explosión en el Pedregal de San Ángel," *Boletín de la Sociedad Geológica Mexicana*, 1911, volume vii, second part, page 169; E. Wittich: "Fenómenos microvolcánicos en el Pedregal de San Ángel," *Memorias de la Sociedad Científica Antonio Alzate*, 1919, volume xxxviii, number 3.

<sup>16</sup>Labors undertaken by Doctor Cummings, in cooperation with the Dirección de Antropología.

The succession of cultures that have been developed in the basin of México, represented by the numerous remains of different kinds of implements that characterize them—among them those of pottery, which exist in great abundance and correspond to the succession of strata, some of which have suffered the action of volcanic energy, as in the case of the Pedregal—render the aid of geology necessary, in order that the archaeologist may make his interpretations. In the archaeological strata, all the vestiges of human life—skeletons, objects of wrought and polished stone, pottery, et cetera, et cetera—take the place of fossils in the geological strata.

All the manifestations of human intelligence expressed in the numerous objects of every kind that have been found present the characteristic traits of the cultures whence they came, and the archaeologist has identified and grouped them methodically according to their representative characteristics.

It may be said that archaeological investigations undertaken in human remains have dispelled all the illusions that had existed hitherto as to the primitive type of the American man. The determination of the nature of the archaeological sedimentary deposits and the study of the wrought stones and minerals pertain to geology and the sciences auxiliary to it. On the other hand, archaeology renders a good service to geology by enabling it to distinguish and determine the recent formations.

The cultures developed in the valley of México have been classified as three. The most ancient corresponds to the remains found in the Pedregal de San Ángel and elsewhere; the culture of Teotihuacán is chronologically intermediate; and the Aztec is the most modern.<sup>17</sup> In the work *La población del valle de Teotihuacán* may be seen the results of stratigraphic explorations in respect of it.<sup>18</sup>

Hitherto, in the most ancient remains

<sup>17</sup>Doctor Manuel Gamio: "Artes menores: las pequeñas esculturas," in *La población del valle de Teotihuacán*, 1922, tomo i, volume i, pages 179-182.

<sup>18</sup>J. Reygadas Vértiz: "Estratigrafía y extensión cultural," in *La población del valle de Teotihuacán* tomo i, volume i, pages 225, 226; Engineer Ezequiel Ordóñez: "Formación geológica," in *La población del valle de Teotihuacán*, tomo i, volume i, pages 16-18.

of the culture of the valley, there has been found no vestige that demonstrates the coexistence of man and the great Quaternary vertebrates, as has been satisfactorily established on the European continent.

All the great mammals that have been found in the terrains that belong to the Pleistocene division were extinct when the first human beings appeared in our valley of México and in the regions formerly occupied by them.

The first inhabitants of this valley left the evidence of their existence in the remains of their different utensils, which mingled later with the materials that formed the first archæological strata, some of which were still subject, as has been said, to volcanic action (the basaltic lava of the Pedregal and perhaps other contemporary streams).

These characteristics distinguish these strata from the rest, for, although in parts of the basin the same archæological remains did not survive beneath the lavas, this geological incident has sufficient importance to differentiate the strata that contained the vestiges of archaic culture (which, besides, shows peculiar characteristics) from the cultures that followed it.

In short, the sedimentary deposits that form the drift of the basin may be considered as divided into two groups: the first, the higher group, which includes the evidences of human life; and the second, which includes the fossil remains of the vertebrates, among which have been found the great mammals, such as the elephant, the llama, the horse, the glyptodon, et cetera, et cetera.

Since man and the vertebrates mentioned did not exist at the same time, an interval occurred between the vanished faunas, which belong to the second group of strata, and the group that comprehends man. This interval must be represented by intermediate formations, or one of these two groups of sediments rests directly on the other.

If the first populators of the New World came from Asia and entered by way of North America in a period that corresponds to the Neolithic in Europe,<sup>19</sup> a

space of time has intervened between this fact and the extinction of the faunas that have been referred to the Pleistocene division. During this space of time ought to have occurred geological transformations that must have left some evidence in the basin. It is certain that at that time the lacustrine sedimentation must have taken place; hence it is left both to the geologist and the archæologist to determine these intermediate deposits in order to fix their upper boundary with the deposits in which are to be found the most ancient vestiges of human life, and in the lower boundary, the last remains of the fossil faunas.

Very probably these intermediate formations were not sterile (at least in their upper part); therefore it is interesting to become acquainted with the fossil fauna and flora contained in these layers.

It might be that in many places the higher group, with the remains of human life, rested on the sediments of the lower group, with the remains of the great mammals; this would by no means overthrow the geological conclusions, just as conclusions of an archæological character have in no wise been gainsaid when the remains of pottery of different periods have been found mingled, since this merely indicates that one culture had not disappeared when another was developed in the valley.

Other facts also require a judicious interpretation, for, among the objects found in the sepulchers discovered beneath the lava of the Pedregal, as well as among those that have been taken from the pyramid that rises from the lava of the Pedregal, itself, there have been found fossil remains (teeth) and other relics that were probably considered of this nature by the dwellers of the valley, who accounted for the great skeletons that are often to be found almost level with the earth or have been torn from their beds by the action of the waters. Hence, as in the case of other peoples of the earth, the presence of these great skeletons stimulated in our peoples legends similar to those of the countries that had been inhabited formerly by a race of gigantic men.

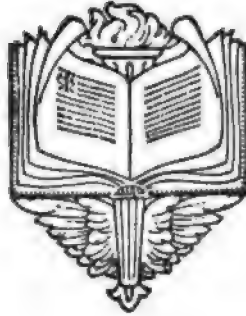
It is to be hoped that, with the investigations of stratigraphy—both archæologi-

<sup>19</sup>Aleš Hrdlička: *Genesis of the American Indian*, pages 134-135.



cal and geological—which are being undertaken, very satisfactory conclusions may be reached, for in the basin improperly called the “Valley of México,” there exists an abundance of paleontological and archaeological material. Hence all that is lacking is the study of all this with constancy and

especially with method, and, above all, of what has to do with our geological stratigraphy; for archaeological stratigraphy has received not a little attention during recent years, and it necessarily requires for its furtherance the direct aid of geology.



# THREE LETTERS OF JORGE ISAACS

**A**LFONSO REYES has published in *La Pluma*, a Madrid magazine, three letters from the author of *María*, valuable documents that we reproduce out of compliment to the readers of *Cultura Venezolana*. They are addressed to don Justo Sierra, a great personage of letters, and their object was to recommend a Neogranadan writer of brilliant thought and valiant pen, whom fate led by the hand, like Poe and Pérez Bonalde, along the rough places of life. The idyllic poet of El Cauca also sought something *pro domo suo* and he opened his heart burdened with misery; he, of whom it would be proper to say, with Juan Vicente González, that he was a bee of Helicon fallen into the cup of partizan wormwood. His letters are saturated with the unfathomable sadness of the poor gentleman, felt so deeply by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Poverty hovered about that home that the enchantment of poetry presents to us as tranquil and happy, amid groves of palms and within reach of the murmur of a plashing fountain. With a modest hand the poet drew aside, in an act of intimate revelation, the thick veil that concealed his uncertainties, his anguish, the miserable prose of life. He ventured on industrial enterprises, solicited an administrative position, came off his hobby-horse, and, since he possessed nothing, shared with his brother, who was driven from his native shores by the tempests of public life, the only treasure that remained to him: the tenderness of his heart. He asked for his companion, who was on the eve of departure, something more noble than material support: that is, counsel, the persuasiveness that would withdraw from his lips the wretched drink that was poisoning his soul and his brain.

The letters mentioned are as follows:

BOGOTÁ, *March 15, 1888.*

SEÑOR DON JUSTO SIERRA,  
MÉXICO.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND:

I send you affectionate greetings; and I am greatly pleased to repeat to you that I have not

forgotten and that I shall never forget all that I owe to your goodness in honor and stimulus.

I shall soon write you at length, and these lines are merely to recommend to you a fellow-countryman of mine, the señor don Juan de Dios U——, who is probably going soon to your country.

The señor U——, a famous writer of Colombia and a man of admirable talent, is a member of a family highly esteemed for the services its illustrious men have lent to the republic since 1810: the blood of good and noble tribunes and of wise democrats runs in his veins; he loves what they loved; very young still, he succeeds in being what he was obliged to be.

He has been proscribed, and, as his virtuous mother has told me, he will find it necessary to live by his pen in some country of Spanish America, and it seems almost certain that he would prefer to go to México.

I beg of you, as well as of the señor F. Sosa and other illustrious Mexicans that love Colombia and that honor me with their regard, perhaps more that I deserve, to do for the señor U—— what they would do for one of my brothers. Show them this letter, which is for them also.

Your loyal friend and obedient servant,

JORGE ISAACS.

IBAGUÉ (COLOMBIA), *May 4, 1888*  
SEÑOR DON JUSTO SIERRA,  
MÉXICO.

Receive my embrace. Who knows when I shall be able to give you a real one!

I finished the study of the coast happily, with good fortune. The coal deposits that I discovered on the Golfo de Urabá (Darién del Norte) are a source of fabulous wealth. I am now associated—to enable me to crown the enterprise with success, to make contracts abroad, et cetera, et cetera—with the strong and reputable house of the señores José Camacho Roldán y Compañía. The administrative partner of the house will go in July to the United States and to Europe with this affair in hand, and in August or September I shall go to the coast to meet the competent engineer that the syndicate organized for the purpose will send to investigate the deposits. They will find that they are greater than I—moderate in my reports—said.

On the right track now. Only a final effort is needed, and “well and done,” as the Chileans say. I promise you—as soon as I shall have or—

ganized here the happiness of my family and the work of my older two sons, Lisfímaco and Jorge—to start to the United States, in order to go from there, after studying that country for some months, to México. The rest will take care of itself.

I shall perhaps return half dead from my next journey to Urabá, et cetera; but shall I not have earned the privilege of seeing my family entirely happy for some years?

I recommended to you some months ago the señor don Juan de Dios U—, a distinguished Colombian, who went into exile. I know that you, the señor Sosa (whom I salute affectionately) and your many liberal friends will do something for U—. A thousand thanks to all of you from this moment.

U—, between us, has the misfortune to be fond of drink. His virtuous and intelligent mother often counseled him to remedy the evil. For periods he gives up the cursed vice, and then his brain is an inexhaustible fountain of light, and the darkness, the owl and the vampires go into mourning. It may be that there, alone, having to win the consideration, affection and admiration of men like you, U— will master and cure himself for ever. How much Colombia would gain thereby! I do not know how you will suggest or cause to be suggested anything in this respect. I beseech you to do it. However, you will see how he can write, what an intellectual force he is as a boy and what a great soul he has!

The señores Aguilar e Hijos, typographers of your city, wrote me the letter that I am answering to-day, and I take the liberty of inclosing you the answer to it, as it would be well for you to see it. They told me (October 15, 1887) that they had delivered you a box with a hundred copies of the last edition of *María* they have printed. If the number of copies of the complimentary gift had been as many as two hundred fifty or three hundred copies even (and it would have been just), the gentlemanly and fair conduct of the señores Aguilar might have been reported in the Mexican press as an example worthy to be followed throughout Latin America. I request you to send the books to Cartagena, to the señor Amaranto Jaspe, very strongly packed, as well as insured.

Your loyal friend,

JORGE ISAACS.

IBAGUÉ (COLOMBIA), March 19, 1889.

SEÑOR DON JUSTO SIERRA,  
MÉXICO.

MY GOOD FRIEND:

Receive an affectionate embrace. Months have passed since I wrote you. From May, 1888, I have had to work hard on some mines

that are in forbidding mountains about six leagues southwest of this village.

In my last letter I spoke to you about the sending of a hundred copies of *María*, of the last edition brought out in México. They were a courteous gift of the señores Aguilar e Hijos. They wrote me on October 15, 1887, and in that letter they said that the hundred copies would be placed in your hands. In Bogotá, friends with whom I spoke of this, have awaited the arrival of the books; and if the edition is as attractive as Doctor Mejía assures me it is, these copies would be highly esteemed.

It is difficult to send the box directly to Colombia. You can address it to some respectable house in Panamá, that it may send it on to Barranquilla. If it could come directly to the port of Barranquilla, it would reach there readily, in the care of the señores Ferbuson Noguera. I shall write to them telling them to whom they are to send the box in Honda, a port in the interior, on the Río Magdalena. I shall be much obliged to you for your care, et cetera, in sending these books. The señores Camacho Roldán y Tamayo are to receive the books in Bogotá. If Doctor Salvador Camacho Roldán was in the city of México in 1888, as he assures me he was, he must have had the pleasure of knowing you; if he was, you now have a way of sending the books safely to Colombia. He would have explained everything to you.

Now to something else.

I shall return to the Atlantic coast to remain during the whole of next April for the purpose of visiting, with an engineer that is to come from Europe, the coal deposits that I discovered on the Golfo de Urabá or Darién del Norte in 1887. If my representative in charge of this business in Europe and the United States, Doctor José Camacho Roldán, brother of don Salvador, is successful in his method and undertaking, as I hope, the company that will have charge of the exploitation of these very rich coal deposits will make enormous, incalculable gains. I only fear that Doctor Camacho Roldán's negotiation may be delayed for some reason. This would upset my plans for the future absolutely. On the results of my hard work along the Atlantic coasts—to which I have devoted much time since 1882, from Cabo Falso to Punta Espada, in La Guaria, and to Pisís, on the Golfo de Darién—I have set all my hope of a comfortable life in the future and of the possession of a certain patrimony for my family. At times I imagine that my efforts to acquire this modest fortune are useless; that I ought to resign myself to my family's not having, as long as I live, any more than what is absolutely necessary to avoid falling into frightful poverty. Thus we have struggled since 1862. Do not be

startled by that date: we are brave, and, as I had an opportunity to become rich in the high public positions that I occupied after 1876, if I had not placed my honor above everything, my poverty is to-day my pride.

I also fear that, as this country is governed to-day by the men about whom you are informed—ultramontane conservatives—obstacles of some kind will be placed, at last, to my obtaining a definite result from the venturesome undertaking of which I have spoken to you previously. These deposits of coal, being so close to Colón, are of really great value to the country; they are worth much to it because of their great richness, which the commerce of the world will employ; but what would you have? I have not worked in a country that knows how and is able to recompense such fortunate efforts. Had such a work been undertaken in México, Argentina or Chile, I should be rich to-day. Here it is different; I do not yet even possess so much as a modest house as a home for my family, and I am still struggling to live, even in poverty. If my spirit were capable of miserable fatuities, I should have imagined that all these trials and hardships of years and years are the glorious tortures from which other unfortunates—winners of honor and well-being that are to-day enjoyed by their compatriots—sought in vain to free themselves during life; but no: I have not yet been able to do anything that will make me worthy of the torments of those exiled souls.

Well, my friend, let us be far-seeing: I need to be so in order that later my conscience may not accuse me of blindness and of having been too frank in speaking with you of intimate things. What was published in 1886 in the newspapers of México regarding my painful situation was the truth. It was so from 1882 until 1884, and it was so from September, 1885, on the conclusion of the disastrous campaign in which we the mentors of liberalism had engaged that year. I denied what had been published by noble Mexican writers; I denied the truth for the honor of my country. You perhaps might have seen that statement of mine published in *El Promotor* of Barranquilla. Do you know how my compatriots thanked me for my abnegation? A certain Jorge Abello, a nobody, one of the editors of that petty sheet, made vile sport, worthy of the *vogue*, because he said that the editors of the paper had not known what I was doing on the coast, or whether I was in México or Colombia. In truth, they had believed that I was in México! . . . Why tell you anything more?

I relied much more at that time on the immediate success of my enterprises, and in them I endangered life, leaving the graves of my companions on the desert shores.

If the results of that undertaking are delayed, or if my efforts fail, I shall have to suffer a great deal; I shall be in debt for the journey of don José Camacho Roldán to Europe and the United States; it will be necessary for my family and myself to continue to reside in this place where it has lived as if in exile since 1880; I shall have to absent myself, at all events, in search of work, leaving it in sadness and almost deserted, as on other occasions. It is already too much for my strength, my friend; and in this situation I shall have, as always, the "respectful" indifference of the wealthy churls that are to be found in this wretched place—rich enough to live here—and the cruel indifference of the men that govern Colombia to-day.

I could establish myself with less difficulty in El Cauca; but to do this it would be necessary to possess at least a small capital; and perhaps they would not let me live in that region, where I was born, from fear and conservative partizan jealousy; I am loved there by the liberal young men that have struggled victoriously under my orders.

In what manner could you, aided by the señor Sosa and your other friends, give me a helping hand to save me from this abyss? Afterward, everything would be feasible and bearable; I am still vigorous, and I can do much yet.

You know that in México they have already printed fourteen editions of *María*, and those that have been put out in the other Hispanic-American countries, without counting Colombia, exceed twenty-five. What do you suppose would be the result of an effort made in México to induce the publishers of the book to form a fund that would recompense, even in part, my rights as the author of this book? What would be the effect of a similar endeavor, made from México, with the publishers of the rest of America, who, to my great prejudice, have published editions without my consent? Do, in this respect, you, the señor Sosa, Doctor Mejía and my other good friends, what you think wisest and *most delicate*. If you in México think it better to do nothing in the affair, I approve, in advance, of what you decide.

Another means is possible. If the señor General Díaz knows who I am, and if he holds a favorable opinion of me, would he have any objection to honoring me with an appointment as consul-general of México in Colombia? Would the Mexican laws permit such an appointment? I should try to fill the position in such a manner that my work would not be useless to México, and if my deep gratitude is worth anything, the eminent citizen that to-day presides over that nation would have not only

my gratitude, but that of my children and of the Colombians that love me.

Although written from my soul, to trace these last lines has been more difficult for me than to write many chapters of that book, the poem of my heart, which you admire. The prose of existence . . . how much sordid living costs! How much one is capable of doing for the love of those admirable children that have been my only joy and consolation! How frightful and cruel it is to think that I shall leave them in the world friendless!

Do not reread these lines. Act as if you were my brother. Do not forget, in attempting one or the other measure, that my name is involved; that I do not ask alms of the publishers that have speculated throughout America with my work; that if the president of México is worthy of admiration and praise, I . . . I am, by naturalization papers, a citizen of all Latin America, a brother to all the souls that labor

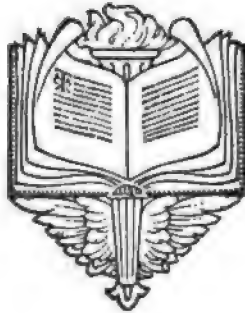
happily and struggle gloriously in her, complementing the work of our liberators.

Farewell for to-day. Your letters will reach me readily at Cartagena, under cover to the señor Doctor Henrique de la Espriella.

I send you an affectionate embrace for the señor Sosa. Has my long reply to his letter of April 27, 1887, reached him? I have received no other letter from him.

Your loyal friend and obedient servant,  
JORGE ISAACS.

Postscript.—I send you, taken from number 7,262 of the *Diario Oficial* of Colombia (December 26, 1887), what was published up to that time about the coal deposits studied by me. The press of the country—that of the conservatives somewhat restrained—applauded and admired what had been done and obtained. Would it be useful to reproduce these documents in México?



# DON QUIJOTE IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHIATRY

BY

EDUARDO URZAIZ

An interesting and instructive analysis, in harmony with science, based on wide reading and characterized by good judgment and freedom from extravagant theories. After discussing the main theme of don Quijote's madness, the author concludes: "Cervantes sought merely to paint a madman; with the elements of truth, he left in the picture all the bitterness of his unhappy life as a lover of goodness, as one disinherited by fortune, as an uncomprehended genius. Therefore in don Quijote he pictured himself, and he created, without wishing to do so, the symbol of his country, the nation of glorious defeats."—THE EDITOR.

THERE exists no book—except *The Bible*, perhaps—that has been the object of a more extensive exegesis, of more prolix commentaries, of more thorough studies, than *Don Quijote*. Celebrated lectures, opuscles, pamphlets, entire books, have been devoted to the inimitable work of Cervantes: now analyzing the beauties of the style, now seeking in it hidden symbols, now pursuing with perverse earnestness the blemishes of which no human production is exempt.

Great geniuses are inseparable from their work. It is by studying the latter that the former are to be honored, because it is all that remains and endures throughout the ages. Their lives, however interesting they may be, differ little from those of the common run of mortals: they are born, they struggle, they suffer more or less and they overcome to a greater or less degree the prejudices of their times; they rarely reproduce themselves, and they pay, like any Gideon, the inevitable tribute to nature.

"*Don Quijote*," said don Diego de Saavedra, "is an altar that we may not approach without great respect and reverence."

I, like Juan Montalvo, ought to exclaim, contritely and humbly: "Who art thou, infusorian, that, with this world on thy back, comest to cast it at my door?"

Illustrious shades of Boileau, Saint-Evremond, La Harpe, Saint-Pierre, John Bowle, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Montégut, Clemencin, Mérimée, Morel Fatio, Menéndez y Pelayo and so many others not less

illustrious: I invoke you with due respect and I say to you, like the Knight of the Sad Figure: "Flee not, your honors, nor take any affront, for my mind is bent only on admiring and reverencing you."

I am not so bold or rash as to claim to set my pen to a work in which you displayed the beauties of your gifted pens. To excuse such daring, neither the devout predilection that I have cherished for *Don Quijote* since I could barely spell out its pages, nor my having read and reread its most splendid passages, until I had learned them by heart, would suffice.

Impelled by my fondness for dealing with the insane, I merely wish to analyze the portrait of this ideal madman: a picture executed in so happy a manner that in it the precision of the clinical portrayal does not diminish in the slightest the artistic merit, and the sobriety and exactitude of the traits are such that no conventionalism blurs the scientific truth.

Let it not be thought that in considering don Quijote as a clinical case of mental alienation, I claim the palm of originality; for I am by no means the first, or the only one, to study this aspect of Cervantes's work. Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo has said that the psychiatrists are the most authoritative critics of *Don Quijote*; and, indeed, the alienists, beginning with Esquirol, have always read with interest and wonder this singular work, and many have applied to its protagonist a more or less accurate diagnosis. Roussel, Vanlair and Villechauvaix, French physicians, have expressed opinions as to don Quijote's madness, Louveau of Montpellier wrote

his doctor's thesis on it. Lucien Libert presented at Paris, also as a thesis, a voluminous pamphlet that bears the title: *La folie de don Quichotte*. Revesez, a Hungarian physician, considered the relations of the two personages of Cervantes to the psychology of multitudes. In Spain, Pedro Mata, Comenge and Fisac have considered the medical aspects of *Don Quijote*. Doctor Morejón made a serious study of the subject: a study translated into French by Doctor Laguarda and analyzed by Legrand du Saulle in the *Annales Médico-Psychologiques*. Doctor Pi y Molist is the author of a book entitled *Primores del Quijote en el concepto médico-psicológico y consideraciones generales sobre la locura para un nuevo comentario de la inmortal novela*. In the summer session that the Academia de Medicina of Madrid devoted to Cervantes in 1905, the learned Ramón y Cajal delivered a very fine address on the *Psicología del Quijote y el quijotismo*. Contemporary with this address were two notable works that bear the same title: *La locura de don Quijote*. The author of one of them is Doctor Rodríguez Marín of México, and of the other, don Ricardo Royo y Villanova of Zaragoza. The latter studied the psychosis of don Quijote in the light of modern science, and in the form of a clinical observation, presented in a masterly lecture.

Different diagnoses have been applied to don Quijote by the authors mentioned: "monomania," "erotic monomania," "expansive monomania," "delirium of greatness," "delirium of persecution," "systematized partial delirium," "paranoia," "delirium of interpretation." In truth, the divergence of opinion is more apparent than real, which some may attribute to vagueness in the portrayal of the subject. It is due to the fact that the kind of madness that Cervantes described has been called by several names at different times; and even to-day there are authors dissatisfied with the terms that are generally applied to it. In the time of Esquirol and Pinel, forms of partial insanity were called "monomania," and, according to the dominant character of the madness, it bore the additional adjectives of "erotic," "expansive," "religious," "reformatory,"

"inventive," "litigious," et cetera. Thanks to the works of Maguan, Sérieux, Lasègue, Capgras, Regis and Falret, and those of Kraepelin and his school, the different monomanias have been comprised in a single psychosis, thoroughly studied and defined, which the German writers call "Paranoia," and for which the French prefer the term *délire partiel systématisé*, which some modern authors propose to change for that of "delirium of interpretation." As may be seen, it is merely a question of names.

Those that do fall into great error, even within the denomination of monomania, now abandoned, are those that have qualified the mania of good Alonso Quijada as erotic. Let it be understood that not physicians alone have fallen into this error, which arises from having read the immortal novel very superficially. Certain light critics attach exaggerated importance to the love of don Quijote for Dulcinea and they present him as the prototype of platonic lovers; while love is in him a simple detail of knight-errantry, like the paste-board visor he added to the helmet of his great-grandfather to convert it into a head-piece of very fine lace. Don Quijote had to be in love because Amadis was, as "a knight-errant without love affairs is a tree without leaves and without fruit, and a body without a soul." The theme of his delirium was knight-errantry, and within its sphere, platonic love is one more touch, like the touches of his sleeping armed and of passing his nights out of doors.

"Paranoia" or "systematized partial delirium" is a chronic and incurable psychosis characterized by a group of false ideas that become systematized and constitute a mental nucleus, a center of attraction and radiation for the other psychical functions of the affected person and of all his acts and thoughts. The nucleus of false ideas is slowly established after a period of vacillation and doubt in which the invalid struggles and defends himself against the aberrations that take possession of his consciousness. In the production of this disturbance, delirious interpretations, hallucinations and sensorial illusions exercise a great influence. The first mentioned fix the type of delirium

and mark the direction it is to take: every act, however trivial and insignificant it may be, is interpreted by the invalid according to his particular manner of seeing things and supplies pabulum for his madness. Hallucinations change initial doubt into certainty and give to ideas the character of an unshakable conviction. Hence the futility of all reasoning to convince these patients of their errors.

In the delirium of paranoiacs the idea of persecution is always mingled with that of greatness. The former predominates in the beginning; later, the latter increases, and the invalid attains to what is called "transformation of personality:" he is no longer Pedro, Juan or García, but a pope, "a king of the waters," or a knight-errant, like our hero the good Alonso Quijada.

With the disturbance that I have just sketched lightly is contrasted the preservation of the essential factors of the understanding. The memory of paranoiacs is remarkable, and the logic of their reasoning is perfect. Apart from their theme, they may be discreet, cultured, artistic and even learned. This is a madness of distinction, and it includes in its archives illustrious names and even canonized saints. Benvenuto Cellini was a paranoiac, and Mohammed and Joan of Arc, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Hector Berlioz also were paranoiacs.

The description of the ingenious hidalgo of La Mancha agrees in all its details with the portrayal of a typical paranoiac, just as the most expert clinician might accomplish it. First, we have a period of incubation, the time in which don Quijote, forgetting the exercise of the chase and the administration of his property, gives himself up entirely to the reading of books of knight-errantry. Insomnia, an invariable symptom of all the incipient insanities, is not absent, and he spends his nights "reading from sun to sun and his days in nodding."

Soon came the hallucinations and delirious interpretations. His niece saw him more than once passing his time

reading those wretched books of misadventures for more than two days, with their nights, at the end of which he cast aside the book, grasped his sword and slashed the walls, and when he

was tired out, he said he had killed four giants like unto four towers, and the sweat that he sweated from weariness, he said it was blood from the wounds he had received in the battle.

The delirium once systematized, conviction was strengthened in his mind. Don Quijote believed it necessary and proper, "both for the increase of his honor and for the public good," to become a knight-errant, and he hastened to put this idea into practice. He cleaned his weapons, put on his laced helmet, baptized his old hack and dubbed himself, selected and named his lady and set forth in quest of the cherished adventures through the ancient and well known country of Montiel. From that time he entertained ideas of greatness and imagined himself "crowned for the valor of his arm, at least, over the empire of Trebizond." He had not accomplished any feat whatsoever, yet he exclaimed:

Blessed age and blessed century, that in which will be brought to light my exploits worthy to be cast in bronze, sculptured in marble and painted on tablets as a memorial in the future.

He was not lacking in ideas of persecution, either: his belief in the dislike of sorcerers was well known to his good friends the village priest and the barber, as when they made shift of it to explain the disappearance of his library. He, for his part, accepted this explanation as the most natural thing in the world, and he added:

That is a wise sorcerer, a great enemy of mine, who has cast an evil eye on me, because he knows, by his arts and letters, that I have to come, in the fullness of time, to fight in single combat with a knight that he favors, and I must vanquish him in spite of his efforts to prevent it, and therefore he seeks to work me all the mischief that he can.

He was never free of hallucinations, delusions, delirious interpretations. The inn was a castle; the innkeeper, a castellan; the maid-servants of the locality were high ladies; the castrater of pigs was the herald that announced his arrival; the tossers of Sancho were phantasms; the barber's new basin was the famous helmet of Mambrino;



the windmills were giants; the sheep, armies; the coarse canvas chemise of the filthy Maritones seemed to him to be of the finest silk; her hair was of gold; and into soft and aromatic perfume he changed her breath, garlicky from the salad of the night before.

The malign sorcerers whet their anger against him: now they change his enemies into phantasms, to prevent his wreaking full vengeance on them; now they turn his incomparable lady into a rustic field-hand; now they enchant him and shut him up in a wretched cage. Nothing, however, is capable of disheartening him: drubbings, stonings, falls and blows only serve to convince him more and more of the need that the world has of his potent arm.

On the other hand, "whenever he spoke and made reply, he showed he had a very good understanding: he lost his stirrups only when he was playing the knight." A good proof of the soundness of his intellectual faculties was the wise counsels he gave to Sancho on setting out for the government of the island of Barataria, his discreet arguments in the house of don Diego de Miranda, the fine address on arms and letters and that other, no less beautiful, on the age of gold:

Blessed age and blessed centuries, those on which the ancients set the name of golden, and not because in them gold—which, in this our age of iron, is so much esteemed—might be obtained in that happy time without any weariness at all, but because those that lived in it were not acquainted with these two words: *thine* and *mine*.

Although it was Cervantes that was speaking, he revealed the delicacy of his observation when he put such discourses into the mouths of his heroes: affectation and pomposity of style are very natural in paranoiacs. Such diseased persons, in harmony with the lofty idea they have of themselves, do not seek common language, and they use far-fetched and obscure phrases.

As a good paranoiac, don Quijote possessed unyielding convictions, and he could not be convinced by reasoning. When his niece dared to counsel him to keep out of quarrels and remain peacefully at home, he answered her angrily: "O my niece, how

wrong you are!" When, at the slow pace of the oxen, he returned to his village, tied hands and feet, Sancho was unable to convince him that he was not enchanted, in spite of the solid, but none too decent, arguments he used. The learned Toledan canon, who on the same occasion attempted to prove to him that the world has never known Amadis or Belianises or emperors of Trebizond, heard from don Quijote's lips ironical and angry remarks. When that meddlesome clergyman, table-mate of the duke, censured the latter, who was giving pabulum to the madness of don Quijote, whom he called addlepate and counseled to be off to his home and *hacienda*, the rage of the hidalgo broke out terribly. "While cherishing no respect for dukes, with an angry face and a flashing look," he arose, "quivering from head to foot like mercury," and he said:

The place where I am and the presence before which I find myself and the respect that I have always entertained and still entertain for the calling to which your honor belongs, restrain and tie the hands of my just anger. . . .

Inclined by my fate, I tread the narrow path of knight-errantry, by the exercise of which I despise property, but not honor. I have redressed wrongs, settled difficulties, vanquished giants and overthrown sorcerers.

It is usual to observe in paranoiacs, although other afflicted persons present cases of it, a curious phenomenon that receives the name of *retrospective falsification* or *pseudo-reminiscence*. It is a disturbance of the memory, although, in reality, judgment, imagination and association of ideas take part in it. Patients tell long stories of their lives and adventures, believing them in good faith, with the appearance of truth, while they are completely false. Among enlightened invalids, the result of reading is mixed with the recollection of facts.

This phenomenon did not escape the shrewd observation of Cervantes. In the diseased imagination of the hidalgo of La Mancha, his readings were confused with reality. When, at nightfall, he found himself on the floor, after a sound beating and unable to arise, he fancied himself Baldovinos, wounded and abandoned on

the mountain, and he adapted to his use the verses of the old romance that related this occurrence; later he forgot about Baldovinos and became the moor Abindarráez, whom don Rodrigo de Narváez bore off as a prisoner to his alcaideship. When he came out of the cave of Montesinos, heavy with sleep, he related marvelous adventures, based on those of his favorite books.

There is a point at which the painting of don Quijote accords admirably with reality and which is perceptible only by means of close observation. Although, seemingly, paranoiacs retain their intelligence intact, the ethical sense is more or less affected in them: feelings plays an important part in bringing about their disequilibrium. In spite of those that see in don Quijote the prototype of altruism and generosity, it must be confessed that the moral sense of the good hidalgo left much to be desired. Cervantes tells us that "he was, above all, on good terms with Reynaldos de Montalván, and all the more when he saw him issue from his castle and rob every one on whom he chanced." In the adventure of the galliots, don Quijote showed that his ideas as to property were not very clear. We find food for not a little thought in the ethics of that speech in which he attempted to prove the utility of procuresses and pimps in every well ordered state. Note too that he did not oppose Sancho's disposing of the spare pack-mule that the priest was taking along in the daring adventure of the camisades, or to his retaining the money found in Cardenio's bag in the heart of the Sierra Morena.

I should abuse the patience of my readers if I should continue the points in which the description of the ingenious hidalgo is in harmony with reality. The surprising and admirable fact is that Cervantes succeeded in drawing the picture of a well defined psychosis before it was known or described by the alienists.

In my opinion this phenomenon was due to his being in advance of his time, which is characteristic of genius, and to his following the procedure which, ages later, was to be adopted by the great masters of the realistic school. Cervantes portrayed the case of don Quijote with that tone of truth that is only seen in the works of painters

that draw inspiration from nature without prejudice or artistic conventionalism.

Where alone Cervantes seems to depart a little from scientific truth is in the conclusion he gives to don Quijote's madness. The latter, being vanquished by the Knight of the Mirrors, was forced, on his word of honor, to return to his village and not to take up arms for the period of one year. Black thoughts took possession of him, discouraged and depressed him. An intermittent fever interposed to hasten his end; he recovered his reason in his last hour and he died as a man in his senses. This transformation of a paranoiac into a melancholiac has not been observed as a fact, to my knowledge. In thorough megalomania, there is no misfortune or accident that is capable of depressing those that suffer from this disease: confined in a madhouse and occupied in vulgar tasks, they think they are emperors or kings, and they never lack an explanation to account for their condition or a hope that will encourage and sustain the faith they have in their lofty destiny and great worth.

A return to reason in the hour of death is, indeed, a phenomenon that may be observed in some of the alienated, although not with great frequency, and precisely not in the paranoiac. It seems to me that Cervantes did nothing more than apply to his hero what he saw in other madmen, with but a slight departure from the truth, more than excusable among so much that was apt.

There have not been lacking those that have thought that don Quijote was a direct copy from nature and that Cervantes had the design of ridiculing a definite person by his portrayal. There are critics that affirm that in reality there existed a drunken and ridiculous hidalgo named Alonso Quijada, who, it seems, had something to do with the affair of the imprisonment of Cervantes in La Argamasilla. Others believe that the model of don Quijote was a certain don Rodrigo de Pacheco. They base their opinion on the fact that he was the only hidalgo that lived in La Argamasilla when the imprisonment of Cervantes occurred. I do not enter into investigations as to the accuracy or inaccuracy of these views: in my opinion,

it is incontrovertible that, with a model or without it, the work was drawn from nature.

To account for the success of Cervantes in describing a pathological case, it is not necessary to suppose that he was a distinguished physician or an alienist of genius, as we have it from some of his admirers that are bent on proclaiming him a master in all the branches and all the lines of human knowledge. As Juan Montalvo said:

The real merits of Cervantes are too many and too great for his glory to be in need of illusions, which, after all, constitute nothing more than a fantastic learning.

It may not be denied that Cervantes showed a decided interest in the observation of mental derangement. His journeys, his campaigns, his captivity, probably brought him into contact with insane persons whom, as the keen observer he was, he could do no less than study. Don Quijote was not the only madman described by him. Attorney Vidriera the protagonist of one of his *Novelas ejemplares*, was a maniac who, after a violent attack, retained for some time certain delirious ideas and at length regained his reason. Some one has called him the elder brother of don Quijote.

When the barber visited don Quijote, after his first campaign, he related to him a story of madmen, the scene of which was a hospital in Sevilla. In the text of *Don Quijote* appear other madmen: Crisóstomo, Anselmo and Cardenio. In the last we find intermittency very well observed, and an access of furor, followed by amnesia, very well described: perhaps he was an incipient epileptic. There is, however, a certain conventionalism in the figure of Cardenio, and the conception of the determining cause of his madness is a vulgar one, just as the rapid cure of it is unlikely.

In the prologue of the second part of *Don Quijote*, Cervantes gives two other stories of madmen. The first of them was the one that inflated dogs with a reed and asked bystanders if such a task seemed easy to them. The other was wont to burst into an extended song over dogs; but, after being cudged by the owner of a

hound, he threatened him with a song, and, without going so far as to impose it on him, he said: "Stand on your guard, for you are a hound." Here, in my opinion, Cervantes shared in the prejudice of his time, since he held to be true the saying that a madman could be cured by pain: a barbarous and lugubrious refrain on which the therapeutics of mental affections was based for a long time. No one can wholly escape the ideas of his time. Cervantes revealed sufficient discretion in abstaining from presenting don Quijote to us as cured by the wholesome effects of the beatings he received, and in showing his good friends the village priest, the barber and the bachelor Carrasco trying a moral treatment on him. Avellaneda, the dull rival of Cervantes, made don Quijote enter the Nuncio de Toledo, where he received, as he entered, and for therapeutic purposes, a mighty drubbing, followed by a cold ducking; because such were the remedies applied to lunatics before the great Pinel broke their chains.

Derangements of the human mind have been especially attractive to observers and artists. Where the terrorized multitude sees only divine chastisement, the wise man meditates, the artist observes and later seeks to reproduce.

The Greek writers of tragedy left admirable pictures of madmen, even if they were episodic and incomplete. Such are the descriptions that Euripides makes of Orestes persecuted by the furies, a true and sharp access of hallucinatory delirium.

In Goethe's *Faust* we encounter the puerperal insanity of Marguerite, who, abandoned by her lover, falls into a state of mental confusion and kills her son.

In the portrayal of the alienated, another colossal genius, Shakespeare, competed with Cervantes. Deeply versed in human passions, a genius more ample and universal than Cervantes, he painted several madmen instead of one. The depicting of the psychasthenia of Hamlet, the melancholy of Ophelia, the hysteria and mono-ideistic somnambulism of King Lear is admirable. Yet I do not hesitate to maintain that, as living documents, they are inferior to the paranoia of don Quijote de La Mancha. The observation is less fine, and in Shake-

speare's types there is a certain conventionalism: they are what the author needed for the dramatic quality of his work.

To the dramatists and novelists of the romantic school, madness was a very useful device. To them it was the easiest and simplest thing to turn a personage into a madman at a given moment: a vague look, a penetrating cry, an hysterical burst of laughter was more than sufficient. With the same facility they made them sane when it was necessary. They are the madmen of the melodrama and the *folletti*<sup>1</sup> which, very conventional and false, do not interest the alienist.

It would seem that among the authors of the modern realistic school we ought to find descriptions of insanity superior to that of don Quijote, but it is not so. With a scientific preparation that Cervantes lacked, with the vast field presented to their observation by asylums and prisons, contemporary novelists and dramatists prefer the intermediate types; when they attempt to portray well defined pathological states they fail, as a rule.

Ibsen, in *Ghosts*, has given us a glimpse of general paralysis; d'Annunzio, in *Trionfo della morte*, has presented the fixed idea of suicide.

Zola, who described in *L'assommoir*, with a master hand, an access of *delirium tremens*, in portraying other types, was guilty of frequent confusions and errors. His failure was due to an excess of scientific study over direct observation. He confessed that in order to write *La bête humaine*, he often consulted Lombroso's *L'uomo delinquente in rapporto all' antropologia*. Listen, however, to what this learned man says of him:

Zola, who admirably painted people poisoned with alcohol, the lower middle class of the cities and villages, it seems to me, has not studied criminals from nature; and this is because they are not to be found with so much ease and they do not permit themselves to be studied comfortably, even in prison. To me, his criminals possess the indecisive and false ideas of certain photographs that are made from paintings and not from the originals.

I think that precisely in this consists the failure of modern authors when they attempt to present definite pathological cases: instead of observing them directly, they read Lombroso, Garofalo or Krafft-Ebing. Study, if in doubt, *Le journal d'une femme de chambre* of Octave Mirbeau or *El otro* of Eduardo Zamacois, and you will see transferred to the novel the chapters of sexual psychopathy.

The great Spanish realist Pérez Galdós, in spite of being a keen observer, has also failed in the portrayal of a madman. A certain Maximiliano Rubín, who figures in *Fortunata y Jacinta*, is unclassifiable. His disturbance slightly resembles *dementia precox*, but it is lost or confused in a vulgar and false conception of madness. He seems to be a dissimulator rather than a true madman.

I think that no one among moderns has surpassed Alphonse Daudet in the portrayal of pathological types, although he sought his models in the vague and hazy borderland between reason and insanity. The *failures* that he presented in *Jack* are perfect examples of the unbalanced. Delobelle,<sup>2</sup> d'Argenton, Moronval and Doctor Hirsch all have the color of reality. The same may be said of Jack's mother, the beautiful Ida de Barancy,<sup>3</sup> who, with her little head of a bird, her child's complexion and her light prattle, constitutes the perfect type of mental debility, verging on moral insanity. Notable also, in the same book, is the perfect description of the melancholy of the little Negro Mâdou, the dethroned kinglet of Dahomey, who died of nostalgia. Even the detail of presenting all this tribe of degenerates gathered in the sordid Moronval college, although it conduces to the conventional aims of the novel, is the result of the observation of a real fact: that these types, like certain animal species, live in bands. Although they hate one another, they need and seek one another in order to secure for themselves the admiration and flatteries that the public withholds from them. The secret of Daudet's success is in the process he followed: to observe well and to paint from

<sup>1</sup>A novel or story, usually serial, printed across the bottom of a newspaper and separated by a line from the rest of the text.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>Can the allusion be to Labassindre?—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Could the author have meant Charlotte de Barancy?—THE EDITOR.

nature without a preconceived idea of reproducing a definite pathological type, gathered from incomplete and badly assimilated medical reading. It is impossible to pass over Daudet without mentioning Tartarin de Tarascon, the French Quijote, or, rather, the universal, modern Quijote. Tartarin is Quijote with his roughnesses polished and his angles rounded off by three centuries of civilization. He descended in a straight line from the famous hidalgo of La Mancha; but contemporary democracy has permitted the clean strain of the Quijadas to become crossed with the plebeian one of the Panzas. Therefore Tartarin is a good bourgeois and he incarnates both the personages of Cervantes. While Tartarin-Quijote dreams of hunting tigers and lions, scaling the Alps and broadening the colonial dominions of France, Tartarin-Sancho regrets to leave his comfortable cottage, his padded slippers and his rum punch. Tartarin's paranoia stops in the initial period of vague suspicions: he does not believe in enchanters, and his enemies are simply "they;" nor does the phenomenon of *pseudo-reminiscence* pass unobserved by Daudet, and with fine irony he describes it under the name of *mirage tarasconnais*.

In Santiago Rusiñol's *Pájaros de barro*, there is a type of deranged person worthy to figure beside Daudet's personages.

Among modern authors worthy of special mention is the Portuguese Botelho, who, in his novel *O barão de Lavos*, follows admirably the process of sexual inversion in a degenerate that at last succumbs to general paralysis.

No one, however, in my opinion, has entered so thoroughly or with so firm a tread into the scientific field as Joaquín Belda in his novel *La diosa razón*. For the writing of it he must have based his studies conscientiously not only on books but on clinics. Only thus can it be explained that this book turned out to be less a novel than a treatise for popular information, in which the most exacting alienist would not find a single point in conflict with the most accepted modern theories. The protagonist, don Ramón Bolallos, is a sufferer from general paralysis, which is described in a masterly manner in all its stages, from

the first manifestations to death in complete dementia. Besides, there figure in the work other pathological types, never better portrayed. A notable chapter is the one in which the author sets forth the causes of insanity, points out the polymorphism of neuropathic inheritance and lays stress on the erroneousness of the vulgar conception of alienation. It may be said that *La diosa razón* is a medical novel.

Let us return to the work of Cervantes and examine the good squire Sancho Panza, a type which, as a literary creation, perhaps surpasses in merit his lord and master. If don Quijote was copied from nature, Sancho Panza sprang, with his beard, his saddle-bags and his fund of proverbs, from the powerful imagination of Cervantes, like Minerva from the Olympic head of Jove.

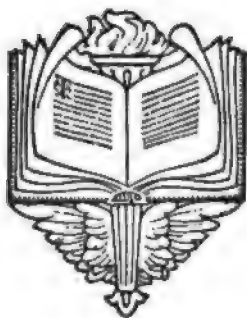
Some of the authors that have studied don Quijote from the medical point of view look upon Sancho also as a pathological case and they speak of the madness of the two, and of mental contagion. It seems to me that this is to exaggerate the case and to assume the airs of subtlety. Sancho Panza can not be studied scientifically, because he is an ideal and impossible type. His kinsman Bertoldo is perhaps more human than he, although he does not bear comparison in the literary sense. Sancho was sufficiently credulous and ignorant to trust in the promises of Quijote and to follow him, although he was aware of his madness. At times he verged on imbecility, and yet he applied proverbs and stories with inimitable humor and opportuneness: sometimes he personifies good sense, and in the government of his island he parodies the judgments of Solomon. In the case of the money inclosed in the walking-stick, he reveals the perspicacity of a Sherlock Holmes. Cervantes wished merely to paint a malicious rustic; but he mingled such elements of rusticity and malice that the mixture became a hybrid type that we shall seek vainly in real life.

Some have thought they saw in *Don Quijote* an essentially symbolic work, which does not fall in very well with the opinion that the hero is the result of the direct observation of nature. Cervantes had no other idea or tendency (and he says so

with absolute explicitness in several passages of his work) than to make an end of books of chivalry. The symbolism of *Don Quijote* is accidental.

Universality is a characteristic of the productions of genius, for the reason that they are real documents, and into them go the whole souls of their authors. Hence they live and endure, and they portray inextinguishable tendencies of humanity. "When portraits," said Ramón y Cajal, "come so perfect and true from the pen, it is because the author has often beheld himself in the turbid mirror and the intricacies of his own consciousness." "The figure of don Quijote," he added, "grows, invades real life and marks with its intellectual stamp the whole Spanish nationality and the whole Spanish race."

Cervantes sought merely to paint a madman; with the elements of truth, he left in the picture all the bitterness of his unhappy life as a lover of goodness, as one disinherited by fortune, as an uncomprehended genius. Therefore in don Quijote he pictured himself, and he created, without wishing to do so, the symbol of his country, the nation of glorious defeats. Hence his work personifies the everlasting tendencies of humanity: on the one hand, the generous but ridiculous audacity of those that believe themselves to be much and are nothing, those that are badly armed for the struggle for existence, who dream much and do little and dash at every step against reality; on the other, the cunning imbecility of fools with practical sense, who have backs made to receive blows, and go about their business.



# PACIFISM IN LATIN AMERICA<sup>1</sup>

BY

ALBERTO M. CANDIOTI

An *ex parte* treatment of an important subject, which is offered, not because we approve of it or because we conceive it to be a fair and adequate study, but because it contains some interesting data and because it represents a not uncommon tendency of the day in certain European and Hispanic-American circles.—THE EDITOR.

THE European tragedy, begun in 1914, has not yet ended. The roar of the cannon and the lamentations of the dying are not heard; mothers do not suffer from the loss of their sons; blood is not running; cities and fields are not being destroyed; but war continues, because hatred still abides.

Hatred is hovering over the nations of Europe, it penetrates the souls of men, the hearts of the elect, the directive minorities, the capitalists, the aristocrats, the intellectuals: it is in all things and everywhere.

Happily, as has always occurred—according to the teachings of history—after great human calamities, reactions set in: apostles, the illuminati, the sincerely good, alter the course of things and take the path that leads to new horizons.

The new men of the present time have already taken up the march along other routes, toward other goals, and they are working incessantly to enlighten the consciousness of the retarders.

The pain has been great, the lamentation intense; all humanity has heard it, and, either from selfishness or from pity, conscientious men of all the races are working to prevent the rending howl of the peoples from being heard again.

In this sense, Latin America has been and is happy, but, nevertheless, after having seen evil from afar, the youthful intellectuals of the New World know that they are under obligation, as human beings and patriots, to struggle with the faith of

crusaders to make peace a continuous reality in the land of America, which, according to the happy phrase of an eminent Argentine, is not only for Americans, but also for humanity.

It is necessary to take a glance at the international past of Latin America in order to understand with justness the peaceful spirit that has animated the men of Central and South America.

AS THE Latin-American peoples have attained their independence and as their leaders were inspired by the ideas of the French philosophers, which initiated in men's minds the revolution that became a fact and assumed material form in 1789, they understand, wisely, that a community of origin and interests unites them, and that, in reality, Spanish America is but a single people, but a single great nation.

It is as if, from the instant in which the peoples of America awakened to the consciousness of their personalities, they understood that it would be useful to endeavor to make international peace permanent on the continent. They desired that peace should be an ideal, incarnate in the souls of Latin-Americans who, in order that the young nations, with this as their motto, should march to the achievement of greatness and infinite beatitude.

This splendid idea caused the leaders of the movement of independence to conceive the possibility of founding three great sister confederations: the Central American, that of the north of South America and that of the south of the continent.<sup>2</sup> These confederations would insure peace in America and prevent the aggression of Europe.

<sup>2</sup>The author would have done well to document this assertion.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>1</sup>An article written for the book *Die Friedensbewegung*, which has just appeared in Berlin, and to which have contributed writers of all parts of the world; among the most illustrious of them: Einstein, Norman Angell, Barbusse, Foerster, Claparède, Aulard, Löbe, Lauret, et cetera.

In almost all the plans of confederation elaborated there existed a council or congress of plenipotentiaries, which, in the capacity of arbiter, was to meet to decide all international questions.

It is proper to recall certain details of the efforts made by the Latin-American republics to enter into confederation, as well as to celebrate treaties of arbitration.

In 1815 Bolívar conceived the magnificent idea of convoking at Panamá an international congress in which would be represented all the nations of the world to discuss the problems of peace and war.

In 1822, while Bolívar was president of Colombia, he invited the governments of Buenos Aires, Chile, México and Perú to assemble in a congress. As a result, Colombia signed treaties of union with several countries of Central and South America.<sup>3</sup>

Always persisting in his ideas of a Pan American union, Bolívar invited all the nations of America in 1824 to gather at Panamá.<sup>4</sup>

The congress met on June 22, and it lasted until July 15, 1826. Among other resolutions, a covenant of perpetual union, league and confederation was signed. The clauses of this covenant are very important, as they show the spirit of fraternity that reigned in the assembly.

In 1848—before the menace of a Spanish

expedition to the republics of the Pacific—Bolivia, Chile, El Ecuador, Nueva Granada and Perú signed a treaty of confederation, in the preamble of which it is set forth that the Hispanic-American republics, united by the bonds of common origin, language, religion and customs; by geographical position, by the common cause that they have defended, by the similarity of their institution and, above all, by their common interests, can only consider themselves as a part of the same nation, which ought to unite its strength and its resources in order to remove every obstacle that interferes with the destiny that nature and civilization offer them.<sup>5</sup>

Nothing explains better than these words the natural causes that make Latin-American fraternity perfectly intelligible.

The Mexican-Yankee war of 1848,<sup>6</sup> which caused the Hispanic-Americans to understand the necessity of union, led to the signing of the covenant of union of the American states, September 15, 1856. This covenant was subscribed to by Chile, Perú and El Ecuador. On November 9 of the same year, México, Guatemala, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Perú, Nueva Granada and Venezuela signified their adhesion.

In this covenant were established norms for the prevention of war, and, as had been done by other congresses, it was decided to form a council of plenipotentiaries, which, among other faculties, was to mediate, in case of disputes between the contracting parties. Invited by the government of Perú, the representatives of Bolivia, Chile, El Ecuador, El Salvador and Venezuela met in congress on November 15, 1864, and on January 23, 1865, they signed a convention for the maintenance of peace. In this convention the method of settling international conflicts by arbitration was determined.

After the Central American congresses

<sup>3</sup>Colombia and Perú, July 6, 1822; Colombia and Buenos Aires, June 10, 1823; Colombia and México, October 23, 1823; Colombia and Central America, March 15, 1825.

In articles xiii and xiv of the treaty of union, league and confederation between Colombia and México, it was set forth that the contracting parties were to use their good offices to cause to enter the union the Latin-American republics that had not done so, and that as soon as this great and important result should have been attained there would be formed a general congress of the American states, which should consist of their plenipotentiaries, in order to establish, in a firm and durable manner, the fundamental relations that were to exist between all and each of them, that it might serve as a council on great occasions, as a point of contact in common dangers, as a faithful interpreter of their treaties when difficulties should arise regarding them, and, in short, that it might be the arbiter and conciliator in their misunderstandings.

See the treaty in Karl von Martens and Ferdinand de Cussy: *Recueil manuel et pratique de traités, conventions, et cetera*, Leipzig, F. Brockhaus, 1846 1857.

<sup>4</sup>This invitation included also the governments of the United States of North America and Brazil. The latter was sometimes excluded from the first American congresses, owing to its monarchical character.

<sup>5</sup>Translation from the French (as we have not the original text at hand), taken from the work of Alejandro Álvarez, *Le droit international américain*, Paris, 1910, page 52.

<sup>6</sup>Rather, of 1846 and 1847: war was declared in May, 1846, and Scott entered the city of México on September 14, 1847, although the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, which terminated the war, was not signed until February 2, 1848.—THE EDITOR.



of 1876, 1887, 1888 1889, 1895 and 1907,<sup>7</sup> in which it was sought to create a confederation of the Central American republics, the idea of confederating was abandoned by the Latin-American republics, but, on the other hand, congresses were multiplied to discuss many subjects of international public and private law, in which reigned great cordiality and a peaceful spirit, for in many of them treaties of permanent arbitration were signed.

In 1880 was celebrated a treaty of arbitration between the republics of Colombia and Chile, in which it was established that the settlement of international disputes by arbitration should be a *principle of American international public law*.

The government of Colombia invited the other nations of Spanish America to meet at Panamá in 1881 for the purpose of celebrating treaties similar to the treaty it had just signed with Chile. The majority of the republics of Central and South America accepted the invitation.

The representatives of the republics of Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Perú and Venezuela signed, at Caracas in 1883, a solemn act by which international disputes were to be settled.

The First Pan American Congress<sup>8</sup> was held in Washington, from October, 1889, until April, 1890. In that congress, due to the efforts of the delegates from Argentina and Brazil, *permanent and obligatory arbitration* was sanctioned for all questions that should not affect their independence, "as a principle of American international law."

In the Second Pan American Congress [Conference], gathered in México in 1902, adhesion to the convention of the Hague that included voluntary arbitration was discussed. Argentina<sup>9</sup> and Perú, at the

head of the majority of the delegations, presented an ample plan for obligatory arbitration. The congress sanctioned, in turn, adhesion to the conventions of the Hague. Treaties of obligatory arbitration were signed separately by the following nations: Argentina, Bolivia, Guatemala, México, Paraguay, Perú, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador and Uruguay.

In the Third Pan American Congress [Conference], which met at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, arbitration was not discussed, a decision being reached merely as to the form in which this subject should be discussed by the second peace conference, which was to meet at the Hague.

In the Fourth Pan American Congress [Conference], which met at Buenos Aires in 1910, arbitration was not discussed.

The men of Latin America have always made a great effort to assure peace on the continent, and it is proper to recall here the words of a great citizen, Doctor Roque Sáenz Peña, pronounced at the Hague during the second peace conference, in July, 1907:

We hold, indeed, that the creation of a permanent court, even if its jurisdiction be voluntary, constitutes a step in the direction of peace. Apart from *obligatory arbitration*, to which the Argentine republic would so much like to subscribe with all the nations represented here, it seems evident to us," et cetera.

On September 15, 1921, the representatives of the Central American republics again met to try to form the desired federation so often dissolved for different reasons. The meeting took place in Tegucigalpa, and a decision was reached to form a Central American confederation.

Jandro Álvarez, who said, in his work *Le droit international américain*: "La République Argentine est peut-être le pays qui a passé le plus grand nombre de traités d'arbitrage obligatoire et général," page 242.

The following is the list of the countries with which treaties of arbitration have been celebrated by Argentina: Bolivia, 1902; Brazil, 1905; Colombia, 1912; Chile, 1902; Spain, 1916; El Ecuador, 1922 (not ratified); France: convention of arbitration, 1910; treaty of arbitration, 1914 (in force); United States of North America: treaty of arbitration, 1908 (not ratified), peace treaty, 1914 (not ratified); England, convention of arbitration, 1910 (not ratified); Italy, 1898-1907 (in force: the most ample of all those celebrated); Paraguay, 1899; Portugal, 1909 (not ratified); Uruguay, 1899; additional protocols, 1899 and 1900, and two in 1901.

<sup>7</sup>As will be seen later, a Central American confederation was again effected in 1921.

<sup>8</sup>Properly, the First Pan American Conference, or, to use the exact words, the "International American Conference."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>Defending obligatory arbitration, the Argentine delegates said, in a memorial: "With a treaty or without it, the Argentine government is resolved to settle all international questions by arbitration."

The Argentine republic is the nation that has celebrated the greatest number of treaties of obligatory arbitration of a general character, as has been recognized by the eminent Chilean internationalist, Ale-

The peaceful spirit is so incarnate in the depths of the American soul that on many occasions the obligation to seek the peaceful settlement of international disputes by means of arbitration, before going to war, has been included in the fundamental law.<sup>10</sup> One of the constitutions, that of the republic of El Ecuador, provides that the president or whosoever may be in possession of the executive power, may be impeached for treason, and, among other things, for "provoking an unjust war."<sup>11</sup>

It was therefore in Latin America that, for the first time, were inserted, in the fundamental charters of the peoples, constitutional precepts of a sincere and honorable pacifism. In America, Uruguay was the first nation to recommend in her constitution "the employment of all possible means for the settlement of international disputes before appealing to war."

<sup>10</sup>In the constitution of the United States of Brazil, adopted in 1821, we find, in article 34, number 11: "To authorize the government to declare war in case recourse to arbitration fail, or to make peace." Later, in article 88, it says: "The United States of Brazil, in case any nation shall engage directly or indirectly in a war of conquest, by herself or in alliance with another nation."

Article 96 of the constitution of the Dominican Republic of 1907 says: "The executives authorized by this constitution to declare war must not do so without previously proposing arbitration by one or more friendly powers."

"In order to strengthen this principle, this clause is to be introduced into all the international treaties that the republic shall celebrate: 'All differences that may arise between the contracting parties must be submitted to the arbitration of one or more friendly nations before appealing to war.'"

The constitution of the United States of Venezuela of the year 1909 says, in article 138: "In international treaties should be inserted the clause that: 'All differences between the contracting parties shall be settled by arbitration, without appeal to war.'"

Among the powers granted to the president of the republic by the constitution of the republic of Uruguay of the year 1820, in article 81, occurs the sentence: "To declare war by the authorization of the general assembly, after having employed every means to avoid it without prejudice to the national honor and independence."

In the constitutional reform effected in Uruguay in 1918, promulgated on January 3, in section 7 of the new constitution, in respect of the executive and his authority, duties and prerogatives (chapter iii, article 70), the idea of the former constitution was broadened; it says, in clause 18 (faculties of the president of the republic): "To declare war, after resolution by the general assembly, if arbitration be impossible or if it produce no result."

<sup>11</sup>The constitution of the republic of El Ecuador, 1906, article 82.

The constitution of Brazil was the first to mention arbitration.

It was a Latin-American nation—the Argentine republic—which, having won in a war, upheld the principle that victory confers no rights.

IT HAS been necessary to give this information regarding the past in order to make clear the spiritual state of the Latin-Americans at the breaking out of the great war of 1914.

Unquestionably, everybody in America desired peace,<sup>12</sup> but the slaughter was so great, the vested interests were so numerous, the propaganda was so skilful, defamation was so exaggerated, and so clever an effort was made to excite fiery and impressionable imaginations, that, in spite of themselves, some of the peoples, peaceful par excellence, were drawn in, and, when they were least aware of it, merged with the belligerents . . . although it is true, however, that in the case of most of them, their participation was nominal.

While Bolivia was the first country of the New World to break off relations with the central empires, for the purpose of adding herself to the ranks of those that were fighting for "liberty and right," Argentina, Colombia, Chile, México, Paraguay and Venezuela remained neutral. Many broke off relations from mere sympathy, and a few, because they had been the subject of direct aggressions.<sup>13</sup>

In all the countries were formed two parties:<sup>14</sup> the "interventionists," who desired to lead their fellow-countrymen to the

<sup>12</sup>As a protest against the war, Argentina, Brazil and Chile held, a few months after it broke out, a conference in Buenos Aires, and on May 25, 1915, they signed a treaty to settle international conflicts peacefully. In the preamble of that document occur the words: "In harmony with the designs of concord and peace on which their international policy is based, and with the firm purpose of cooperating to the end that the confraternity of the American republics shall be made every day more solid. . . ."

<sup>13</sup>The following republics broke off relations with or declared war against the central powers: Bolivia, Brazil, Cuba, El Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panamá and Uruguay.—Author's note.

The author failed to include Costa Rica, which joined the allies.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>This sweeping statement calls for documentation.—THE EDITOR.

sacrifice; and the "neutralists," who desired that their countries should remain faithful to their tradition of peace. Both organized to uphold their principles. The pacifists—what irony! were accused of being militarists, for the enormity of not desiring to see their countries covered with blood<sup>15</sup> and armed and militarized to fight against peoples that had done them no harm.

In many countries the frenzied triumphed; their victory was the curious result of a general suggestion, rather than of the thoughtful and sincere sentiment of the peoples. The reactions that set in as soon as peace was signed in Europe justify my assertion.

Where the struggle was most intense, where more passion was aroused and where foreigners sought to influence the common sense of the native people to the greatest degree was in the Argentine republic. They did not accomplish their purpose, however. Faithful to their tradition, the Argentine people again gave a positive and manly proof of independence and pacifism.<sup>16</sup>

It has been able to maintain this valiant attitude at every moment: during the war, by not participating in it; during peace, by striving that the organ created by the victors, in order to maintain it, should be the true expression of the will of all the peoples of the earth and thus become the temple of humanity, where the great and the small should have the same right to think, to speak and to demand.

In the first assembly of the league of nations, gathered at Geneva, the utterance of the president of the Argentine delegation startled the plenipotentiaries that were about to discuss universal peace without having purged themselves of hatred. Interpreting the traditional sentiments of the Argentine nation, "born to existence with as just claims as any of the others, which is for no one and against no one, but

with all, for the good of all,"<sup>17</sup> he said, proposed, demanded, that in the great assembly the covenant of the league should be modified in order that it might begin by triumphing, "before everything, in the conscience of the civilized world, surrounding it with all the authority that would guarantee the loftiness of its purposes."<sup>18</sup>

The proposed modifications, which without doubt interpreted the most earnest sentiment of all the delegations of Latin America, although it was not manifested officially on that occasion,<sup>19</sup> were as follows:

Admission of all sovereign states; admission of small states without the right to vote; constitution of the council by democratic election; an obligatory court of arbitration and justice.

The Argentine principles were rejected.<sup>20</sup> The league dropped its mask; and it turned out to be an alliance of nations, not to consolidate the perpetuity of universal peace, but to end the war.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>17</sup>Phrases of a telegram addressed by the minister of foreign relations *ad interim*, Doctor Torello, through the president of the Argentine delegation at Geneva.

<sup>18</sup>Conclusion of the address of the president of the Argentine delegation, pronounced before the league of nations, November 17, 1920.

<sup>19</sup>Only the government of Chile, on the one hand, and the members of the committees on foreign relations of the senate and chamber of deputies, together with the señor Alessandri, then president-elect, on the other, made an official declaration in favor of the Argentine principles. Under date of December 15, 1920, the government of Chile made this solemn declaration: "The government of Chile, recognizing and accepting the noble and elevated motives that have inspired the Argentine government in the assembly at Geneva, reiterates on this occasion its sympathy with and its unshakable adherence to the sister republic, and it will cooperate with all earnestness from conviction and a sense of reciprocity, for the success of the lofty purposes upheld by the Argentine delegation in the amendments proposed before the assembly of nations. It instructs its representatives in the assembly to make public in that body the decision of the government of Chile."

<sup>20</sup>"Postponement is the present rejection of our two essential principles: the admission of all the nations and the equality of all sovereign states. *The categorical declarations of the most important representatives of the assembly confirm this assertion.*"—Words of a telegram from the president of the Argentine delegation to the league of nations, addressed to the president of the Argentine nation, December 7, 1920.

<sup>21</sup>"The non-admission of some countries might create dangerous antagonisms, might be the origin of a league of states constituted against the league of which they would not form a part. and the cause of

<sup>15</sup>The author has already said that "their participation was nominal." However, when the whole presentation is *ex parte* and inspired, why quibble over a trifle?—THE EDITOR.

<sup>16</sup>This statement is contrary to the facts: the people of Argentina and the two chambers of their national congress were in favor of severing relations with Germany. The president alone prevented action.—THE EDITOR

**I**N South and Central America there exist few international problems that may awaken fear of a disturbance of the peace.

As race hatreds do not exist in Latin America; as there is no economic competition; as in a very few cases there exist dreams of revenge, the pacifist movement, organized in a permanent manner, is well known.<sup>22</sup>

The European war ended, no one in Latin America now remembers the "neutralists" and the "interventionists;" people are at work, and they desire that universal peace shall be permanent.

The Russian revolution is in reality one of the few happy results that the great war has bestowed upon humanity. The Russian revolution has circulated through the world a breeze of democracy that has caused the powerful to understand the need of thinking of the suffering multitudes.

Its methods may be cruel; its principles, too bold for the present time; but it is true

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constant disturbance of the peace of the world. The league of nations would seem, besides, very unjustly, like an alliance formed to end the war, and not what it is in reality, a powerful organism with the mission of assuring peace."—Words from the discourse of Doctor Pueyrredón, the president of the Argentine delegation in Geneva, pronounced on November 17, 1920.

<sup>22</sup>We should say that economic conditions, international problems and human feelings are about the same in the region indicated as elsewhere.—THE EDITOR.

that the French revolution was no less cruel, no less bold, and nevertheless, all, and especially we South Americans, owe a debt of gratitude to that despairing cry of the people of 1789. Thereby we received liberty and rights.<sup>23</sup>

The Russian revolution, whether it be accepted or not, whether it be repudiated or applauded, whether it be despised or feared, has had a prodigious power for illuminating consciences, and in all parts of the civilized world, the hardened reactionary of yesterday is to-day a man that discusses problems that he despised formerly, with persons he never before considered worthy to be heard.

Latin America has also experienced the consequences of the revolution, just as it experienced those of the war.

In all the youthful consciences of the New World has been reaffirmed the sentiment of fraternity; the sorrow of the weak has caused them to understand the injustices of the present; the horrors of the recent war have converted them into the most fervent defenders of peace. The pacifist sentiment has increased; and it is to be hoped that it will become unanimous.

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<sup>23</sup>The writer's absolute avoidance of allusions to the United States as a factor in universal peace, as a coöperator with the other nations of America and as a stimulus to independence at the close of the eighteenth century is too marked to have been accidental. A comparison is suggested between his treatment of the general subject and that of noted Hispanic-American authors.—THE EDITOR.



# THE WINNING OF A PEOPLE

BY

L. INURRIGARRO

When we were in Buenos Aires in November, we were visited by the author of this article, who, after some friendly conversation, said that he believed the United States and Argentina would greatly profit by a better understanding and by more intimate relations in all senses; that the influence of the United States on the institutions and economic development of his country would be more wholesome than that of any other nation; and, consequently, that the people of the United States ought to be made to understand the situation in order to develop a sound and far-reaching policy of sympathetic penetration and coöperation that would increase and secure their influence and participation in Argentine affairs. In token of his serious thought and his conviction, he produced some typed pages which, he said, contained notes that he would like to read to us, the better to express his mind. When he had finished reading them, we requested permission to translate them into English for publication. He demurred at first, but he finally consented, with the explanation that he had not prepared an article for the public, but merely a series of notes for a personal conference.—THE EDITOR.

EUROPEANS have peacefully won over countries by the following means:

1. By religion. This method is inapplicable to our cosmopolitan environment.

2. By emigration in numbers so great that they tend to obliterate the natives, or, by taking possession of the positions and occupations that exist among the different social classes, to thrust them into the background. This has been the method of Spain and Italy, who have sent thousands of Spaniards and Italians to our country; these immigrants have reached here almost wholly lacking in education; and, without a *peso* in their pockets, they have availed themselves of our favorable laws, tilled our fertile lands in an ideal climate and made positions for themselves.

They have intermarried with our families and set up thousands of homes. Business, the industries and journalism are occupied by myriads of Spaniards and Italians. They have established prosperous banks; they have played a part in the navy and the army; they are to be found everywhere; yet, nevertheless, they have neither secured nor attempted to secure—because they would be sure to fail—a dominating position in our country. This failure has been due to the fact that men and women from all parts of the world have come together here and have done well and are living in comfort. The different races have mingled and have furnished very curious examples that demonstrate moral and

intellectual adaptations in a perceptible manner, thus neutralizing their nationalistic influence, for the good of the country.

Almost all those that are prosperous have learned to read and write here. They have become educated, acquired a good social bearing and brought up their families in surroundings of which they could never have dreamed. Even the Jews have changed, and as a mere result of the environment their religious fanaticism has moderated.

Of course the peoples that have come to this country have unquestionably contributed to our advancement, but few of these immigrants have been intellectual people: people capable of exercising a directive influence on Argentine minds; and it has never occurred to them to try to do so in one or another manner.

3. By commerce. The most typical case to be found in our country is that of the British.

Previous to our independence, the British had confidence in the investment of capital in our country and they foresaw that she would become a great nation.

At bottom they have tried to dominate and direct us, but the method they have employed has not been effective. Hence they have failed and they will continue to fail.

The British have furnished money for many enterprises and have invested much capital in this country. Fifty per cent. of the foreign capital invested here at present is British. It has constructed our railways, our ports, our refrigerating establishment—

there are great British commercial houses, *et cetera*; yet the thousands of British that have come to this country have always lived in voluntary isolation, marrying among themselves, and preserving their own language and their habits and customs, and they have not learned our language.

In all the circumstances of life, the British have looked upon the Argentines with suspicion; and they concern themselves solely with securing the interest on their investments. Their invariable rule has been to win the friendship of the presidents of the republic, the ministers and the more important politicians, in order to make sure of the capital they had invested and to obtain concessions. The Argentine people have always entertained great admiration, respect and consideration for the British, but, to tell the truth, they have never been able to like them.

We are astonished to observe that although the British have invested such enormous sums of money in this country and have furnished us so many cultivated people, some of whom have had exceptional minds, they have never thought for a single moment that in order to safeguard their capital and to win over all Argentine hearts, it would only be necessary to exercise a formative influence on the great intellectuality of our country by training it in English ideas and doctrines. If Great Britain had undertaken this, there would to-day be millions of Argentines that would entertain a warm affection for her; and our statesmen would be disciples of that great nation.

The strikes on the railways and in the refrigerating plants would have been impossible in this country, because several generations of Argentines, nurtured on British doctrines, would have prevented them.

As it is, one rarely chances on an Argentine that speaks English or is thoroughly acquainted with English history; and there are very many Argentines, of all the social spheres, who perceive only the financial aspect of the British.

What is unquestionable is that they have been unable or have not wished to draw us to them, and the proof of it is that Argentines have traveled over the whole of continental Europe; from all parts

they have brought abiding and affectionate recollections; but when they have reached England, they have confined themselves to visiting London and one or two other cities.

Few Argentine families that are not of English origin have gone to live in England. It is greatly to be regretted that Great Britain has not won us intellectually, for if she had, she would have won our hearts, to her own advantage, and we should to-day enjoy the good fortune of possessing statesmen that would govern our country with wisdom.

We love France truly, because she has nourished our minds in the several branches of human knowledge. At one time we had, as rector of the Colegio Nacional, an eminent Frenchman, Monsieur Cosson, and as professor of philosophy, the learned Jacques. These two Frenchmen worked earnestly for the education and development of youth. Great prominence was gained in those days by their pupils Avellaneda, Goyena, Aristóbulo del Valle, Lucio Vicente Lopez, *et cetera*, who exercised an immense and wholesome influence on this country in the political sense. With their advancement, French influence visibly increased, and there came a moment in which it predominated here in an absolute manner.

Unfortunately for us, Cosson and Jacques died, and France, which had no interests here at the time, did not bother herself to send others to succeed them.

The death of the group of young men just mentioned occurred at about the same time, and with them French political influence began to decline; but affection for France endured; and to read her books, visit her cities and frequent her laboratories was esteemed an honor by every Argentine.

Germany opened her doors to the officers of our army; she began to invade our commerce: she welcomed our professional men that visited her; and, little by little, she began to win us by acquainting us with her methods of instruction and her literature. German scientists were brought to our institutions, and with their teaching they instilled a love for Germany.

This campaign began only a very short time ago, but it has been sufficient to enable the German professors that are in the country and the Argentines that have

been in Germany, or are acquainted with her literature, to build up a group—happily small—of Germanophiles.

A curious phenomenon may be witnessed in our country. Until a little while ago the intellectuals of Europe were ignorant of our existence. Frequently they confused us with Brazil or placed us indiscriminately in the list of South Americans. They thought that Bolivia was the same as Venezuela, Argentina, as Paraguay, et cetera. Suddenly they opened their eyes, however. They discovered that we are a great nation, that we have a bright future; and the whole world has taken it into its head to win us over at all hazards. Yet people have been mistaken in the means they are employing.

The United States also has fixed her eyes upon our country, and we behold with great regret that she employs and is going to employ the very means used by the British.

The constitution of this country and many of her laws are based on the constitution of the United States. We have done what we could to introduce a little of the great culture of that country.

The United States, whether because she was very much occupied with other things, because she had other aims or because she gave little thought to us, did not concern herself with us until the present time, when we see that she is really interested and would like to win us to her.

The United States is immensely rich and immensely strong, as compared with us; and we go so far as to say that she is under moral obligation to win us over, but with clean hands, by gaining possession of our hearts and of our minds, permeating us with her civilization by leading us as a kindly teacher leads her pupils, but never by despising us, giving us or taking away money, ships and coal; for such a method serves merely to engender adulation or hatred. Let her impart her ideas, her politics, her doctrines. Let her train statesmen capable of appreciating the wealth and the future of our country; capable of leading us along the right path, that we may make of ourselves a great nation. Then, indeed, shall we be grateful and give due credit to the great nation of the north.

To secure this desideratum, the United

States ought to make a sacrifice, one that would be fully recompensed by the advantages she would derive from this great undertaking.

In our opinion she ought to do all that is possible to diffuse a knowledge of her language in our country; and North Americans ought to learn our language.

They ought to become more intimate with Argentines in order that by this means the two peoples may become thoroughly acquainted and overlook each other's faults. It would be well for them to send professors of political and economic sciences to live in the country in order to train students and follow them in their political careers; and thus, in contributing to the general welfare of our country, the United States would share in the development of institutions and laws, to her own legitimate advantage in the end.

Not for an instant are we to imagine that this would all take place in a moment. A long time would be required.

It is not too much to suppose that if such North American professors were to devote themselves unselfishly to their tasks here, within five years their students would become members of the senate and the chamber of deputies, and perhaps some of them would head ministries or occupy high administrative positions and exercise a controlling influence on the press.

If these students were followed in their careers by their professors, they might occupy even higher positions and would, in ten years, say, direct public instruction, the finances, politics, et cetera; that is, all that affects the policy of a constituted nation.

Compare what the position of the United States would be, if the chief political and administrative offices of this country were occupied by persons with North American ideas, and if the Argentine people—which would possess greater and greater power—were happy and were grateful for the civilization and development that the United States would have fostered in their midst, with the position of any of the European nations represented in this country, and it will be clearly seen that this is the true and only policy that the great North American nation ought to adopt in respect of the Argentine republic.

# FLUCTUATIONS IN EXCHANGE AND THE DEPRECIATION OF CURRENCY

BY

RAÚL SIMÓN

I. Resources in the time of a fiscal crisis.—II. Measure of the value of money.—III. Effects of paper money on international exchange.—IV. The value of money and exchange in Chile before the great war.—V. Exchange and money during the years of the great war.—VI. The outlook.

## I

### RESOURCES IN THE TIME OF A FISCAL CRISIS

**T**HE first effect of a fiscal crisis is manifested in the depreciation of money. It is logical that it should be so. When a government faces a deficit in its financial resources, or when unforeseen requirements call for extraordinary expenditures of money, it may have recourse to three sources of income: 1. An increase of taxes. 2. Domestic or foreign loans. 3. An issue of paper money.

The source of income chosen will depend on the financial capacity or energy of the government. The recent European war was mainly financed: in England, by taxation; in France, by loans; and in the central empires, by issues of paper money. The effect of each of these prevailing methods may be observed in the depreciation of the respective currencies: of thirty per cent. in England; of fifty per cent. in France; and an almost total depreciation in Germany, Austria and Poland.

Taxation—which ought logically to be the preferred method—is not always easy to apply. To apply it, energy, foresight and a knowledge of the taxable capacity of the country are required. A loan is difficult to obtain, above all, in cases in which the economic condition of a country seems to be imperiled. At least it may be said that there exists a limit to every country's credit. An issue of paper money, on the other hand, does not demand financial effort of any kind, energy on the part of the government or the least knowledge of the taxable capacity of the country. As compared with taxation, it has the apparent advantage of not constituting a

burden on the taxpayer, at least at the first moment; and in respect of taxation, it possesses the other advantage of not requiring credit abroad or an investigation of the solvency of the soliciting state. Besides, it pays no interest, and its amortization or conversion may cover an unlimited period. Finally, the amount of the issue is also unlimited. This explains why bad governments always meet their financial crises by issues of paper money.

## II

### MEASURE OF THE VALUE OF MONEY

**W**HEN a country has gold coin in circulation, this coin possesses an intrinsic value, a value of its own, which is determined by the value of the amount of gold contained in it. As the value of gold is practically stable throughout the years (in reality, it varies somewhat, according to the greater or less production of the gold mines), the value of products or manufactures expressed in gold currency varies according to the law of supply and demand and the cost of production. Hence the value of coin does not enter into the value of money.

However, from the moment in which gold coin is replaced by paper, its intrinsic value disappears. If it were not that the acceptance of bills is compulsory and if the issuance of them were not associated with an innate faith in the promises of the state, paper money would be worth nothing. Nevertheless, in a case in which the hope of exchange for coin disappears definitely and in which the disturbance of the public exchequer continues to demand, more and more, additional issues of paper, the latter ends finally in almost absolute depreciation.



Such was the case with the *greenbacks*<sup>1</sup> issued by the United States during the civil war; of the French *assignats* during the revolution; of the English bank-notes during the Napoleonic wars; of the Russian rubles, the Polish marks, the Austrian *Kronen* during the recent war; of the paper issues of almost all the South American countries during the last fifty years; and such will be, finally, the case of our *peso* if a reform in the policy of our public exchequer does not stay us on the financial declivity down which we are tending.

Aside from the phenomena of international exchange, which we shall analyze later, the depreciation of fiduciary money is measured by the rise in the values acquired by means of it. In other countries, the value of the money is measured by means of *index numbers*,<sup>2</sup> utilized for the first time in England by Sauerbeck, and to-day in general use in the economic statistics of all the countries (with the exception of Chile and other countries in which true economic studies are not carried on). By means of index numbers is calculated the average cost of living, the basis of a mean price of a certain number of articles (sixty, more or less), to each of which is applied a coefficient that reveals its importance in consumption. So, the index number for a certain series of years being calculated, a true measure of the value of money is obtained, and, reciprocally, the cost of living.

In Germany, for example, the index numbers indicate a maximum variation of from one hundred to one hundred twenty-one during the twenty years previous to the war; and of from one hundred to eight hundred fifty from 1914 to 1921, this increase indicating the rise in the cost of living in relation to the depreciation of the currency. (The index number will rise still higher in that country, because the internal depreciation of the money occurs subsequently to the external depreciation, but it tends irresistibly to equal it in a determinate period).

It is to be regretted that the office of statistics does not supply us index numbers for Chile. They would prove that the cost

of living has increased in proportion to the depreciation of the currency.

The following table—taken from the *Cours de science de finances*, by Gaston Gèze, professor in the Université de Paris—indicates the increase in the index numbers in France, England, Italy and the United States:

Year	France (Office of Statistics)	England (Sauerbeck)	Italy (Bachi)	United States (Dun)
1901-1910	100	100	100	100
1914	116.8	117.5	100	112.5
1915	163.7	145.8	162.4	117.4
1916	228.8	202.7	260.5	152
1917	315.2	240	378.3	202.3
1918	401.8	266.1	517.2	218.5
1919	406.9	287.1	437.5	223.6

This table demonstrates that the highest index numbers pertain to the countries in which the depreciation of money has been the greatest.

### III

#### EFFECTS OF PAPER MONEY ON INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE

*EXCHANGE* is the equivalent of the money of one country in that of another country. According to the monetary systems compared, there may exist, among others, the following principal cases of exchange:

1. Exchange between countries with a gold standard.
2. Exchange between countries with a gold standard and another country with a silver standard.
3. Exchange between countries with paper money.
4. Exchange between a country with a gold standard and a country with paper money.

In the first case would appear England, France, the United States, Italy, Argentina, and Austria and Russia before the war.

In the second, India, with the countries mentioned, also before the war.

In the third, Germany, France, Chile, Italy and others after the war.

In the fourth, the United States, with Chile and almost all the other countries after the war.

We are concerned merely with analyzing the first and second cases.

**1. Exchange between countries with a gold standard.**—In this case there is,

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR

strictly speaking, no problem of exchange. There exist then two methods for the payment of international balances: one is by buying and selling bills of exchange, and the other by the shipment of gold.

Exchange in gold being the equivalent between the gold dollars of the money of the two countries, nothing more is necessary in effecting the payment than the transportation from the debtor country of a certain number of gold coins that shall contain a weight in gold equivalent to that contained in the sum owed in the money of the creditor country. Evidently, as the transportation of gold involves a certain expense and, besides, the question of security, it would be well to acquire for the payment a draft for a sum equivalent to the debt. However, in case of an excessive demand for bills of exchange for this purpose and the premium on them, a sum of money greater than the total of the debt, plus the expense of transporting the gold, could not be paid for each draft.

It is for this reason that exchange in countries that have a gold standard does not vary beyond the cost of transporting the gold. This limit is what is called *gold point*.<sup>3</sup>

The balance of payment, according as it is favorable or adverse to a certain country, does not produce in these cases a depreciation or a rise in the money that passes the *gold point*. If the balance is favorable, gold enters the country; if it is unfavorable, it leaves the country. So then, in a metallic system, the amount of gold in a country increases or diminishes; but the money, which has a value of its own, remains practically stable.

In this case were, before the war, the United States, Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Russia, Argentina and almost all the countries except some of the American countries, and among them ourselves.

**2. Exchange between a country with a gold standard and another country with paper money.**—This was our case, before the war, with almost all the other countries; and the case will be the same as fast as those countries pass through their financial crises and return to their normal condition.

In a country with a gold standard, the balance of payments does not figure in the value of the money, as we have said.

In a country with paper money, payments may not be made abroad without the acquisition of *bills of exchange*, or of foreign gold for transportation to the creditor country. In this case enters as a chief factor the liquidation of the balance of payments.

First of all, it is necessary to define what is called "balance of payments."

It is well known that one country—considered as a whole—produces or sells, consumes or buys; in other words, it carries a *debit* and *credit* account.

Under *credit* it sets down what it receives, that is, the value of exports, loans placed abroad, invisible items invested in the country (ships' tolls, salaries of diplomats, expenditures of travelers, initial capital of foreign countries established in the country, et cetera). Under *debit* it sets down what it delivers or pays, that is, the value of imports, payments for the amortization of loans and invisible items invested by Chileans abroad (the sojourn of Chilean travelers in other countries, expenses of diplomats, interest paid to foreigners established in the country, et cetera).

The *balance* may be favorable. In this case the several foreign countries buy the paper money of the favored country and then the money of that country rises in value.

The *balance* may be unfavorable, and then the country with paper money must buy gold, paying for it in paper. In this case the paper money depreciates.

Commercially, the *balance* is expressed in a purchase (unfavorable balance) of bills of exchange and an offer of bills of exchange (favorable balance).

To calculate now the value of the balance it is necessary to pass over the invisible items, as they are not included in the statistics. Besides, these items are relatively small, compared with the others enumerated in the balance of payments (imports, exports, the placing of loans and the payment of them). Hereafter, in speaking of the balance of payments, we

<sup>3</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

shall consider only this restricted acceptance of its meaning.

The balance of payments determines the fluctuations of paper money and its effect on exchange.

However, we should not overlook the internal rise or fall of money that results from the reduction or inflation of paper money. As the internal rise or fall of money soon exerts an influence abroad, the financial policy of the state is more important than the balance of payments.

The law of economic equilibrium (a country can, during a long period, buy more than it sells) renders it necessary to establish partial payments of an alternative type, which would produce a negligible total balance in a certain number of years. This would be equivalent to saying that an unfavorable balance would become at the end of a certain time a favorable balance. In other words, the *balance of payments is the cause of oscillations in exchange*, but not of a continued depreciation of money.

A continued depreciation, like ours, must have a permanent cause, which is none other than the continuous increase of the fiduciary medium.

#### IV

##### THE VALUE OF MONEY AND EXCHANGE IN CHILE BEFORE THE GREAT WAR

THE case of our international money and exchange is the clearest possible confirmation of the economic laws that we have mentioned.

Originally we had in circulation gold and silver coin only.

The original value of our *peso* was forty-eight pence.

A well known law (that of Gresham) shows that when two moneys of a different intrinsic value and an equal legal value come into contact with each other, the money of less intrinsic value displaces the one of greater intrinsic value.

We have remarked that we had in circulation gold and silver money calculated at their standard of fineness according to a certain relation between the different values of the same *peso* of the two metals.

The value of silver fell throughout the world. Then it came about that a silver

*peso* was worth intrinsically less than a gold *peso*, while both moneys were legal tender, and just as to-day, when *chauchas chicas* are coined, *chauchas grandes*<sup>4</sup> disappear, so gold *pesos* disappeared then.

There remained then in circulation the *pesos*, which were depreciated because of the decrease in the value of silver.

So the silver *peso*, which was ordinarily worth forty-eight pence, came to be worth:

In 1872 . . . . .	46 pence
In 1873 . . . . .	45 pence
In 1874 . . . . .	45 pence
In 1875 . . . . .	44 pence
In 1876 . . . . .	41 pence
In 1877 . . . . .	42 pence
In 1878 . . . . .	39 pence

(The excessive number of bank-notes in circulation also contributed to this depreciation).

In 1879, to meet the expenses of the war of the Pacific, fiscal paper money was issued for the first time (twelve millions). The issues succeeded one another, and the money continued to depreciate slowly. The following is the result for each five years:

Year	Millions of Fiscal Paper Money in Circulation	Mean Exchange in Pence per <i>Peso</i>
(1879)	12 (initial)	33.
1880	19	30.8
1885	16.6	25.4
1890	20.8	24.0
(1894)	38.3	12.5

In 1895 a metallic conversion was made at eighteen pence, and the exchange was maintained until 1898 at above seventeen pence. A crisis that occurred in 1898 and a shortage in the supply of fiscal gold again forced the issuing of paper money,

<sup>4</sup>*Chaucha*, according to Román (*Diccionario de chilenismos*, Santiago, Chile, 1908-1911, volume ii, page 22), is derived from the Quechua *chbaucha*, in this sense, "something imperfect," "something half made;" hence its application to the coin of twenty centavos, which took the place of the Spanish *peseta*, worth twenty-five centavos in Chile, and its being called *chaucha* because it was an imperfect or incomplete *peseta*; the *chaucha chica* (little *chaucha*) contains less silver, in proportion to the baser metal, than the *chaucha grande* (the big *chaucha*), and it is used, like the "nickel," mainly in the country and not for export.—THE EDITOR.

and its value fell suddenly to thirteen pence.

Beginning with this date, we have lived under nothing short of a system of monetary inflation.

The following figures give the value of the paper money in circulation and of the mean exchange for each five years:

Year	Millions of Paper Money in Circulation	Mean Exchange in Pence per <i>Peso</i>
1900	50.7	16.8
1905	80.6	15.6
1910	150.3	10.7
1914	224.9	8.9

### V

#### EXCHANGE AND MONEY DURING THE YEARS OF THE GREAT WAR

**D**URING the years of the recent war, issues of paper money continued. There was, however, a certain reduction during the first years. The following are the respective figures made up on December 31 of each year:

Year	Millions of Paper Money	Mean Annual Exchange in Pence per <i>Peso</i>
1914	224.9	8.9
1915	177.7	8.2
1916	178.9	9.4
1917	186.1	12.7
1918	227.6	14.6
1919	250.7	10.6
1920	302.8	12.0
1921	320	8.0

It is proper to remark that we have considered in this case periods of time relatively short (one year), and positive and negative variations have occurred in exchange in each of them. These variations have resulted from the circumstantial effect of the balance of payments: an effect more marked in this case, since the war caused extraordinary changes in the figures that determined the balance of payments.

We have, in the first place, the different value of the exports of nitrate. So, in these years, the following have been the approximate figures of the value of the

nitrate exported in gold *pesos* of eighteen pence:

Year	Millions of Tons Exported	Value of Exports in Millions of Gold at Eighteen Pence
1913	2.7	315
1914	1.8	212
1915	2.0	233
1916	2.9	338
1917	2.7	478
1918	2.9	510
1919	0.8	98
1920	2.7	527
1921	1.1	?

Note the high value of the exports of nitrate in the years 1917, 1918, 1920, as well as the crisis in exports in the years 1919 and 1921.

As nitrate now predominates in the value of our exports, the variations in the total of exports follow perceptibly the variations in the demand for nitrate. The following figures are a comparison of the total of exports with the total of imports, for the purpose of deducing from them the *custom-house balance*, which is one of the items of the *balance of payments*. The figures are given until 1920, inclusive, which is the last year of which the office of statistics has supplied complete and definite data:

Year	Exports in Millions in Gold <i>Pesos</i> of Eighteen Pence	Imports in Millions in Gold <i>Pesos</i> of Eighteen Pence
1913	396	329
1914	299	269
1915	327	153
1916	513	222
1917	712	355
1918	763	436
1919	301	401
1920	778	455
1921	...	...

(These figures may be compared with the preceding ones relative to nitrate, and the predominant influence of this product in the total value of exports deduced).

The difference between exports and imports gives us the result of the *custom-house balance*. To get at the result of the *balance of payments*, it will be necessary to

consider, besides the loans placed, the annual interest and the invisible items, passing over the latter (their quantity is small and, besides, they are not given in the statistics), we reach the following results of the balance of payments, which give the mean annual exchanges that are to be noted. (The plus sign indicates the positive result: a rise in exchange; the minus sign, the opposite).

Year	Result of the Balance of Pay- ments in Millions of Gold at Eighteen Pence	The Mean Annual Exchange in Pence per <i>Peso</i>
1913	+ 37	9.7
1914	0	8.96
1915	+144	8.25
1916	+261	9.46
1917	+327	12.73
1918	+298	14.92
1919	—139	10.59
1920	+285	12.31
1921	— ?	8.08

From these figures it may be deduced that whenever the favorable result of the balance of payments disappears, a fall in exchange occurs. Inversely, a favorable result improves the exchange. Thus in 1918 the result was favorable, and the *peso* attained the value of fourteen pence. In 1920 the export of nitrate increased again, the result was favorable and exchange rose to twelve pence. In 1921, even if we do not have access to the data of exports and imports, it is known that the export of nitrate was less than half of what it was in 1920. This affords ground for asserting that the result of the balance of payments will be unfavorable. This would be the cause of the fall in exchange from twelve to eight pence.

During 1922 the export of nitrate has been paralyzed. The result of the balance of payments was very unfavorable. Exchange has gone down to five pence.

## VI

### THE OUTLOOK

**H**OWEVER, the law of economic equilibrium has begun to be effective, thus reducing imports. On the other hand, the pool of nitrate is being effected at the same

time that equality between the internal and external depreciation of European money increases the value of artificial fertilizers. Everything tends to show that during the second six months of the current year the Chilean nitrate industry may revive with the resumption of the demand. An equal improvement is now to be noted in the production of copper.

The result of the balance of payments may therefore lose its inactive character in the course of the present year. It will bring about an improvement in international exchange, thus causing a favorable oscillation in the curve of depreciation. Unfortunately, the situation of the public exchequer seems to be as critical as formerly. If, indeed, the reduction of imports favors the balance of payments, thus producing an ascendant oscillation in the curve of exchange, it will cause, on the other hand, a reduction in the revenues of the state, with a consequent increase of the fiscal deficit.

The budget of 1922 has been approved by the mixed commission with an initial deficit of seventy million *pesos* in paper (a surcharge of one hundred fifty per cent. for gold), still supposing that the export of nitrate will reach 1,380,000 tons: a figure that nothing renders probable. If we admit—which is not impossible—that the export of nitrate will, in reality, reach half the supposed total, we shall add to the initial deficit of seventy millions in paper the diminution of the duties on exports, whereby the total deficit of the public exchequer will rise to the approximate sum of 130,000,000 in paper (with one hundred fifty per cent. added for gold).

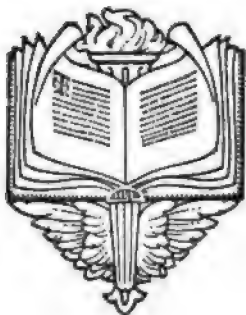
To offset this deficit, the state will be forced to have recourse to taxation and to a domestic or foreign loan. It should be understood that taxation will not be able to offset the deficit immediately. The government, for a long time, has proposed laws of taxation, the product of which it calculates at forty millions in paper; but these laws have not yet been enacted, and if they were, they could not produce an appreciable effect during the coming year. The deficit of 1922 will be covered, unquestionably, in the same way as the deficit of 1921 (273,000,000 in paper, of

which 136,000,000 belonged to 1921, and 137,000,000 to 1919 and 1920, involving in both cases a surcharge of one hundred fifty per cent. for gold). As is well known, resort has been made merely to a loan, a part of which was placed in the country, and the other, abroad. If the deficit of 1922 is covered by a foreign loan, this will be a favorable factor in the balance of payments, which will at once become unfavorable, with the greater increase in the interest on the debt.

If the deficit is covered by an internal loan and if this takes the form of an issue of treasury notes and an increase in the

fiduciary circulation, we shall experience, independently of the balance of payments, a new effect of the old and permanent cause of the depreciation of money.

In short, while an improvement in the regimen of the public exchequer does not increase the quota of taxation in the total of the fiscal income, a loan or the issuance of paper money will always meet the shortage in the public fiscal revenue. The money of the country will continue to be subject to the general law of downward tendency, the balance of payments merely indicating the circumstantial alternative oscillations.



# THE MYSTERIOUS MAMMAL

BY

CLEMENTE ONELLI

In our spring of 1922, the metropolitan press alluded to strange stories of the survival in Argentina of an animal that had ceased to exist some millions of years ago in its habitat in the northern hemisphere. The accounts were associated vaguely with the director of the Jardín Zoológico of Buenos Aires. Persons unacquainted with paleontology and persons unacquainted with the director of the Jardín Zoológico of Buenos Aires, devoted at least a few minutes' thought to the reputed prodigy; those that are acquainted with paleontology, or with the director of the Jardín Zoológico, only smiled or shrugged their shoulders, according to their personal idiosyncrasies. In the following article, the director of this garden solves the mystery—a patent hoax—in his facetious manner.—THE EDITOR.

ONE of the greatest difficulties that I have encountered in planning the expedition to go in search of the mysterious mammal (probably a great Quaternary edentate) has been the meddling of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals of several parts of the world, which, believing the canards of the foreign press, have considered it their duty to interfere to prevent an investigation of the case.

I have been forced to seek the hospitality of the *Boletín de la "Sarmiento" Asociación Protectora de Animales*, which, in pursuance of its noble and humanitarian aims, is not misled by widely circulated errors or by exaggerations that are inadmissible in view of human and scientific requirements.

So I published the following note:

"At the moment in which the director of the Jardín Zoológico of Buenos Aires and an honorary member of La "Sarmiento" Asociación Protectora de Animales is besought, from all parts of the world, not to decree and render effective the sentence of death pronounced upon a plesiosaurian, it seems to me that the moment has arrived in which I ought to make certain explanations in the official organ of the Asociación Protectora de Animales, the best informed of societies in its tendencies and certainly the sanest in its judgments, its propaganda and its activities.

"These pleas for grace which, as I have said, have come to me from all parts, have even called my attention to the fortieth chapter of the book of *Job*, in which allusion is made to 'behemoth . . .

surely the mountains bring him forth food,' are sometimes signed by sincere and really humanitarian persons; at others, by intriguers; and at others, by deluded hysterics: all, to tell the truth, thoroughly ignorant of the most vulgar principles of paleontology, since they have entreated me not to take the life of a plesiosaurian that lived in the northern hemisphere in the hot seas of the cretaceous or Jurassic period: this the sole surviving specimen of a species that lived millions of centuries ago, which, according to some, has come, perhaps by water, perhaps by land or probably by an aerial route, to plunge into a basin of fresh and frigid water of southern Patagonia.

"This superlative simplification of the paradox explains also why a humanitarian society of another country should venture to address the government, and, at the same time that it solicits the prohibition to hunt, suggests (in the twentieth century) the duty of closing all the scientific laboratories in which guinea-pigs and other animals are injected with the virus of human diseases 'in order to reinject the rottennesses of these animals into the human body.' This being the case, insinulative counsel goes hand in hand with what has already been said as to saving the life of the plesiosaurian.

"Now, in spite of having explained repeatedly in *La Nación* and other dailies what is the purpose of the expedition that I have sent, I am going to repeat it here, in this well balanced organ of humanitarian sentiment, because I suppose that among the thousands of reading members, there may be, owing to innate ingenuousness,

some (although they can be counted on the fingers of one hand) that feel disturbed in their consciences and may believe that an honorary member of their association is about to commit what would be a crime and certainly a bad example, which would stand out, if it emanated from one so highly placed.

"Let us take up the details.

"A month after I had received a communication and after I had made investigations and weighed the pros and contras, I gave to the public the letter from a miner turned hunter, who besought my material aid in capturing an animal: I declared that the fantastic and profane version seemed to indicate the dimensions of an enormous plesiosaurian.

"This last word gave pleasure. Several times, in turning the pages of the *Petit Larousse*, with 5,800 small illustrations, as do all those that are ignorant of orthography, there had fallen beneath the glance of those poor creatures ignorant of paleontology the monstrous figure of an animal with this euphonious name, and all took it into their heads to say that it was a plesiosaurian.

"Besides, the Arguses of the North American press—who keep an eye on the whole world and telegraph to the entire universe that Lloyd George has sneezed, that the sister of the deceased pope was very sad, and that on the Saturday of Glory the bells of Rome were set flying—were greatly pleased that a country from which come very few fantasies that can be communicated to the world, had yielded one, respectable beyond all reproach, and hence might keep company with the Genoa conference.

"Opinion in the world and, above all, in Buenos Aires, was formed: either I was preparing a great bluff<sup>1</sup> (the opinion of the few) or I was an ignoramus that believed in the plesiosaurian (the opinion of the many).

"To attack public opinion on the front would be to show very little common sense and kill the enthusiasm of those that were minded to pay the expenses of the expedition and to win for myself the reputation of one inclined to hoax the public.

"I took the middle path counseled me by my easy-going philosophy: I said that the plesiosaurian was a pseudonym by which had been revealed to the world a great edentate, which, since it seemed to it but a meager pedigree to be descended from the Quaternary period and not from the Jurassic, in order not to be taken for a parvenu of geology, had caused itself to be called by this pompous name, when it was, in reality, but an enormous *cryptoterian*.

"Three or four days later I let one of the North American correspondents feel of the excrement, dry but not fossil, which clearly proclaimed an herbivorous animal, and not a plesiosaurian, which was carnivorous and ichthyophagous.

"I said that during recent years the monster had showed itself in several inaccessible regions of the cordilleran valleys, where it had taken refuge from the pursuit of the Indians: regions in which have lived for at least sixty generations wild horses that had penetrated them from the plains, and, from colonial times, when the ship of the bishop of Placencia was wrecked, Friesian cows and bulls, which for centuries had reproduced themselves in those regions.

"I published the instructions given to Engineer Frey, the leader of the expedition, in which I expressed my preference for the capture of a young animal, because it would be more easily acclimatizable and more easy to transport, and I said that, in case it should be impossible to take one alive, to sacrifice one.

"Therefore the deluded hysterics, if they did not live in the land of ninnies, but in one in which people read a serious daily, like *La Nación*, would have perceived that the animal sought is not a plesiosaurian, but the *Cryptoterium domesticum*, thus called because he has lived in the same caves as the primitive Indians; and that, if these indigenes still exist, mingled with other incursive autochthonous races, it is not improbable that these *cryptoterians* may be living yet, and that, as they are not eclectic, like man, they have been unable to cross with the wild cows and bulls, for among animals this crossing of species takes place between horses and asses, because of their close kinship, since they

<sup>1</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.



are more nearly related than a blond Scandinavian and a Hottentot woman.

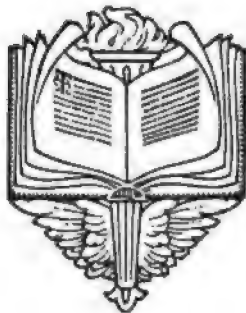
"(The last declarations are intended merely to scandalize the learned!)

"I shall say, besides, that during the last month I have received an enormous number of letters from deeply versed persons, from which it may be gathered that, on the evidence of documents preserved in the archives of the ministry of war since 1877, monsters were seen in Patagonia, according to the testimony of soldiers and distinguished officers (some are still alive), and likewise during the following years, until, on a day in January, 1922, one was seen in a certain spot by the señor Primo Capraro, a man of means, a pioneer of the valleys of Patagonia, to whom those regions owe many improvements, due to his serious and steady character and his activity: a man, in short, that is worthy of entire confidence.

"The expedition that is going in search of the animal required by science for its study, and which is therefore greatly interested in capturing it alive, rather than dead: that expedition, besides its scientific aims, has a broad plan for investigating the

wealth of the region and the possibility of its exploitation as a means of improving the zone, that, with the passing of time, we may prevent the loss of a hundred million *pesos*, gold, annually, now going abroad in search of the raw material that nature has lavished on our country in that region.

"With the foregoing declarations, ingenious persons of good faith will be tranquillized, recognizing the obligations they are under to science and acknowledging the patriotic aims for which the expedition has been fitted out. Hysterics and evil-minded persons, those who, by their exaggerations, have brought ridicule on the lofty and humanitarian ideals of societies for the protection of animals, will shift their campaigns: they will now set about preventing the production of oxen and take a firm stand in favor of rams being left as rams, that they may butt and kill one another to their hearts' content, and they will urge a hot campaign to induce the sanitary authorities of their country not to permit the introduction in tins of *pâté de foie gras*, the product of geese well stuffed."



# SUGGESTION AND DELINQUENCY

## A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CRIMINAL

BY

JUAN RAMÓN BELTRÁN

A serious study that will interest the physician, the lawyer, the psychologist, the sociologist, the teacher, and, indeed, the general reader that is acquainted with the general subject.—THE EDITOR

**S**UGGESTION is one of the most discussed factors of delinquency, and it is one that has induced a long controversy between two schools of opposing views.

All the psychiatrists, psychologists, jurist-physicians, et cetera, of these last decades, have decided in favor of one or the other tendency. Hence we see Charcot and Brouardel of the school of Paris defend with talent and brilliancy their points of view, while in Nancy, Liébault, Beaunis, Bernheim and Liegois do the same in respect of their conclusions.

The time has passed in which physicians and jurists shared the popular ignorance regarding the phenomena of suggestion. Many observers have satisfactorily explained its mechanism, accomplishing a veritably scientific revelation in respect of human psychology and demonstrating the serious error that was committed when, without understanding the psychical nature of hypnotism, it was relegated to the domain of occultism and placed at the disposal of witches, sorcerers, charlatans, wholly outlawed by psychotherapy.

Hypnotism and suggestion, in the state of trance, are the same thing. The suggested sleep is a phenomenon of suggestion, and in speaking of *suggestion in the state of trance*, *psychotherapy*, *action of the will*, et cetera, we do nothing more than mention different aspects of the same phenomenon: suggestion. The abundance of such terms for the same phenomenon is due purely and exclusively to the fact that in this question, as in all psychological questions, there is a veritable chaos of terms ill applied to psychical phenomena, the interpretation of which has been made in an incorrect or incomplete manner.

There exists a direct relation between *suggestion* and *suggestibility*. The psychological knowledge of the present day demonstrates that this conception, set forth by Bernheim, is correct. Suggestion is a normal phenomenon that results from suggestibility, that is, the property possessed by the human brain for receiving and evoking ideas by associating them with an active tendency by which they are converted into acts, *ideo-dynamism* being the mechanism that presides over these physical activities.

The term *idea-force*, or that of ideoplasia, has also been employed to designate the effect that ideas, representations and emotions exert on the cerebral activity in suggestion.

All ideas are at one and the same time force, and in accord with the nature and intensity of the cerebral activity that belongs to them, more or less ideoplastic, since every representation that appears in our consciousness immediately produces a cerebral activity.<sup>1</sup>

It is for this reason that Bernheim affirms that every idea that by whatsoever mechanism reaches the brain (sensorial impression, emotive impression, word, reading, et cetera), is, in reality, a suggestion.<sup>2</sup>

These are the psychical mechanisms of hypnotism in which we ought to recognize a mental state derived from suggestion and facilitated by a true psychical law: that *every suggestion tends to become effective*.

This opinion is corroborated by many facts of observation. In the first place, there are as many kinds of suggestion as there are specific nerve-centers and routes

<sup>1</sup>Auguste Henri Forel: *La question sexuelle*, page 316.

<sup>2</sup>Hippolyte Bernheim: *Hypnotisme, suggestion et psychothérapie*.

for the sensitivo-motor interchange of our sentient life. Hypnotic practice demonstrates that on the impressions suggested depends the sensation received by the hypnotic, whom we can cause to walk, to saunter through gardens full of plants with fragrant flowers, to see admirable landscapes, et cetera, without leaving the house; or to enjoy exquisite liquors, taste delicate dishes, drink repulsive drinks, et cetera, all from the same glass of water.

When suggestion operates on the muscular sense, the psychical mechanism that dominates it becomes more complex, because it brings into action the emotivity of the hypnotic. If we put the subject in the attitude of strife, his face reflects an impression of anger; if, on the contrary, we join his fingers and lift them to his lips in the attitude of throwing a kiss, pleasure appears reflected in his countenance.

In many cases, the participation of another person is not necessary to produce suggestion: any object whatsoever is sufficient. Morand<sup>3</sup> relates that a certain butcher, in hanging a cut of meat, from a hook slipped in such a manner that he thought he was caught by an arm on the hook, he, indeed, remaining suspended in the air from this piece of metal, from which he was lowered half dead. Taken to his house and examined, it turned out that the arm was absolutely unharmed; the hook had merely passed through the sleeve of his coat! The suggestive idea, in this case, came from the object, which produced the same effect as if it had been suggested by a hypnotizer, and the suggestion was so complete that there was proof of symptoms of a violent emotional shock, frequent in serious accidents.

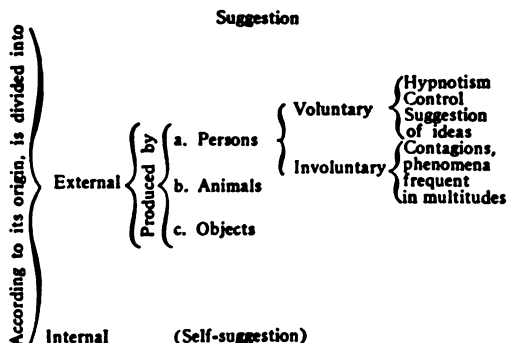
On the other hand, the origin of the suggestion may be found in a self-suggestion produced by a psychical process of a cenesthetic nature, which presents the same effects as external suggestions.

In self-suggestion, the suggestive action of ideas is spontaneous, that is, ideas are not suggested to the subject by another person or thing; but its effect is identical with that of external suggestions. This is due to the fact that an idea, or a sentiment, takes increasing possession of our

brain and triumphs over all its opponents, producing a preponderating suggestive effect on the nervous system.

There exists a true transition between external suggestion and self-suggestion. The idea of not being able to sleep produces insomnia; the idea of a yawn makes one yawn; the idea of shame makes one blush; that of pity, weep, et cetera. Frequently, the sight of another person yawning is sufficient to cause us also to yawn; to see certain objects that belong to a woman, whether a beloved one or not, may produce sexual excitation. These different cases prove that suggestion may not only be obtained in a direct manner through the will, but even without wishing it. When we speak of suggestion and hypnotism, we are alluding to that which is brought about intentionally by means of the definite will of one person to influence another,

As a résumé of the ideas presented, we set forth the different kinds of suggestion in the following table:



During suggestion, the psychical idea is developed in conditions different from the normal. This difference has not been considered hitherto at its true value, and writers have not agreed on the interpretation of the facts.

We may affirm that during states of suggestion the psychical life is developed by subconscious activity. This view is a departure from classic ideas, according to which a person is in a state of unconsciousness in hypnotic suggestion, sleep, somnambulism, et cetera.

Forel<sup>4</sup> applies the term subconsciousness to

<sup>3</sup>J. S. Morand: *Le magnétisme animal*.

<sup>4</sup>Auguste Henri Forel: *Der Hypnotismus und die suggestive Psychotherapie*.

all that writers consider inconscient in our mental activity, because, by a minute introspection, it is proved that it is a psychical state (with its corresponding activity) *subordinated to the control of the brain*, which is what rules and accompanies this activity by means of the concentration of the motive that we call attention in our life of trance.

If the subconscious activity passes unperceived ordinarily, it is because it lacks the necessary intensity to enable it to associate itself with the series of perceptions that result from our attention. To admit a state of subconsciousness as characteristic of suggestion is to suppose the existence of psychical processes that escape our memory and will, of true mental states overlooked. Freud<sup>6</sup> has demonstrated that there exists a great psychical similarity between sleep and hypnotism, which is properly called *artificial sleep*, and that suggestions made to hypnotized persons may be compared with the dreams of natural sleep.

Oskar Pfister<sup>6</sup> affirms that

it has been proved that in our dreams, as in automatisms (forgetfulness, involuntary changes of expression, meaningless words that are mingled thoughtlessly with our speech) are reflected, skilfully disguised, our internal conflicts and our secret desires. Joseph would not have dared to confess to himself his immoderate ambition, and much less to speak of it to his brothers. Hence it was that he dreamed of the stars. Unfortunately for him, his brothers, much less ingenuous, divined before he did so what was the true significance of his dreams.

After having dreamed, it is possible to recall the psychical events that have occurred under the circumstances, a characteristic that Liébault and Bernheim found in 1889 in a hypnotic that they had caused to experience all kinds of hallucinations.<sup>7</sup>

When this subject awoke, apparently he knew nothing of what had occurred during the hypnotic sleep, and to Bernheim's direct question as to it, he declared that he remembered nothing. Bernheim insisted, assuring him that he must know what was asked of him, and then the subject began to

doubt, to recall ideas, to remember as in a dream. He evoked the first sensation that had been suggested to him, then he remembered another, and slowly recollection became more and more complete until it appeared without any break. The subject was acquainted with the occurrences that had taken place during the hypnotic sleep, but they had been inaccessible to him until after a psychical effort. He did not know that he was acquainted with them and he thought he was ignorant of them.

We deal now with a case similar to the one that Freud verified in dreams,<sup>8</sup> after which it is not always possible to recall what has been dreamed, and when this recollection is easy on waking, it becomes more and more confused after the passage of hours. The larger number of dreams are quickly forgotten; in recalling them, many gaps very soon occur; other dreams do not leave any recollection whatsoever, but all may be recalled by a mental effort.

In natural sleep, our attention is withdrawn from the external world. The same occurs in hypnotism, with the sole exception that in it the hypnotic continues in psychical relations with the hypnotizer. In both states, the facts of real life are present, and the memory is excited. "Mental life in these two kinds of sleep is characterized by its own peculiarity, most events being represented by visual excitations."<sup>9</sup> These especial circumstances of the psychical life present to the physician and the psychologist of crime a dual question, related to the consciousness of the subject in these circumstances, that is, his discernment and capacity for imputation.

Opinions are greatly divided in this respect, distinction being made between psychical states directly related to hypnosis and posthypnotic psychical states that may or may not be influenced by hypnotic suggestion. The importance of this second question is very great, since it is frequently related with unlawful deeds, cases in which, if the direct act of suggestion were admitted, the responsibility of the delinquent would be diminished or eliminated.

<sup>6</sup>Sigmund Freud: *Introduction à la psychanalyse*, page 105.

<sup>6</sup>Oskar Robert Pfister: *Au vieil évangile par un chemin nouveau*, page 7. Berne, 1920.

<sup>7</sup>Sigmund Freud: work quoted, page 104.

<sup>8</sup>Sigmund Freud: work quoted, page 105.

<sup>9</sup>Sigmund Freud: work quoted, page 97.

It is the unanimous opinion of all experimenters that during hypnosis the hypnotized subjects lose completely the conscious control of their psychic life. Ribot<sup>10</sup> tells of the case of a physician of Breslau that affirmed that hypnotism would make no impression on him. After having been merely semi-hypnotized, he could not pronounce a single word. Awakened, he declared that he could have spoken very well, and that if he said nothing, it was because he did not wish to do so. Semi-hypnotized again, a new mutism occurred. He was then awakened and he confessed that he could not speak.

A friend of Richet's<sup>11</sup> submitted to hypnotism, firmly resolved to resist the commands that might be given him. Nevertheless, he obeyed blindly and without the necessity of a great degree of hypnosis. In explanation of the fact, the hypnotic himself declared that he had simulated automatism, since, in his judgment, he could have resisted it. "I arrived with the firm resolve not to simulate, but from the moment in which the sleep began, I seem to myself to have simulated."<sup>12</sup>

Vibert<sup>13</sup> tells of the case of a tramp named Castellan, who, making use of "exotic practices," "sorcery," et cetera, hypnotized a girl of twenty-six, and took advantage of her state to violate her.

Brouardel<sup>14</sup> participated as an expert in the following case:

It was an affair of a girl of twenty years, B—, whom her mother had taken several times to the office of a dentist named Levy. This man had declared that the treatment of the dental affection would have to begin with an examination of the genital organs! and he had obtained the consent of the two women to make this examination. He had violated the girl, as he confessed later, and this although the mother, who was in the same room, perceived

nothing. Levy claimed that the relations had been established with the consent of the girl B—, who denied the assertion and declared that during each visit she had lost consciousness for a certain time and that when she returned to her normal state she had felt pains in the genital organs, but without being conscious of what had occurred until she found herself to be *enceinte*.

The expert examination proved that the girl had been hypnotized, since, in order to put her to sleep, it was merely necessary to close her eyes; whereupon Levy was condemned.

If, however, unlawful acts occur after the passing of the hypnotic state and it is desired to relate them with suggestions received during the state, the question changes completely in character. Bearing on the case, Brouardel (quoted by Bonjean),<sup>15</sup> together with the school of La Salpêtrière, held that

suggestions, agreeable or indifferent, may be carried out by the hypnotic *a posteriori* of that state, and that if such suggestions relate to acts that are repugnant to the personal likings or natural sentiments, he offers an almost unconquerable resistance to their accomplishment.

On the other hand, according to the school of Nancy, "even if the subject resist, it is possible to cause him to perform the desired act by emphasizing the suggestion." There exists an absolute automatism, as the subject possesses no spontaneousness and is in the condition of the celebrated ideal: "He is like a walking-stick in the hands of a traveler."

This is the position adopted by both schools, and if, indeed, it is true that Gilles de la Tourette<sup>16</sup> and Delbœuf share the opinion of the school of La Salpêtrière, they recognize that it is possible by means of suggestion to succeed in suggesting testamentary disposals in favor of a stranger.

In the so-called "experimental crimes" obtained by means of observation, they demonstrate that such posthypnotic sug-

<sup>10</sup> Théodule Ribot: *Les maladies de la volonté*, page 147.

<sup>11</sup> Charles Robert Richet: *Revue philosophique*, October-November, 1880; March, 1883.

<sup>12</sup> Charles Robert Richet: work quoted, pages 348, 349.

<sup>13</sup> Charles Vibert: *Précis de médecine légale*, page 380.

<sup>14</sup> Paul Brouardel: "Relation de l'affaire Lévy," *Annales d'hygiène publique et de médecine légale*, third series, 1879, volume i.

<sup>15</sup> Albert Bonjean: "L'hypnotisme et la criminalité," *Revue de droit pénal et de criminologie et archives internationales de médecine légale*, number 2, 1921, page 134.

<sup>16</sup> George Albert Gilles de la Tourette: *L'hypnotisme et les états analogues au point de vue médico-légal*.

gestions are possible. Morand<sup>17</sup> supplies a case taken from Gilles de la Tourette in which a great hysteric of La Salpêtrière, in the library of Charcot, was hypnotized by suggesting to her the order to assassinate another person.

In June, 1884, W—— was invited to go to the laboratory, and she had no sooner crossed the threshold than she was placed in a hypnotic state. The following conversation took place:

"Where are you?"

"In the laboratory, of course; what a question!"

"Very well; but we are going somewhere else. Here we are now in the Bois de Boulogne, under the arbor; we are taking a pleasure excursion; the weather is fine here; the air is fresh; let us be seated."

She did so; she was delighted with the view of the trees, drank a glass of water that I told her was syrup, et cetera.

"You were very kind to bring me here; I was beginning to be bored in La Salpêtrière; I am going to pass an excellent day."

"Very well; we shall dine in the country, but you are going to make me a promise."

"What is it?"

"When you awake. . . ."

"But I am not asleep."

"I know you are not, but that is not the question; let us suppose that you are asleep. So, when you awake, you will poison Monsieur G——."

"Hist! What if they should hear you?"

"There is nothing to fear; we are perfectly alone here." (This simple affirmation was sufficient to cause her neither to hear nor to see any longer the persons that were witnessing the scene).

"But why do you wish me to poison Monsieur G——? He has done nothing to me, and he is a very agreeable young man."

"I wish you to poison him."

"I shall not do it; after all, I am not a criminal."

Desiring that the suggestion should be carried out without difficulty, I added: "You know well enough that he was the cause of your quarrel with Madame R——" (for whom she had a warm affection).

"I do not believe it."

"I affirm it."

Her will yielded more and more, and she declared that she was ready to execute my orders.

"I have no poison," she said; "what if I

should give him a thrust with a knife or shoot him?"

As I knew that if she was asleep, she would awaken when she heard the pistol shot—and I wished to bring into play the spontaneity of which she was capable—I said to her: "A pistol makes too much noise; we have now returned to the laboratory of La Salpêtrière; do not be annoyed, as we shall go at once to dine; here is a glass; I am pouring into it beer (fictitious) and I mix poison with it. The difficulty now is to make Monsieur G—— drink it when you wake up. At all events and happen whatever may, do not recall in any way, if they interrogate you, that it was I that have made you promise to poison Monsieur G——, even if they interrogate you 'when you are asleep again.'"

"Very well, sir."

W—— was no sooner awakened than she went from one to the other of the witnesses, conversed, said a word to each of them, remembered Monsieur Claretie, whom she had seen in the concert of the insane women and became interested in an experiment in medical photography that was being tried, and nothing could cause her thoughts to be suspected. Suddenly she said:

"My God, how hot it is here," and, addressing Monsieur G——, she asked him: "Are you not thirsty? I am dying of thirst. I am sure you are thirsty. Monsieur L——, haven't you any bottles of beer yet? Offer us one then, if you please."

"It is useless," replied G——, "I assure you, mademoiselle, for I am not thirsty."

"With this heat, it is impossible; you can not refuse; besides, Monsieur L—— was offering us beer a moment ago, and, look, here you have a glass that is still filled," she added, taking the one that I had fictitiously mixed with poison; "accept it, I beg of you, from my hand, and drink."

"Thanks; I am not thirsty; however, I am willing to take it, but not without receiving a kiss."

Here W—— made a gesture of protest, but she forced herself to smile on the one that she was going to poison; she could not refuse him a kiss; she would sacrifice everything to carry out the fatal order. We were convinced that she would have given herself to him entirely, if this had been the price of the suggestion accepted.

"Are you afraid that this beer may contain something harmful? See, I myself am drinking it."

She pretended to drink, but taking care not to swallow even a drop of the liquid.

"You have given me a kiss and I have drunk from your glass; we are quits."

<sup>17</sup> J. S. Morand: work quoted.

Monsieur G—— pretended, after he had drunk, to fall dead, and when one of the on-lookers started toward her, asking her whether the beer contained poison, she answered:

"I can assure you, sir, that it contained none, and here is the proof: Monsieur G—— has kissed me, and I have taken beer from his glass, and you see that I am all right."

She herself had invented a refutation.

This interesting question of posthypnotic suggestion has been exploited in literature to obtain dramatic effects, <sup>18</sup> beginning with the supposition of criminal acts performed by a hypnotized person that had lost memory of the suggestion and of the person that had made it.

If it is true, indeed, that judicial cases of crimes or misdemeanors committed by posthypnotic suggestion are not very frequent, this, which has been used as a decisive argument by the sustainers of the ideas of the school of Paris, is due purely and exclusively to absolute ignorance of the factors of suggestion in crime.

Albert Bataille<sup>19</sup> relates the case of a soldier, Garnier, who, at the suggestion of his mistress, Avelina, killed the latter's husband and then tried to commit suicide in prison; but, given succor in time, he escaped uninjured from the episode. The court before which the case was tried established, by reading Avelina's letters to Garnier, the entire criminal purpose and the whole influence of the adulteress over the weak and lascivious soldier.

Bataille himself recounts the case of the trial of Sougaret. Here it is the man that makes the suggestion to the woman to commit a crime. By means of a continued and patient effort at suggestion, he induced one of his two mistresses to kill the other in the way and place that he had indicated. The criminal, named Marie Nobila, held out against the suggestion for a month, but Sougaret insisted, telling her that she had no courage and that she did not love him, driving her in this manner to crime.

Evaristo de Moraes, a learned and skilful writer, as well as a talented man of science of Rio de Janeiro, has related in admirable

pages<sup>20</sup> the history and psychological analysis of a criminal who, at the suggestion of other persons, was induced to attempt against the life of Doctor Prudente Moraes an aggression that he resisted and on one occasion did not dare to commit, until he yielded to the impulse of the repeated suggestions to which he was subjected. As on many occasions, Marcelino Bispo ended by committing suicide in prison.

We see from what has been said that posthypnotic suggestion exists. If in judicial cases it has not been verified with great frequency, this is due to the fact that the methodical analysis of suggestion dates from only a few years ago, and consideration has been given to therapeutic hypnotism alone, while observers have passed over mental, passionate and juridical circumstances that would be included in a full study of the subject.

This study will follow in the main the new turn that Freud has given to psychological knowledge. His view of psychoanalysis, the experimental results obtained and the numerous series of valuable observations, the true psychological discoveries that he has made, open to contemporary psychology the fertile and unexplored field of our subconscious life.

What has been thrust aside, according to Pfister,<sup>21</sup> remains in the inconscience without undergoing any change. Conscious experiments or the play of imagination can excite these relegated impressions and cause them to manifest their existence. Nevertheless, they remain unchanged, and, as the same relegated tendency itself can give rise to different manifestations, it occurs that, under the stimulus of varied experiments, they occasion many imaginary constructions, although they themselves may not have undergone any change.

The duration of posthypnotic suggestions still remains to be considered. This factor depends directly on the number of times the subject has been hypnotized. In the case of the first session of hypnotism, these suggestions are fugitive and passing, but when the hypnotic sessions are re-

<sup>20</sup> Evaristo de Moraes: *Marcelino Bispo*, Rio de Janeiro, 1898.

<sup>21</sup> Oskar Robert Pfister: *La psychanalyse au service des éducateurs*, Berne, 1921, page 82.

<sup>18</sup> Arsène Jules Claretie: *Jean Mornas*.

<sup>19</sup> *Causes criminelles et mondaines*.

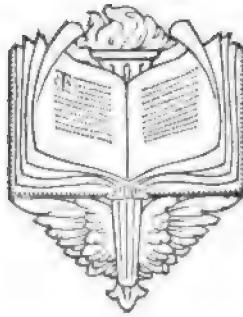
peated with frequency, the subjects preserve for a long time the subconscious influence of the commands that were given them before awaking. Beaunis<sup>22</sup> admits that the duration of posthypnotic suggestions is almost indefinite, and he reports on some cases in point. In general, when the subject that is following a posthypnotic suggestion is questioned, he answers that he has acted without knowing why, and he gives specious reasons to explain his conduct.

As a means of social prophylaxis, public sessions of hypnotism are prohibited by law,

<sup>22</sup>Henri Beaunis: *Études physiologiques et psychologiques sur le somnambulisme provoqué*.

since they occasion serious danger to predisposed subjects, who may be driven as a consequence of them to abnormal acts or mental states. On the other hand, it would be well to bear in mind that posthypnotic suggestions exist—an opinion that is shared at present by the majority of the jurist-physicians—and that in view of them, as Krafft-Ebing says,<sup>23</sup> hypnotism ought to be used only for therapeutic purposes, by competent physicians; and in order to remove it from all suspicion, it ought to be practised in the presence of honest witnesses.

<sup>23</sup>Richard von Krafft-Ebing: *Médecine légale des aliénés*, pages 465 and 466.





# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS AND THE WORLD: PAN AMERICAN TENDENCIES IN SOUTH AMERICA - - - - -	R. RONZA	201
<i>Cultura Venezolana</i> , Caracas, Venezuela, November, 1922		
THE ORIGIN OF THE HISPANIC-AMERICAN PESO	GUILLERMO SUBERCASEAUX	206
<i>Unión Ibero Americano</i> , Madrid, Spain, September-October, 1921		
POEMS IN ECSTASY - - - - -	GABRIELA MISTRAL	210
<i>México Moderno</i> , México, México, September, 1922		
POEMS IN PROSE - - - - -	ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA	212
<i>México Moderno</i> , México, México, September, 1922		
THE BRAZILIAN NOVEL - - - - -	RONALD DE CARVALHO	214
<i>Nosotros</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, September, 1922		
THE SWORD OF INDEPENDENCE - - - - -	MARCELINO DOMINGO	222
<i>Social</i> , Habana, Cuba, December, 1922		
THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA	GILBERTO SILVA HERRERA	224
<i>Gil Blas</i> , Bogotá, Colombia, November 30, 1922		
AMADO NERVO'S "MYSTICISM" - - - - -	ADOLFO M. SIERRA	236
<i>Revista de Filosofía</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, March, 1922		
SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS - - - - -	LUIS B. TAMINI	240
<i>Revista Argentina de Ciencias Políticas</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, June 12, 1922		
INDIGENOUS INDUSTRIES AND THE POTTERY OF TEOTIHUACÁN		248
<i>Etnos</i> , México, México, November, 1922-January, 1923		
THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA	LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ	250
<i>Revista de Filosofía</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, November, 1922		

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

GUILLERMO SUBERCASEAUX was born in Santiago, Chile, in 1871; he was educated at the Colegio de San Ignacio and the Universidad de Chile, both of Santiago; he was graduated at the latter of these institutions as a civil engineer; he has devoted particular attention to the study of economic subjects; he has served as minister of *hacienda*, and for several years he was a professor of political economy in the university; he is the author of the following works: *Estudios económicos*; *El papel moneda*; *Manual de economía política*; *Nuevas orientaciones de política internacional sudamericana*.

GABRIELA MISTRAL (the pseudonym of Lucila GODOY Alcayaza) was born in Vicuña, Chile, April 7, 1889; her limited academic instruction was received in the towns of her native province and at the Escuela Nacional Normal in Santiago; from 1905 to 1918 she taught in the Liceo de Niñas of Los Andes; in 1918 she was appointed principal of a Liceo de Niñas in Punta Arenas; later, owing to public interest in her literary work, the government was induced to appoint her to a principalship in Santiago; her first poems, *Sonetos de la muerte*, published in 1915, established her reputation as a poet; among her works may be mentioned, in addition to the sonnets alluded to: *Hablando al padre*; *El árbol dice*; *Tarde*; *Los versos de noviembre*; *La maestra rural*; *Interrogaciones*; *El ruego*; *Himno al árbol*; *Amo amor*; *Yo no sé cuáles manos*; *Coplas*; *Al Señor*; *¿Sientes allá abajo?*

ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA Y PERA was born in the city of Camagüey, Cuba, April 13, 1849, and he was educated there and in Habana, where he was graduated from the Universidad de la Habana with the degree of doctor of philosophy and letters; he is a man of letters, an educator and a publicist, and he has exerted a marked influence upon the scholarship, literature and public affairs of his country; for many years he held the chairs of psychology, moral philosophy and sociology

in the university; he served as one of the Cuban deputies in the Spanish *cortes*, and as secretary of finance and as secretary of public instruction during the United States intervention; in 1912, he was elected vice-president of the republic, and since the expiration of his term he has devoted himself to academic and literary pursuits; among his works are: *Odas anacreónticas*; *Poesías*; *Paisajes cubanos*; *La metafísica en la Universidad de la Habana*; *Estudios literarios y filosóficos*; *Los cubanos en Cuba*; *Cuba contra España*; *Las reformas de la enseñanza superior*; *La instrucción pública en Cuba*; *Nociones de lógica*; *Curso de psicología*; *Desde mi Belvedere*; *Mirando en torno*; *Seis conferencias*; *Conferencias sobre la lógica*; *El fundamento de la moral*; *Artículos y discursos*; *Violetas y ortigas*; *Por Cuba*; *Discursos*.

RONALD DE CARVALHO is a Brazilian man of letters and critic and one of the editors of the *Revista do Brasil*; he is regarded as one of the more prominent of the younger writers of his country; his volume *Poemas e sonetos*, awarded a prize by the Academia Brasileira de Letras, and his recent work entitled *Pequena historia da literatura brasileira* give a clear idea of his essential characteristics; much of the article of his published in this number was drawn from the latter of these works.

LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ was born in Heredia, Costa Rica, in 1885; his academic education was received in the Colegio de San Agustín, Heredia, and in the Liceo de Costa Rica, San José; the most of his adult life has been devoted to the teaching of history, psychology and education; he has devoted particular attention to the history of education in Costa Rica since the achievement of independence; he served as secretary of public instruction during the presidential administration of his older brother don Alfredo González; his most serious work is: *Historia de la influencia extranjera en el desenvolvimiento educacional y científico de Costa Rica*.

# Inter-America

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NUMBER 4

## THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS AND THE WORLD

PAN AMERICAN TENDENCIES IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY  
R. RONZA

An elucidation of "Pan Americanism" as understood and presented by the president of Uruguay, with a sketch of the history of the conception, an estimate of the possibility of its early adoption and a definition of what would be the attitude of the American republics in case they became associated in a compact for common defense and coöperation.—THE EDITOR.

THE Pan American doctrines that are most acceptable in South America to-day are those of the eminent president of the republic of Uruguay, Doctor Baltasar Brum, whose energy and moral and intellectual courage are truly noble. His ideas in respect of foreign politics are set forth in a series of documents that render an exact study of them possible. They are the *Memorias del Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores*,<sup>1</sup> which comprise not only the collection of the decrees and the diplomatic correspondence, but also, in an appendix, the text of the principal addresses delivered by the señor Brum while he was minister of foreign relations. A lecture delivered before the students of the Universidad de Montevideo, April 21, 1920, gave him an opportunity, although he was already president of the republic, to express his whole thought freely. It was published *in extenso* by the lecturer himself, with the

title of *Solidaridad americana*.<sup>2</sup> We shall follow his exposition, being satisfied to substantiate every affirmation with documents and considerations taken from the works of the minister.

Pan Americanism is American solidarity. The first and most curious manifestation of this theory is to be found in the decree "Regarding American Solidarity," which is worthy of being quoted as a whole.

The entrance of the United States into the European war placed Uruguay, then neutral, in a delicate position, which her chancellery settled on July 18, 1917, by a declaration of a general scope:

Considering that in divers communications the government of Uruguay has proclaimed the principle of American solidarity as the norm of its international policy, it being understood by this that an attack on the rights of a country

<sup>1</sup>Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, Montevideo, 1920.—Author's note.

An English version of the same pamphlet was published in Montevideo in 1920 with the title *American Solidarity*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>Volume i, February, 1914–February, 1915; volume ii, September, 1916–February 15, 1918.

of the continent ought to be considered by all as personal and to provoke in each of them a uniform and common reaction;

Considering that, while an agreement in this respect, which will render these ideals practical and effective, is being reached by the nations of America, the government has adopted an attitude of expectancy as to its action, although manifesting on every occasion its sympathy with the countries of the continent that have been forced to abandon neutrality;

Considering that until such an agreement shall have been reached, Uruguay could not, without violating her sentiments and convictions, treat as belligerents the countries of America which, for the defense of their rights, might have entered into an intercontinental war;

And considering that this opinion is concurred in by the senate and the president of the republic, in general council of ministers, it decrees:

That no American country, which, in defense of her rights, shall declare herself to be in a state of war with nations of other continents, shall be treated as a belligerent.<sup>3</sup>

This is solemnly to affirm the moral personality of America, to request the constitution—for protection against the enterprises of Europe—of a common security that the small states of Europe have never been able, at least in modern times, to obtain against their enemies, and also to take an important step along the path that leads to this American good understanding by the revocation of the provisions of neutrality in behalf of American belligerents.

This decree raises an interesting question of international law, at the same time that it discloses the sentiment of distrust, not wholly free from deprecation, that so curiously colors the Pan Americanism of Doctor Brum, as it inspires the policy of "splendid isolation" in respect of Europe, to which the United States commits herself more and more every day.

This decree was received enthusiastically by the most of the American governments. Bolivia made known on August 1, 1917, that she considered these "declarations of continental solidarity . . . the true expression of her own convictions and her

desires, which are assuredly those of all the American nations."<sup>4</sup>

Brazil congratulated "the friendly sister republic on this solemn and practical affirmation of Pan Americanism."<sup>5</sup>

The minister of Uruguay in Cuba telegraphed that Doctor Desvernine, minister of foreign relations, had publicly recognized the decree of June 18 as of "a practical importance superior to that of all the Pan American congresses," and he considered "that the courageous step taken by Uruguay . . . would at an early date provoke a better understanding among the Columbian [American] peoples and would lay the foundation of a solid law."<sup>6</sup>

Similar congratulations were received from Chile, El Ecuador, Perú, Guatemala, Paraguay, México and the United States. Let us remark without insistence that Argentina limited herself to sending a simple acknowledgment of receipt.<sup>7</sup> The Pan American ideas of Doctor Brum have entered into the ideological diplomacy of America. They have not yet become effective; but their course is certain. The Uruguayan government has never ceased to invoke the principles enunciated in 1917. It has even applied them in circumstances of particular gravity. So, it was in the name of American solidarity, in order to stand in the struggle for right with the United States, Brazil, Bolivia, Guatemala, Costa Rica and El Ecuador, which had become associated against Germany, that the diplomatic and commercial relations of Uruguay with the German empire were severed on October 6, 1917. This stand was appreciated at its full value by the American nations. Mr. Lansing, secretary of state of the United States, telegraphed the following:

The doctrine of Pan Americanism has been consolidated by the altruistic attitude assumed by the republic of Uruguay, and her unselfish championing of the cause for which other American nations have been battling proves that Pan Americanism is not merely a word but is a potent force for mutual defense and for a world peace.

<sup>4</sup>Work quoted, page 443.

<sup>5</sup>Work quoted, page 446.

<sup>6</sup>Work quoted, page 448.

<sup>7</sup>Work quoted, page 440-441.

<sup>3</sup>*Memorias del Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores*, volume ii (September, 1916-February 15, 1918), pages 438-440.

Well received by the governments, it is probable that the doctrine will become popular. Everywhere it encounters a well prepared public opinion, because it is the expression of an agelong aspiration, which gave rise to the celebrated declaration made in 1823 by Monroe, the president of the United States.

Doctor Brum has declared that his ideas are nothing more than a development of those formulated a century ago by a North American president. The following ideas as to other aspects of the subject belong neither to Monroe nor to him. "Pan Americanism," he said, "is not a North American creation nor is it an exclusive idea of Monroe's. It is a thought that was entertained by the heroes of the Latin-American struggle for independence." Naturally, he then quoted Artigas, the hero of Uruguayan independence, who proclaimed that the people of the Banda Oriental<sup>8</sup> would always behold an enemy in the enemy of "any state of America." Then he mentioned the Chilean Egaña who, from 1811, proposed the union of America against enemies from the other side of the seas; and he added that "in every American country and in all their heroes are to be found some of the declarations that are at bottom the essence of the Monroe doctrine."<sup>9</sup>

This affirmation is correct. I have verified it several times by the slight knowledge of American history that I possess. Bolívar and San Martín, like Egaña and Artigas, were the true heralds of Pan Americanism; and we must agree with the illustrious poet and historian Juan Zorrilla de San Martín that:

The doctrine of Artigas is more definite than that of Monroe . . . the latter was a basis of internal legislation, a political criterion, if you will, of the Anglo-American people in respect of its foreign relations; that of Artigas was a law for Hispanic-American confederation, which the hero promulgated and to which he submitted as a natural law that ought to be binding on all. The true hero of Pan Americanism was among us, and he spoke Spanish.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup>"Eastern Strip," one of the historic names of Uruguay.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, pages 20-21.

<sup>10</sup>Juan Zorrilla de San Martín: *La epopeya de Artigas*, second edition, volume ii, page 165.

Hence all the Uruguayans, as well as all the peoples of Latin America, may consider Pan Americanism as one of the most respectable of their national traditions. The strength that this venerable basis imparts to the doctrine may readily be imagined.

More ancient, more general, than the Monroe doctrine, which, nevertheless—Doctor Brum is speaking—has rendered great service to the whole of America, but is now insufficient, the Pan American doctrine ought to be substituted for it.

It claims to be but a development of the Monroe doctrine. Hence it does not seek to exclude Anglo-Saxon America from the American concert. This would not fail to arouse protest. The United States is not universally liked in Latin America; she has been reproached, not only for her appetite for economic conquest, but also for her treatment of Cuba, México, et cetera. In his lecture to the students of Montevideo, the señor Brum took advantage of the opportunity offered by his being for the moment Professor Brum—a personage without diplomatic responsibility—to discuss the cause of the powerful nation of the north. His allegation was very cleverly circumspect and a thorough revelation of the sentiment of one, who, although a South American, is a great friend of the United States.

Unquestionably, "in the past the policy of the United States may have been unjust and harsh toward some of the Latin countries, but this ought not to constitute today an obstacle to a definitive rapprochement, in view of the fact that an immense majority of the North American people incline to a just and friendly policy toward the nations of the continent." It is a duty to all "to try to encourage this tendency, rather than to destroy it by means of a policy that is based merely on the recollection of former errors. It is necessary to grant to peoples, as to men, the right to evolve in the direction of goodness."<sup>11</sup>

The señor Brum affirms, consequently, that the position of the United States is neither antagonistic to that of the Latin-American republics nor opposed to the interests of any of them.

<sup>11</sup>Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, page 10.

THIS Pan Americanism is no longer satisfied with the protection, more or less humiliating—and very dangerous, as events have proved—afforded by the United States, in the name of the Monroe doctrine, to American nations threatened by Europe.

Doctor Brum goes still farther.

It is necessary, he has said, to constitute, as soon as possible, the American league that the decree "Regarding American Solidarity" declares desirable:

Without prejudice to adhesion to the society of nations, there ought to be constituted an American league on the basis of the complete equality of all the associated countries.

This league has been prepared by the signing of a series of treaties of obligatory arbitration on the part of: the United States, July 20, 1914; Chile, February 27, 1915; Brazil, December 27, 1916; Bolivia, April 29, 1917; Perú July 18, 1917; and by the exemplary activity and spirit of conciliation that Uruguay has displayed in respect of the settlement of the question of boundaries; with the Argentine republic, regarding the islands of the Río Uruguay, September 28, 1916; and with Brazil regarding a clear delimitation of the northern frontier, December 27, 1916.<sup>12</sup> It may be said in all justice that the few questions still pending are not such because of the obstinacy of the Uruguayan government. Every state of Latin America is engaged in at least one or two controversies over frontiers. At times they have supplied fuel for historic rancors that do not seem near settlement.

It is one more reason, the señor Brum asserted perseveringly, for establishing without delay the American league whose immediate task it would be "to concern itself with conflicts . . . that may arise among the associated peoples. . . . I believe that when the American league is once recognized and the sincerity of its intentions is once demonstrated, formulas could always be found to settle in a satisfactory manner the differences that may arise among sister nations."<sup>13</sup>

Another consideration—and it is particularly grave—still emphasizes this character of urgency. America, said the señor Brum, is not sufficiently protected by the society of nations.

I cite textually his arguments, because the point of view, very "American," seems to me to be questionable.

The treaty of Versailles, "in recognizing and expressly respecting the Monroe doctrine, seems to desire to leave American affairs outside of the questions submitted to the society of nations."

As for the rest, he added, "the supreme council being formed mainly of delegates of the great powers, to the exclusion of almost all the American countries, it is necessary to create a powerful organism that shall supervise the decisions of the society of nations. This organism can only be an American league."

This distrust of the society of nations, deemed too European, too much delivered over to certain great powers, is accentuated in the very conception of this rôle of supervision attributed to the American league.

When an American country has a controversy with the society of nations, it will be able to solicit the coöperation of the American league.<sup>14</sup>

The señor Brum's idea is to make united America a great power comparable to England or France; even a superior power, inasmuch as no European "empire" could oppose an economic and military strength equal to the two Americas closely associated.

"Controversies" are already foreseen in that the league would have an attitude in respect of the division of the great European powers. The league would be called on insensibly to play a directive part in world affairs; and once more would be demonstrated the superficial character of the doctrine of aloofness in respect of extra-American affairs, and especially of European affairs, which certain North Americans add as a corollary of the Monroe doctrine, and this at the very moment in which the conference of Washington was occupied with the question of the Pacific. As if a political dispute in any corner of the

<sup>12</sup>Baltasar Brum: *Memorias del Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores*, volumes i and ii, *passim*.

<sup>13</sup>Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, page 29.

<sup>14</sup>Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, page 30.

world would not always be, before everything else, a European dispute!

**S**UCH are President Brum's doctrines. They arouse, at one and the same time, both enthusiastic approval and objections. I shall content myself with pointing out their true worth.

First of all, what reception do they meet in America on the part of the governments and the peoples?

The United States,—although, when Doctor Brum made his visit to Washington in 1918, she gave official adhesion "to the grandiose Pan American doctrine" through the instrumentality of President Wilson and Secretary of State Robert Lansing,—seems to have given her adhesion in principle only.

The adhesion of the Latin nations is more practical. Unfortunately, it is doubtful whether these nations have attained to the same political maturity as the Uruguay of Brum and Battle y Ordóñez.

Argentina is resolutely pacific: she has no territorial ambitions. She is concerned entirely with her economic development. However, proud of her riches, proud of being the leading temperate country of Latin America, believing herself to be called on to play a chief part on the continent, would she subscribe to the beautiful formula of President Brum: "There are no small nations . . . all are strictly equal?"

It is proper to doubt whether Chile would be willing to submit to an American league her litigation with Perú over Tacna and Arica. We ought also to bear in mind the anger aroused a few weeks ago by the attempt of Bolivia to vindicate her rights before the society of nations; and we must not overlook the conflict between Panamá and Costa Rica, which North American arbitrament settled with not a little brutality; and if we mention no other disputes than those that have recently attracted the attention of the world, it is necessary

to say, however, that they are not the only ones that could be provoked by some unexpected incident. Latin minds are vehement. Internal political struggles are ardent. Parties are ready, in these countries as elsewhere—more than elsewhere, perhaps—to use any question of foreign politics to gain their ends in domestic politics.

An ardent nationalism, which in some countries assumes a disagreeable similarity to chauvinism, develops with rapidity.

It is very curious to note the opposition that exists between the elderly, saturated with European culture and broad human sympathy, and the young, much less cultured, who are not at all or but slightly acquainted with French—the language of philosophy, science and artistic culture—who read little and are ignorant of the world, but who admire themselves and praise their country with a touching ingenuousness.

Is this to say that President Brum's doctrines are condemned to join the ranks of other fine theories in the realm of Utopia? By no means: Doctor Brum is not in the least a dreamer; and it may perhaps be said that he will work tirelessly for the success of an idea.

He has the immense merit of pointing out the path and of leading his country in it. It may be said that America is not mature enough to put his ideas into practice immediately; but in young countries the stages are overleaped, and the dream of to-day will be the reality of to-morrow.

Will there be one Pan Americanism or two Pan Americanisms: one Latin and the other Anglo-Saxon? The near future will decide.

It is venturesome to predict the future. Since the war, we have been living through sad years, but they have been years of a prodigious interest. A new world is being born from the old . . . in misery and in sorrow. All is somber to-day. Perhaps to-morrow will be better. Let us try to perceive the harbingers.



# THE ORIGIN OF THE HISPANIC-AMERICAN *PESO*

BY

GUILLERMO SUBERCASEAUX

A timely, lucid and painstaking study of the most important coin of America: it will convince the candid reader that our highly prized dollar is, historically, but a parvenu.—THE EDITOR.

THE monetary units of the Hispanic-American republics, as well as those of the United States of North America and Canada also, have the same origin and acknowledge the same paternity.

The European mother-countries established in the colonies of America monetary systems based on the monetary systems they themselves had possessed; but different circumstances induced the use of certain coins in particular, which have been characteristic of America, such as the *peso*, adopted as the monetary unit of almost all the systems of the republics of this continent

The *peso* became so general throughout America that in the period of independence it was adopted as the monetary unit, not only in the Hispanic-American republics, but also in the Anglo-Saxon republic and Canada. The *peso* has been therefore the great progenitor of the American monetary systems.

The name *peso* with which this coin has been designated came from the custom of using in payments, as if it were coined

As the Spaniards were accustomed to use their own coin, they introduced into the colony the names, values and fractions that were familiar to them; but as they possessed neither sufficient Spanish money nor a mint to coin it, they began to conduct their business with unminted metal; and, instead of delivering, for example, a *castellano*, they paid the weight [*peso*] of a *castellano*. This introduced the custom of asking for a certain thing a precise weight [*peso*] of metal, which was paid by the buyer; and thence came the word that still serves to designate the unit of our monetary system.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The primitive meaning of *peso* is "weight;" it is from the verb *pesar*, "to weigh."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>Pablo Macedo, México.

money, a certain weight [*peso*<sup>1</sup>] of metal.

A similar historical origin may be traced in the cases of the coins denominated in Europe "pound," "mark," "ounce," et cetera, which came from the measures of weight that bore these names.

The Spanish *peso* of those first years of the colonial period was a gold *peso*. As Doctor Álvarez says,<sup>2</sup> the terms *castellano* and gold *peso* were used as synonyms. This gold *peso* was also the first monetary unit used in Chile during the period of the conquest.<sup>3</sup>

What was the metallic contents of this *peso*? By one of Carlos V's provisions of 1537, this gold *peso* was equivalent to 556 *maravedís* of a fineness of 22.50 carats, a proportion equivalent to 0.937 fineness. As fifty of these *pesos* was to be equivalent to one mark of fine metal with its alloy, it came about that a *peso* of the kind called *castellano* was to contain 4.6 grams of gold of 0.937 fineness.

Not only did they use the gold *peso* of 556 *maravedís* at that time, but also, as Father Rosales testifies, the *peso* of 450 *maravedís*. The Peruvian writer Alejandro Garland said in this respect: "This *peso* was current during the first years of the conquest, and it was to this coin, whose monetary value was 450 *maravedís*, that the chroniclers and historians of the period referred."<sup>4</sup> This same Peruvian writer asserts that they used at that time other kinds of gold *pesos*, such as the *peso* of 14

<sup>2</sup>Valores aproximados de algunas monedas hispano-americanas, Buenos Aires, 1917.

<sup>3</sup>Some days after the foundation of Santiago, March 7, 1541, Pedro de Valdivia granted to Juan Pinuel the title of "scribe" of the *cabildo*, assigning him annually a salary of 200 *pesos* gold.—J. T. Medina. *Las monedas chilenas*.

<sup>4</sup>Los medios circulantes en el Perú, Lima, 1908.



*reales* and 14 *maravedís*, that is, 490 *maravedís*.

These Castilian *pesos* of gold, however, were not the forerunners of the *peso* that is the Hispanic-American monetary unit, whose origin we are studying. This *peso* descended from a silver coin, the multiple of the old Spanish *real*, a coin worth the sixty-seventh of a mark, which was equivalent to 3.433 grams, and which still existed in the time of Alfonso el Sabio (1252-1284). As the silver *peso* contained 8 *reales* of the standards of fineness and the weights established for coins in the time of Carlos V, it came about that this coin had to weigh 27.464 grams of 0.9305 fineness. This standard of fineness was modified on several occasions. Calculating the value of this silver coin in *maravedís*, at the rate of 34 *maravedís* to the *real*, there would result 272 *maravedís*.

This was the silver coin that afterward made its way throughout the whole world and which, becoming general in America, came to be the monetary unit of most of the states that were set up on both continents. The other names given to this coin were: *patacón*,<sup>6</sup> *peso fuerte* and *peso duro* or *peso grueso*, all of silver.

These silver *pesos* coined in America whether in Perú or in México, did not always have the same intrinsic metallic contents as that fixed by the Spanish ordinances. According to a Bolivian writer, the first *pesos* that were coined in the mint at Potosí, established in 1572, called also *pesos cruz* or *macuquina*, contained 28.50 grams in weight, with a fineness of 0.931;<sup>7</sup> while the *pesos* of México had a lower fineness.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup>Augmentative of *pataca*, a Spanish coin (from the Arabic *abstaca*, "the one of the window," because of the columns that adorned it): the *patacón* (English, "patacoon,") was a silver coin, of an ounce weight and cut out by shears; according to familiar usage, it was equivalent to a *peso duro* (hard *peso*); in Argentina, it was a former silver coin, equivalent to .96 of a *peso fuerte* (silver *peso*).—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>Casto Rojas: *Historia financiera de Bolivia*, La Paz, MCMXVI.—This standard of 0.931 that Rojas gives is doubtless the same one of 0.9305 that existed in Spain in the time of Carlos V.

<sup>8</sup>According to the royal ordinance of June 9, 1728, there was in the mints of the Indies a lack of "scrupulousness in the maintenance of fineness and weight in silver coins," the coins of México being turned out with a fineness and weight different from those of the

Finally, we may say that in the earliest times of the Hispanic-American conquest and colonization, different kinds of *pesos* were used, all of them referring to a certain weight of fine metal, whether gold or silver; but of these *pesos* the one that must be considered the progenitor of the *peso* that is the American monetary unit is the silver *peso* of 8 *reales*, the metallic contents of which is more or less 27 grams. Of course, with the existence of the bimetallic system, in use then as now, to the silver *peso* there was also attached by law a value in gold whose metallic contents depended on the relation that existed between the value of gold and silver. According to the standard of value fixed by an ordinance of Carlos V in 1537, which was of 10.6 units of silver to one unit of gold, the gold contained by the silver *peso* of 8 *reales* was less than 2.5 grams of fine gold.

WHEN the independence of Chile was declared, it happened, as in nearly all the states of America, that the monetary system of the colonial period was continued, the new government limiting itself to replacing the images of the former sovereigns, the royal insignia and the inscriptions borne by the coins, by other images, insignia and inscriptions with allusions to the independent existence that was being established. So, on June 9, 1817, the supreme director, in the name of the recently constituted government, decreed that in the future the national silver coin should bear the seal of the government and the following inscriptions: "*Libertad*," "*Unión y Fuerza*" and "*Chile Independiente*,"

"Whosoever," this decree added, "shall violate in any manner the new coin, shall be punished as a traitor to his country. . . ."

What happened in Chile in 1817 also occurred with admirable uniformity in the

coins struck in Potosí. The standard of fineness of the coins of México must have been of 10 *díneros* and 22 grams, while the coins of Potosí would have been 11 *díneros* or a little more.—Author's note.

The *dínero* to which the author alludes was a silver or copper coin used in Castilla in the fourteenth century and equivalent to 2 *cornados* (10 *maravedís*); it was also a Peruvian silver coin, equivalent to half a *peseta*.—THE EDITOR.

other Hispanic-American republics. In spite of the slight development attained by credit at that time, it would have been impossible to alter the monetary standard without prejudicing existing contracts. Besides, since the prices of merchandise, the salaries of employees and wages in general, as well as payments of interests, freights, tariffs, et cetera, were fixed on the basis of the existing coins, and since, in respect of prices, custom is of great importance, it was natural to maintain the metallic value of the former coins, it being necessary merely to change the dies. Therefore, without the need of establishing a previous agreement among the Hispanic-American republics, all of them proceeded in a more or less equal manner; because the same causes in identical circumstances tend to produce a similarity of effects.

In the Argentine republic, amid the anarchy that was caused by the struggle for freedom in 1813, the constituent assembly decreed that the coins struck in the mint of Potosí should maintain the same fineness and weight as the gold and silver coins of the reigns of Carlos IV and Fernando VII, but that they should bear other stamps with the inscriptions "*Unión y Libertad*" and "*Provincias del Río de la Plata*." A few years later, also amid the anarchy that continued thenceforth, the system of paper money was introduced.<sup>9</sup>

In Perú, according to Garland, "the few changes decreed by the government recently established [1822] were limited to the replacement of the bust of the Spanish monarch by the Peruvian coat of arms, and of the legends and symbols by others more in keeping with the new régime."<sup>10</sup>

The first monetary decree of independent México was that of August 1, 1823, which retained the weight and fineness of the ancient Spanish coins, the emblems alone being modified.<sup>11</sup>

In the same manner, the *boliviano* of Bolivia, the *bolívar* of Venezuela, the *peso* of Uruguay, the *sucre* of El Ecuador, the

*peso* of Paraguay, et cetera, are descended from the ancient *peso*, the Hispanic-American monetary unit of the bimetallic system, which, with the beginning of the period of independence, merely changed its external aspect, assuming the republican dress decreed by the new governments.

The United States of America has constituted a notable exception to this rule, for when she declared her independence, she established in 1792, by a resolution of congress, the dollar,<sup>12</sup> that is, the Hispanic-American *peso* decked with the insignia and inscriptions of the new Anglo-Saxon republic, and she abandoned the use of English coin. The reason for this apparent anomaly is easily explained. The Hispanic American *peso* was at the time a coin that circulated much in the Anglo-American states that proceeded to unite and declare themselves independent. In truth, it was the coin in which prices were quoted. Besides, this coin of a *peso* lent itself better to serve as a basis for a decimal monetary system; a system much simpler than the English monetary system, with its pounds, shillings and pence. Hence the existing situation was not disturbed; what took place was but the mere consolidation of the use of a system that all the people had adopted, in the main at least, in their commercial transactions and in many other payments. Besides, many of the states of the Union had suffered the disastrous consequences of the most absolute depreciation of their paper money of the colonial period, and this fact, while at the same time that it brought into discredit the existing monetary system, which was that of the English coins, facilitated the adoption of the new regimen based on the *peso* or dollar, which had always circulated as a metallic money with an intrinsic value.

In later times we see a change of moneys in Perú also, when, in 1897, she proceeded to adopt the English pound sterling. That this reform could have been effected without producing the disturbances consequent upon a change of monetary system may

<sup>9</sup>Emilio Hansen: *La moneda argentina*, Buenos Aires, 1916.

<sup>10</sup>*Los medios circulantes usados en el Perú*, Lima, 1908.

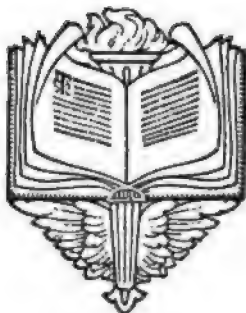
<sup>11</sup>Martínez Sobral: *La reforma monetaria de México*, México, 1909.

<sup>12</sup>The word "dollar" comes from the German *Thaler*, the name of the silver coin used in Bohemia from the sixteenth century. This same name was afterward applied to the Hispanic-American silver coin denominated *peso*.

also be explained by the circumstances that intervened. The former existing paper money in Perú had become absolutely valueless. In its stead was established the circulation of the *sol* or silver *peso*, of free coinage, which, in consequence of the fall in the value of silver, could not itself meet the required conditions; and, as the English pound was then a money greatly used in the conduct of business, it was adopted, the pound sterling being equivalent to ten *soles*. The free coinage of the *sol* was discontinued, and afterward was established the Peruvian gold coin copied from the English pound, but without the shillings and pence, which are so troublesome in accounts. The failure of the former exist-

ing monetary system was necessary in order to facilitate the adoption of a foreign money already much used in business transactions on this coast of the Pacific, such as the pound sterling.

WE HAVE already seen how the monetary units of the republics of America are descended from the same progenitor, which was the old Spanish *peso* of the colonial period. When we reflect to-day on the great differences in value that exist between these monetary units, it is difficult to believe that they could have had a common origin: they are the sons of the same father, but they have led, all of them, very different lives.



# POEMS IN ECSTASY

BY

GABRIELA MISTRAL

These paragraphs, like most of the utterances of this well known author, will serve as a touchstone: some will comprehend and like them; others will make nothing of them and consequently turn away with a shrug. The reader's attitude toward them will be, to an unusual degree, a mere question of temperament.—THE EDITOR.

## I

### I AM WEEPING

**T**HOU hast told me that thou lovest me, and I am weeping. Thou hast said that thou wilt pass through the valleys of the world with me in thy arms.

Thou hast pierced me through with bliss. Thou couldst have bestowed it on me drop by drop, as water is doled to the sick, and thou hast given me to drink of the torrent!

Fallen upon the earth, I shall die of weeping until my soul shall understand. My senses, my face, my heart, have heard: my soul does not just understand.

When the divine even dies, I shall return haltingly toward my home, resting against the tree trunks along the way. . . . It is the path that I made this morning, and I am not going to recognize it. I shall look with astonishment at the sky, the valley, the roofs of the village, and I shall ask them their names, for I have forgotten my whole life.

To-morrow I shall sit up in my bed and I shall ask them to call me, that I may hear my name and believe; and I shall again burst into tears. Thou hast pierced me through with bliss.

## II

### WAITING FOR THEE

**I** WAIT for thee in the field. The sun is going down. Over the plain descends the night, and thou comest forth to meet me, naturally, as the night falls.

Hasten, for I wish to see the twilight on thy face!

How slowly thou approachest! It seems as if thou wert sinking into the heavy ground. If thou shouldst delay at this

moment, my pulse would stop from anguish, and I should remain stark and white.

Thou comest singing as the brooks descend to the valley. I hear thee; now I am smiling. . . .

Hasten! The departing day wishes to die on our united faces.

## III

### HIDE ME

**H**IDE me, that the world may not fathom me. Hide me, as the trunk hides its rosin, that I may perfume thee in the shadow, like the drop of gum, and that I may soften thee like it, and others may not know whence comes thy sweetness. . . .

I am ugly without thee, like things torn from their places: like the roots upturned on the ground, abandoned.

Why am I not small, like the almond in its closed shell?

Drink me!

Make me a drop of thy blood, and I shall rise to thy cheek, and I shall be in it like the vivid streak in the daughter of the vine. Turn to me thy sigh, and I shall rise and descend into thy breast and become enmeshed in thy heart; I shall go forth into the air to come back again; and in this play I shall spend my whole life. . . .

## IV

### GOD

**S**PEAK to me now of God and I shall understand thee: God in this repose of thy long gaze on my gaze, this comprehending, without the intrusive noise of words; God, this ardent and pure surrender; and he is this ineffable confidence.

He, like ourselves, is loving the dawn,

the midday and the night, and it seems to him, as to us two, that he is beginning to love. . . .

He needs no other song than his own love, and he sings it from the sigh to the sob; and he returns again to the sigh. . . .

He is the perfection of the rose in full bloom, before the first petal falls.

And he is this divine certainty that death is a lie.

Yes; now I understand God.

## V

### THE WORLD

"**T**HEY do not love each other," they said, "for they do not seek each other. They have not kissed, for she is still pure." They do not know that we gave ourselves to each other in a single look!

Thy task is far from mine, and my place is not at thy feet, and, yet, doing my work, I feel as if I were weaving thee in with the woof of softest wool, and thou feelest there far away that my gaze is falling on thy bent head; and thy heart is bursting with sweetness!

Dead the day, we shall meet each other

for a few moments; but the sweet wound of love will sustain us until another even-tide.

Those that wallow in voluptuousness without being able to become one know not that we are wedded by a look.

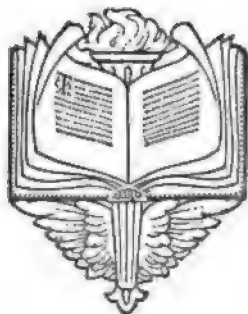
## VI

### THEY WERE SPEAKING OF THEE

**T**HEY were speaking of thee, abusing thee with many words. Why will the tongues of men weary themselves uselessly? I closed my eyes and beheld thee in my heart; and thou wast pure, like the hoarfrost that sleeps in the crystals at dawn.

They spoke to me of thee, praising thee with many words. Why will the generosity of men weary itself uselessly? . . . I kept silent, and praise sprang up within me, as the vapors of the sea rise luminously.

They remained silent regarding thy name on another day, and they called other names in ardent glorification. The names of strangers fell inertly, emptily; and thy name, which none pronounced, was present like the spring, which covered the valley, although none was singing it.



# POEMS IN PROSE

BY

ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA

Reflections suggested by familiar and commonplace objects, expressive of the delicate sentiment of the author and couched in his characteristic language.—THE EDITOR.

## I

**T**HE tree that sings! An unforgettable vision of my childhood, the delight of my eyes and my ears! There was a graceful Casuarina, swaying rhythmically to the caresses of the wind like a green psaltery toyed with by the agile fingers of an invisible music. How it whispered mysterious stories, which my child's soul interpreted: promises of something enchanting that was to come by that broad road open through the world.

Again I have seen thee, heard thee, after many years. It was thy wont to sing sweetly. Why do thy songs now fall on my ear like a complaint? Why weep the notes thou sheddest; why do they weep over my illusions that have flown for ever?

## II

**N**EAR a tiny pond I saw a group of idlers: well dressed, some; dirty and ragged, others. In their placid good fellowship they were crumbling a loaf of bread in it, in order to watch the nibbling of the little fish with red scales: animated petals, as it were, that quivered in the tranquil water.

I thought with melancholy: When you are grown, you will separate, you will avoid one another with hatred or contempt, but both kinds of you will continue to attract the defenseless little fish; and then it will be with the perfidious bait that conceals the hook.

## III

**I**S NOT the thought that I deposit in the depths of thy suspicious soul, like poisonous sap in the nectary of the wild flower, the offspring of my sickly fancy? Thou goest with thy wings outspread, without knowing whither, without troubling thyself to know; and thou gatherest from the

trees by the way the bounty they bestow. Am I, perchance, going to reach thee down the fragrant apples and remove for thee the piercing thorns?

## IV

**C**ROAK, early-rising crane. What matters my rest to thee, wakeful crane? From afar another croak answers thee. Toward it flies thy confused soul. What knowest thou of my vaunting, my exalted soul? Alas! what knowledge have so many others that pass near me self-centered, although so many subtle ties seem to bind them to the one that palpitates within my breast? Because of the great terror of feeling itself so much alone the human soul doubtless dreamed of imparting an immense soul to impassive nature.

## V

**F**ROM my terrace I can contemplate, in two pictures quite near at hand, the two aspects that nature assumes when she falls beneath the ferule of man. They seem to be placed designedly, one on my right, the other my on left. Here, are borders traced according to the line, where grow plants, which, because of the way they are kept and their trimness, seem to be artificial. There, on the other hand, alternate, in a narrow space, the desolateness of the rock, that rises above the scanty sand, and the impulse to savage freedom with which thistles and brambles shoot up in wild competition. Within the space of a few meters civilization shows me a diminutive Eden and a Sahara in miniature.

## VI

**M**Y EYES, lost on thy vast expanse, peaceful sea, how palpitates my bosom to the beat of the soft rhythm of thy wavelets. It almost seems that my life is being diffused before the caressing

smile of thy serenity. That soft lapping sounds like the playful tap of a tiny gloved hand. No; I would not recall thy startling aspects, thy thundering frown of the days in which thou didst set free the winds of the four quarters of the earth and hurl them forth as if a prey to vertigo. Why? To-day thou art stretching, playful tiger cub; and the world is rejoicing about thee; and I drink in thy joy, forgetful of the terrors I have left behind and that await me.

## VII

I WAS watching, a short time ago, with vague melancholy, the titanic efforts of a little spider engaged in climbing over the smooth surface of a bath-tub, polished like a burnished sheet of steel. The daring creature tried to cling with the filaments that served it as feet, and it succeeded in ascending somewhat, along that white convexity, only to slip down much lower soon. Then it rolled impotently to the bottom: I know not whether because it was weary or dead.

There I left it, thinking that with the same passive curiosity, with the same inefficacy, we witness day after day a similar spectacle, but an infinitely more tragic one; for those that struggle, grow weary, insist, slip, turn and finally fall back, broken in soul and body, are men.

## VIII

O HILL, that slippest so gently toward the sea, who has despoiled thy undulatory slope of thy mantle of green turf?

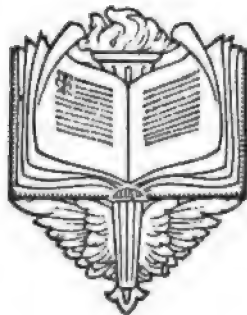
Have the genius and the malice of man been minded to make apparent the contrast between the naked rock and the graceful mound that verdures on thy summit? All bare and rough below; all white and velvety above! Yet that innocent mountlet covers the mouths of the formidable cannon that hurl the bolt.

## IX

I SAW the statue of the master. It rose against the mass of somber clouds crowned by fleeces of ruddy gold. As I looked, the winter sunset seemed veiled in melancholy. A little farther on I saw the statue of the hero. It was very tall; its altitude was threatening; but it seemed to be shrouded by the clouds, which had thickened and darkened. Night was enveloping it, and the burden of life gravitated upon me.

## X

THE sky was canopied with an ashen tapestry, which was broken here and there by a thin blue streak, like an involuntary smile on a murky face. The cold of the morning seemed to be condensing. The desolate street slumbered. Only a man was passing, with his head bowed between his shoulders, and his arms crossed behind his back. I had an impression that the tarnished sheet of the firmament rested on the wayfarer and that his soul was becoming numbed beneath its weight.



# THE BRAZILIAN NOVEL

BY

RONALD DE CARVALHO

An account of the development of fiction, from the first halting manifestations of it during the colonial period until the present time, when Brazilian literature occupies a high place among the literatures of the world. The following is the first sketch of the kind that has been placed within the reach of English readers, we think.—THE EDITOR.

UNTIL the middle of the nineteenth century, Brazilian literature consisted of poetry, first attempts at history, books on the nobility, studies of the routes of the conquerors and works on religious themes, of which the Jesuits produced numerous examples. The wealth and extent of the country—like its exuberant forests, its mines of gold and precious stones—dazzled the colonists. The first thought of the discoverers was to sing the praises of the marvelous landscapes that surrounded and captivated them with their savage majesty. Poetry was therefore the natural language employed by the Brazilian of the colonial times: an unrestrained, rustic and primitive poetry in which the voices of nature occupied the chief place. The purple tinted skies, the seas with swollen waves, the forests that teemed with exquisite flowers and fruits, the rich variety of the tropical flora and fauna, attracted the attention of all; while action distinctively human was relegated to an inferior plane, to such an extent that Sebastião José da Rocha Pitta, one of our early historians, instead of preparing a vindication of the conquerors that traversed the South American continent in all directions, had eyes for hardly more than the natural beauties of Brazil.

With Manoel de Macedo and José de Alencar, when Brazilian society was once formed, the prose of fiction acquired a physiognomy of its own and definitive outlines, assuming form in our literature. Joaquim Manoel de Macedo occupies a first place among the founders of our national school. He was the true describer of our manners and customs of that period, still colonial in the most of its aspects. In the immense gallery of his personages, there

are some, such as the *Moreninha* and the *Moço Louro*, who still live in the memory of all Brazilians, although decades have passed since their noisy appearance.

Macedo understood admirably the sentimental tastes of our popular soul, and he wrote, with small ingenuous intrigues, the intimate and commonplace history of it. He wept and laughed profusely, in the same way as his melancholy lady readers; he related his anecdotes, without point or blood, with the tranquil fancy of a cautious bourgeois, a public functionary and the head of a numerous offspring. He did not descend to the rugged domain of the naturalists, like Aluzio Azevedo; he did not penetrate the consciousness of others, as Machado de Assis did, with the air of a timid, indifferent and disillusioned person; nor did he rise to the delightful lyricism of Alencar. He kept to the level, neither soaring very high nor delving very deep. His love affairs are, in general, innocent diversions; they do not extend beyond the street-door, or, when they do, they end in marriage, with all the formalities of a chaste engagement, presided over by spinster sisters or elderly aunts.

Macedo did not like scandals or sensational crimes; his pen was a modest one. He was pious and Catholic. His daring went no farther than certain considerations full of good sense—vulgar and practical—that good sense characteristic of *persons of experience*, who get even with tottering and valetudinarian old age by bestowing counsels, opposing wills, murmuring and preaching against *innovations and brazen and demoralizing fashions*. In that realm he moved like none other. If we may be permitted the expression, Macedo was an *after-dinner writer* for the circle of the serious and intelligent Brazilian family, at-



tached to the deeply rooted preconceptions of centuries. His style, apart from the kind he displayed in his emphatic and verbose poetry, is flowing and agreeable; it moves serenely and it is vivid and easy. It lacks, indeed, a certain color, but it is always correct in the portrayal of personages and scenes, although the diction is not chaste.

That coloring became extraordinary in José de Alencar, in whose works are found many of the most admirable pages of our Brazilian romantic literature. *O guarany* and *Iracema*, with the proper distances maintained, stand, among us, for what the first lyrical episodes of Chateaubriand stood, in France. There has never been seen, even in the fresh and savory poetry of Gonçalves Dias, such intensity of emotion, such elegance of style, such grace of ideas and of narrative. The Indianism of Alencar is truly epic. His Indians speak as nature taught them; they love, live and die like the plants and lower animals of the earth. Their passions possess the suddenness and violence of tempests: they are rapid fires that burn for an instant, flare up, glow and disappear. Alencar possessed, in a high degree, a genius for the picturesque. Although he was born in a region meager in landscapes, as that of Ceará is, he had such an intuition for nature as few could have. His novels with an Americanistic background—the best that he produced, unquestionably—are, as Chateaubriand said of his *Atala*, “descriptive and dramatic poems,” in which the woof of the intrigue is almost always a pretext for painting the natural scene. The discreet feeling of the artist and man contributed to enhance the charm of his books, which are of a rich and impressive coloring. Alencar was, above everything, a poet; life did not interest him, and he very rarely succeeded in following it, like Manoel de Macedo, in its prosaic and vulgar aspects. His figures are lacking in color when he exposes them to the eyes of all in the noisy street or in the worldly salon. Lost in the forests, amid the noise of the cataracts, beneath the shade of the silent trees, they assume legendary aspects, grow rapidly and become mythical, in harmony with the elemental forces whence they are wrested, as by a miracle.

Alencar, who sacrificed nothing to the multitude and who had a skeptical soul and a penetrating intelligence, sought insensibly to approach it and its preferences by writing novels of customs to the taste of his period, which are inferior, however, to the rest of his work. Like Walter Scott, Alencar needed broad canvases, as his brushes were those of a great decorator; not those of a painter of genre or of a portraitist. Historical subjects, rustic motives, in short, everything removed from the present, were preferred by him. His lack of psychological ability was made up for by a penetrating intuition of things, somewhat pessimistic, it is true, but profound. With him we learned to have *style*, that is, to consider the novel a work of art and not simply an entertainment, a mere play of more or less possible situations, or a series of piquant anecdotes. If his qualities as a subtle lyricist had been insufficient, Alencar would have influenced by brilliancy of form, neglected prior to him, or rather, unknown in our literature.

Beside Macedo and Alencar stands out the name of a writer, cut off at the beginning of his literary career, when he had barely published his first work. We refer to Manoel Antonio de Almeida and to his *Memorias de um sargento de milicias*. There is in this work the material of a perfect novelist, a master of the subjects he studied, an unprejudiced and sagacious observer of the environment in which he lived, in the skilful management of the several vicissitudes of the plot, firm in sketching the types drawn from society and from the environment. Manoel de Almeida was a disciple of Balzac, not only in respect of the skill with which he developed the situations, but also in respect of the exuberance of his temperament. He that desires to become acquainted with the manners and customs of the popular classes at the beginning of the last century among us will find an abundant material of details drawn from life, with spontaneousness and grace. The *Memorias* are, as it were, photographs in the rough, without the retouching that often mars, and without artifice, and therefore realistic in the beautiful parts as well as in the ugly parts.

In Bernardo Guimarães we have the

first-fruits of *sertanismo*<sup>1</sup> and of the rural novel, which Alfonso Arinos, one of our best writers of short stories, developed afterward in an almost definitive manner. Bernardo Guimarães recounted, naturally, the impressions of his life as a provincial, buried in the solitudes of the central plateau, among the country people, the *fazendeiros*<sup>2</sup> and the rural magnates of Brazil. By nature a poet, he felt rather than analyzed the things of the world.

*Mauricio, Escrava Isaura, O seminarista* and *Ermidão* show the several stages through which the writer passed, being preoccupied now with the drovers, now with the Negroes, now with the small intrigues of the simple society of the interior. However, his types do not possess great vigor, although his descriptions of landscapes are delicate and agreeable. He knew how to paint the charms of nature skilfully, he evoked with voluptuous tenderness the verdure of our boundless fields, the masses of mountains covered with heavy forests and the silky swishing of the fronds swayed by the wind.

Franklin Tavora and Escragnolle Taunay were also descriptive. Both continued the rustic manner of Guimarães: the former with greater vigor, the latter with more sobriety and elegance. Tavora, like José de Alencar, possessed a gift for the picturesque and a feeling for the tropical earth, its exuberances and its mysterious types, half way between civilization and barbarism, with the characteristics of fugitives, at times reserved and at times brutal, from whose souls he was able to draw pages of sincere emotion. His capacity for observation was notable. The physiognomy of man and of the environment of the Brazilian north appears in his work with singular relief, with the stamp of one that saw and was intimately acquainted with what he described. Rustics, farmers, cowboys, laborers: all those people that live in the remote regions of our country were reproduced and judged by the novelist of

Ceará. Although he lacked the virtues of a colorist, Tavora did possess, however, a keen discernment of our tropical environments. *Cabelleira*, in which he studied the *cangaceiro*,<sup>3</sup> his customs and his peculiar character as a nomad warrior; *Matuto*, in which he painted the life of the farm-laborer and the customs of the *caboclo*<sup>4</sup> of the north, as well as *Lorenço* and the *Casa de Palba* are documents that testify, even to-day in many respects, to a perfect comprehension of the rural life of our country, at one and the same time tender and aggressive, criminal and heroic, repulsive and noble.

Taunay's style is not so vibrant as Tavora's; it is calmer and more thoughtful, more studied, without being overwrought; for the author of *Innocencia* and *Retirada da Laguna* was a writer of fine strain, discreet, elegant and natural. Taunay admirably united the refined taste of the European with the southern opulence of the American; with the delicate tints of the Isle of France he mingled the violent tones of the Brazilian nature. Born and educated in Brazil, he felt from early life the need of laying here the foundation of a truly national literature, without the exaggerations of a narrow nationalism, but with amplitude and elevation. His novels reveal the nationalistic purpose that was his chief concern as a man of letters. His nationalism was sincere; it sprang from his soldier's heart, because Taunay fought in the ranks of our army, giving of his blood and his strength, his intelligence and his flesh for the aggrandizement of the country. He was not content with the easy existence of the city; he penetrated to the remotest parts of our western frontiers; he did not follow a comfortable career; he did not make himself a bachelor of arts; he became a soldier, and as a soldier he took part in the campaign against Paraguay and in the expedition of Matto Grosso, which he was to make famous for ever with his *Retirada da Laguna*. This book, written in French and translated afterward into Portuguese,

<sup>1</sup>From *sertão*: a word used to denote a place far removed from the coasts and the cultivated regions.—Note of the translator of the original Portuguese into Spanish.

<sup>2</sup>The owner of a *fazenda* or country estate.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>A Brazilianism in common use in northern Brazil: "outlaw," "bandit," "marauder," "gun-toter."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>A Brazilianism: a copper-colored person (chiefly used to designate Indians).—THE EDITOR.

is one of the most beautiful and comforting poems in praise of the energy and modesty of the Brazilian soldier, and its author's best title to glory.

In *Innocencia* the love novel began to lose the purely sentimental aspect that Macedo had imparted to it. Taunay introduced into the fable an element of moderation, portraying passions with less violence and figures with more emotion and naturalness. There were those that thought they saw in this attitude poverty of imagination and dearth of talent, without observing that the artist understood the just measure of things and avoided, consequently, the useless chatter and the infelicitous inflations made use of by the national writers, prolix by nature, in imitation of the Portuguese.

During the period of our romanticism, two tendencies dominated therefore: the rural or Indianist tendency of Alencar, and the anecdotal, descriptive or realistic tendency of Macedo. In these two currents was developed the national novel, which moved between the forest and the city, between the Indian and the *coboclo*, the *matuto*<sup>5</sup> and the bourgeois of the middle classes, the merchant, the public functionary and the soldier.

After Macedo and Alencar, it was Machado de Assis and Aluizio de Azevedo that exerted themselves most to raise the level of the national novel to a considerable and noble height. There was lacking at the beginning, however, a certain capacity for observation, that with which only an ampler, more varied social environment could provide them. Macedo, as we have seen, was not an experimenter in human phenomena; he did not possess an intuition for the universal values so necessary to every modern writer. He was more of a painter than an architect, that is, he was more skilful in reproducing than in constructing. His arguments are spontaneous, probable and natural, but not superior; they interest, but they do not move. His types suffer excessively from the contingencies of the environment; they do not transcend, as it were, the surrounding reality, which envelops them in the lines of its vulgar can-

vas, which belittles them in their triviality. His creatures are poor in inner energy and mediocre in spirit; they pass us like Chinese shadows, subdued, without relief or consistency, resembling the fantasies that the childish imagination delights to construct in the background of an ingenuous and illusory soul. They do not meditate and they are not restless; they do but live the transitory life of the pebble that rolls along the smooth bed of the gorge. Their destiny is that of the humble leaf on the wings of the great winds.

Alencar's figures are like echoes of poems. They trail long mantles with legendary gems; they do not accord with real life; they transcend any human category; they are mystical, superterrestrial, like the formidable nature that dominates them. To him reality was not the tranquil river of which Heraclitus told us, always renewed, continuously changed by many different waters. It was a creation of his fancy, a world born of the exaltation of his subjective personality, in which all things were reflected, greatly enlarged, like a flash of light on the surface of a polished mirror. A breath of epopee accompanies and continuously animates them. Their gestures are numerous and clumsy, like those verses to which the Latin poet alluded. This is because there is generally in Alencar's work a continuous tumult, the blowing of a savage trumpet, more natural in a writer of epics than in one enamoured of reality, capable of observing it surprised in its fundamental idiosyncrasies. Therefore, if Macedo is a narrator of anecdotes that are simple and without greater consequences, and if Alencar is a poet gifted with a noble power of imagination, neither one nor the other may be considered true novelists. The figures of both lack—those of the former because they are too contingent, those of the latter because they are raised too high above the surrounding environment—that breath of humanity that characterizes the creations of a Dickens, a Balzac or a Tolstoy. Mr. Pickwick, Père Goriot and Pietro Besukow are human specimens through which it is not difficult to perceive the lightning of torture and universal uncertainty.

Shall we be permitted, however, to con-

<sup>5</sup> "Backwoodsman," "hayseed," "rube." — THE EDITOR.

sider the novels of Machado de Assis and Aluizio de Azevedo in this human and universal sense? Will they not be, perhaps, almost as remote from such a standard as their predecessors? With the exception of Machado, I think all the novelists of the nineteenth century were unaware of, or could not attain to, such heights. Some of them—Bernardo Guimarães, Tavora and Taunay—were not very far removed from the picturesqueness of form and the graces of argument of what might be called “daily triviality;” others—Manoel Antonio de Almeida, Julio Ribeiro and Raul Pompeia—remained, each in his own manner, and with due regard for the respective proportions, on the shores of the ocean of things, satisfied with the spectacle it afforded them in contemplation, without seeking, in the intimate structure of things, the reason of the phenomena they were witnessing.

Aluizio de Azevedo—to mention the most successful of our novelists of observation—was a felicitous recorder of small dramas and of scenes, manners and customs peculiar to a certain class of our society at the end of the second empire, the same society that we behold, with less immodesty and more disguise, weeping or laughing in Macedo's gallery. Man, according to Aluizio Azevedo, was Vogt's instinctive animal—superior to the other animals of the terrestrial fauna in existence and in his physiological nature—with a certain miraculous secretion, pompously called “soul” or “thought.” His conception of humanity must have been a purely mechanistic one; all the social phenomena were limited therefore to a formula of extent and movement, mass and velocity, matter and energy. Hence there was in his work, as in that of almost all our naturalists, a certain air of unconscious fatality: a mold too excessively narrow to contain the infinitude, variety and subtle gradation of individual values. His novels are like those streets through which move tumultuously people of the most contrasting positions. Our minds are astonished in the presence of all these types that pass before us, without our being able to penetrate the secret truth of any of them, without our as much as glimpsing the deep perspectives of their several characters. Azevedo was an impressionist that drew

with difficulty at times, but he knew how to paint with skill and audacity.

That technic of line, that profound science of the drawing of personages, sad or smiling, noble or trivial, from life, was possessed by no one with more penetrating intuition than by Machado de Assis. Without wielding that magic rod with which Balzac caused the fabulous world of his human comedy to cry, to moan, to howl or simply to laugh and shout, according to his whim, our novelist managed with inimitable skill the carbons, sanguines, acids and burins with which he delineated and engraved his meaningful portraits and ironical etchings. Rather than a sculptor of great masses, he was a very sensitive imager, an excellent carver of bas-reliefs. He was not interested in man caught in the capricious mazes of the multitude, but in the multitude itself reflected in the elusive synthesis of each soul, in each man taken separately. Unlike Balzac, whose power of assimilation found in everything—pain and joy, poverty and splendor—motives for prolonged investigations and interminable divagations, Machado had his preferences and he did not conceal them. His types are never commonplace. The rudest—for instance, the disappointed beggar of *Quincas Borba*—has his philosophy. He knew how to scan the firmament “without arrogance or abjectness,” as if to say to the sky: “After all, thou wilt not come down upon me.”

All Machado's personages—the prudent Dom Casmurro, the ironical Braz Cubas or that professor of melancholy of the *Apologo*—reveal a similar intuition for beings and things. To them life is a useless effort, a beauty without immediate benefit, which does not give itself whole-heartedly or which gives enough to enable us to become weary of it the first time we are crossed, at the first blow received. There may be perhaps a little cynicism in his attitude, but, in short, what are we, what do our actions represent in our mutual coexistence, but a little misery gilded by a halo of pious cynicism? Braz Cubas, for example—to summarize his several creations in a single one of them—knows and applies, now against himself, now against others, all the subtle poisons of perversity. In his famous

delirium he presents himself successively, now under the heavy appearance of the pot-bellied barber of mandarins, now as an initiate, an adept, of the secrets of eternity, capable of discovering the future ages and of clearing up those of the past. It is true that everything ends—the vision of time and the monotonous rolling of the ages—at the door of the death chamber, like the simple playing of a cat with a wad of paper. . . . Will not terminate thus, peradventure, our rational systems, the ingenuous empiricism of our metaphysical explanations? In this resides the wisdom of Machado's personages—belief in things—although he seems to laugh at them. His personages make no effort to go beyond an able skepticism: they seem—to use one of the felicitous images of Descartes—like certain ivies which, having enveloped the trunk on which they find support to its highest point, return satisfied to the promiscuity of the creeping plants of the ground. They returned satisfied with themselves and with their journey! Although he did not possess the secret of the management of great *ensembles* and, possibly, of his own movement, Machado revealed in his novels a vital aspect of our souls. As a good psychologist, he did not attempt to oppose the course of events. He did not believe in the “happy moment” or in the “unhappy moment;” he believed in both and he kept in touch with the reality of both. His reasoning was always in relation to immediate time and space, since he accepted all things, living and dead, good and bad, honest and dishonest, with the imperturbable readiness of mirrors and pictures. His work argues a sense of constant preoccupation with an earthly beauty and wretchedness, and a rare comprehension of the sad futility to which contingencies will reduce the heart and intelligence of men. In his novels the “human document” does not obey a preconceived method, a fixed postulate or any scientific or literary law whatsoever. In them is barely reflected a curious spirit, which observes itself, at every moment, through the medium of other spirits and goes on correcting, with a smile or with a tear, the image that life sets before its eyes.

After Machado de Assis, our fictional

literature passed through a long period of indecision and experiment. The appearance of Graça Aranha's *Chanaan*, received with unusual enthusiasm, brought to the Brazilian novel a strange freshness, an enchantment of vivid and delightful forms, an epic expression, comparable only to the best pages of Alencar. The problem that the novelist set himself to solve was one most intimately related to the ethnic and political formation of our country, since it dealt with the immense and continuous physical, moral and intellectual fusion that is taking place in our nationality. From this point of view, *Chanaan* may be deemed the American novel par excellence, the best and most profound effort of its kind that has appeared on the Latin-American continent. His leading types are veritable ideas afoot: ideas that move and orientate the destiny of our race. The conflict between the Latin soul and the Germanic blood, within the exuberant environment of tropical nature, is presented with tremendous power; but what most distinguishes this novel-poem is the exaltation of human energy in the presence of the universe, the marvelous richness of rhythms, the profound intuition for Brazilian values that it reveals at every moment. Graça Aranha already showed in this first book the ductility of spirit, the plasticity of style, the depth of ideas, that were to produce, in the *Esthetica da vida*, one of the loftiest works of our contemporary mentality.

Coelho Netto ought to be among our best describers, endowed, as he was, with a luxurious and brilliant language, the most opulent in character that it is proper to demand of a writer. His novels and stories, especially those of a regional character, are precious sources of information regarding our life and our manners and customs; there are pages full of color and warmth, full of penetrating idealism, which is the best element in Netto's temperament. His vision, however, is more particular than general; he is so dazzled by forms that he is limited in his creative imagination. In this respect, Netto approaches our greatest writers, including, among others, Euclides da Cunha: in his work, the land dominates the man, so to speak. An artist before everything, the author of *Rei negro* is an

impassioned scion of our nature, which he knows how to esteem and translate with intense feeling. His pen is a veritable brush, so many are the tints of which it makes use to animate and colour our tropical pictures. The dawns and twilights of our countryside have never encountered a more deeply moved poet than Coelho Netto.

Afranio Peixoto was otherwise; that is, after Machado de Assis, he is the most perfect expression of the strictly *human* novel in Brazil. Combining with a solid experience of social values an ample and varied scientific culture, he succeeded in escaping the danger of novels with a thesis, in the style of the naturalists, as well as the enticements of the simple narrative of manners and customs that are wanting in elevation or originality. Of his excellent tetralogy—*Espbinge*, *Maria Bonita*, *Fruto do bosque* and *Bugrinha*—the first is perhaps the most characteristic; but in *Bugrinha* the author attained to a rare limpidness of form. In *Espbinge*, Peixoto displayed all the virtues of the spirit: psychological penetration, sagacity of criticism, the constructive method in personages and situations, a taste for extensive, acute, agile reasoning, which goes and comes, according to the impressions received; without overlooking his very singular faculty for placing himself behind his types to breathe into them, every now and then, an irony, distraught and, as it were, timorous, against certain divine and human entities.

Woman, however, whether the restless and impetuous Lucia or the fascinating Maria Bonita or the provocative Joanita or the impetuous and deeply moving Bugrinha, is celebrated in all his novels. She is the sphinx, around which all of us are, more or less, disillusioned Œdipuses. In the irresolution of Paulo in the presence of Lucia, Afranio Peixoto has desired to show what the thought of man is worth, composed, as it is, of theories and abstractions, calculations and positive rules, in the face of the insinuating marvel of the eternal feminine, light as a perfume, but penetrating, insistent, obstinate as a perfume, who abuses her immateriality to torture our desire always renascent and always unsatisfied. Almost all the women of his gallery

are twins in ideas and in acts. The former have the defects of the latter. Seldom are repeated in these human exemplars what we call *qualities*, for in them animality is mingled as an elegant vice with the impulses of the heart. Afranio Peixoto reveals himself to us under this aspect, a subtle connoisseur of feminine geometry: he has always followed the curved line.

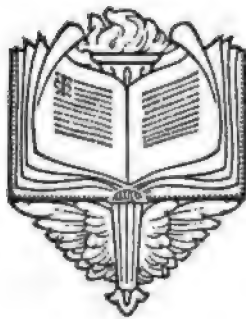
Love, in his women, is almost always a story of short but intense duration. To many of them would be applicable the old epitaph: "*Biduo saltavit et placuit.*" What characterized Afranio Peixoto's temperament was the great power of movement that may be observed in all his work. This quality, rare in Machado, predominates in his novels. Master of a vigorous style, even more brilliant than that of his great predecessor, Peixoto was able to use this gift to animate his pictures in an extraordinary manner. The landscape in *Braz Cubas*, *Dom Casmurro* or *Quincas Borba* is bare, almost barren. The novelist was content with a stretch of beach, a corner in a garden, a clump of trees or the summit of a peak to break the azure of the sky. Peixoto did not disguise his liking for nature, even if he complained of its indifference. Nature did not stir him, but neither did it intimidate him; and this constituted the difference between the two writers: one was dry, at times harsh, always serene, although he might be simulating; the other was amiable, gracious and, like a truly voluptuous artist, sensitive to the least impressions of life. The former gave more attention to things; the latter was more enthuasiatic in their presence. Both, however—the former with more keenness, the latter with more variety and movement—were masters in our fictional prose.

Among the novelists of the present generation ought to be mentioned the Senhora Julia Lopes de Almeida, justly admired for her stories of manners and customs, written with taste and naturalness; Xavier Marques, the stirring portrayer of the life of our plains, who knows how to describe skilfully; Alcides Maia, one of the most interesting of our regional novelists, a distinguished landscapist of the pampas of Rio Grande do Sul; Lima Barreto, who, with his sober and precise style and his

guileless heart, seems a more sensitive Sterne or a less rude Gorky; Veiga Miranda, one of the best evokers of the scenes of our *fazendas* and of the bucolic life of the interior; Thomaz Lopes, who, cut off prematurely at the beginning of his literary career, showed himself to be a subtle psychologist and thoroughly acquainted with the social life of Rio de Janeiro; Goulart de Andrade, who reveals in his novels a delicate sensibility as an artist and poet; Madeiros e Albuquerque, whose sober and measured pen sketches the aspects of reality with warm and vivid tints, after the manner of Aluizio.

Of the most recent writers, it is just to mention the following: Godofredo Rangel, Théo Filho, Menotti del Picchia, Léo Vaz, Mario Sette, Lucilio Varejão, Carlos de Vasconcelos and Enéas Ferraz. Godofredo Rangel wrote, in *Vida ociosa*, impressionistic pages of rural life, which admirably reflected the characteristics of the interior: fatalism, sadness, abandon and melancholy, which the souls of the country people seem to have caught from the desert and remote solitudes. Menotti del Picchia is, above all, a moving portrayer and a delicate poet. Carlos de Vasconcelos is a

narrator of violent passions and of the savage scenes of the north and northeast. Théo Filho is a cosmopolite, in the best sense of the word. From contact with men and things he has acquired an aggressive disillusionment, a knowledge of caricature, a capacity for ever apt satire and observation. His work is already significant. Mario Sette and Lucilio Varejão know how to describe perfectly the physiognomy of the small national cities in which our old family traditions remain intact. What interests him in the individual is what lurks in the innermost depths of his being. Strife abroad, the struggles of the world, fail to interest him. He does little more than utilize them as a simple theorem or a subtle calculus. Enéas Ferraz, the author of *João Crispin*, is a sagacious psychologist of the daily reality, of the misery and monstrousness of the bourgeois environment of our large, new cities. In his bold sarcasms, however, there is a sentiment of tenderness and frankness; in his rebellions there is always somewhat of repressed tears. It is that he mingles, with all naturalness and from an irresistible impulse, the reality he sees with that which he feels.



# THE SWORD OF INDEPENDENCE

BY

MARCELINO DOMINGO

A description of the monument erected to the memory of Antonio Maceo, the Cuban patriot; some account of his life and character; and reflections on the changes that have occurred in the attitude of the author toward men and institutions. Born in Spain, with such antipathies as he would naturally cherish, he confesses with chagrin that he was blind in his youth, and that now he sees with Cuban eyes and recognises Maceo's true worth.—THE EDITOR.

THE monument to Maceo is the most beautiful one on the island of Cuba. Glance at the spot where it stands and look at the work.

The site is an immense plaza that opens out at the end of the Malecón and that is bounded on one of its sides by the sea; in the center of this plaza rises the monument, which has an insuperable richness of lines. On an enormous square pedestal of white stone is raised, on horseback and sculptured in bronze, the figure of the leader. The leader appears with bared head, his shoulders thrown back, and in his hand a *machete*; the horse, curbed, draws in his head and pierces the air with a look of dauntlessness. This man and this horse, placed beside the monument of Martínez Campos, which is concealed amid the groves of El Retiro in Madrid—a general with his whole body covered by a cloak; a horse with his head dragging on the ground—possess all the value of an historical parallel. The design of the monument to Maceo does not end here. In the stone of the pedestal stand out bronze reliefs with scenes from the war and inscriptions like the following: "Bold and daring, he never turned his weapons against the laws of the republic and he fought to the death." Among the reliefs on the socle of the pedestal and on the base rise figures with the lines of a Rodin: one of them emblems Victory; another, the Patria; another, Sorrow. The plaza is surrounded by cannon of the Spanish epoch: great, heavy cannon, which adorn the very spot where they were a menace and a danger. At twilight, in the distance, the figure of Maceo rising above the tallest buildings of the city, the blur of the leader on horseback cuts the background of the

ruddy clouds and presents the fantastic impression of a Pegasus amid the flames of fire.

In the presence of the monument, we turn our mind toward the moral panorama presented by Spain in those days of the war against the Cuban revolution. We were children, but we retain the impression of the huzzas of joy aroused by the embarkation of the soldiers; of the cries of hatred that we raised against the Cuban, who was deemed disloyal and traitorous; of the almost universal acceptance obtained by the phrase of Cánovas: "To the last *peseta* and to the last man;" of the contempt and the protestation that surrounded the attitude of Pi y Margall; and above all we preserve the impression of the representative value that was attributed to Maceo. He was spoken of with the adjectives that are to-day attached to the name of Raisuli. He appeared to our eyes with the aspect of a vulgar brigand: ragged, ignorant, with a dark skin and soul black with evil passions. So much faith had we in the firmness of our power that the contemptuous and pitying laughter, with which the participation of the United States in the war was received, was accompanied by the song with which in the schools, the pupils, raising their voices and lifting their arms, asserted that with a sword of pasteboard in his hand any one of them would be sufficient to finish up Maceo. The great writer Enrique José Varona, in a speech made in Chickering Hall (New York), said that "they felt no more tranquil in Rome after the death of Hannibal, nor in monarchical Europe more secure after the death of Napoleon, than Spain felt when an accidental bullet freed her of Maceo;" and this assertion, which may have seemed like an unwarranted



hyperbole, was the truth. To revive those moments of Spanish history is to recall an hour in which patriotic fervor was united with the most unjust cause and the greatest ignorance of the reason for which gold and life were at stake that a people had ever cherished. God surely was minded to ruin Spain, else he would not have driven her insane.

Maceo deserved the monument: he was one of the statuary heroes of the Cuban revolution. He did not spring up with the last movement. From the year 1878, in which it was observed that the treaty of Zanjón was a jest, Maceo, with Calixto García, attempted on several occasions to awaken protest and arouse all Cuba in arms against the state that did not know how to be a mother-country, and against the nation that was unable to build in the mother-country a state that would do its duty. He was unable to do so; and when, on February 24, 1895, the cry of rebellion was raised, Maceo, who was in Costa Rica, escaped cautiously from that country, arrived at the island of Fortuna with twenty-one companions, embarked there with them in the schooner *Honor* and reached Cuba on March 31. "They no sooner leaped ashore," wrote Varona, "than they began the combat. Fighting day and night like beasts at bay, they hewed their way through the Spanish forces, who pursued them with obstinacy, until they succeeded in joining the Cuban troops of Periquito Pérez in the jurisdiction of Guantánamo. As soon as the notice of their arrival spread, thousands of men hastened to their ranks." Maceo, in agreement with Máximo Gómez, attacked the forces that were to hinder the passage of the latter toward the west; Maceo threatened them, wore them out, drove them to right and left and held them in check until the moment in which he learned that Máximo Gómez had already entered Puerto Príncipe. On November 29, the columns of Gómez and Maceo were united in the east; at the end of December they made a dash into Habana. The replacement of Martínez Campos by Weyler and the latter's application of the system of concentrations gave to the struggle a new aspect.

In an insignificant military action, Ma-

ceo, who always marched at the front, lost his life. His arm was no longer necessary, as Martí's word was no longer necessary, when the latter died at Dos Ríos: the revolution had triumphed. The revolution was not only established in the consciousness of all those that were struggling for it, but it had also acquired a universally favorable environment. This was proven by the words that were pronounced in honor of Maceo in the Italian parliament; by the manifestation of fellowship with Cuba caused throughout America by the announcement of the leader's fall; and the protests of sorrow that came from England and France.

Maceo was a sword for Cuba when Cuba needed a soldier; he was a will disciplined to the laws of Cuba when Cuba needed a citizen. José Martí, the philosopher of the revolution, has interpreted him thus:

Maceo is as vigorous in mind as in arm. Puerile enthusiasm can find no place in his sagacious experience. His thought is firm and harmonious, like the lines of his brow. His speech is smooth, as the expression of a constant energy, and it possesses the artistic elegance that comes from its thorough adjustment to cautious and sober ideas. He does not utter disjointed phrases, nor does he use an impure voice; he does not hesitate when he seems to do so; he is but weighing his subject and his man. He never speaks pompously or with too great freedom. He will be a column of the patria and never her dagger; he will serve her by thought, but still more by his courage.

Was this the Maceo that Spain thought could be vanquished by a pasteboard sword; that she painted more with the repulsive aspect of a bandit than with the dignifying aspect of a revolutionary? What the slayer of Maceo was is proven by the silence and solitude in which the homicidal soldier has died in Spain. What Maceo was to Cuba and to the world is betokened by this monument: a merited monument; for the great men of America have been neither the colonizers nor the dominators, but the reconquerors: those that have placed their swords or their pens, their arms or their understandings at the service of the cause of independence.

# THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA

BY

GILBERTO SILVA HERRERA

Bolívar decided to divide Greater Colombia before the rebellion of Valencia.—The confederation of the Andes.—The Liberator congratulated Páez.—He instigated the withdrawal of Venezuela in 1830.—His responsibility in the extinguishment of Greater Colombia much greater than that of the "Lion of Apure."

A NOTABLE Latin-American historiographer published a short time ago a study of the Bolivian epopee, in which he placed on General Páez the chief responsibility for the dissolution of Greater Colombia.

A new examination of the period from 1825 until 1830 may lead to a different estimate of the attitude of Bolívar and Páez in those stormy days.

IT WAS the year 1825.

The lands of the sun were awakened from their sleep of three centuries by the man that has most deeply stirred America, now at the zenith of his majestic immortality.

The unsullied crowns of the Andine cordillera, the infinite solitudes of the southern seas and the venerable capitals of the Incas were the tokens of his prowess at the head of the courageous and veteran sons of Colombia. To the lions of Colombia the Liberator was a hieratic chief; in Perú a grateful people offered columns of incense, as they had in other times to the sun-god; gallant Bolivia rose at the mandate of his will from the summits of the Andes, for it was his destiny to surpass Alexander, who gave his name to cities only; the sons of the Río de la Plata besought his colossal power to enable them to resist the descendants of the Lusitanians;<sup>1</sup> the Queen of the Seas and the American Union had recognized as sisters the nations of which he was the soul; he conceived the congress of Panamá, which was attended by a continent; and in the Old World the thunder of his war-horse aroused somewhat of the ad-

miration of the old republican days of Rivoli and Marengo.

There no longer remained in South America a foot of ground on which to plant the flag of Castilla.

The Liberator saw before him an enterprise no less cyclopean than that of liberation: that of imparting cohesion to the three nations that had sprung into independent life, akin in all respects and united by a solidarity wrought in thousands of anguished days of struggle against the common adversary and in the desire to form a state worthy of comparison with the American Union, which had demonstrated that a colossal nation could spring from less homogeneous elements.

From Lima the Liberator discerned the overwhelming influence that the United States would in time acquire in Spanish America, and he strove to offset it by means of a league of American republics or by the association of the three republics that his Olympian arm had caused to rise from among the chains.

Bolívar was already the president of Colombia and Perú, but he could exercise no decisive influence save over the country in which he resided. Month after month he awaited the replies of the government at Bogotá to his solicitations which, on several occasions, such as that of the invasion of Brazil, were unheeded. When he should withdraw from Perú, he would have to surrender the exercise of supreme power.

To rule the Incas, the Caribs and the Chibchas<sup>2</sup> without hindrance: such was his

<sup>1</sup>The Brazilians.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>The author uses the names of these three Indian peoples or federations to designate, respectively, the countries in which they formerly flourished: that is, Perú, Venezuela and Colombia.—THE EDITOR.

thought at that time. His ears were flattered by the insinuations of the politicians of Lima, that he should found an empire along the Andes, as far as the domains of Doctor Francia.<sup>3</sup> Unrepublican ideas had been proposed by the lips of Bolívar. The monarchical machinations of the Limans coincided with those of Páez, Mariño and other influential Venezuelans, who desired to terminate their dependence on Bogotá and become arbiters in the affairs of their own country, for they considered, like General Mariño, that "in all the republic of Colombia the capital of Caracas is the one that unites most intelligence, prudence and wisdom."

The Liberator hastened to refuse the courtesies of Páez and his friends, because he demanded for himself a greater glory than that of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon. Yet he had to behold with melancholy the vanishing of an empire over territories whose hundredth part was vaster than the patrimony of the twelve tribes, and at last he precipitated himself on the plan of an empire, exclaiming: Imperator I shall be, and a more potent one than Charlemagne, but I shall keep far from me the disdain that characterized the Iturbides of the New World; I shall be a Bonaparte, first consul, more powerful than the tyrant of the hundred crowns of the Tuileries; the empire of the Andes shall be called the confederation of the Andes.

A Venezuelan historiographer—an expert in European archives—is of the opinion that Bolívar did not launch himself upon a vulgar tropical center for fear of the end that overtook the first emperor of México. Apart from the fact that the temper of Bolívar's soul was not one of such pusillanimity, this theory is but slightly probable, perhaps, in respect of the year 1825, in which Bolívar, egged on by the Peruvians and Venezuelans to replace Fernando VII in all his attributes, might have become a king, an emperor or a grand lama; for peoples and armies followed him with blind devotion; but he let the precious moments slip, and, years later, when he decided in

favor of a monarchy for a European prince, he won banishment from his country and death in the anguish of the disappearance of his illusions.

Political considerations moved him to refuse the empire; he was engaged in winning the friendship of the Río de la Plata and of Chile in order to attract them to his policy; México, the countries of the south and even Brazil herself saw in the empire of the Andes a voracious and formidable neighbor that would have to be exterminated for the sake of the tranquillity of the continent. He had no descendants; in a few years a Bolívar of the valleys of Aragua would be smothered to death in one of the campaign boots of the Liberator.

In him was openly manifested the undemocratic spirit that had always dominated him and that adverse circumstances had kept in the background. He conceived the Bolivian constitution, which he himself qualified as a "monarchy without a crown," and which, as Santander said, contained all his political ideas, the reverse of that of Angostura, "for he was no longer in a position to compromise with any one."<sup>4</sup> President for life, irresponsible, inviolable, with the power to appoint or to remove a hereditary vice-president, whose functions would be equivalent to those of a first minister; a hereditary senate composed of the courtiers of President Bolívar, compared with whose governmental influence that of a sovereign of a Hanoverian dynasty would have been insignificant. What more would a Joseph de Maistre have desired?

To General La Fuente the Liberator explained on May 12, 1826, months before he received the news of Páez's rebellion, his plan of confederation:

You must know that the parties keep Colombia divided; that the treasury is empty; that laws oppress: finally, you must know that in Venezuela they are clamoring for an empire.

He said the same would happen in Perú, and he added:

After having thought for a long time, we have decided, among persons of best judgment and myself, that the only remedy that we can apply to this tremendous evil is a general confeder-

<sup>3</sup>That is, Paraguay: for an article on Doctor Francia, see "Rosas and Doctor Francia," by José de Armas, in *INTER-AMERICA* for October, 1919, page 21.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>*Archivo Santander.*

tion of Bolivia, Perú and Colombia, closer than that of the United States, ruled by a president and vice-president and governed by the Bolivian constitution.

He said that in everything, except in respect of foreign relations and of war, every state would be autonomous, and he added:

Every department will send a deputy to the federal congress, and the deputies will be divided into the respective sections, each section having a third of the deputies of each republic. These three regions [those provided by the Bolivian constitution], with the vice-president and secretaries of state, which are to be chosen from the whole republic, will govern the federation. The Liberator, as supreme head, will go every year to visit the departments of each state. *The capital will be a central point. Colombia ought to be divided into three states: Cundinamarca, Venezuela and Quito.* The federation will bear such a name as it may desire. There will be one flag, one army and one sole nation. At all events, it is necessary that this plan shall be initiated by Bolivia and Perú. . . . Afterward it will be easy for me to make Colombia adopt the only means of salvation that remains to her.<sup>5</sup>

The Peruvians applauded the idea of a confederation, since it flattered them that Lima should again become the metropolis of South America, as it had been in the first days of the colony. Bolívar promised General Santa Cruz the rulership over the state of Northern Perú; to Gamarra, that of Southern Perú; and to La Fuente, that of Bolivia. As to Colombia, Páez was to obtain Venezuela; Nueva Granada was to go to Padilla or Montilla; and Quito, to Brieffo Méndez.

Santander, whom Bolívar flattered by offering him the hereditary vice-presidency of the confederation, said to him that this office seemed to him "a little impracticable." Marshal Sucre expressed jealousy that the Colombians, who had ridden the Andes to free Perú, should be willing to become subjects of the Limans, but, at length, after Bolívar had offered him also the hereditary vice-presidency, he worked earnestly to render the federation attractive in Bolivia.

And—O genius of the tropics!—Bolívar succeeded in causing the empire, under the disguise of a federation, to be approved by many that would have offered their blood to oppose it under its proper name. Behold, the best proof of the Liberator's genius, unequaled in America! Some of Bolívar's contemporaries may have excelled him in the art of war, in strategical plans, in the science of government, but no one surpassed him in the supreme science of knowing the psychology of these peoples and of gliding amid the labyrinths of their souls.

In the month of July, 1826, the Liberator was in Magdalena, promoting the acceptance of the confederation in Perú and Bolivia, when the news came of the rebellion of Páez in Valencia on April 30. Bolívar was informed, from some time earlier, of the projects of Páez, whose insurrection served him to discredit the government of Colombia and the constitution of Cúcuta. On April 23 he told Santander that he had learned through the señor Pando, recently arrived from Panamá:

*that the congress of Colombia has summoned General Páez to sit in judgment on him, and that this general probably will not obey, because they accuse him of being the author of a project to establish a monarchy in Colombia. . . . Some counsel the gathering of an "empire of Potosí" at the mouth of the Orinoco; others, a federation of the three sister republics. I belong to the latter party. It may be that Páez will enter the one that I desire.<sup>6</sup>*

Leonardo Infante: this gallant soldier sat up in his tomb to become a decisive factor in the revolution of Páez. Colonel Infante, one of the Venezuelan centaurs that rode thousands of leagues behind the Iberian lion,<sup>7</sup> was accused in Bogotá of a murder, of which conclusive proofs were not discovered. The Venezuelan Doctor Miguel Peña, judge of the supreme court, protested against a sentence adverse to Infante, whereupon General Santander removed him from the court and condemned Infante. The execution of Infante by shooting gave the Venezuelans a slogan against the government of Santander,

<sup>5</sup>Paz Soldán: *Historia del Perú independiente*, vol. iii, page 83.—Bolívar wrote to his friends of Colombia regarding the confederation, some time before the revolution of Valencia.

<sup>6</sup>O'Leary: *Narración*, volume ii, page 656.

<sup>7</sup>Páez.—THE EDITOR.

whom they hated to the death. Doctor Peña, harassed and sickly, set out for Caracas, swearing vengeance, after being the object of mockery by Santander, who christened him "*Peñita!*"<sup>8</sup> When he learned this, he informed Santander that an uncle of his called him "*Peñón,*"<sup>9</sup> and he begged him to continue to consider him "in the class of the small citizens."

Who would have said to Santander that within a year *Peñita*, changed to a *peñón* higher than that of Ávila, would laugh in turn at the government of Bogotá!

The accusation against Páez was presented in the senate, and he was summoned to Bogotá; and Doctor Peña, who would have outstripped the most terrible member of the Jacobin club and who was already the confidential man of the "Lion of Apure," sprang up and said to him:

If you go to Bogotá, they will shoot you as they did Infante, although you are innocent; for the so-called legalists, who have Santander as their leader, are in need of a coup to teach the militarists a lesson.

Infante's body was passed by Páez on the way to Bogotá, and it was the first blow struck at the life of Colombia. Everything seems to indicate that the coup of Valencia on April 30 was prepared with some anticipation. The news of the imminent revolt reached the Liberator's ears on April 23, that is, many weeks after it had emanated from Caracas.

The buffet administered to Páez by Colombia was a splendid opportunity for the establishment of the confederation of the Andes. It has already been seen how Bolívar, months before he learned of events in Valencia, when what he knew was that Colombia regarded him with admiration and that he was leading the peoples of Spanish America, resolved to bury her when he divided her into three small autonomous states. What a marvelous pretext was offered him for effecting the dissolution of that august nation!

The Liberator wrote to Colonel Tomás C. Mosquera from Lima, on August 1, after having felicitated him on the act of Guayaquil:

*The events of Venezuela also present a flattering aspect*, according to documents that I have received. General Páez concludes one of them with the following words: "The name of the Liberator is inscribed in the depths of my heart."<sup>10</sup>

"A flattering aspect:" O brain maddened by the adulation of the descendants of Pizarro's worshipers! The bitterness of envenomed recollections will cause thee to exclaim, years later: "Páez was guilty of a veritable crime against the state!"<sup>11</sup>

It is probable that General Páez did not venture to hurl Valencia's cry of defiance, which would have exposed him to being annihilated by the enormous power of Bolívar, until after he had been informed of the Liberator's resolve to divide Colombia into three small states.

When Bolívar informed himself, during the first months of July, of the rebellion of Venezuela, he ordered the government of Colombia by no means to undertake to put it down, but to await his return. He

<sup>10</sup> *Archivo Santander*: volume xv, page 227.—There exist several other letters of Bolívar's to the same intent.

The military commander of the *departamento* of Guayaquil, General Valdez, wrote to Bolívar on July 8, 1826: "Because of the affair of Venezuela, Illingroot brought us together in a friendly manner, assuring us that the step taken by Páez was to our liking and that we of this province ought to do the same, or at least to assemble the people and make known to them that this measure was in no way opposed to our freedom." Thus it came to pass, and the act [that of July 6] was effected.—O'Leary, volume ix, page 440.

The Liberator learned in Lima of the rebellion of Venezuela on July 6, and the same day it was declared in Guayaquil by General Illingroot, who was the commander of the Colombian squadron on the Pacific, who had reached Lima a short time before and who was a confidential friend of Bolívar's, that the latter sympathized with the insurrection. Valdez, Paz del Castillo and Illingroot raised a war-cry, and it would be childish to suppose that they acted without Bolívar's orders.

The Liberator's secretary-general, General José Gabriel Pérez, in acknowledging from Lima the act of Guayaquil of July 6, said that the rebellion of Páez was not opposed to the policy of the Liberator.—O'Leary: *Documentos*.—Author's note.

Surely the "Illingroot" mentioned in this note and elsewhere in the article, as well as in O'Leary, can be no other than John Illingworth, known in Hispano-American history as "Colonel" and later as "General" and then as "Admiral Juan Illingworth," famous in the struggle for independence along the Pacific coast of South America. For details regarding him, see *INTER-AMERICA* for April, 1922, page 21, note 9.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup> O'Leary: *Apéndice* to the *Memorias*, page 211, Bucaramanga, April, 1828.

<sup>8</sup> "A little rock:" diminutive of *peña*, "rock."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup> "Large rock."—THE EDITOR.

took no steps to induce Páez to join Colombia again, but, rather, he encouraged him in his plan of separating Venezuela, when he said to him:

I could wish that with certain slight modifications the Bolivian code might be adjusted to these small states joined in a vast federation.<sup>12</sup>

Besides, it would be but slightly reasonable for Páez to return to obedience to the government of Bogotá, in opposition to the desire of his eminent leader and friend that Colombia should be dissolved to form three small states. The national government's hope for the overthrow of Páez was the influence of Bolívar; but the "Lion of Apure" knew, absolutely, what was the Liberator's thought as to the preservation of Colombia; so, having in front of him the formidable Urdaneta and Bermúdez in Maracaibo and Cumaná and having lost the great fortress of Puerto Cabello, he unflinchingly awaited Bolívar, who, he knew very well, would not lose time with those that might dare to hinder his movements. The recollections of the "llanero"<sup>13</sup> as to the end of Miranda and Piar were very vivid.

At last Bolívar severed the delightful ties that bound him in Lima and began a journey of thousands of leagues to prepare the funeral of the republic of Colombia and of the constitution of Cúcuta, in order to establish the confederation.

Old in heart, worn by the asphyxia of ethereal summits, as thou leavest the Peruvian shores with an offering of worm-wood for thy country, what hast thou done with that great captain, who, from the Ávila to the Tolima, from the Chimborazo to the Illimani, astounded the world by the death-rattles of the executioners that thy sword, generator of nations, overthrew?

When the public men of Perú and Bolivia were won over to the plan of the confederation, the Liberator departed for Colombia

<sup>12</sup>Baralt y Díaz: *Historia de Venezuela*, edition of Curazao, volume iii, page 175, letter from Lima, August 8, 1826.—In the same way Bolívar addressed Colonel Tomás C. Mosquera and other friends of Colombia.

<sup>13</sup>Literally, an inhabitant of the llano or llanura, (plain), a "plainsman;" in general usage, the equivalent, in northern South America, of the Rioplatensian gaucho, "cow-boy." The allusion is to Páez, called a "llanero."—THE EDITOR.

with the conviction that the future also might present a flattering aspect. "I fear nothing during my absence, because I have great confidence in the present rulers," he said to General La Fuente. What was his security? That he had promised to return the following year to inaugurate the congress of the confederation of the three republics?

When he reached Quito he discussed with the most eminent persons the project of the confederation, which encountered nothing but applause, for the Ecuadorians were never enthusiastic partizans of Greater Colombia. From Quito he wrote to La Fuente: "So far I have found among all the peoples of El Ecuador the most favorable disposition in respect of this object [the confederation], and I hope that as I advance I shall find the same ideas."<sup>14</sup>

When he set foot on Colombian soil at Guayaquil, he issued his proclamation to the nation: "Let there be no longer a Venezuela; let there be no more a Cundinamarca." From this it seemed that his ideal might be the union of Colombia; but a few days afterward he took the first step for the burial of the republic. In Quito, he created a "superior headship of the south," and he instilled in the Ecuadorians the idea of terminating the independence of Bogotá. Juan José Flores, when he separated El Ecuador in 1830, merely harvested the seed sowed by Bolívar four years earlier.

The republic of Colombia was assailed by legions of Bolívar's agents, sent by him to provoke acts in disavowal of the constitution of Cúcuta and in favor of the dictatorship. Páez would have been little inclined to recognize the government of Colombia when he saw how Bolívar was everywhere stimulating acts hostile to it.

The only serious obstacle to Bolívar's plan was the attitude of General Santander, who thundered against acts in favor of the dictatorship, which placed the country at the mercy of the janizaries. Santander performed the most memorable act of his life: he arose in the presence of the idol, with no other shield than the constitution and with an entreaty to the giant for

<sup>14</sup>Paz Soldán: work quoted, letter of September 29 1826.

the life of Colombia. Bolívar, who, the year before, had called the laws of Colombia "wise laws," "was now convinced to the marrow of his bones that only an able despotism could rule America,"<sup>15</sup> and he removed Santander with these words:

The journalists proclaim heroes under the laws, and principles above men. So much for ideology. That must be the celestial patria in which laws personified are going to fight for heroes and principles, as the geniuses of destiny will direct things and govern men. Virgins and saints, angels and cherubim will be the citizens of this new paradise. Bravo! Bravo! Then let those legions of Milton march forth to stop the advance of Páez's insurrection, and, since government is administered by principles and not by men, they have no need either for you or for myself. *We have now had our fill of laws.*<sup>16</sup>

Afterward, near Bogotá, he said to him:

I think it will be neither useful nor glorious to enforce existing laws. Our sacred agreement was covered with unsullied purity, it rejoiced in an immaculate virginity; now it has been violated, stained, broken, in short; it can no longer be of any use; a fundamental law may not even be so much as suspected, like Cæsar's wife.<sup>17</sup>

O Lincoln, if thou hadst followed the doctrines of Bolívar, what would have become of the American Union?

The rebellion of Páez was an unsurpassed pretext for overthrowing the laws of Colombia; for so magnificent a service the "llanero" was soon to receive an undreamed-of reward.

The ideal of the Liberator's last years seems to have been to get rid of political parties. In 1826 he congratulated himself that the Bolivian constitution "prevents the vacillations of parties and the aspirations that are produced by frequent elections," and in 1828 he said to a friend that with the government that he wished to establish "*parties are destroyed.*"<sup>18</sup>

<sup>15</sup> *Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 39.

<sup>16</sup> *Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 39.

<sup>17</sup> *Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 258.

<sup>18</sup> *Biblioteca popular*, Bogotá, indited letters of Bolívar, page 56.—On October 8, 1826, Santander said to Bolívar:

"The acts of Guayaquil and Quito, creating a dictatorship against the existing Colombian agreement, thus grossly insulting our national government, are

Among the multitude of counsels that Santander gave to Bolívar to save him from the abyss toward which he was hastening, stands out the following, which was published only three years ago and which is a truly startling prophecy of the misfortunes that befell Colombia and Bolívar:

From the facility with which the people of certain municipalities and towns are now being assembled to decide that reforms should be pushed, that the Bolivian code should be adopted, that a dictatorship should be created, that the great convention should be convoked, et cetera, they will come together to-morrow to destroy what they have made, to dissolve all union, to fail in every agreement, to depose from power and to banish you or to do something of the same kind. We are under the eyes of Europe, and our public actions ought not to be in violence either of civilization or of the spirit of the age.<sup>19</sup>

The opposition of Santander to the dictatorship of Bolívar has been misinterpreted to such an extent that an historian such as Bartolomé Mitre<sup>20</sup> has qualified his efforts against absolutism as "dark conspiracies." Envy and ingratitude have almost always been attributed to Santander when his struggle with the Liberator has been mentioned.

Santander, with his conception of government, was a century in advance of

the ignominy of Colombia and a repetition of the acts of the Danish people, who did not wish to be governed by their king, save despotically and absolutely. A dictatorship in constituted Colombia, and when the most of the *departamentos* have embraced the cause of the constitution against the rebels of Venezuela, is the blackest stain that the authors of the project might inflict upon the country!

"What! Is the Columbian people already in disassociation? Have the laws ceased to exist? Is the government terminated? If you should die to-morrow or if they should hate you (because all adulators weary of burning incense), they would do the same thing, declaring that they do not wish a constitution of any kind. The consequence will be that there will never be any law or government or order; and is it this, perchance, that we have offered to the people, when you summoned them to aid in destroying the Spanish government? On the contrary, did you not say to them a thousand times that the object was to rescue this country from dependence on Spain, to organize and constitute it according to the free will of the people and according to the principles of constitutional law?"—*Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 246.

<sup>19</sup> *Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 287, October, 1826.

<sup>20</sup> *Historia de San Martín*.

most of the Hispanic-American politicians of his time. In his administration of Greater Colombia he made many mistakes, but it may be compared with that of any of the Latin-American democracies of our days. In the application of the law he went even to the point of cruelty. He lamented that the thirty-nine Spaniards he caused to be needlessly shot after Boyacá were not thirty-nine thousand. His administration guided the first faltering steps of the republic in international life with wisdom and dignity; he guaranteed the suffrage, in which only a few rulers have imitated him in Colombia, Venezuela and El Ecuador; he kept himself free from the influences of the period of García Moreno and of the present times in Colombia; and, above all, he tried to maintain a constitutional life that would not suffer by comparison with even that of England.

Bolívar was preparing for a fruitless war with Brazil, and Santander entreated him to desist from such an adventure. When Bolívar decided to bury Greater Colombia in favor of the confederation of the Andes and when he established a tyranny that has set us down as an incapable people, Santander exhausted his efforts to save his friend from the immeasurable disenchantments that surrounded his death.

Bolívar and Santander: the former in front, overthrowing at every blow centenary edifices; and behind him the latter, in the silent work of laying the foundation of a state whose government had nothing to envy of Albion! These two men united, what height might not Greater Colombia have scaled? In the twilight of the farewells of San Pedro Alejandrino the Liberator reviewed the past and exclaimed that his enmity with Santander had been fatal to him. The Liberator attempted to govern after 1825 in the same way as when he had driven the Spaniards into the Caribbean and the seas of Balboa with his lance, and he failed to distinguish between those that had dared to oppose him; and this was thy great misfortune, O august Colombia! who mightest have in time become the first born of Columbus, like thee, great and unfortunate!

The Washington of Valley Forge became

the Washington of Mount Vernon: and the Bolívar that was the father of all the Colombians in 1825 died in frightful exile from his country, he, the creator of a world!

The Liberator destroyed those that only desired her happiness, and she then passed into the hands of Páez, Urdaneta and Flores. The "Lion of Apure," when he recalled the words of Morillo—that he had done Bolívar a great service in killing the lawyers—felt distressed that he had not done the same with those "that fell at his side." Juan José Flores counseled Bolívar, in case the convention of Ocaña should not show complacency, to dissolve it without hesitation, "for true glory consists in conquering, and we [the soldiers] are not in a position to receive the law when we can make it."

Rafael Urdaneta said to Bolívar, in recommending to him that he assume discretionary power: "In my opinion the troops of Colombia are the first citizens of the republic, and when they speak, their voice is more penetrating than that of others." General Mariano Montilla explained to Bolívar his methods of government in Magdalena in the following manner: "The first fellow that as much as opens his mouth to me in this *departamento*, although he be related to the family of Jesus Christ, I tar and feather him; or, if he tries to do anything, I hang him."

And these were the men with whom Bolívar governed Greater Colombia during the last years!

The Liberator reached Bogotá and studied with the government the plan of confederation. The vice-president [Santander] showed himself to be lukewarm toward Bolívar's favorite idea, but Bolívar got him to promise to write to General Santa Cruz to request information regarding it. In Perú, the Liberator had said that the capital of the confederation would be Lima, and in Bogotá he tried to win over the minister Castillo y Rada of Cartagena to his project of dividing Greater Colombia into several states with the cajolery that Cartagena would be the "sultaness" of America. The government of Colombia did not grow enthusiastic over Bolívar's colossal idea; neither did it dare



to object to it; it decided to wait until the return of the Liberator from Venezuela before opening the necessary negotiations with Perú and Bolivia.

Bolívar, now resolved to form the three little Colombian republics, had done with euphemisms and said to Santander: "*The affair of Páez is nothing.*"<sup>21</sup>

O Bolívar, the affair of Paéz was nothing, because Colombia was no longer anything in thy heart, either!

And Páez—O supreme aberration! He embraced and congratulated him on his criminal rebellion! From Bogotá, on November 15, he despatched his aide-de-camp, General Ibarra, with the following letter for Páez, rescued a short time ago from century old oblivion, which causes infinite sadness:

I have learned of all the ills from which my native land is suffering, the risks that are being run by my first and greatest friends and companions in arms, those that have bestowed upon me glory and have taken me as far as Potosí, the sons of Venezuela, those that have formed heaps of corpses with their own bodies to raise me above all America. I have said aloud that you have had the right to resist injustice with justice and the abuse of power with disobedience. . . . You have broken neither the social covenant of Colombia nor the fraternity that cemented it, and you have but rejected an iniquitous and stupid act. That is all. Do not let my letter be seen for anything in the world; for a secret discovered is a weapon in the hands of the enemy; take good care of this letter as the key of my designs.<sup>22</sup>

If such were his words to Páez, he said to Santander, a few days later, regarding the war in eastern Venezuela:

This war is going to be very cruel and it will last three or four years; in it are employed the vilest canaille that the earth possesses, the most perverse men that are known.

General Páez hastened to reply to Bolívar:

<sup>21</sup>*Archivo Santander.*

<sup>22</sup>A letter published by the Venezuelan historiographic academian the señor Carlos A. Villanueva, in *El imperio de los Andes*, page 273.—The original reposes in L'Institut de France. In it stands out the sympathy entertained by Bolívar for the Granadans, those that decided the campaign of Carabobo, those that constituted the larger part of the armies with which Sucre carried victory into Perú.

I have received the truly consoling letter that you wrote me under the date of the fifteenth of last month on your arrival at Bogotá; it is and will be a sublime work of tenderness, friendship and the most heroic patriotism. In it you show your soul to the Venezuelans as great, disinterested, void of passions. . . . It leaves me nothing to desire; but what a satisfaction it is to me to find that you, above all the intrigues and the secret slings of malice, remain as much my friend as you were formerly, and that you know that all my steps from the beginning of this resolution have been addressed to preserving the respect, the deference and the love that I cherish for you. I am satisfied if my decision has not been disapproved by you, and so would be all the Venezuelans, if I could show them your letter.<sup>23</sup>

Bolívar wrote to General Heres, minister of war of Perú, from Tunja, December 4, 1826:

During the week that I have remained in Bogotá, I have been occupied with nothing less than urging on the vice-president and the secretaries the necessity of adopting the plan of a confederation of the six states, and I think that the vice-president will support it with all his influence. We have agreed that the congress shall not meet and that the great convention shall be convoked, and then it will be easy to give sanction to that which ought to exist *de facto*. *Venezuela is in reality independent*, and she will be the one to take the most advanced steps in this plan, because, torn by excited passions and by opposing interests, hesitating, without government and poverty-stricken, she will embrace it with pleasure. All the south longs for it, and Nueva Granada can no longer be isolated between two states that overlap her extremes.

Hence the pompous military expedition that the Liberator led into Venezuela for the ostensible purpose of subduing Páez was a travesty. When the majority of the Venezuelan people—those of the regions of Angostura, Cumaná, El Zulia, Los Andes and Puerto Cabello—were in arms against Páez, the Liberator presented himself in his native land at the head of a strong army. The son of Apure remained unterrified in the presence of this formidable coalition; he regarded with disdain the pack that had set on him, for he was thoroughly aware

<sup>23</sup>O'Leary: *Memorias*, volume ii, page 70, Valencia, December 18, 1826.

that Colombia had already become an obstacle to Bolívar, and the government of Bogotá even more so. The Liberator needed a powerful base whence to dominate Santander, if the latter persisted in defending the constitution of Cúcuta; and he could find none better than in the strength of Páez. Already possessed of the support of Venezuela, Quito and Perú, he could bend Nueva Granada to his projects of a confederation and of the Bolivian constitution, as he himself expressed it at that time.

Bolívar was so sure of the adhesion of Páez that he introduced himself unattended into the camp of the "*llanero*" and proclaimed him "the savior of the patria." A splendid reward, so much to Páez's liking that in 1830 he repeated the same action to merit it again. Bolívar crowned him with honors and he vituperated those that had defended Colombia. General Bermúdez and other ardent defenders of legitimacy fell into disgrace with Bolívar. The forces hostile to Páez were demobilized, and Páez's regiments were preserved intact; the functionaries that remained faithful to Colombia were dismissed. Bolívar appointed Páez commander-general of Venezuela, two-thirds of which had declared opposition to the hero of Las Queseras.

In Caracas was created a government autonomous in respect of Colombia, and the Liberator said to Páez that in the future, "*he was not to obey the government of Bogotá, but the authority of Bolívar only.*"<sup>24</sup> Greater Colombia perished that unhappy day. In the future, the rulers of the different sections of the republic—

Urdaneta, Páez, Montilla, Flores—obeyed the voice of Bolívar only, without retaining so much as a memory of Colombia.

If it had been the desire of the Liberator, Páez would have recognized the government of Colombia. The "*Lion of Apure*" declared in March of that year: "I have no other god, no other religion, than Bolívar." But Bolívar's glance was fixed on something different from the republic of Colombia. "I have said to you that the only thought I have is the great federation of Perú, Bolivia and Colombia,"<sup>25</sup> he wrote to the vice-president from Caracas.

The Liberator thought of being, within a few months, the arbiter of South America, but he did not take destiny into account, and in one day two of the three pillars of his Macedonian projects crashed to earth. The rebellion of the third Colombian division in Lima was to Bolívar a blow equal to that of Hannibal when he learned, tremulous with impotent anger, of the end of Hasdrubal, or to that of the Corsican when he contemplated, in Trafalgar, his exile amid the waves.

Farewell, Perú and Bolivia! Farewell, unforgettable shores of La Magdalena! Farewell, portentous empire that was to reach from the smiling seas of the buccanniers to the snowy perpetuity of the proud Andes!

Santander committed the great folly of approving with joy the insurrection of Lima. It is true that the vice-president possessed very just motives for resentment against Bolívar, who, in proclaiming Páez "the savior of the patria," had implicitly censured the conduct of those that had opposed the insurrection of Valencia; but he should have reflected that with the movement of Lima a war between Colombia and Perú would be inevitable. It seems that Santander saw in the affair of Lima merely a means to weaken Bolívar enormously. In that moment of anguish in which the Liberator was like the lion at the instant of the exterminating leap, Santander appeared with these words: "All see in the affair of Perú a victory for the constitutional cause and a support for the future;" and he threw himself into it with

<sup>24</sup>*Archivo Santander*, volume xvi, page 209, letter to Santander, Caracas, February, 1827.—Regarding the meeting of the Liberator and the council of ministers at Bogotá, March 30, 1830, General Rafael Urdaneta said in his *Memorias* (O'Leary, volume xv, page 379):

"Urdaneta proved that the separation of Venezuela had been an accomplished fact from January 1, 1827, in that the Liberator began to create in Venezuela unconstitutional authorities; and that he gave her special laws for her former regimen; that in the government office they received the communications from the authorities of Venezuela, not to discuss them, but to give them approval according to the formula, which was the only dependency that the government of Colombia now possessed. In Quito had been established an administrative board that made her virtually independent of Colombia. *The Liberator, who was very frank, declared that all that he had just set forth was true, and that from these facts dated the separation of Colombia.*"

<sup>25</sup>*Archivo Santander*, volume xvi, page 209, February, 1827.

the same ardor as that with which he had hurled himself on Morillo in the swamps of the Orinoco.

The convention of Ocaña followed. Bolívar, in the presence of the overthrow of his power in the south, decided in favor of a less vigorous constitution than the Bolivian.<sup>36</sup> Santander advocated a federalistic one. The two giants came face to face, and after a tremendous struggle of months, Santander succeeded in winning to his doctrines half the Venezuelan deputies and the majority of those of Nueva Granada, and Colombia was about to receive the finishing stroke that would extinguish the image of a republic that had existed from 1827. The convention of Ocaña, the supreme hope of the people, became a frightful field of intrigue. Neither of the two parties was minded to surrender an iota of its claims. Bolívar strove for the code of Bolivia; and Santander, with the desire of forcing the Liberator to make his acts conform to the dictates of the juridical and pragmatic statutes, fashioned there the coffin of Colombia. From Ocaña the followers of Bolívar went forth to dictatorship, and the followers of Santander to the twenty-fifth of September and the revolutionary camps. The cyclone that broke there lasted three years; the treacherous dagger flashed and the tread of firing squads sounded in the land; the foot-hills of Puracé and the mountains of Antioquia<sup>37</sup> groaned beneath the corpses of those that had been brothers at Junín and Ayacucho; the whip and the bayonet were powerless to silence the cries of the sanctuary . . . and when the smoke of the muskets ceased, Colombia had also vanished into space.

The pride of the Liberator rebelled, and he declared: "'Absolute Victory or Nothing,' is my device;"<sup>38</sup> and, rather than contemplate the victory of his adversaries

and bow before the will of the nation, he ordered the Bolivian deputies to retire from the convention, which was dissolved for lack of a quorum.<sup>39</sup> Tyranny alone remained. The Liberator prepared from Bucaramanga the acts of Bogotá and other capitals to overthrow the legal régime.<sup>40</sup>

"*Desperation is the salvation of the lost*, and this ought to be our salvation,"<sup>41</sup> was the thought of Bolívar when he saw his views rejected: desperation had clouded in him all sentiment of equity toward those that had aided him to tread all America as a conqueror, and it caused him to say: "I see in our opponents nothing but ingratitude, perfidy, theft and calumny; such monsters are unworthy of our clemency, and we ought to chastize them, because the public good demands that we do so."<sup>42</sup>

After Tarqui, Bolívar conceived the hope of returning as a sovereign to the banks of the Rímac, as in his former days of glory. The project of a monarchy for a foreign prince was supported by Bolívar until he saw that national opinion was unanimously opposed to it. General Urdaneta informed Páez that the Liberator wished the monarchical plan to be discussed as if he were unfriendly to the idea. The rebellion of Córdoba and the gathering of the congress caused the return of Bolívar from Quito to Bogotá. He trusted blindly that the congress, which he qualified as "admirable"—for he had taken part with all earnestness in the selection of its members—would at length confirm his ideas of government. The Liberator, perhaps with the hope of reconquering Perú and of

<sup>36</sup>O'Leary: *Apéndice*, page 190.

<sup>37</sup>On June 1, 1828, Bolívar wrote from Bucaramanga to an influential friend: "I am going to start to Bogotá within four days, and as things leave no hope, we must act."

<sup>38</sup>O'Leary: *Apéndice*, page 189.

<sup>39</sup>O'Leary: *Apéndice*, page 209.—In this book are found several of Bolívar's opinions regarding Santander. In one of them he said:

"But what country can be saved amid so many monsters that dominate everything? When virtue is called servile and parricide, liberal? And when the most atrocious of thieves [Santander] is the oracle of public opinion and of principles? I do not wish to serve with them even for a moment."—Page 240, April, 1828.—Bolívar said this before September 25. Ideas of Bolívar's, but slightly favorable to Sucre, Páez, Padilla, et cetera, are also to be found there.

<sup>36</sup>Bolívar said to Páez regarding the convention: "I had proposed to my friends a resolution that would consolidate all the interests of the different sections of Colombia, which was to divide it into three or four states and cause them to unite for the common defense; but no one has dared to support this expedient."—Bucaramanga, June 2, 1828.

<sup>37</sup>Thus in Colombia, with the stress on the *o*, but, correctly, of course, "Antioquia."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>38</sup>O'Leary: *Apéndice*, page 251, April, 1828.

bringing about the confederation or with the belief that the congress would live up to the title that he had bestowed upon it, published to the four winds his desire that Colombia should be divided. To Joaquín Mosquera he said: "*My opinion is that this congress ought to separate Nueva Granada from Venezuela.*"<sup>32</sup> He wrote to the Venezuelan leaders in an identical manner.<sup>34</sup> The monarchical conspiracy had irritated the Venezuelan people, and a formidable roar shook the Andes. The English admiral, Fleming, engaged in a very active and effective labor in Caracas against the monarchy and in favor of the separation of Venezuela, for England would have been disturbed if the crown had been offered to a French Bourbon.

To meet the desires of Bolívar, a meeting was held in Caracas equal to the one he had promoted at another time, and an act was approved to proclaim the independence of Venezuela; but it went farther than Bolívar had ordained: it refused to recognize his authority. The Roman Cæsars, to maintain their dominion over the people, followed a certain policy;<sup>35</sup> and the Liberator's was that of acts and yet more acts. In his last years he decided all the great questions by means of this system. Acts to destroy the constitution of Cúcuta, to clamor for the dictatorship, to intimidate the convention of Ocaña, to proclaim the monarchy, accompanied Greater Colombia to her grave. However, as Peter the Great said: "So many times has our cousin Charles XII defeated us that at last he has taught us how to vanquish him," the people turned against Bolívar his favorite weapon, and two acts, those of Lima and Caracas, hurled him from the vertex of Chimborazo.

After the mournful occurrences of 1826, there were two occasions on which to consolidate Colombia: the first, when the Liberator returned from Perú, acclaimed by the whole country; but he only consummated the disunion by constituting auton-

omous governments in Caracas and Quito; the second, at the convention of Ocaña. The laws of Colombia, as well as the circumstance that the capital was in Bogotá, aroused a certain opposition among many of the Colombians, but remedies had been decided on for these evils. The constituents of Cúcuta made Bogotá the capital for a term of ten years, at the expiration of which a national assembly would choose a definitive capital and would prepare a new constitution. The Liberator anticipated the ten years and convoked the assembly of Ocaña to establish the republic on stable foundations. The most of the Colombians desired to return to a representative government which, as Freeman said of Rome, would have prevented their falling into the terrible dilemma of choosing between tyranny and anarchy. That unique moment, however, vanished amid the tumult of pride and intrigue.

The Liberator, in his last years, took few firm steps; the observer stands astonished at the manner in which his perpetual indecision caused him to veer from day to day. He hesitated between a centralistic and a federalistic constitution. He had made the comment, "the affair of Páez is nothing," only to say later, "Páez was guilty of a veritable crime against the state." He instigated the separation of Venezuela in 1830, which straightway drew from him bitter lamentations. He cried out against the monarchy, to declare years later that it was his favorite form of government, and then to return to the republican ideal.

We have reached 1830. Páez, Urdaneta and Flores, Bolívar's favorites, were retiring, each with a slice of Colombia. Since hope of forming the grandiose confederation of the Andes had vanished, Bolívar turned his eyes toward Colombia; but the convention of Ocaña caused bayonets to spring up throughout the country. When the hope of maintaining the unity of Colombia vanished, an attempt was made to bind together the three new republics; all efforts failed.

What must have been the infinite disillusionment of the Liberator when he contemplated, in a dying state, the trail

<sup>32</sup>Guayaquil, September 3, 1829.

<sup>33</sup>Restrepo: *Historia de la revolución de Colombia*.

<sup>34</sup>"*Nam qui dabat olim Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se Continet, atque duas tantum res anxios optat, Panem et circenses.*"—Juvenal.

of his terrifying march through America. The confederation of the Andes, for which he undermined the existence of Colombia, seemed as remote as the Spanish dominion. Of Colombia there remained only the bitterness of "what might have been."

Yet even if thou didst fail, thy Bolivian confederation will be crystallized some day by the avalanche of the north and the eruption of the south, O great Bolívar, who, like Washington, didst dream of a nation worthy of thy greatness!



# AMADO NERVO'S "MYSTICISM"

BY

ADOLFO M. SIERRA

The author holds that, although much has been written about Amado Nervo and his "mysticism," the whole truth has not been told. He conceives that he finds an explanation of certain tendencies of Nervo's characteristically in abnormal conditions. Many will be disposed to take issue with him, but surely it is not improper to collect all the evidence possible as a means of arriving at a definitive conclusion regarding one that so deeply moved a great variety of readers.—THE EDITOR.

IT IS unquestionable that in the realm of intellectual values we esteem only what we comprehend: Spinoza's *amore intellectualis*:—yet one works his way toward comprehension; he does not attain to it suddenly, but by following the analytical method, his reliable instrument. So therefore, in order to attain to comprehension, to the full enjoyment of a certain author, we must have within our reach the greatest sum of illustrative data as to his person, although it is improper in any case to excuse ourselves from the contemplation of this or that unattractive aspect of his life for sentimental reasons. No; Taine has already said: vice and virtue, like "sugar and vitriol," are entirely natural products; and we deem the work accomplished all the greater in proportion to the humanity that we find in it.

Sainte-Beuve, applying somatic analysis empirically to the lives and customs of great men, reached incredible limits in his first *Causeries du lundi*. He not only found pleasure in the solemn enumeration of faults, vices and virtues, but, carrying the process to the extreme, he verged on the systematic, giving preference, above the spiritual product in itself, to the elements of the ingesta. Anabolism and catabolism acquired in his hands as much prominence as or even more than style itself. However, in sin itself he found penitence, and this method, although scientific in its general lines, fell into absolutism, and its ruin was rapid. To-day no one remembers it any longer.

It is proper therefore, without going as far as license, to begin the commentary on the life and work of an author with his vices and virtues, since from such con-

stituent elements is fashioned, in the long run, our intellectual warp.

The Hispanic-American public is naturally disinclined to ideas of this character. It likes to have its heroes dressed out as demigods under the seamless mantle of fantasy, even at the expense of truth.

The psychasthenia of Larra (*Figaro*), rather than his illicit and unfortunate amours, led him to suicide. However, his biographers have had little to say on the subject, in spite of the enormous influence this neurosis exerted on his literary art, fragmentary and touched with genius, without doubt, but also indicative of the physical disturbance from which the author suffered. In respect of Rubén Darío, we are still in want of a psychological study of his chronic alcoholism in connection with his inner life and his intellectual work, since in him ethelism was, from childhood, the inseparable and mournful lure of his hours as a poet. The most of his best poems were elaborated under the influence of abnormal conditions.

Manuel Acuña's epilepsy was but slightly emphasized by Justo Sierra, in spite of the importance this affliction acquired in the tragic development of his life.

Finally, very precarious is what has been published about that illustrious madman who, in the world of South American letters, bore the name of José Asunción Silva. His lamentable and anomalous passion for his sister Elena,<sup>1</sup> the heroine of the celebrated *Nocturno*, disturbed his psychism so much that when she died he

<sup>1</sup>Regarding this tradition, see the article entitled "José Asunción Silva," by Rafael A. Esténger, published in the December, 1920, number of *INTER-AMERICA*, page 111.—THE EDITOR.

ended his life with a pistol-shot. Doctor Manrique, his physician and friend in Bogotá, who was the minister of Colombia in Paris, possessed, when we knew him in 1910, some curious documents. Some day we shall devote an essay to them.

The case of Nervo was similar. Much was written before his death, and not a little has been written since then. His apologists have been many and his admirers thousands. There is scarcely any patrimony of human greatness that has not been bestowed on him. Myrrh and incense perfume his mortal remains. His divine mask has been chiseled.

On the other hand, few are those that have related the story of the poet's life and showed his naked soul. Nervo himself, more because of an inherent tendency of his character—a confused mingling of timidity and candor—than because of mental reserves, always hid in his works and in his life of relation the human man that throbbed within him. A lover, he concealed in the most secret recesses of his home the predilect woman, as if he feared that his comrades might see her. Deeply religious and a believer in Catholicism, he never frequented churches or religious services, but every afternoon, at the hour of twilight, he withdrew discreetly from the presence of his friends, to give himself up to prayer. Sad and heartsick, he sought in the mysteries of toxicology the lenitive of his sorrows.

There was more, however, so deeply did Nervo delve into this strange propensity for Hermetism, which, even in the moments in which he purposed to free himself, such as occurred in his recent book *La amada inmóvil*, he hardly succeeded in doing so. Many critics have wished to see in this book the poet's most sincere expression, his hidden trait, we might say. However, we confess to disagreeing with this opinion, and, in proof of our heterodoxy, we take the liberty of making certain rectifications regarding the data or ideas set forth in *La amada inmóvil*.

## I

THE year was 1911, in Paris. The Hotel Lutetia, a sumptuous modern mansion in the German baroque style,

situated in the heart of the Latin quarter, was the center of the daily pilgrimages of the Argentine and even of the Hispanic-American colony resident in that capital.

They were moved by the natural desire to inform themselves personally regarding the illness that had attacked the son of Lugones the poet in those days. Suffering from fever, there came a time when we physicians that attended him gave up hope of saving him. The serenity of the poet of *Los crepúsculos del jardín* was truly Olympic at that moment.

Thanks to the presence of certain French geniuses, who from time to time appeared there—for example, the Gourmont brothers, Remy and Jean Jules Huret, the historiographer Seignobos, Maurice du Plessys—we were wont to salute, in the salon of the Lutetia, Pompeyo Gener, Luis Bonafoux, Francisco García Calderón, Juan José Tablada, Benjamín Sanín Cano, Eduardo Carrasquilla Mallarino, Rogelio Iruetia, Ernesto de la Cárcova, Ramón Cárcano, Enrique Larreta and many other writers. Above all, the silent and solemn presence of Rubén Darío was never lacking. Full of alcohol and grief, the magician of the *Prosas profanas* was moved to sobs in the presence of the restrained but not impassive sorrow of his friend Lugones.

## II

NOW, it was on this occasion that we became acquainted with Amado Nervo. Accompanied by Darío, the melancholy Mexican bard came one afternoon, not only to salute the poet of *Las montañas del oro*, but also to request our medical attention, induced perhaps by Darío or Bonafoux, for his ailing "poor child," to use the phrase with which he liked to refer to his mistress. Her name was Anne Louise Dailliez, and, as Nervo himself has said of her in the stanzas of *Gratia plena*:

*Era llena de gracia, como el Ave María;  
¡Quién la vió no la pudo ya jamás olvidar!*<sup>1</sup>

She was twenty-five years old, with a rosy complexion, medium stature, har-

<sup>1</sup>She was full of grace, like the Ave Maria;  
Whoever saw her could never forget her!—THE EDITOR.

monious curves, light hair, a small mouth and very white teeth. She spoke Spanish fluently, giving it a funny and picturesque rhythm in pronouncing it.

They had reached Paris two days earlier, coming from Spain, in the capital of which the author of *Perlas negras* had discharged the functions of Mexican consul.

As a result of his habit of retirement, Nervo was lodging in a very modest *pension* near the Luxembourg gardens. There, amid the whitest of sheets, devoured by pain and fever, lay Anne Louise Dailliez. As we approached the couch, and as Nervo introduced us affectionately, little Anne lay as if unconscious: her eyelids closed and her breathing rapid; but very soon, after the manner of one that is recovering consciousness, there came a suggestion of a languid smile, at the moment in which she held out to us a pale hand, dry and burning.

We shared the responsibilities of bedroom physician with a distinguished Peruvian youth, a brother of the former minister of Perú at Brussels—the señor Francisco García Calderón—who at that time was completing the last course of his studies in Paris and was already a physician. During the recent war he lost his life in the trenches, fighting on the side of France.<sup>3</sup>

In Anne's case it was an affection that required a surgical operation.

The operation being decided on, the sufferer was moved to the operating establishment of Professor Doleris, an intimate friend and teacher of young García Calderón's.

When he reached the operating room, the desperation of the poet Nervo approached paroxysm. Kneeling beside the bed, he caressed the invalid's hands, hair, face, or he repeated aloud in Latin *Ave Marias* and *Paternosters*, while he caused to pass between her trembling fingers the rustic beads of a wooden rosary that had been given her some days before for her comfort by the writer of *Los cantos de vida y esperanza*. It was also on that dreary afternoon at the end of September that I acquired the

certitude of that sad vice that was devastating Nervo's mind. The unfortunate mystic of *Serenidad* was accustomed, from years before, to obtain a respite from the chastisement of his sorrows by appeal to the Pravaz syringe. The nervous exaltation, almost bordering on illusion, that Nervo experienced during those days was due in a large measure to his abuse of the alkaloid.

Poor racked poet! . . . We have fresh in mind the recollection of that strange confidence that Nervo made to us a few minutes after the conclusion of the operation on Anne. Radiant with joy as a child over the apparent success of the operation, and while his loving companion was still sleeping under the influence of the chloroform, with the mystery of one that confesses furtively a compromising secret, he read in a very low voice the following poetic composition that he had written during the night and that we see to-day published in the volume of *La amada inmóvil*, although somewhat retouched and with an entirely arbitrary date. The poem alluded to, the manuscript of which García Calderón retained and of which he immediately made two copies for Nervo and myself, respectively, runs thus:

#### DESOLACIÓN

*Tu eres la sola verdad de mi vida:*  
*El resto: ¡ qué es !*  
*¡ Humo . . . palabras, palabras, pala-*  
*bras . . .*  
*Mientras tu agonía me hace estremecer !*

*Tu eres la mano cordial y segura*  
*Que siempre estreché*  
*Con sentimiento de plena confianza*  
*En tu celeste lealtad de mujer.*

*Tu eres el pecho donde mi cabeza*  
*Se reposa bien.*  
*Oyendo el firme latir de la entraña*  
*Que noblemente mío sólo es.*

*Tu lo eres todo: ley, verdad y vida. . . .*  
*El resto: ¡ qué es !<sup>4</sup>*

#### DESOLATION

Thou art the only truth of my life:  
 The rest: what is it?  
 Smoke . . . words, words, words . . .  
 While thy agony causes me to tremble!

<sup>3</sup>José García Calderón: regarding him, see the article entitled "A Peruvian Author Who Died for France," by Gonzalo Zaldumbide, in INTER-AMERICA for December, 1918.—THE EDITOR.



The days that followed the surgical operation put the poor invalid to the test. An insidious fever was consuming her like a slow fire. The strength of her heart itself threatened to yield. Our prognostic began to be somber.

A certain morning when Anne's condition suddenly became grave, the poet of *Almas que pasan* thought she had gone; and, as was the custom in the great tribulations of his life, he had recourse to the alleviation of verse, and he composed the following stanzas, which we preserve in his own handwriting:

#### ESCEPTICISMO\*

*¿ De qué sirve al triste la filosofía !  
Kant o Schopenbauer o Nietzsche o Bergson. . .  
¡ Metafisiqueos !*

*En tanto, Ana mía,  
Estás por morirte, y no sé todavía  
Dónde ha de buscarte mi pobre razón.  
¡ Metafisiqueos, pura teoría !  
¡ Nadie sabe nada de nada: mejor,  
Que esa pobre ciencia confusa y vacía,  
Nos alumbró el alma, como luz del día,  
El secreto instinto del eterno amor !*

*No ha de haber abismo que ese amor no abonde,  
Y he de ballarte. . . ¿Dónde ? ¡ No me  
importa dónde !*

*¿ Cuándo ? No me importa . . . ¡ pero te  
ballaré !*

Thou art the hand, cordial and sure,  
That always I have pressed  
With a sentiment of full confidence  
In thy heavenly loyalty as a woman.

Thou art the bosom whereon my head  
Reposes well,  
Hearing the firm beat within thy breast  
Which nobly is mine alone.

Thou art everything: law, truth and life. . . .  
The rest: what is it?—THE EDITOR.

\*This composition also appears in *La amada inmóvil* with another title and a much later date.

*Si pregunto a un sabio, "¿ Qué sé yo ! " responde;  
Si pregunto a mi alma, me dice: " ¡ Yo sé ! " "*

Nervo's therefore was an excessively vulnerable temperament that withstood the harshnesses of reality by severe effort and which, when excited artificially by "spiritual toxicants," according to the beautiful phrase of Kraepelin, reacted in a disorderly and oftener in an emotional manner. It is said of Lamartine that before writing in prose or preparing his dissertations, he had to stimulate his spirit by writing a few verses, a fact that explains the predominance of his poetic gift over the rest of his discursive faculties. Of Nervo, on the other hand, it may be affirmed that he made verse the predominant instrument with which to defend himself against the material and moral misfortunes of his life, since neither propriety nor self-interest nor pride ever moved his ego. Verse therefore was to him a life-preserving instrument, but not convulsive, rebellious, lapidary verse; on the contrary, calm, modest and melancholy verse: in a word, elegaic verse.

8

#### SCEPTICISM

For what does philosophy serve the sorrower?  
Kant or Schopenhauer or Nietzsche or Bergson?

Metaphysicians!

While, my Anna,  
Thou art about to die, and I know not yet  
Where my poor heart will have to seek thee.

Metaphysicians, pure theory!

No one knows aught of anything; better,  
Than this poor science, confused and empty,  
Illumines our soul like the light of day  
The secret instinct of eternal love!

There can be no abyss that this love does not fathom,

And I shall find thee. . . . Where? Where,  
it matters not to me!

When? It makes no difference, either . . .  
but I shall find thee!

If I ask a wise man: "What do I know?" he replies;  
If I ask my soul, it says to me: "I know!"—THE  
EDITOR.



# SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS

BY

LUIS B. TAMINI

Sprightly reflections, in the form of letters, on the present state of the world, with particular reference to certain European countries and the republic of Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

In my opinion, the only thing that can save Europe is the practical application of the religion of Christ. This alone can save the world from another catastrophe.—LLOYD GEORGE (January 5, 1922).<sup>1</sup>

LUCILIO is an Argentine. He was born in a country-seat in the suburbs of Buenos Aires and beneath the shadow of one of those aged pines that have disappeared from the landscape of Buenos Aires, listening to his favorite birds—the *ratona*,<sup>2</sup> the thrush, the *churrinche*,<sup>3</sup> the *bornero*<sup>4</sup> and the *benteveo*<sup>5</sup>—almost exterminated now by the nets of the foreign pot-hunter, who destroys them by the hundreds for a market-day; and at the age of twenty-one he has read all the didactic works he has been able to find in an unused room of his ancient family country-house. These great houses have also vanished, along with the

Neapolitan pines and the lively *ratonas*: castellets—as dreary and neglected outside as they are full of luxury and beauty inside—with Saracenic patios and conventual gardens.

Lucilio is a patriot, and he has meditated on that spirit of May<sup>6</sup> that fashioned another youth, Belgrano, studious like himself, whom necessity changed into a general. Lucilio would never sacrifice to his ambition the well-being and honor of his country, and he has chosen as his motto the *vitam impendere vero* of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who loved the truth so much, for he too, like Lucilio, was formed in the midst of nature.

<sup>1</sup>After a considerable search, we have been unable to come at the original passage in English from which the Spanish translation was made. Consequently we have had to translate back into English from the Spanish, with a probable departure from the exact wording.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>A bird similar to the common "catbird" of the United States (*Mimus carolinensis*).—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>A small bird with feathers of dark gray, save those of the head, neck and tail, which are touched with scarlet.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>According to Granada (*Vocabulario rioplatense razonado*, Montevideo, 1890, page 372), the *bornero* is "a bird of a cinnamon tan color, excepting the breast, which is white, and the tail, which is reddish. It builds a spherical nest of clay, similar to an oven [*borna*], with a side entrance and divided into two compartments by a wall with a means of communication."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>A bird about nine inches long, with a gray back, yellow breast and tail, and a spot of white on the head. Its song resembles the sound of the words "*bien te veo*" ("well, I see thee," or "I see thee well"). This is the common opinion as to the Spanish words supposed to be represented by the note of this bird. We, however, incline more to the opinion that the spelling should be "*benteveo*," and that the sound resembles the words "*ven, te veo*" ("come, I see thee").—THE EDITOR.

Lucilio has set for himself the task of observing and understanding, above everything. "*Verba volant, scripta manent*," Lucilio said to himself, his mind being well stored, even at his age, after a liberal education, with recollections of the classics: "I shall be a writer, and my pen, like Rousseau's, will never limp."

Lucilio's intelligence opens to its environment during a period of tempests. A great war has swept over Europe, leaving nothing but the ravages of civilization, and Lucilio already knows that to-day the richest and most highly civilized country is the United States, and that after that great nation comes Argentina, which is the great moral force of South America.

Lucilio possesses principles; he hates force and fraud as political instruments; and justice and truth are not hollow words

<sup>6</sup>An allusion to the famous *Asociación de Mayo*.—THE EDITOR.

to him. He would like to set out for Europe to preach the gospel to the Europeans, as Saint Augustine did to the Britons, but, realizing that the civilization of Europe is passing, that it is dying and that no one could at this time stay its decadence, he merely desires to visit the European capitals and to philosophize like Macaulay, who proclaimed the Catholic religion as still vigorous while the savage of New Zealand would be contemplating the ruins of Saint Paul's cathedral in London.

Lucilio has a friend buried away in Patagonia (in "La Devastada," an *estancia*), to whom he often sends his comments on Argentine politics. "I am tired," he says, "of these men that never have been lions and who, in order to attain their ends, become foxes. I am going to Europe to observe, to say good-by to her past magnificence; and I shall explain to you from there in a series of letters why we can no longer believe either in her books or in her academies; and I shall address you from Paris as from the wealthy Sardis in ancient time, and from London as from the miraculous Babylon with its hundred gates of bronze."

## LETTER I

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"I have reached Paris in the midst of the carnival of 1921. I go about in this second Buenos Aires, where no longer may be seen brilliant spectacles like the scene in our park on February 3 of a Sunday—'*Hic Troja fuit*'—accompanied by a 'cicerone,' who before the war conducted a class in philosophy in a great institution. 'Ah, señor,' he said to me, in his *Lingua Franca*, 'all philosophy is to-day demonetized. It does not teach us how to live, and I have to eat.' Taking the hint, we entered a restaurant, and I begged of him to take something before continuing our dialogue.

"All the philosophers that I have known suffered from dyspepsia; but this one of mine ate so much that I could do no less than remark to him with tact that sobriety in these days of extortionate prices is the virtue par excellence.

"'What would you have?' he replied; 'the spirit of the carnival has returned to Paris. Only imagine that there are those

that buy champagne at a hundred francs a bottle. However, I have finished, and let us be off to the boulevards to see the celebration of *Mi-Carême*.'

"All the world was dancing in the squares; all classes mingled in an Apocalyptic maze; and my philosopher said to me, while embracing a buxom cook, who invited him to a *jazz*.'

"'You do the same, for what you see is the symbol of the end of the world; dance over this volcano, if for nothing else than to be able to write about it to your friend Marcial.'

"I could not do so, because in an adjacent street I had just seen a procession of the involuntarily unemployed: men without bread and out of work, who were demanding the right to live. The suffocated 'cicerone' ended his almost gruesome dance in the presence of those famished beings, who would have desired to have their stomachs filled like him, in order to aid digestion with a tango; and, taking me by the arm, he said:

"'Come, for this is no family dance, and it may end in blows, although the police keep a good eye on those that are out of work. Parenthetically, señor traveler, permit me to remark that they no longer dance in the family; social culture is buried here with everything else; the public dance-halls have their proprietors, who demand exorbitant prices for the right to whirl stupidly like a top; and it is even said that they are going to organize coöperative dances, in order that all of us—rich and poor—may fall to the bottom of the abyss dancing.'

"We entered a variety theater. A young woman from Provence, of Roman beauty, lively and elegant as a statue of Lysippus, the queen of *Mi-Carême*, threw flowers from the stage at the spectators without saying a word. Why? The carnival speaks to the senses only and a monologue or an aria would add nothing to first-prize beauty. I have mentioned Lysippus in this case, because art also is buried, and it would be difficult to mention a contemporary sculptor. The artist no longer copies or interprets nature; he is called a post-

<sup>7</sup>This word occurs in the original: we do not call it English.—THE EDITOR.

impressionist, a cubist or a futurist, and he follows his sickly imagination, *ægrî somnia*.

"Laugh, Marcial, at my carnivalesque delirium; the celebrated *bal* of the Opéra of this *dancing* capital was opening again for the first time; and, accompanying a tremendous rush that was organized, as is the custom in it, I have come off so bruised that I know not whether I am writing like a sane man or a lunatic. Out of your wisdom judge me according to that practical sense by the use of which you prepare with such scientific cruelty your *baciendas*, which are to be converted into extracts of solid meat to feed anemic Europe.

"I saw in London the race-horse for which you have paid ten thousand guineas. I do not congratulate you; nothing so much stimulates gambling as a blooded horse for the races. Such a horse is nothing more than a playing-card; soon his pure blood disappears in the Argentine environment, and creole qualities reappear; and it is not a source of wealth, but of ruin, to Argentina.

"Your friend,

"LUCILIO."

## LETTER II

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"I have traveled from Paris to London in an *aéroplane*. I know nothing more monotonous; one travels without perceiving it, like a box of merchandise, and as is done for it, the traveler will soon have to pay according to his weight. I took a walk in Regent street, which is our Calle de Florida, and out of curiosity I entered a bureau of advertising and information opened by a Buenos Aires journalistic enterprise. As you have complained, Marcial, of the quality of paper used in the printing establishments, I desired to satisfy my natural curiosity; for rarely do the great oriflammes of our press reach my hands, and the Bonaerensian daily that a friend has had the goodness to send me is so small that in its dwarf's ambition it has chosen as a motto '*multum in parvo*'. Not without reason do you complain, friend Marcial, of the diffusion of ideas, after having reached, exhausted, the last page of your great daily newspaper. Follow my example—'*multum, non multa*'—and pardon so much Latin.

"Yes; the paper seemed to me inferior; but I have observed the same in respect of other Argentine publications; and you must have been in a very bad humor when you wrote to me, for you had put on gloves to read your gazette, a surprising thing in an *estanciero*. I noted, among other absences, that of foreign news, and in spite of the increase in price of Argentine news to compensate for this absence, and the well known diminution in subscriptions and sales, I considered logical the rumor that our great dailies, like many in London, had begun to lose money.

"People read little to-day, Marcial, in Europe; books are on the decline; and authors turn porters to keep from dying of hunger. Sports attract the multitude in London and Paris, and *foot-ball*<sup>8</sup> has never brought in greater returns. At night good society—as well as 'the other'—gathers to listen to the imbecilities of the *music-balls*:<sup>9</sup> to laugh, to forget and, above all, not to think. One always hears that London and Paris continue to lead in scientific discoveries and that they are only remiss in the application of them. I hope it may be true.

"Does it not seem to you, Marcial, that the moment has come in which we South Americans ought to pronounce a moderate criticism on aged Europe, although she has never been moderate with us? In Paris, that machine that triturates the rich South American and returns him to his country converted into pulp, they called us *rastacueros*,<sup>9</sup> and remember the congress of Versailles and the nations of 'limited interest.'

"How much the European journalist has made of our revolutions and wars, *pour rire*, in spite of the fact that—as Pacheco y Obes, the general of the siege of Montevideo, said, in a tribunal of Paris—they could die in them as well as the people of Europe, and no one could say more.

"We might apply the law of retaliation,

<sup>8</sup>English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>*Rastacuero*: from the French *rastaquouère*, a corruption of the Hispanic-American *rastracueros*, from *rastrar*, "to drag," and *cuero*, "leather;" first, a person that has made a fortune in the leather trade; second, a person, usually a foreigner, who is very ostentatious and whose resources are doubtful; and, third, by extension, a captain of industry.—THE EDITOR.

but the South American is magnanimous toward the foreigner, and we ought merely to limit ourselves to giving good advice to Europeans, hoping that they will listen to us with respect, above all, in the vexatious rôle of director of consciences.

"Do they not continue to interfere, perhaps, with their politicians—above all, great planets like Viviani, or small planets like Guernier—in our public affairs? Our diplomatic corps in London and Paris are not independent. They take part, in the salons and clubs, in European high finance, and this is the first cause of this interference to which I refer, and behind which might often be discovered a Shylock.

"If I represent the march of civilization by an ellipse, I think that we Americans, having 'kept' our civilization, as President Harding said in his great message, find ourselves at the point least removed from the sun of the periphery, and Europe at the opposite extreme. We owe her therefore a little of the fecund warmth that we receive, and our writers will not fail to give her good spiritual counsel when it becomes necessary.

"This independence of ours is new; but after our having withdrawn with much courage and no less opportuneness from the league of nations that meets in Geneva and is the echo of the Europe that I am painting, my good Marcial, we ought not to hesitate to go forward, although it be with danger; for only thus shall we come to be a great people, 'in the full exercise of its sovereignty,' a phrase employed also by Harding in that message.

"Our responsibility will be great; but the 'sentiment of responsibility,' which is the characteristic of mature peoples, will have been born.

"Your friend,

"LUCILIO."

### LETTER III

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"I shall recall here your opinion, that we ought not to be very proud of a national constitution that is a faulty plagiarism of that of the United States, for, as we are Latins, our psychology is centralistic, while that of the Teutonic<sup>10</sup> race has always prac-

tised decentralization in politics. The federal system leads to a squandering of budgets; it creates a caste of politicians that know only how to live off the state; and, like you, Marcial, I believe that we ought to return to our ancient mother-country Rome, as has happened in Colombia, by passing from the federal to the unitary system.

"Rome is not dead, according to an English writer, Robert Blatchford; she has prolonged her life in Italy, Spain, the south and center of France, in Roumania, in parts of Belgium and Switzerland and, above all, in the papacy; for, my dear Marcial, we writers are so fickle that we are again beginning to admire the papacy, and although the present pope, who is an excellent vicar, does not speak like the great Gregory VII or Urban VIII, he is beginning to lift his head.

"If I had among my books that history of the popes by Ranke,<sup>11</sup> which I have seen in your library and which is so interesting, I should read it again.

"What would you have, Marcial? *Tout arrive*, and the opportunity of the bishops of Rome has come. We were promised, as Venizelos said the other day, a new type of civilization, and we have only seen in its stead the warring interests of the victors, *too much interest*, as Ambassador Carnot himself declared in London. The epoch is sordid, the profiteer merchant, covered with titles, the *mercanti*, whom the president of the 'Bovril' meats company has just called *buccaneer*, and who was below the buccaneers of the past because the latter at least took some risks.

"There has thus been formed an aristocracy of the adventitious, which takes the lead in pleasure and prodigality in the theaters, restaurants and casinos; and the worst of it all is that the old aristocracy, poor and demoralized, follows and imitates them. That democracy, so boasted during the war, begins to be eclipsed; there is a quest for dignities that will render us exclusive and keep us at a certain distance from our less favored fellows; and, paren-

dently had in mind to say "Anglo-Saxon."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup>Leopold von Ranke: *Die Römischen Päpste in den letzten vier Jahrhunderten*, Leipzig, 1874.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>We translate the word used in the original, as it was the author's, although we recognize that he evi-

thetically, I must tell you, Marcial, that the president of the company of our southern railway has been made a baronet.

"Do you think you will be able to obtain here and there a greater influence in order to induce a new increase in the tariffs? And you perhaps ask regarding this, which is one of those reserves due to advantageous exchange in the past, why does not one appeal to those of the railway or to the stockholders, who make money in the bourse, in exchange, by trade and in other ways, and not to the public?

"I end this letter, Marcial, in a black humor. If what Blatchford asserts is true, that the Latin race in Europe is a continuation of Rome, I ask: And where are the Romans? Do not consider me a hypocrite; do not go imagining that I think a civilization has been lost, like a village priest, because some beautiful women sell their charms publicly, for the same was done in Rome and in Alexandria, and it is practised in Buenos Aires in the full light of day. No; but I do not understand how the regular woman can frequent public balls, side by side with that irregular one, without concluding that society is undermined at its base: that is, the family, the home, respect for childhood and for the honor of the species.

"However, I hasten to inform you that I have just discovered some true Romans. I went to the British museum to calm my neurasthenia in the presence of the grandiose antiquities of Egypt and Nineveh. I had to pass through a long gallery of authentic Romans, with physiognomies like ours, after more than a thousand years: busts and statues of marble. Alas! that to-day we can admire humanity only in marble.

"Your friend,  
"LUCILIO."

#### LETTER IV

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"What a lot I could tell you about things, my dear Marcial! And you would see from them, perhaps, that the culture of present Europe is not exemplary in manners and customs; but this Europe does not grant us in respect of herself the freedom that she takes with us every day in her

press. To narrate what I see would require the pen of a Procopius, the historian of the Byzantine empire, the chronicler of Theodora and her friend Antonia; and, like the contemporaries of Procopius, we in London live, given over to the hippodromes.<sup>12</sup> The assassination of Dato, the conservative liberal Spanish leader, to whom was attributed the hand of iron in a velvet glove, has passed unperceived, and the sensations of the day are the incessant bets that are being made—a thousand pounds, for example—on the great spring race in the Lincoln handicap. Not even the playwright Shaw, in whose eschatological comedies are bandied words that are used only in the slums, can rival the favorite hero, a horse named Corn Sack, whose trials for the famous event are devoured by the public every day.

"It is said that the German plenipotentiaries that came to London to sign the agreements as to indemnities and reparations have left here with the idea that the city is immensely rich, rolling in comforts of every kind. They paid more attention, doubtless, to the extravagance of the expenditures of the millionaires, which still continues, than to these processions of the proletarians, surrounded by police, that have been passing, demanding work, who remind me of the hungry *sansculottes* that preluded the great French revolution. There are more than a million and a half out of work, and, *res sacra miser*, they are to be seen in the railway stations and elsewhere, shaking collection boxes, which have a lugubrious sound, to implore a pittance of the public.

"Wealth is, in modern society, the only object of worship; the socialists, taken symbolically, are like those Titans, who, wishing to conquer Olympus, fought with the gods—the capitalists—and while we are becoming all poor or all rich, the struggle for a coffee *fazenda* in São Paulo, a rubber plantation on the island of Java, where intermediary man appeared, an *bacienda* in the rich forests of El Cauca [Colombia], described by Isaacs in the celebrated novel *María*, or an

<sup>12</sup>In the Hispanic-American countries the word *hipódromo* ("hippodrome") is used to designate a race-course.—THE EDITOR.

*estancia* in Argentina, are ardent human ideals.

"I pronounce in favor of the Bonaerensian *estancia*, Marcial, and I am going to demonstrate its potency. A señora of Buenos Aires—and this is an expression made use of by a London newspaper—has just given in London a "soirée," the magnificence of which is the gossip of this capital. Her husband is the British minister of foreign relations, a man of physical beauty and great talent, but less endowed with wealth; and to this festival gathered all the cosmopolitan magnates that are to be found at this moment in the English metropolis, making treaties and unmaking them, to devour or not to let themselves be devoured; for the surface of the earth will always be a battle-field, like the bottom of the ocean whence it arose.

"Now this great lady, who is the queen of London society, is the proprietor of one of the most beautiful Argentine *estancias*, that of "Duggan;" and it is related that on that night a fabulous sum was spent.

"When are you coming, Marcial, you that only out of modesty call your *estancia* "La Devastada" ["The Devastated"], to take a turn here? Like the old English aristocracy, the half of whose incomes, more or less, is absorbed by taxes, you complain of your poverty. If you must marry, I promise you at least a baroness, for a rich *estanciero* is only a little less than a king.

"Your friend,  
"LUCILIO."

### LETTER V

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"Let me write you a few lines about our South America and her relations with Europe. Believe me, Marcial, Europe can no longer do without South America, and she is convinced of the necessity of uniting the destinies of the two continents. For some time I have been thinking, Marcial, that another war is in store for South America, with a local conflict in the first place.

"For some time Europe has been beginning to render herself independent of the virtual Yankee protectorate: Italy has recognized, in advance of the United States, the government of Obregón in México; a

British cruiser, the *Cambrian*, has appeared off the coast of Panamá and Costa Rica; suggestive rumors fill the air, of an alliance between Chile and Japan and of large Anglo-Japanese capital invested in Chilean nitrates.

"So well is it understood, Marcial, that war engenders war, instead of imposing peace, that the present league of nations will probably remain as an organism of the allied and associated nations themselves, and that preparations for war, according to the press, will always continue in England and France.

"The next great war will be of chemists against chemists, and Chilean nitrate will play a great part, as it did from 1914 until 1918. The allies trembled for the shipments of nitrates, exposed, as they were, to the lurking German submarines and cruisers.

"Only because of diffidence did Chile refrain from declaring that it was she that won the great war, because she had a certain right.

"On what can the Europe of to-day depend save on South America? Europe's economic condition is such that only England, among the recent belligerents, is paying her expenses from her revenues. This country, in which one can have confidence which even to-day has the courage to grant Egypt the independence she promised her—also an act of magnanimity—lives by her exports of coal and the products of her factories; but so much has this commerce diminished that it is insignificant with India, now become a great manufacturing country; meager with America; and almost negligible with Scandinavia and eastern Europe, without taking into account the lost market of sixty million Germans, twenty million Austro-Hungarians and a hundred and eight million Russians.

"South America is an inestimable market that is only beginning to be developed, one that Europe can not do without and one for which it is possible she will stake everything at no remote day.

"Of what are the South American people thinking? We in our country are the only ones that know, Marcial, since she is the only country that the bureaucracies have not been able to muzzle. Bear in mind,

Marcial, when you hear opinions about South America, that they are almost always expressed by authority by diplomats or politicians, that is, by functionaries that must obey the oligarchies that pay them. I remember that the people once made a pronouncement in a conflict which took place between a North American syndicate and the Bolivian government, and my surprise still continues, Marcial, that the people pronounced in favor of the syndicate, so tired are we of these ignorant politicians, narrow, sordid and so little patriotic, who in South America, as in Spain, are the true cause of all the decadence and ruin.

"Pause for a second with me in the presence of Colombia. She has an open wound through which she is breathing, the Panamá canal, which, after all, as has been said, gave freedom to the world. What does Colombia wish of the United States? She wishes, as the theologians say, contrition of heart and satisfaction in works; she wishes a declaration of '*mea culpa*,' and five million pounds sterling. Now Panamá was a state wrested from Colombia, always in dispute with the government of Bogotá. Why did not President Reyes defend it, even with the last drop of his blood, as he proclaimed to the world? Because he did not speak with sincerity; because it was perhaps better to make a good trade with that always rebellious state of Panamá. (It has already been done).

"The truth is that in Colombia was broken the Spanish-American tradition of defending one's own soil to the last extremity, as was seen in Buenos Aires during the reconquest; and on the Pacific in the case of Chile and Perú; in Venezuela, against the European blockade; in Nicaragua, against Walker's buccaneers; and in México, against the United States; for México, although she lost the provinces [states], has always upheld with her blood the haughtiness of the Latin race of South America in the presence of the Teutonic [*sic* /] race of North America.

"What will the Colombian oligarchies do with those five million pounds sterling? Will they convert them into benefits for the Colombian nation? It is true that it has been proposed that a special commission

shall administer these funds. Apart from the protests of Colombian officialdom, we do not know what the noble Colombian nation, whose personality is usurped by the politicians, feels and thinks regarding questions so closely bound up with her destiny.

"Your friend,  
"LUCILIO."

## LETTER VI

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"Among the small personages of history—perhaps the most interesting ones—figures Cagliostro, or, under another name, Giuseppe Balsamo, to whom, in spite of his impostures—for he possessed all the secrets of magic, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, the water of beauty—a great English writer devoted several articles: for Cagliostro fled from Paris to London, accused of complicity in that celebrated scandal of the necklace of Queen Marie Antoinette; and in that metropolis he busied himself with painting in the blackest of colors the court of Louis XVI. Will you believe me, Marcial, when I say that I have read that Cagliostro or Balsamo or Marquis Pellegrini, always fleeing secretly from capital to capital, cherished the intention of seeking refuge in Buenos Aires, where later was discovered a part of the necklace mentioned?

"That was the Buenos Aires of 1785, still governed in the name of the king, but already rich and attracting the adventurers of the world.

"The fops of the times that surrounded the viceroys had taken to visiting Paris, and I recall a great-uncle of mine that had ruined himself in Europe and who, incapable of any kind of work, passed whole days in the Confetería del Gallo in Buenos Aires, recounting his adventures. This exodus of rich Argentines to the beautiful capital of France continued until 1914. Paris attracted them, held them spell-bound, as the serpent the first man, and not the Argentines alone, but also the wealthy Mexicans, Brazilians, Colombians and Chileans have consumed in the Sardanapolese bonfire of the 'city of light' the surface riches of their respective countries: the diamonds of Brazil, the revenues



of the Argentine *estancias*, the guano of Perú, the gold, silver and precious stones of México and Colombia.

"Some of our Parisian *estancieros* did not abandon the colt-skin boot, in the figurative sense, and hence their nickname of *rastacueros* or of *rastas*, simply, now a mere survival, because the colt-skin boot has disappeared.

"In this season of the winter of 1921 have been seen many Englishmen at Cannes, many North Americans at Nice, the same cosmopolitan and rueful multitude at Monte Carlo; but the South American remains in his country, better appreciating it for the first time, passing the time in touring South America. It is a new migratory evolution toward the splendid Rio de Janeiro, the climate of Paraguay, the *punas* of Bolivia, the lakes of the Andes, the strait of Magellan and even those mountains of Colombia in which were lost the treasures of the Incas of Perú, the chains of solid gold that encircled the great palace of the emperors of Cuzco, for which the North Americans are out hunting.

"Countries like Argentina that are beginning to be populated ought to make protectionists of themselves, in order to guard their independence. Protectionism is sterility; it causes misery; but it is the best shield of nationality; and this occurs to me in respect of this other migratory movement of the higher classes of European society to our South American continent, as the alternative for the contrary current that I have mentioned and that seems to have stopped. I run over with interest the lists of passengers on the boats of the Royal Mail Steam Packet company bound for Brazil and Argentina, and in them I find beside a marquis of ancient lineage, such as Queensberry, a viscount of recent creation, such as Saint David, president of that railway company of the Pacific, which

forms part of the immense combination that is being created by the president of the great railway of the south, including the petroliferous region of Rivadavia.

"The Buenos Aires of 1950 will be portentous, Marcial: probably a rival of New York, a Sirius among the city stars; and you can not deny, Marcial, that we writers, the small personalities of history, are the ones that have fashioned it. For to contemporaries we shall always be heretics, and as to remuneration, *de minimis non curat prator*.

"Our criticism, our individuality, does us a great deal of harm; but it is liberty of conscience whence has sprung the new South American state, combating right based on might, fraud on simulation, challenging oppressive authority, in spite of its persecutions, and creating a new life.

"Somber indeed is the drama of the independent writer, whom you, Marcial, who pasture magnificent flocks, ought to view with pity.

"The new social classes that are going to South America carry ideas that are deemed reactionary in the Europe of today. The league of nations of Geneva is considered reactionary. Universal suffrage ought therefore, Marcial, to be the *New Testament* of South America; for it is the right to pass judgment on the state, which, in the last analysis, is often no more than a government house full of intrigues and attacks on freedom. A government under such circumstances does not desire judges, and suffrage is restricted or the liberty of the writer is impaired, or, indeed, the church, taking a hand in politics, presents itself in opposition to liberty, because all authority comes from God, and only it has access to the Deity.

"Your friend,  
"LUCILIO."



# INDIGENOUS INDUSTRIES AND THE POTTERY OF TEOTIHUACÁN

## EDITORIAL

An allusion to the general industrial conditions of México and to a possible method of developing certain primitive handicrafts, rather than a discussion of the indigenous industries of the country.—THE EDITOR.

THE development of modern industries in México is, let what will be said, so slow and subject to such vicissitudes that those that seemed to be flourishing have suddenly disappeared. Their disappearance has been due to many causes, and we make no attempt to discuss them authoritatively. We merely comment on one of these causes, which is perhaps the most important at the present time.

Since the great war, all the nations have centered their efforts on industrial production, perfecting their merchandise surprisingly and cheapening it to an incredible degree.

Shall we, who have always been and are to-day more than ever, microscopic industrials, be able to stay the avalanche of products that are sent to us at prices inconceivably low by many nations that have been manufacturers for centuries? Certainly not! Of course, we can set up prohibitive fiscal barriers against importation; but the remedy would be worse than the disease, because, in the first place, we should be obliged to lead a primitive existence, for to live without foreign industrial products would be not to live. In the second place, the offended nations would take revenge by not buying raw materials from us, and such a policy would curtail our exports and would bring with it a sudden national paralysis. Is the remedy for this condition to be found in smothering our industrial production and in opposing the establishment of new modern industries? We believe that the existing industries ought to be fostered by falling and getting up again—to use the common saying—without, of course, placing an excessive burden on similar foreign products, as this would work injury to the people in general, however much it might benefit two or three

or twenty industrials. As to the establishment of new industries, we should be very cautious; above all, in respect of those that require thorough scientific knowledge and great technical skill. Proceeding otherwise, we should expose ourselves to ridicule.

On the other hand, there is a way to do something practical for the national industry, but, unfortunately, this something may not be understood, or there may be no desire to understand it on the part of those that are afflicted with industrial *Europeanism*. We refer to the typical industries, mainly to the indigenous ones, which have always had and will always have an open market in México and abroad, in spite of the wretched industrial methods of production and sale that have been followed. For example, the straw hats of Oaxaca and Puebla, which are so widely used outside of the cities in the United States, constitute an item of relative importance among our exports and which could be made a hundred times more productive if more modern methods were used in the collection of the palm leaves, in the manufacture of the hats and in packing and sending them to ports of outlet; but neither the unhappy Indian that gathers the leaves for miserable wages nor the one that carries them on his back nor the one that weaves nor even the merchant himself that sells the hats obtains an adequate return for his labor, and, above all, the first three are underpaid. Much the same might be said of fabrics, embroideries, pottery, repoussé work and many other manufactures.

However, we must proceed with caution in attempting to promote the indigenous industries, lest we produce disastrous results, as has happened in the case of persons of good faith who, while desiring to improve these industries, modernized them to such a extent that, although their me-



PLATE I. MODERN ENAMELED POTTERY MADE AT SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACÁN  
(An industry established in the region by the Dirección de Antropología of México)



**PLATE 2. MODERN ENAMELED POTTERY MADE AT SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACÁN**  
 (An industry established in the region by the Dirección de Antropología of México)

chanical production was beyond reproach, they lost, on the other hand, their typical character. As a result, in spite of their being very well made, they were of a hybrid and unattractive appearance, which naturally caused the failure of the industry to which we allude, above all, abroad, where only the artistic originality of the indigenous products is appreciated and esteemed.

Bearing in mind the ideas just set forth, the Dirección de Antropología, attached to the Secretaría de Agricultura y Fomento, has undertaken the establishment of industries in the valley of Teotihuacán, among which may be mentioned that of pottery.

The potters of the region possess not a little aptitude, transmitted from generation to generation for many centuries; but, unfortunately, the isolation in which they have lived has rendered the forms and glazing of their pottery very defective, although what they produce is decorated with great beauty and originality; hence they have confined themselves to the manufacture of the lower grades, that is, vessels decorated with black on the natural color of the clay. The glazing has salts of lead as its base. It is a pottery, in short, similar to the inferior kind that is sold in the markets of the capital.

Bearing all this in mind, as likewise the taste which, in this respect, characterizes the numerous foreigners and Mexicans

that visit the pyramids that exist in the region, there has been established a public workshop for gratuitous theoretical and practical instruction, in which has been manufactured enameled polychrome pottery, which in some ways presents more originality than that of Talavera in Puebla, as its decorations do not show, like those of that city, a foreign influence, but are characterized by motives and models treasured in the minds of the regional potters from remote times. In short, the artistic personality of the pottery was respected, but the technic of production was perfected by the construction of adequate ovens, the development of clays of different colors and of fusing materials, and, besides, regional potters were sent to the factories of Puebla for practice under competent masters.

The Secretaría de Industria y Comercio is trying on its part to direct wisely the development of the typical industries and it has given enthusiastic support to the labors of the Dirección de Antropología.

The result is flattering, but the limited product turned out is not sufficient to supply the demand. In the exposition of the Dirección de Antropología may be seen models of this pottery (plates 1 and 2). If this industry is successfully established, as has been said, the people will proceed to foster other industries, such as the manufacture of yarns, fabrics, ropes and bags of maguey fiber [*benequén*], et cetera.



# THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA

BY

LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ

I. The influence of the philosophical ideas of the French revolution on America.—II. The character of the Spanish universities and their influence on America.—III. The culture of the people after independence.—IV. The influence of the neighboring peoples.—V. Immigration and culture.—VI. European influence, beginning with 1830.—VII. The influence of the Central American countries.—VIII. General factors that contributed to the progress of the country.

## I

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL IDEAS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ON AMERICA

WHEN the Hispanic-American colonies became independent states, after throwing off the Spanish yoke, two varieties of ideas directly influenced the method of organizing public instruction in these countries. On the one hand, there was European neo-humanism, represented by the works of the French Encyclopedists—Diderot, Montesquieu, d'Alembert, Voltaire and Rousseau—whose philosophical ideas, after having transformed the social and political institutions of Europe, crossed the seas and contributed to awaken the consciousness of the youthful peoples of America. The proclamation of the principle of sovereignty and universal suffrage in Rousseau's *Du contrat social*; the study of the nature of governments in Montesquieu's *Esprit des lois*; the fiery discourses of the tribunes of the French revolution; and the wise and liberal provisions of Carlos III in Spain, constituted the sources of inspiration whence the nascent republics of America drew their political institutions.

On the other hand, the declaration of principles of the congress of Philadelphia, which conferred sovereignty on the thirteen British colonies, and the elaboration of the constitution of the United States, effected under the inspiration of Washington, served as models for the constitutions of the liberated colonies, and when representative popular government was set up in

them, they established the bases of the democratic character of public education.

The politico-pedagogical ideas of the members of the French convention—Daunou, Lanthenay, Fourcroy, Talleyrand, Lakanal, Condorcet—exercised a whole-some influence on the constituents of America sent to the *cortes* of Cádiz and gave to the continent of Columbus a constitution based on the philosophical ideas that had stirred Europe. The constitution promulgated on March 19, 1812, demanded the ability to read and write, as a condition for being a Spanish citizen, and as such an elector and eligible to office: an indirect means of rendering education obligatory. One of the articles—the ninth—provided for the establishment of primary schools in all the towns of the monarchy and for the creation of such universities and other establishments of instruction as might be deemed proper. It stipulated that the plan of instruction should be uniform for the whole kingdom; that there should be a director-general of education, to supervise public instruction, under the authority of the government; and that the *cortes* should organize this important branch by means of special plans and studies. This article concluded by establishing, in its last section—that is, the sixth, which corresponds to the three hundred and seventy-first of the constitution—the freedom of Spaniards to write, print and publish their political ideas.

Those *cortes*, which abolished proofs of nobility for admission to the military schools and corporal punishment in correctional and educational institutions, ordained that schools of agriculture should be

founded in the provincial capitals, that cheap primers should be prepared and that a committee should be appointed to present a general plan of studies that would improve the previous legislation and the ancient methods.

As the great events of the French revolution developed, the pedagogical tendencies of philosophy were more and more accentuated in Europe. These tendencies—already initiated in the sixteenth century in the philosophical writings of Erasmus, Bacon, Vives, Rabelais, Montaigne, Descartes, Comenius, Malebranche, Spinoza, Locke and Franck, and in such moderns as Condillac, Diderot, Helvétius, Kant, Rousseau, Fichte, Schleiermacher and the philosophers of the convention, Daunou, Lakanal, Fourcroy and Condorcet—prepared the concept of education in its scientific value until it should be raised to this category by the inspiration of Pestalozzi, Froebel, Herbart, Spencer, Bain and the other writers of a later period. These ideas, of an essentially scientific character, formed the minds of the future educators of America that participated in the organization of the educational institutions of this continent.

The religious environment in which Spain moved, the theocratic spirit that dominated her policy, hindered the intellectual Europeanization of the mother-country; and hence the scientific and philosophical movement which, from the fifteenth century, culminated throughout Europe, was retarded in Spain by the mentality of men of antiquated ideas, trained in a school in no wise favorable to the progress of culture. Nevertheless, by the end of the eighteenth century the philosophical ideas that came from the neighboring France and the progressive political thought of the English constitutions penetrated some of the Spanish institutions until they assumed an effective form in the provisions of Carlos III and the liberative movement promoted by the *cortes* of Cádiz in 1812.

Two pedagogical tendencies of considerable importance attracted the attention of Europe in that period: the pedagogical inspiration of Pestalozzi and the systems of monitorial teaching of Andrew Bell and

Joseph Lancaster. The pedagogical doctrines of Pestalozzi, which had spread in France and Denmark, reached Spain in 1806, and the Real Instituto Pestalozziano Militar was soon formed under the direction of Voitel. The fundamental works of Pestalozzi were translated into Spanish, and the *A B C de la visión intuitiva* was added to the Spanish pedagogical literature. That seed, watered in Spain by Voitel, did not fall on barren soil, and soon the Spanish laws themselves, copied afterward by the American nations, found inspiration in the principles of the educator of Yverdon.

Bell and Lancaster's system of monitorial teaching had as its field of activity France, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Germany and the United States of America, as well as certain European possessions in Asia, Africa and Oceania. This system was introduced into Spain by the captain of the regiment of Malaga, a Mr. Kearny, who had been studying it from 1816 in the schools of London and Paris.

Pestalozzi's ideas were propagated by his disciples, and especially by Froebel. His doctrines were diffused in America by means of the publications of Horace Mann and the North American educators that followed him, who succeeded afterward in spreading them in South America through the instrumentality of the educators Domingo Faustino Sarmiento and José Pedro Varela.

The Lancasterian system was introduced into South America by the noble efforts of Simón Bolívar. Lancaster, summoned to America by the great South American genius, went to Colombia, where the Liberator not only provided means for the development of his plans, but also aided him with 20,000 *pesos*, that he might found schools in Caracas, as he had established them in Colombia. The celebrated educator had secured the aid of a Mr. Thompson, an enthusiastic British philanthropist, who not only aided him with his valuable coöperation, but, carried away by Lancaster's system, became the most ardent of the leader's partizans. Thompson made the round of many of the cities of Colombia, Ecuador and Perú, establishing schools of

that kind in Bogotá, Popayán, Quito, Lima and in the region of the upper Amazon.

In 1820 Mr. Thompson went to Buenos Aires and introduced there the Lancasterian system as the director of schools of this kind. Invited to go to Uruguay, he was unable to accept the invitation; he sent in his stead the illustrious professor don José Catalá y Codina, to whom were intrusted the founding and organizing of a school for boys according to the British system.<sup>1</sup>

Being propagated now throughout South America, from Greater Colombia to Buenos Aires, the Lancasterian system next made its way to Central America, where it enjoyed especial popularity during the remaining two-thirds of the nineteenth century.

## II

### THE CHARACTER OF THE SPANISH UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON AMERICA

IN THE colonial period the Spanish universities stamped their tendency and spirit on like centers established in America. The universities of México, Guatemala, León, Santa Fe de Bogotá, Lima and Córdoba modeled their organization on the classic universities of Spain. All the Hispanic-American university centers during the colonial regimen, as well as those others that date from the first half of the last century, possess the same medieval intellectual characteristics as the universities of the mother-country. These institutions were essentially religious and conservative centers in which special prominence was given to ecclesiastical studies and the philosophy of the second scholasticism, the dominator of the Spanish theocracy, with its bookish and mnemotechnic system and a narrow spirit burdened with preoccupations and routines that did not lend themselves in the slightest to stimulating scientific investigation. Its learning had become crystallized in traditional formulas, with the essentially mnemonic methods of the veriest scholasticism

and the system of cyclical teaching and dogmatism of the Peninsular cloisters. Under such circumstances the Hispanic-American university existed without the stimulus of philosophical and scientific culture to which European investigation gave prominence in its educational institutions.

Among the principal grounds of complaint that the peoples of America had against the government of their Peninsular mother-country, according to don Joaquín V. González, in his publication *La enseñanza pública hasta 1810*, was the complete neglect of public instruction, understood in the sense in which this term is used by every civilized society, that is, the general instruction of the masses.

Where did the young people that afterward attended the secondary or higher colleges and universities learn to read? Primary instruction was given:

1. In the homes themselves of the well-to-do, by teachers paid by them, or by members of these homes.
2. In the monasteries and convents, with the single condition that primary and secondary instruction should, naturally, be based on the doctrine, interests and requirements of the Catholic church and be subject to all the canonical limitations and prohibitions and the special ones applicable to the case, which the laws of the Indies were charged with sanctioning, confirming and causing to be fulfilled.
3. In the parochial houses annexed to the village churches, generally by the lesser clergy, sacristans or servitors of the churches themselves.
4. Finally, from the later years of the eighteenth century, in the schools that we shall call "fiscal," maintained by the revenues of the town or the commune, this in such rare cases that we hardly find reference to them; because the several authorities were little or not at all concerned with promoting this branch of their government of which they hardly had an idea.

That instruction given in the primary schools constituted the only manifestation of intellectual life, characterized, as it was, indeed, by its religious spirit. Around instrumental knowledge—reading, writing and arithmetic—revolved religious instruction and practice as the principal object of teaching. Pedagogical methods and procedures were unknown. The teacher never

<sup>1</sup>Orestes Araujo: "Historia de la escuela uruguaya," *Anales de instrucción primaria*, Montevideo, year ix, volume ix, pages 393-395.



imagined it necessary to be acquainted with the pedagogical theory in order to teach the branches that constituted elementary education. No teacher considered that, apart from the possession of knowledge, anything else was required of him. His only knowledge was that of teaching; he was ignorant of anything else; nor did the school demand more. The slight knowledge that was to be imparted did not demand of the teacher that he should adopt teaching as a profession.

The disciplinary practice was based on punishment, and the prevalent method of teaching consisted in the continuous exercise of the memory. All the procedures were mnemonic: the unconscious repetition of rules, words and phrases for the acquisition of the branches of knowledge—which did not extend beyond writing, reading, arithmetic, religion, morality and urbanity—applied with Catonic severity. The manner of teaching was collective. The lessons in all these subjects were repeated together by the pupils under the immediate vigilance and direction of the master.

Such was the rudimentary teaching that was imparted in the schools of the colonial period, denominated "schools of first letters." Their functioning was irregular. Such schools existed when the resources of the *cabildos*<sup>2</sup> or *ayuntamientos*<sup>3</sup> rendered their maintenance possible, or when several neighbors could conveniently join in the payment of a teacher.<sup>4</sup>

The commercial motives that induced the maintenance of the monopoly of Spanish products in America; the isolation in which the Spanish colonies were kept in respect of the European countries and of themselves, in order to prevent all commerce save with the mother-country; the restrictive laws as to the diffusion of books throughout the new continent; and the theocratic spirit of the Spanish government, which directed religious thought in

harmony with the designs of the Catholic sovereigns alone, retarded culture in America, causing to be felt in the colonies, not only the absence of the scientific and philosophical thought of Europe, but also what Spain only could give us: the palpitations of her literary life, which attained to such brilliancy in its epoch and whose poetry afterward inspired so many ideals and broadened so many horizons.

Such is, rapidly sketched, the intellectual inheritance that America received from Europe before the occurrence of the events that bore on the independence of the different colonial regions. That culture might have influenced the colonies that possessed some means of communication, although in an illicit manner, with the European nations, apart from the metropolis; but in a country such as ours, owing to the isolation in which she existed and the poorness of her soil, which did not attract the agents of culture, education was limited to the purely rudimentary teaching that was imparted in the so-called "schools of first letters."

If, indeed, some of the Hispanic-American nations owed much of their culture to European countries, other than the mother-country, Costa Rica received her great contribution of culture during two-thirds of the last century from Spanish civilization. This influence came to her, directly, from Spain, with the adoption of her laws, the importation of school texts and the introduction of professors under contract; she received Spanish culture, indirectly, through the universities of Guatemala and León, to which centers the Costa Rican youth repaired for their studies.

A part of the colonial legislation, in that which dealt with the municipal organism, continued in force in Costa Rica, even after the declaration of governmental autonomy. The organization of the *ayuntamientos* of 1812 in the constitution of Cádiz persisted among us for several years. The last of the municipal ordinances, issued after 1828, if they did not constitute a transcript of Spanish legislation, did not on this account lose the spirit of those Peninsular laws.

As instruction was intrusted to the *ayuntamientos* after the promulgation of the constitution of Cádiz, and as this practice

<sup>2</sup>*Cabildo*: municipal corporation, one of its meetings or the place where it meets.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Corporations, composed of the *alcalde* or mayor and several *concejales* or aldermen, for the administration of the civil business of cities or towns.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Luis Felipe González: *Historia del desenvolvimiento intelectual de Costa Rica en la época del coloniaje*, San José, Costa Rica, 1914, page 30.

was adhered to in the authority conferred on the municipalities by the later laws, the earlier organization possessed a municipal character. That incipient culture—imparted by the *ayuntamientos* in the so-called “schools of first letters”—of reading, writing, arithmetic and Christian doctrine, although deficient, yet supplied to all the social classes without restrictions of any kind, was the origin of the democratic character of our teaching, and the beginning of Costa Rican public instruction.

### III

#### THE CULTURE OF THE PEOPLE AFTER INDEPENDENCE

THE political events which, in September, 1821, brought as a consequence the freeing of the Central American provinces from Spanish dominion, at the same time that they ushered in a period of liberty for Central America, also opened the intellectual horizon of these peoples, and, together with the birth of these new institutions, culture, based on ideals of liberty, was developed.

That Costa Rica might set up her own government, she instituted the Junta Superior Gubernativa, which, from November, 1821, until September, 1824, was intrusted with the supreme direction of the affairs of the country. That governmental régime—which, according to the saying of one of the cultivators of national history,<sup>5</sup> was productive of patriotic efforts for the preservation of peace and order, for the prevention of anarchy, of which there was a menace, and for the consolidation of the regimen of a permanent government—not only strove to develop the industries, but it also devoted its attention to fostering the education of the people by soliciting foreign aid in organizing our incipient public instruction.

A state of prosperity is to be observed in this period. Under the shelter of the new institutions, the economic activities of the country attained to a high degree of development. The restrictions placed by the Spanish government on commerce and the industries being removed, economic life

developed freely and new enterprises broadened our activities.

At that time flourished the mining industry, which stirred the national life of the country and stimulated immigration from abroad. The frequent arrival on our shores of small vessels, to transport to the United States and to the countries of Europe the products of our mines, promoted commercial relations with those lands and afforded us an opportunity to appreciate the progress attained by their peoples.<sup>6</sup>

From the beginning of the mining industry, we have had among us men filled with energy, who, in taking up their abode among us, have been active agents of progress. From those times are recalled Richard Trevithick,<sup>7</sup> Ramón Pomerol, John Dent, Jacques Millet, Manuel Dutarty, Buenaventura Espinach, Manuel CACHEDA, Esteban Xatruch, Manuel and Jorge Peinado, Dominic Matthey, François Giralt, Juan Baltar, Benjamin Phillips, Pedro Iglesias and others besides, who became for Costa Ricans examples of labor and initiative, agents that transmitted the good ideas and the culture of the European continent.

Fresh elements of progress were imported, and the people of the nation entered new paths of culture. That was a period in which our men, being better prepared economically, made their first trips to the European continent, and, in contact with the nations of that continent, they informed themselves of their progress and introduced new enterprises in the country.

The restrictive laws established by the Spanish government and the limitedness of the economic possibilities of our provinces, as well as the severe measures applied to the introducers of books, prevented the existence in the country of any manifestation of intellectual life. When relations were opened with the Old World, the

<sup>5</sup>As to the development of the mining industry, see the introduction to the report by Doctor don Ernesto Mellis: “Las minas del Monte Aguacate y las costas,” *Anales del Instituto Físico-Geográfico Nacional*, San José, Costa Rica, 1890, volume iii, number 2, pages 203, 220.

<sup>7</sup>Regarding the life of Captain Trevithick, see the *Life of Richard Trevithick, with an account of his inventions*, London and New York, 1872, volume ii, chapter 13.

<sup>6</sup>Francisco María Iglesias: *Documentos relativos a la independencia*, volume iii, page 1.

## IV

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE NEIGHBORING PEOPLES

introduction of the first scientific, philosophical, literary and religious works by distinguished Spanish, English, French and North American authors was begun. In the libraries of some of our men<sup>8</sup> had already appeared, as harbingers of European intellectual life, the literary works of Ovid, Seneca, Vergil, Horace, Cervantes, Calderón, Lope, Garcilaso de la Vega, et cetera; the philosophical works of Suárez, Muratón, Montesquieu, Roselli, Majencio, Varela, Malebranche, Lugdunense; the legal works of Flangieri, Álvarez, Destutt de Tracy; the ethical works of Franklin, Pascal, those of Father Mariana and *The Holy Bible*; and many others that came to improve the minds of many of the men of that time.

Among the European immigrants that came to the country were some professors of English and French, who inducted the young intellectuals into their apprenticeships in these languages and with whose aid they thus succeeded in translating foreign literary and scientific works<sup>9</sup> into Spanish. There came also at that time a commercial traveler for a North American house, Cotheal and company, who established connections with the commerce of Costa Rica. He brought among his articles for sale several works by North American and European writers.

The spread of books assumed such proportions that in May, 1832, the first prohibitive law that dealt with the introduction of books that attacked the dogma of the church was recorded. That law was the first reaction against the intellectual movement caused by the economic success of the mining industry. The result of that success was the introduction of the first printing-press, which, in 1830, initiated a new intellectual movement for Costa Rica with the publication of the works of national and European writers. *El Noticioso Universal*, which marked the dawn of Costa Rican journalism, was struck from that press, and in that periodical were published the first literary efforts of our intellectuals.

<sup>8</sup>Those of Joaquín de Iglesias and don Rafael Francisco Osejo.

<sup>9</sup>In 1814 a Monsieur Langer, a Frenchman, was professor of French in Cartago.

ALL the culture of the period of Spanish government was confined to the scant knowledge supplied by the schools of first letters, random classes in Latin and Spanish grammar that were conducted by certain priests in the towns of San José, Cartago and Heredia and the courses of the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás. With this limited opportunity for culture, the men that the country needed for the discharge of the public functions of government could not be trained.

In June, 1824, in an extended exposition, signed by "La Tertulia Patriótica," we are informed in the following terms of the small number of persons that filled public offices. It runs:

Since this province, along with the sister provinces, was subject to foreign dominion, and while its representation was still so meager, the lack of culture was very perceptible; it was always in want of a lawyer to direct and even to give being to the scanty administration that had been left by the colonial system in charge of its interests, so that they were always at the arbitrary disposal of military prigs, idiots, spendthrifts and tyrants without opposition; the public exchequer, replenished always by the taxation of unhappy citizens, exacted even at the prejudice of their natural sustenance, was the fortune that those placemen prodigally dissipated; the administration of justice, which is the only consolation of the oppressed of society, was, on the contrary, the exterminating dagger with which humanity was more afflicted and despotism more protected; industry and commerce, far from being stimulated, were burdened and their products usurped by those who, by the gifts of nature and in spite of great obstacles, undertook them.

This is sufficient to show the misery into which we were plunged for the simple want of a jurisconsult, whom even the least of the other provinces did not have to do without, and for whom we have insensibly extended ourselves; for this is not the principal branch in which we were lacking; because, in truth, either of the other branches is in every sense an incalculable need; among them, I shall note briefly medicine, the lack of which has caused the decimation of our population, which ought to be immense, and has caused it to decline from the remotest times

of our enslavement; and mineralogy, for the want of which the rich treasures of which nature has made us the possessors have been so long hidden. We have nothing to say of the modern sciences, nor even of philosophy, the knowledge of which began ages ago and is disseminated throughout the earth.

Finally, Christian and moral maxims, which we could not do without in our education, are taught in a hazy and obscure manner that plunges us more and more every day into timidity and slavery. There still exist to-day lamentable evidences of this truth in the fanaticism and illusions that are to be encountered in the majority of our towns; but it would be an interminable task to make a prospectus of our condition in those times. Let us turn our eyes to the present, in which we have fallen on happier days. Let us point out the means of upholding our independence, and we shall find that, after a wise constitution, we are in need of wealth and a strong public opinion; for the former, much commerce, industry and economy; for the latter, many and powerful agents, wise and cultured in all branches; skilful soldiers, deeply versed in mathematics; expert mining operators, with adequate technical knowledge; competent political agents, economists and publicists; physicians, statesmen and artists, whose education ought to be based on principles in any independent state. Finally, public opinion, which is the fundamental basis of our system, can not flourish if it be not founded on the principles of wholesome philosophy, while the most of the people are now lacking in the simplest knowledge of this important subject; but our situation hereabouts is so diabolical that the government and the public agents even lack expeditious clerks to administer the affairs of their offices; and our political progress is not a little retarded by this want and the one that is experienced by the curious readers of certain districts who, informing themselves of the public documents and decrees, might explain them to the people, thus preventing the great evils and worry caused us by the misunderstanding of them.

The preceding lines are the best revelation of the intellectual state of the first years that succeeded the attainment of independence. If, indeed, as was said at the beginning, in the period of our political freedom the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás functioned for more than a luster as the only center of higher learning, that institution had not yet yielded all the fruits that were to be desired. Hence it became necessary to import into the coun-

try foreign educators, in order that, by means of the contribution of their knowledge, they might aid us in organizing public institutions.

The most notable influence of the period was that of Nicaragua. Already in 1814 there had been brought to this province, to preside over the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás, the academician don Rafael Francisco Osejo, who, besides his achievements as a teacher, of which we shall speak later, began to make himself felt by his participation in the defense of the Indians of Pacaca, Cot, Quircot, Aserri and Curridabat, in the last years of our colonial life. When independence was proclaimed, Osejo adopted the cause of freedom with enthusiasm, and he was the promoter of the convocation of the delegates of the people that were to elect the Junta Superior Gubernativa, which he brought about, thanks to the influence he exercised in the *ayuntamientos* of San Jose and Escasú. Beginning with these events, Osejo's political activity was quite notable. He was a deputy on several occasions and a member of the court of justice, and in the exercise of these functions he was the inspirer of many of the institutions of that period.

Nicaraguan influence was manifested at that time in the men that had been induced to come to the country expressly to share in the task of furthering our political organization and in the Costa Ricans that were educated in the Universidad de León, and who, on their return, were appointed members of the Junta Superior Gubernativa, the constituent assembly, the congress, the council and the supreme court of justice. Among the former, we ought to mention don Nicolás Espinosa and don Simón Guerrero, especially brought to the country: the former, for the office of counselor of the Junta Superior Gubernativa; and the latter, to organize the courts of justice. A similar service was lent in the judicial branch by the lawyers don Toribio Argüello, don Valentín Gallegos, don Agustín Gutiérrez and don Rafael Barroeta. Although the señor Gutiérrez was a Guatemalan and the señor Barroeta a Salvadorian, they had studied in León. Of the Costa Ricans graduated at the Universidad de León, we ought to mention don Pedro

Zeledón, one of our first lawyers and the father of legal instruction in Costa Rica; don Manuel Aguilar, who served in different branches of public administration, as a deputy, magistrate, counselor and chief executive; and don Braulio Carrillo, who filled several positions and rose to the dignity of president on two occasions.

Priests graduated at León also played a very great part at that time in public affairs. Of these priests, the first place was occupied by Father Juan de los Santos Madriz, who served in the Junta Superior Gubernativa, and who was one of the editors, in company with don Juan Mora Fernández, don Joaquín de Iglesias, don Santos Lombardo and don Rafael Barroeta, of "the fundamental international social covenant of Costa Rica." Father Madriz, who was the president of the Junta Superior Gubernativa, held office as deputy several times and he was president of the assembly in 1823; Presbyter don Manuel Alvarado, also graduated at León, was a member of the Junta Superior Gubernativa and a deputy for several terms; Presbyter José María Esquivel, a priest of San José, took part in the later political events of the period of independence, along with other priests of the period: the señores Luciano Alfaro, Joaquín Flores, Pedro José Alvarado, Gabriel del Campo, Joaquín García, Nicolás and Joaquín Carrillo, José Nereo Fonseca, Cipriano Gutiérrez, Joaquín Bonilla, José María Porras, Emigdio Umaña, Francisco de la Rosa Zumbado and Félix Romero.

During the political organization of the first administrative period, beginning with 1825, many of the graduates of the Universidad de León made their contributions as legislators. Of that period may be mentioned Presbyters Cecilio Umaña, Joaquín Rivas, José María Arias Guerrero, Vicente Castro, Joaquín Quesada, Julián Blanco, José Antonio Castro, Félix Hidalgo, Francisco Peralta, Pablo Rojas, Juan de los Santos Madriz, Rafael de Carmen Calvo, José Ana Ulloa, José Antonio Alvarado, José Anselmo Sancho, José Andrés Rivera and Nicolás Oreamuno, who worked together in drafting laws and provisions designed to effect the organization of the different departments of public administration.

The geographical factor of proximity, on the one hand, and the relations that existed between the families of Costa Rica and those of Nicaragua, on the other, account for the influence of that country on our political and educational institutions, either through her university center of León or through the men that came thence to coöperate with ours in the political organization of Costa Rica.

The intellectual influence of Nicaragua on our educational institutions is to be found, first, in the administration of the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás, in 1814, through the participation of the academician Osejo, and, afterward, in its organization, by means of the rules and regulations issued on April 26, 1825, elaborated by Attorney don Pedro Zeledón and the priests don Manuel Alvarado and don Joaquín Rivas, distinguished Costa Ricans that had studied at the Universidad de León. In accord with these rules and regulations was established for the first time in that institution the teaching of living languages—English and French—and the branches of jurisprudence that comprised the study of natural law, the law of nations and public law; that of Roman institutions, the laws of Spain, the secondary laws of the country and ecclesiastical canonical law; the branch of philosophy, which was to include—in view of the conception entertained of it at the time—the study of dialectics, geography, mathematics, ethics and experimental physics. Primary instruction—also provided for in these rules and regulations—consisted of Christian doctrine, social contract, Spanish grammar, spelling and arithmetic.

Our first law of public instruction, promulgated May 4, 1832, decreed that the municipal corporations should compel the heads of families to provide their children with instruction in Christian doctrine, reading, writing and arithmetic, between the ages of eight and fourteen, and it imposed a fine of three *pesos* a year on those that did not fulfil that requirement. The author of this law was the Nicaraguan academician don Rafael Francisco Osejo, engaged by the municipality of San José to direct the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás in 1814. This law originated in the

report of Professor Osejo, presented on May 16, 1831, in his capacity as deputy of the Asamblea Ordinaria:

The instruction of youth is a thing of the greatest importance, and for it nothing is more necessary than the establishment of schools of first letters. The public funds can not provide them, owing to their notorious meagerness. Experience has constantly taught that the heads of families, in spite of what reason dictates, regard this important subject with entire neglect. I am sure that there is almost no municipality that is not agreed that, in order to remedy the evil of a lack of schools, there is no other remedy than rigidly to oblige the heads of families to place their children in the public schools and to pay a certain quota, that which your wisdom may deem proper. This I beseech of you, and you, señor, will decide what is best.

The culture imparted in the Universidad de León during the entire second half of the last century influenced our instruction very directly. That culture, which emanated from Spain, reached Costa Rica through the instrumentality of the graduates of this university. The organization of the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás and the law of public instruction of 1832, as well as the organization of the Universidad de Santo Tomás, were a reflection of the culture of the Universidad de León.

At the beginning of 1843 was begun to be felt in our educational institutions the influence of a distinguished Costa Rican student, also educated at the Universidad de León. The illustrious Doctor don José María Castro, graduated at that university center, was appointed secretary of public instruction in the administration of don José María Alfaro; he decreed a transformation in the Universidad de la Casa de Santo Tomás and other laws and provisions that tended to better the state of our instruction.

As in the case of the political institutions, the influence of the clergy educated in Nicaragua was caused to be felt from the beginning of the last century in the educational work of the country. In Costa Rica, even as early as 1801, a college in Cartago was presided over by the priest don José María Esquivel, educated in León. The priest don José Arguedas, a teacher of Latin and the humanities, was a professor in San José; the priest don Joaquín García,

in Cartago; and father don José María Porras, in Heredia. Father Esquivel, already mentioned, was a professor in the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás; and the priest don José de los Santos Madriz was the first Costa Rican that conducted classes in philosophy in this establishment. Fathers don Luciano Alfaro and don Félix Romero were professors in the Casa de San Miguel de Alajuela in 1822; and the priest don Joaquín Flores taught Latin at various times in Heredia. All these were priests of the Universidad de San Ramón in León.

As in the educational organization, the influence of Nicaragua made itself felt in the development of the art of music in our country. From the beginning until the middle of the last century, all the professors of music that played a part in Costa Rica were of Nicaraguan origin. In general, these professors were engaged to play in the religious services of the churches and they devoted themselves at the same time to the teaching of the musical art to children. In 1814 the people of Heredia made a contract with don Juan Evangelista Mayorga, a native of León, as the music teacher for the service of the parish. Afterward, in 1815, the master don José María Morales was engaged for the same purpose. In 1827 don Pablo Jirón was engaged as master organist for the church in Heredia. In 1836 don Damián Dávila, also of Nicaraguan origin, established a school in Heredia, where he exercised a very considerable influence on the development of musical culture. Of Nicaraguan nationality was also don Cruz Morales, the grandfather of don Gordiano Morales, with whose musical talent Costa Ricans are well acquainted. The influence of Nicaragua on the development of music declined at the beginning of the sixth decade of the last century, in which the influence of Europe began to be felt more markedly, as we shall see later.

The influence of Guatemala on the culture of Costa Rica during the period to which we refer was exerted, first, through certain notable men, who left that country for political reasons and found in ours their second home; and, later, through young Costa Ricans that went to the Universidad de San Carlos to pursue studies in law and

medicine. It may be said that, beginning with 1840, the Universidad de Guatemala took the place of that of San Ramón in León as the favorite center of the youth of our country. The first Costa Rican students of medicine, with the exception of don José María Montealegre, who studied in Great Britain, received their professional training in Guatemala. In 1843, don Cruz and don Lucas Alvarado, graduates in medicine in Guatemala, came to Costa Rica. They were joined in 1849, by don Jesús Jiménez and in 1851, by don Andrés Sáenz who also had studied in Guatemala.

The Universidad de Guatemala likewise conferred the degree of doctor of laws on certain Costa Ricans. Don Julián Volio, don Juan José Ulloa and don Demetrio Iglesias were the first Costa Rican lawyers that were graduated at the Universidad de San Carlos.

In the realm of ecclesiastical culture we ought to mention the señor don Anselmo Llorente, the first bishop of Costa Rica, who was educated in Guatemala. Although the statutes of the Universidad de San Carlos, founded by Carlos el Hechizado<sup>10</sup> were conservative enough, the organization of that university center was characterized by tendencies more liberal than that of San Ramón in León, which still remained under the influence of the statutes devised by the señor Bishop García Jerez, at the beginning of the previous century.

## V

### IMMIGRATION AND CULTURE

IN THE culture of a young people, such as ours, a factor of great importance and one that has exerted a wholesome influence on her development, is that of foreign immigration. Since immigrants have come to us, in general, from centers of higher culture, they have favorably influenced our environment when they have settled in the country, thus contributing to form a new educational atmosphere. The causes that have induced the coming of immigrants to Costa Rica have been several.

The factor of geographical proximity was a determining cause, during the period

of the first republic, of an emigration of considerable importance from the nations of the Central American isthmus. These emigrants, as well as those from Colombia, Chile and Perú, came to Costa Rica attracted by the economic activity that was developed at that time in our country. That economic prosperity was the result of a development in the mining industry, the exploitation of brazil-wood, the cultivation of coffee, and certain small industries, such as those of indigo, sugar, leather, et cetera. At the same time, the relative peace and tranquillity<sup>11</sup> that we enjoyed in Costa Rica rendered this country attractive to desirable elements, not only from the nations mentioned above, but also from the United States and the more advanced countries of Europe (England, France, Spain, Germany and Italy).

Constant political agitations in the neighboring countries gave impulse to repeated currents of emigration toward our country.<sup>12</sup> This factor, well worthy of being taken into consideration, and determined by the abnormal political situation that existed in the other Central American states from time to time, has induced the emigration not infrequently of elements of culture that have been very advantageous in the development of our institutions and our economic activities.

During this period of convulsions, which may be regarded as having continued through the last century and as having extended also to certain countries of South America and the Antillas, there occurred in Central America some forty-five revolutions in a score of years. According to data that we draw from the historian Alejandro Marure<sup>13</sup> of the Universidad de San Carlos in Guatemala there were in the Central American countries, during the period that intervened between 1821 and 1842, the following number of military actions: in Guatemala, 51; in El Salvador,

<sup>11</sup>The *New York Herald* said in 1851: "Costa Rica: this country next to Chile, is the only one of Spanish America that has freed herself from the scourge of civil war." *Gaceta de Costa Rica*, July 12, 1851.

<sup>12</sup>See the circular of the diplomatic agents of the minister of foreign relations, don Julián Volio, of January 20, 1865.

<sup>13</sup>Marure: *Esfemérides de los hechos notables en Centro América, 1821-1842*, pages 149-157.

<sup>10</sup>"Charles the Bewitched," that is, Carlos II, a son of Felipe IV (1661-1700).—THE EDITOR.

40; in Honduras, 27; in Nicaragua, 17; and in Costa Rica, 5: a total of 140. These continued convulsions, which resulted in the intranquillity of these countries, drove from them the orderly and hard-working persons that sought elsewhere the personal guaranties that were denied them in their own countries.

After the achievement of independence and the development of the mining industry, there sprang up a very active commerce with England, with our neighbors in Guatemala, Nicaragua and Panamá and, toward the south, with Perú. At the end of the third decade of the last century considerable importance was attached to the exploitation of brazil-wood: a product that was exported to England, where it was sold at ten shillings a hundredweight. A decade after independence, the coffee plantations began to prosper, and at the end of the fourth decade the first exports of this product were begun. They went to Chile, a country with which the most active commercial relations were maintained. In the fifth decade (1840-1850), commercial relations with Europe, due to the exportation of our products, became closer and closer. Our imports and exports increased considerably, and in San José and Punta Arenas were established some commercial houses that dealt in merchandise imported from the South American and European countries and from the United States.

During the first republic, our economic development and the agricultural, industrial and commercial activities of the country attracted European emigrants of that period; and with them came men of advanced ideas and initiative: the promoters of true culture.

The effect of these immigrants ought to be duly considered in the study of the factors of national culture, because they have contributed in no small degree to forming the educational environment of the country. Being as a rule more highly cultivated than the nationals, they have necessarily influenced them favorably. If it is true that they did not exercise the teaching function, they were able, nevertheless, to influence the educational environment that was to transform the culture of the Costa Ricans. Hence we have undertaken to

mention some of these immigrants, without attempting to give a complete list; we mention simply the persons that are worthy of consideration in the sense indicated.

Among the British merchants were John Dent, John Muir Gerard, mining agent of his associates, Marshall, Bennett, James Poningdestre and company and Joseph Lowe of London; Mr. John Hale,<sup>14</sup> with whom a contract of colonization was made in 1821, which was not carried into effect. Mr. Hale was the denouncer of the lands that extend along the sides of the Barba mountains to which was given the name of "Montañas del Inglés." Through him were opened the first negotiations for a British loan. Mr. Richard Trevithick,<sup>15</sup> an engineer from Great Britain, exercised a very notable influence on the working of the mines. To this group belonged also the chemist Mr. Henry Cooper;<sup>16</sup> Mr. Benjamin Phillips, a merchant; Mr. John Panvir, an agriculturist; Messrs. Richard Painter Rudge, John Jenkins, Joseph Tregoning, merchants; and Mr. Richard Brealey,<sup>17</sup> a physician, brought over in 1835 by the British sailors. In 1848 came to San José Mr. W. D. Christie, the British consul appointed for the Mosquitos; finally, Mr. Frederick Chatfield, consul of Great Britain in Central America.

No less notable was the French immigration. Among the miners came, very early, Monsieur Jacques Millet, and later, Messieurs Paul Longer and Léonce de Vars, exploiters of brazil-wood; and Doctor Victor Herran, Messieurs François Ramo, Alphonse Dumatray, Lucien Dercenay and Charles Thierrat, merchants. In 1884, the Comte de Gueynord came in a French corvette of war to make demand in behalf of Thierrat. In November of the same

<sup>14</sup>Consult the work of John Hale: *Six Months Residence and Travels in Central America through the Free States of Nicaragua and particularly Costa Rica. Giving an Interesting Account of that Beautiful Country*, New York, 1826.

<sup>15</sup>See the biographical data of Mr. Trevithick in the chapter on the influence of England on our scientific development, page 256, footnote 7.

<sup>16</sup>Mr. Cooper made in 1838 the first survey of the road from Cartago to Matina.

<sup>17</sup>Mr. Richard Brealey died in Barba on February 18, 1864. He was an important factor in the development of commerce and agriculture in the province of Heredia.



year came Monsieur Gueynord to Punta Arenas to invite the government of Costa Rica to enter into relations with France. Monsieur Thierrat established in San José in March, 1846, a course in bookkeeping. Other French immigrants of this period were Messieurs Jean Bonfils, Félix Baudrit and Doctors Victor Castella and Jacques Bourdon. Effort was made at that time to establish French colonies. In 1825, a contract was made with Monsieur Pierre Ruahand to plant a colony between Punta Arenas and Esparza. In November, 1848, a contract of colonization was entered into with Monsieur Gabriel Lafond, and two hundred square leagues of land was granted for this purpose.

With the Spanish immigration came the señores Mateo Urranderrage, Manuel Cacheda, Esteban Xatruch, Buenaventura Espinach, Francisco Giralt, Manuel and Jorge Peinado and Ramón Toledo, who reached Costa Rica via Panamá; don Manuel Sagrera and don Pedro Dobles, who settled in Heredia; and don Francisco Berrochea and don Agustín Aguayo, the latter two engaging in commerce.

Among the German immigrants were Georg Stiepel, a very distinguished agriculturist, a member of the Junta Itineraria in 1843; Herr Heinrich Ellerbrock, of Hannover, and Herr Peter Barth. In 1841 the first German consul was appointed to Central America, Carl Rudolph Klee, whose credentials were presented in Costa Rica.

Among the Italian immigrants came Dominic Mattey and Mateo Bertora, miners; Carlos Volio, who settled in Cartago, and Angel Franceschi, a merchant.

Finally, we must mention among the immigrants Michael Bolandi, of Swedish stock.

From South America, and on account of political disturbances, came to Costa Rica a former president of Perú, don José Lamar, a companion of Bolívar's, and his aide, General Pedro Bermúdez. The former died in Cartago.<sup>18</sup>

During the administration of Doctor Castro, General don Juan José Flores, former president of Ecuador, who took a

very active part in that administration, reached our shores.<sup>19</sup>

In furtherance of commercial relations, came from South America: don Crisanto Medina, an Argentine, who settled at Punta Arenas and later founded a colony of Germans in Miravalles; Francisco Otoy and Rafael Senitagoya, Peruvians; the señores Manuel Dutary and Manuel Palma, Panamans, the latter settling at Heredia; Santiago Ortega, a Chilean, who took part in the revolution of 1835 against don Braulio Carrillo, the president; and, finally, Professor Ildelfonso Paredes, a Colombian, who attempted to establish a college at San José in 1834.

Central American immigration during the first republic was fostered especially by political disturbances among the nations of the isthmus. At the dawn of independence came to Costa Rica don Cayetano de la Cerda of Nicaragua, and later, from the same country, don José Sacaza, don Manuel Barberena and don Mariano Salvalos, who held office as magistrates. In the fifth decade of the last century arrived the Nicaraguan lawyers don Buenaventura Selva<sup>20</sup> and don Pedro César—the latter was a member of the court of justice in 1842—and don Benito Rosales, who exercised his profession of a lawyer among us. In 1836 the Nicaraguan don Manuel Quijano invaded the country with the revolutionary troops. From El Salvador came Vicente Villaseñor and don Máximo Cordero, who took part in the revolution against Carrillo in 1835; and don José Marfa Cañas and don Pedro Iraeta, who reached the country in the second administration of Carrillo.

In 1840 came to Punta Arenas thirty-five of the most distinguished persons of Central America, accompanied by General Morazán on board the steamer *Izalco*. Of these illustrious visitors, entry was denied to Morazán, who went on to South Amer-

<sup>18</sup>See "Personajes ilustres en Costa Rica", by don Cleto González Víquez, in *Athenea*, San José, Costa Rica, November 15, 1918.

<sup>19</sup>With General Flores came Monsieur Adolphe Marie, a Frenchman. Flores and Marie, as well as don Manuel Francisco Pavón (a Guatemalan), played an important part in the government of the señor Castro. To General Flores was attributed, among other things, the paternity of the decree of August 30, 1848, which declared in favor of a republic.

<sup>20</sup>The señor Selva was a professor of Spanish and Latin grammar in the Universidad de Santo Tomás.

ica, and the only ones that were permitted to disembark were the señores Presbyter Doctor don Isidro Menéndez, don Doroteo Vasconcelos, don Gerardo Barrios, don Pedro Molina and his sons Felipe and José, General don Enrique Rivas and the señores don Indalecio Cordero, don José Pardo and don Dámaso Sousa. Presbyter don Isidro Menéndez, during his stay here, greatly distinguished himself as the counselor of don Braulio Carrillo. He was the author of the general code of 1841, copied from the code of the Peruviano-Bolivian confederation of General Santa Cruz, who in turn had copied it from the French. The sons of don Pedro Molina<sup>21</sup>—don Felipe and don Luis—rendered very important services to the public administration.

In the year 1836 came to Costa Rica from Guatemala Doctor don Nazario Toledo, of whose services we shall speak later. There also came to the country don José Fermín Meza, who established himself as a pharmacist here in 1846, and the musician don José Martínez, engaged in 1845 by Doctor Castro to direct the military bands, a position that he filled until 1852, when he died.

The invasion led by Morazán in 1842 brought to the country a great number of Central Americans, of whom mention should be made of General Isidoro Sagel, José Miguel Saravia, Carlos Salazar, Francisco Ignacio Rascón, Trinidad Cabañas, Cornelio Nicolás Angulo, B. Brusual, Ciriaco Bran, M. M. Chorem, M. I. Zepeda, Captains Juan J. Luna, J. M. Espinar and certain soldiers of low rank. Morazán and some of his companions being defeated afterward and shot, the rest of the invaders were obliged to leave the country.

The educational environment constituted by the different streams of immigration was, in the period subsequent to the Hispanic colonial times, one of the most important factors in the education of the people. A single detail will give us an idea of the intellectual condition of the nation at that time.

The culture of the señorita Manuela Escalante, mentioned in the review *Costa Rica en el siglo XIX*, was one of the pro-

ducts of the instruction of that period. The newspapers of the day<sup>22</sup> referred to her, impressed by her remarkable mind, which was able to utilize the intellectual opportunities that surrounded her.

Born of an illustrious and respectable family, she wished to win a name for herself by her own efforts, as the best way to merit the esteem of her contemporaries and the glory of immortality. Devoted to study after her education as a child, she devoured books at random and ceaselessly, thus acquiring profound and varied knowledge; but history and literature were the favorite studies of her later days. In forty volumes of the former she read what had been written in Greece, from Herodotus to Plutarch; what had been written in Rome, from Titus Livius to Tacitus; and what was recounted afterward by later historians, from the incursions of the barbarians until the present day.

Cultivated in speech as well as in manners and actions, she studied all the controverted points in the mother-tongue and utilized them in the French language, to which she also applied herself with earnestness. A rigid lover of the truth, she studied the art of elegance in expression. A thorough investigator of the phenomena of thought, she exhausted Tracy's metaphysics and studied his ideology. Thirsting for knowledge, in short, and gifted with a delicate taste, she entered the flowery field of literature and found pleasure in the elementary principles of the sciences in the ingenious pictures of Duval. Geology deeply interested and at times vexed her. "This new science," she said, "destroys all the sciences; but I am of the opinion that it is not granted to man to transcend the limits of his intelligence, for it seems that God has sought to cover his works with an impenetrable veil. All are theories, more or less ingenious, which follow one another like the waves of the sea. So, let us pass on to other studies that will instruct and delight us, and let us abandon what teaches us to doubt and vexes." As a consequence, she devoted five hours a day to reading Tacitus, and two or three at night to other courses of reading. Enthusiastic over Tacitus, she exclaimed: "This is the deepest writer of all the ages, the one most thoroughly acquainted with the human heart. I doubt whether the moderns can surpass the ancients in genius and sublimity, although they exceed them in delicateness and correctness."

Endowed with a retentive memory, she took pleasure in reciting the numerous definitions of

<sup>21</sup>See *Costa Rica en el siglo XIX*, San José, Costa Rica, page 23.

<sup>22</sup>*El Costarricense*, San José, Costa Rica, May 26, 1849.

her vast course in literature, in which she was a true prodigy. She also delighted in repeating the so-called figures of rhetoric, from the antithesis to the prolepsis, and from the apostrophe to personification. Finally, she took pleasure in repeating the best verses (and they were song on her lips) of the Spanish anthology, and especially the eclogues of Garcilaso, the odes of León, the songs of Herrera and the moral epistle of Rioja.

Alluding to the paragraphs quoted, the señor Montúfar said, in his *Reseña histórica de Centro América*:<sup>23</sup>

It is possible that this article, written by an enthusiastic pen, perhaps, exaggerated her merit, but it may be asserted that the señorita Escalante enjoyed a literary reputation that was not merely Costa Rican but also Central American.

Costa Rica was sometimes, owing to political occurrences in South and Central America, the meeting place of immigrants noted for their intelligence and learning, and the house of the family that bore the name of Escalante was then the center of assemblage and of good society.

Many of the persons that frequented it voiced opinions of the señorita Escalante similar to those expressed in the necrological sketch under discussion.

This proves that in the year 1849 a tendency could be noted to recognize that the fair sex was to be esteemed, not only for its beauty, but also for its intelligence and enlightenment.

During the period to which we refer the first young men to pursue their studies in England left for Europe. Don Mariano Montealegre, in all respects an enterprising and estimable man, committed to Messers. Trevithick and Gerard, of whom we have already spoken—taking advantage of their voyage to Europe—the task of conveying his two sons to the center of education of the old continent. We have here what was related by don Francisco María Iglesias, in his biographical sketch of Doctor don José María Montealegre.<sup>24</sup> "At the end of 1826 a child of eleven years sailed from Costa Rica bound for Europe, commended to the care of the distinguished English travelers Richard Trevithick and John M. Gerard. The Sara-

pique route, as far as the river appeared to be navigable, tempted the curiosity of these travelers, who, besides, entertained a good opinion of it; and, thinking it easier and nearer to the northern sea than the Matina route, they adopted it for their journey, without misgivings over the fact that they were the first to attempt this unknown route and that they were taking along the boy alluded to and his handsome minor brother intrusted to their care. It would take too long and it would be foreign to my purpose to relate the trials of all kinds, the hardships, the many imminent risks and dangers, hunger, privations and weariness of this long and painful journey that lasted twenty-one days and in which, if it was by a miracle that the two brothers escaped, it was not less so that the boys came off alive from San Juan del Norte. Long and equally distressing, including a shipwreck on the coast of Cartagena, was the voyage across the Atlantic, and it was not until November of that year that the Costa Rican youth and his brother reached England and were entered at the Highgate school in the neighborhood of the London of that day.

Such were the first steps in the active and intelligent life of José María Montealegre, born in the then incipient city of San José on May 19, 1815.

When he had completed his studies in secondary instruction and his school days were ended, he attended the celebrated University of Edinburgh, where he began and finished his brilliant career in medical science. He was the *first Costa Rican educated in Europe* and the first also to honor his patria in this illustrious profession.

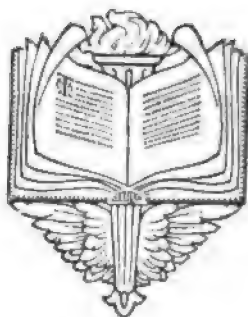
At the close of 1839 he returned to Costa Rica, to the bosom of his family, with which he was unacquainted, and to which he was unknown.

What rejoicing! What happiness! What honor was felt by the aged and worthy parents, the whole family, the country, when they saw restored to his home and his native soil—full of vitality and intelligence and honored by the then exalted title of doctor of medicine and surgery, conferred by one of the great centers of learning!<sup>25</sup>

<sup>23</sup>In the codicil of August 2, 1839, to the will of don Mariano Montealegre and doña Jerónima Fernández his wife, the Montealegre-Fernández couple deposed that on February 27, 1839, they made their last will and testament in the presence of First Alcalde don Manuel Zeledón. In this codicil they alluded to José María, Francisco and Mariano, whom they have sent to be educated in Europe.

<sup>23</sup>Lorenzo Montúfar: *Reseña histórica de Centro América*, volume vi, page 110.

<sup>24</sup>*Pandemonium*, March 20, 1904.—See also the work already mentioned, *Life of Richard Trevithick with an Account of His Inventions*, London and New York.—Chapter xviii of this work is an account of the voyage of the señores Montealegre.



# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA ( <i>Conclusion</i> )	LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ	267
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, November, 1922</i>		
THE OUTCOME OF A WAGER - - - - -	"RONQUILLO"	279
<i>Cuentos del domingo, Valparaíso, Chile, 1916</i>		
A CODE FOR THE JOURNALIST - - - - -	J. M. QUIRÓS Y PALMA	289
<i>Estudios, Panamá, Panamá, July and August, 1922</i>		
CHÂTEAUBRIAND AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE	H. D. BARBAGELATA	291
<i>Cultura Venezolana, Caracas, Venezuela, January, 1923</i>		
PERUVIAN TRADITIONS - - - - -	RICARDO PALMA	295
<i>Tradiciones peruanas, Barcelona, Spain, 1893</i>		
THE SHORT STORY - - - - -	HERMAN LIMA	303
<i>Revista do Brasil, São Paulo, Brazil, November, 1922</i>		
IDEALS OF AN INTERNATIONAL POLICY - -	CÉSAR DÍAZ CISNEROS	312
<i>Revista Jurídica y de Ciencias Sociales, Buenos Aires, Argentina, December, 1922</i>		
THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA: A REPLY TO DON GILBERTO SILVA HERRERA) - - - - -	ELOY G. GONZÁLEZ	320
<i>El Universal, Caracas, Venezuela, April 3, 1923</i>		
ECUADORIAN SKETCHES - - - - -	JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS	324
<i>Rayos católicos y fuegos fatuos, Guayaquil, El Ecuador, 1911</i>		

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# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ was born in Heredia, Costa Rica, in 1885; his academic education was received in the Colegio de San Agustín, Heredia, and in the Liceo de Costa Rica, San José; the most of his adult life has been devoted to the teaching of history, psychology and education; he has given particular attention to the history of education in Costa Rica since the achievement of independence; he served as secretary of public instruction during the presidential administration of his older brother don Alfredo González; his most serious work is: *Historia de la influencia extranjera en el desenvolvimiento educacional y científico de Costa Rica*.

"RONQUILLO" (EGIDIO PABLETE) was born in Los Andes, Chile, about 1868; he was manager and editor of *La Unión* of Valparaíso until 1910; although not trained in the legal profession he has been a professor of commercial and international law in the Universidad Católica de Valparaíso; much of his life has been devoted to journalism, and his pseudonym is one of the most popular in Chile; his newspaper sketches and stories were collected in four small volumes (now rare) and published in 1916, with the title *Cuentos del domingo*, and in the same year he brought out a brief novel entitled *Viaje de novios*.

HUGO DAVID BARBAGELATA, a Uruguayan journalist and man of letters, was born in Montevideo, July 2, 1886; his institutional education was received in the public schools and in the university of his native city and in Paris; in 1907 he held an appointment in the Uruguayan legation in Paris; since then he has occupied positions on the staffs of several newspapers and he has devoted himself to writing; he is the author of the following works: *Páginas sudamericanas*; *Bolívar y San Martín*; *Artigas y la revolución americana*; *Frontières*; *La literatura uruguaya*; *L'influence des idées françaises dans la révolution et dans l'évolution de l'Amérique Espagnole*; *Pages choisies de Rodó*; and *Una centuria literaria*.

RICARDO PALMA was born in Lima, Perú, February 7, 1833, and he died at his home in Miraflores, a suburb of Lima, October 6, 1919; in his youth and early manhood he spent much of his time traveling in Europe and the United States; later he played a prominent part in politics, occupying important offices of the government until 1873, when he became the director of the Biblioteca Nacional, thenceforth devoting himself exclusively to the development and care of the library and to literary pursuits. It is not too much to say that during his prime he was one of the chief literary figures of America. Among his numerous works, the following may be mentioned: *Anales de la inquisición de Lima*; *La Bohemia limeña de 1848 a 1863*; *Verbos y gerundios*; *Tradiciones peruanas*; *Apéndice a mis últimas tradiciones*; and *Poestas completas*.

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS is about fifty-five years old; he was born in Guayaquil, El Ecuador, and was educated in the public schools and in the Colegio San Vicente; he took up the profession of journalism and has been editor-in-chief of *La Nación*, *Grito del Pueblo*, *El Telégrafo*, *El Independiente*, *El Nacional*, *El Globo*, *El Patriota*, and he is at present editor-in-chief of *El Guante* and a writer for the leading papers of Quito, such as *El Comercio*, *La Prensa* and *La Nación*. He was minister of public instruction in 1896-1897, and director of public instruction of Guayas (province); he has served as a member of the *ayuntamiento* of Guayaquil; he is also secretary of the Banco del Ecuador and of the Banco Comercial y Agrícola. For other sketches by him in INTER-AMERICA, see "The Enchanted Cock" and "Visits of Condolence," April, 1919, pages 223 and 225; "The Popular Festival of San Pedro and San Pablo in Guayaquil" and "Guaranteed Timepieces," October, 1919, pages 43 and 45; "The King of Swimmers," "Mamerto's Mother-in-law" and "The Cura's Hat," April, 1920, pages 235, 236 and 238; and "The Three Crows," December, 1921, page 94.

# Inter-America

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## THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA

BY

LUIS FELIPE GONZALEZ

*(Conclusion)*

I. The influence of the philosophical ideas of the French revolution on America.—II. The character of the Spanish universities and their influence on America.—III. The culture of the people after independence.—IV. The influence of the neighboring peoples.—V. Immigration and culture.—VI. European influence, beginning with 1830.—VII. The influence of the Central American countries.—VIII. General factors that contributed to the progress of the country.

### VI

#### EUROPEAN INFLUENCE, BEGINNING WITH 1830

THE economic and religious policy developed by Spain in America, with a view to the defense of her interests in the colonies and to the protection of her religious creed, induced her to exclude from them all influence on the part of the other European nations in respect of the economic and intellectual activities, she thus confining the countries of the New World within bounds that retarded the development that ought to have taken place in them.

One of the greatest benefits that liberation from Spanish domination brought with it was the contact that the future nations of America had with the countries of Europe. When relations were opened with those countries, the new republics of the American continent received the stimulus of the intellectual influences that were to transform the old institutions and give

birth and life to new activities. Costa Rica, when she entered upon independent life in 1821, began to experience the advantages of foreign influences on the development of her culture. Nevertheless, that influence, during the thirty years that followed the events of 1821, may not be regarded as exclusively European, since it did not make itself felt with full intensity until the middle of the last century. Two factors contributed to determine this influence: the economic factor and the political factor. The former had its origin in the economic prosperity that resulted from the development of the production of coffee; and the latter, in the adoption of political measures looking to the fostering of immigration and in the inception of international relations with the countries of the Old World.

In spite of the crisis experienced in the sale of coffee because of political events in Europe in 1848, the production of this article was increased by the facilities of transportation that resulted from the

opening of the route to Punta Arenas and the arrival of the first steamers at that port. A contract was made with the Pacific Mail Steamship company, during the administration of don Juan Rafael Mora, that provided that its vessels should touch at the port of Punta Arenas, and these vessels began to arrive there with regularity at the beginning of 1856.<sup>26</sup>

Beginning with that year, commercial relations became more active and extensive, and consequently the economic life of the nation was greatly stimulated. As a result of ease in communication, the country became much more accessible to foreigners, while at the same time our business men, thanks to the economic prosperity they enjoyed, frequently visited the European countries and the United States. This same circumstance induced our young men, in the interest of their culture, to go abroad to study in the leading educational centers. The flourishing economic condition that resulted from the development of the production of coffee stimulated business throughout the republic. At this time were established the first commercial warehouses and the first banking institutions, and a number of enterprises were undertaken to foster various activities.

<sup>26</sup>In 1853 a contract had been concluded with Captain Thomas Wright to establish a line of steamers between Panamá and Isthmian that were to touch every month, going and returning, at Punta Arenas. This contract produced no result, as it could not be fulfilled conjointly with the other republics of Central America. On January 17, 1856, a new contract was made with the Pacific Mail Steamship company in which it was agreed that its steamers should call at the port of Punta Arenas. At the end of that month the steamer *Columbus* of that line began to arrive at our port on the Pacific with all regularity. Previous to the arrival of these steamers, the journey to Nicaragua and Panamá was made by means of small brigantines, which required eleven and a half days for the trip. In our official newspaper for February 7, 1857, the following comment was made regarding the importance of the steamers: "Let us understand their importance, let us appreciate it, in order that we may not be distanced by the other countries. Our information regarding the other countries is scantier than ever. Since the line has been established, our fruits, as well as those of El Salvador and Guatemala, have already begun to enjoy the advantages of the security and punctuality of the steamer. Passengers are not wanting, although the line is still embryonic, it may be said. With the support of the government and of the commercial interests, which ought to lend it their aid, it is beyond doubt that this line will soon obtain a sure return on the small capital employed in its establishment by the great railway company of Panamá."

Ease of communication during that period of economic development, which so greatly favored the country, brought us into contact with illustrious personages, who became important factors in our culture by reason of their talent, their scientific contributions or their spirit of enterprise. It was at this time that the following distinguished Germans came to Costa Rica: Doctors Alexander Frantz, Karl Hoffman, Wilhelm Joos and Johann Braun; the chemists, Eduard Becker and Karl Johanning; the engineers, Wilhelm Witting, Franz Kurtze, Franz Rohrmoser and Ludwig von Chamier; the jurisconsult, Ferdinand Streber, and the distinguished business men, Wilhelm Nanne, Alexander and Karl von Bülow. Versed in medicine, chemistry, engineering, agriculture and commerce, their contribution to the culture of the country was very perceptible, especially when we take into account the absence of professional elements, owing to our slight intellectual development of those days. From France we received at that time Doctors Adolphe Carit, François Castaing, Stephen Cazaneuve and Victor Dyardin; the distinguished writer, Adolphe Marie; and a considerable number of business men. From the great American nation came Doctors Marquis de Lafayette Hine, James Hogan and Charles Van Patten. From Switzerland came Doctors Joseph Spori and Charles Mayer and Engineer Louis Saugy. Among the Spanish immigrants appeared the names of Doctors J. Ventura Espinach, Félix Olivella and Emilio Segura; Architect Ramón de Minondo; and the señores Gaspar Ortuño, Jaime Güell, Mateo Fournier and Ezequiel Pi. The English colony was increased by the arrival of Doctor Frank Clarck, John Le Lacheur, Richard Farrer, Frederick Cox, George Cauty, Edward Dee, John Young and James Barry.

The geographical factor of nearness contributed greatly to induce immigration from Colombia. From that republic came to Costa Rica Doctors Miguel Macaya, Antonio Pupo, Pedro León Páez, Epaminondas Uribe, Uladislao Durán and Juan N. Venero, and Professors Ricardo Casorla and José D. Obaldía. South



American immigration was increased by Doctor Francisco Canet, a Peruvian, and don Eduardo Beeche, a Chilean.

Besides the influence they exercised on certain branches of several of the activities of the country, these immigrants contributed to the formation of the educational environment. The development of artistic culture received notable stimulus by the arrival at that time of European professors of the fine arts and of the first *zarzuela*<sup>27</sup> and opera companies. This new manifestation of culture, which had not been experienced previously, underwent considerable development, thanks to European influence.

Economic activity fostered intellectual expansion, with the establishment of the first book-shops, which introduced important scientific and literary works. The political organization given to the country by the constitutions of 1859 and 1869 was the best expression of an advance in our politics. These constitutions, formulated under the full light of day, without any pressure, established the régime of a representative and legislative government, as well as the main principles of the guaranties and rights of our citizens. The atmosphere of liberty breathed during this period favored development in journalism and the renewal of ideas. A product of that renewal was the introduction of such an institution as freemasonry (1867) and the victory obtained by the constitutional incorporation of the principle of gratuitous and compulsory instruction supported by the state, incorporated in the fundamental charter of 1869, under the provisional government of the illustrious statesman don Jesús Jiménez.

The administrations presided over by the señores José María Castro, Juan Rafael Mora, José María Montealegre and Jesús Jiménez, considered as a political factor, were favorable to the development of culture in the country during their terms of office. Their important undertakings in respect of the development of the economic life of the country, the fostering of immigration, the opening of international

relations and the provisions that looked to the establishment of educational centers, ministered to the progress of the nation. Of those undertakings, the establishment of international relations and the fostering of immigration were the ones that exercised the greatest influence on the development of the nation's culture. Don José María Castro, who began his administration in May, 1847, showed a marked tendency to facilitate European immigration, to make Costa Rica known abroad and to afford ample protection to immigrants. His efforts were expressed in the conclusion of the first treaties of amity and commerce, signed in May, 1848, with the United Kingdom, France and the Hanseatic cities. Similar efforts were continued in the succeeding administration and they resulted in the conclusion of treaties of amity and commerce in 1849 and 1850 with Spain and the United States, respectively. In that same period don Felipe Molina published in New York his *Bosquejo de la república de Costa Rica*, with details and information regarding the history, geographical position, territory and topography of the country; the climate, soil, area, population, economic activities; the import and export trade, political institutions, the public debt and the facilities offered by the country to the immigrant for the development of his energies. This sketch was the first work published on Costa Rica and it was very useful as a means of introducing the country abroad for the first time, with its natural beauties and enchantments.

A result of the treaties concluded with European nations and the United States was the appointment of the first diplomatic and commercial representatives. Spain sent don Diego Ramón de la Cuadra as chargé d'affaires and consul-general; France, Monsieur Leonce Augrand in an equal capacity; Belgium, Monsieur Marcial Cloquet; and the United States, Doctor Marquis de Lafayette Hine. Costa Rica sent as her first minister to Washington, don Felipe Molina, who was afterward succeeded by his brother don Luis.

The establishment of international relations with Europe and the United States greatly stimulated the economic activities of the country. Our import and export

<sup>27</sup>A sort of comic opera, with alternate declamation, song and instrumental music.—THE EDITOR.

trade developed rapidly, and immigration from Europe increased considerably.

The public men of Costa Rica were wise enough to understand that immigration from Europe would constitute one of the bases of our progress. *El Diario Oficial* of September 4, 1852, recognized the value of such immigration in the following terms:

The foreigner is our first need, because from him we have everything to hope; without him we should vegetate for a century *status quo*.

Popular education, the dawn of the industries, an increase of capital, ideas of order, morality and work; the perfecting of the arts that we already possess, the introduction into the country of that of which we are ignorant; and, above all, an increase of population by the acclimatization of families: such are the blessings that immigrants would bestow, in the first place, on a youthful nation endowed with the potential materials of progress, which is hardly more than born to the life of civilized peoples and which seeks everywhere the path that must lead her to her objective and the example that she must follow to attain the end she has in view.

He said later:

We need immigration, however, and at all costs; and if we really wish to escape a state of semi-barbarism and ruin, in order to enter fully on a life of progress, and if we wish to banish prejudice and ignorance for ever, we must hasten to compete with North America in the guaranties afforded to the foreigner.

Let us guarantee, both to the stranger and to the national, their sacred rights to liberty, safety, property and the fruit of their industry.

During the administrations of Castro, Mora, Montealegre and Jiménez, from 1847 until 1869, the foreign elements were always regarded with sympathy. They received the political and social support needed in the development of their activities in the country.

The administrations presided over by these presidents, considered as a political factor, determined the intellectual progress of the country, which was manifested in the undertakings whose object was the organization of the different departments of public administration, the development of communications, the fostering of agriculture, the guaranty of property rights, the diffusion of public instruction, the con-

clusion of treaties with several countries of Europe and America and the construction of bridges and public buildings.

Among the immigrants of that period was a considerable contingent of professors.<sup>28</sup>

Besides these immigrants, who were the true agents of European culture, there came to Costa Rica many illustrious Central Americans, who, in addition to establishing private classes, rendered important services to official instruction.

The period of the national life to which we have referred was one of the most important in the culture of the country. During it, European influence was felt by all our intellectual activities. Our scientific, educational, artistic and industrial development was mainly the result of foreign relations and on our contact with European civilization.

## VII

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN COUNTRIES

THE Central American influence felt by our country in the development of her culture during the first decades after the achievement of independence diminished notably with the increase in our commercial relations with Europe and the United States, which began about the middle of the last century. The Costaricans, in contact with the influence of Europe and the United States, were soon able to appreciate the superiority of the centers of learning of these regions to the universities of Nicaragua and Guatemala.

Nevertheless, the intellectual influence of Nicaragua and Guatemala made itself felt after the second half of the last century through professors from these neighboring states, who, for political reasons, came to our country and participated enthusiastically in our educational activities. Among the Nicaraguan lawyers of that period we may mention Emiliano Cuadra, Máximo and Cruz Jerez, Anselmo Rivas, Benito Rojas, Salvador Jirón and Salvador Cas-

<sup>28</sup>The author gives a list of such professors, the names of which would probably not interest the foreign reader; consequently we omit it.—THE EDITOR.

tillo. Among the physicians we may cite Francisco Álvarez, Francisco Bastos and José María Pasos. Of these immigrants, Máximo Jerez, José María Zelaya and Anselmo H. Rivas exerted a very considerable influence on our education.

The señor Jerez had been among us as a diplomat in April, 1858, when the Cañas-Jerez treaty was concluded. He returned to our country as an exile at the end of 1863, banished for political reasons. He was admitted to the bar, in order to practice his profession, and, at the same time, he engaged in teaching. In 1864 he founded a college for primary and secondary instruction in San José, which he called Liceo de Costa Rica.

In 1866 he became the director of the Escuela Central and a member of the directorate-general of studies in the Universidad de Santo Tomás. He was afterward appointed director of the public registry. He returned to his country again in 1868.

Don Máximo Jerez was one of the most prominent intellectual figures of Central America during the last century. This illustrious Central American was born in the city of León, Nicaragua, on June 8, 1818. He was of humble origin, and the poverty of his parents only served to increase his zeal for education. A person of great energy, he succeeded in overcoming all difficulties, and his early efforts as a student soon resulted in brilliant successes. He was graduated as a doctor of laws at the Universidad de León. In his professional career he acquired distinction as a jurist. He was recognized as an authority in all the branches of law and theology. He was an excellent translator of the Latin classics; he spoke English and French perfectly, and he had a good knowledge of mathematics. Although versed in scholastic philosophy, which he ended by despising as a system, he acquired a decided preference for modern ideas. He accepted the experimental method as the procedure of investigation. His stay in Europe as secretary of the legation in London greatly influenced his mind, and when he returned to his country he was imbued with the modern ideas of the democratic theory.

His mind, freed now of outworn pre-occupations, found nourishment in the doctrines of the positivistic school of Comte and Littré and in the new juridical principles of modern international law.

From 1844 he was associated with the political, diplomatic and military events of Nicaragua, and he took part in the more important disturbances of Central America during a period of thirty-four years.

In private Máximo Jerez was an exemplary man with an even and agreeable temperament, free of all suggestion of vulgarity or of martial airs. He was not only a politician and a soldier, but he was a correct writer, a thinker, a learned educator, an eminent jurist, a profound philosopher and an exceedingly clever diplomat. He was an enthusiastic unionist, and he lent tireless support to the ideal of the union of Central America, in the press, on the platform, in the professor's chair and on the field of battle.<sup>29</sup>

In Costa Rica he exerted a considerable influence on the students of the university and on men in the government during his stay in this country (1863-1868). As to his influence as a philosopher: he was the herald of the introduction of the positivistic school, which later found its best standard-bearer in Doctor Antonio Zambrana.

The name of Jerez is associated with our international relations in the Cañas-Jerez treaty, concluded in April, 1858, by which our boundary disputes with Nicaragua were ended.

In our country he won the esteem of persons with whom he cultivated relations. When he returned to his country in 1868, our official weekly bade him farewell, on April 27 of that year, in the following terms:

#### GENERAL JEREZ

We regret to have to announce to the public the return to his country of this patriotic and cultured Nicaraguan. During his long residence among us he has won the esteem of the public, which he assuredly deserved in view of his worthy conduct and his kindly disposition.

Jerez, because of his antecedents, his moder-

<sup>29</sup>*El Nuevo Tiempo*, Tegucigalpa, Honduras, June 8, 1918.

ation and his political ideas, is destined to exert a wholesome and beneficent influence on the public affairs of his country. We believe that his services will not be fruitless and that events will confirm our prediction.

We wish General Jerez happiness in everything and we take leave of him by assuring him that he leaves in Costa Rica warm regard and many friends.

He returned to Costa Rica for the third time in 1875. In 1881 this illustrious Nicaraguan died in Washington at the age of sixty-three.

A compatriot of the señor Jerez's was don José María Zelaya, who engaged in the education of our youth during the larger part of his residence in this country. He occupied chairs in the Colegio de Humanidades de Jesús, in 1858, and in the Liceo de Costa Rica, which the señor Jerez founded in 1864. He was a member of the directorate-general of studies and the director of the public registry. He was admitted to the bar in 1866. He exerted a wholesome influence on the young in the study of mathematics, in which branch he awakened great interest.

Of the same period as the señores Jerez and Zelaya was Anselmo H. Rivas. The señor Rivas was the director of a private primary and secondary school in Cartago in 1864. The following year he began to direct the Colegio de San Luis Gonzaga, before the arrival of the illustrious professors Fernández and Ferraz. He took part in the preparation of a plan of primary instruction, in association with don Pedro León Páez, for the schools of Cartago. His influence on the culture of the city of Cartago was very considerable.

It may be said that the influence of Nicaraguan culture on Costa Rica ended with Jerez, Zelaya and Rivas, but not that of Guatemala, which continued to be exerted by the young Costa-Ricans that studied law and medicine in her university and by certain professors, natives of that country, who brought their culture to ours.<sup>30</sup> Among the first professors that

came to our country from Guatemala was Doctor don Nazario Toledo. Doctor Toledo came to Costa Rica in 1835. Besides the many political positions he filled, the chief of which were those of president of the constituent assembly in 1846 and minister plenipotentiary of our country in his country in 1849, he was a teacher in the old Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás. He was also rector and a professor of the university and minister of public instruction in 1858.

On April 22, 1840, came to Costa Rica, along with the supporters of Morazán, the distinguished Guatemalan Felipe Molina. He was born in Guatemala in 1812. He obtained his early education in his native city and he completed it in the city of Philadelphia in the United States. When he returned to his country, he filled the position of assistant secretary of the treasury. He went later to El Salvador, where he served as assistant secretary of the ministry of foreign relations and as the governor of several *departamentos*.

Felipe Molina passed some time in our country; then he went to South America, where he visited Perú and Chile. In 1843 he returned to Costa Rica and engaged in private enterprises, taking no part in public affairs until 1848, when he went as our diplomatic representative to Nicaragua with an important mission that he discharged satisfactorily. His services were well appreciated, and he was then appointed on a mission to the governments of France, Great Britain, Spain and the Hanseatic cities. While in Madrid, on his way, he wrote an interesting pamphlet on the boundaries between Nicaragua and Costa Rica. After he returned from his journey he remained in the republic but a short time, as he departed very soon for the United States of America, under appointment as minister plenipotentiary of Costa Rica to that great nation, the first diplomatic mission accredited by our government to the great republic of the north. He rendered very valuable services in his new post, among others, publishing his pamphlet on the boundaries between Costa Rica and Colombia, and he would have made even greater contributions, without doubt, if death had not overtaken him in

<sup>30</sup>Subsequently don Juan Montalvo served as a professor in the Colegio de San Luis Gonzaga, and don Miguel Ramírez Goyena and don Aceo Hazera as professors in the Liceo de Costa Rica.

the city of Washington on February 1, 1855.<sup>21</sup>

His intellectual influence on our country was due to his efforts as a professor of English and as a member of the faculty of mathematical and physical sciences of the Universidad de Santo Tomás and to his *Bosquejo histórico y geográfico de Costa Rica*, the first publication of this kind translated into several languages. It was the first and only didactic text used in our schools and colleges for the teaching of national history until 1886.

Another Guatemalan, no less illustrious than his fellow-countrymen already mentioned, reached Costa Rica in 1845. We refer to Doctor José Fermín Meza y Orellana. The señor Meza was born in Huehuetenango, Guatemala, July 7, 1816. He was educated in his native city and in the capital of the republic, where he received the degree of bachelor of philosophy. After taking a course in pharmacy, he began the study of medicine in Guatemala. He concluded his studies at the Université de Paris in 1841, where he was graduated in medicine and surgery. He then returned to his native country, and he was employed in the army in his professional capacity. He spent some time in El Salvador and Nicaragua, where he left very pleasant memories, thanks to his services as a physician. In the Universidad de León he filled several chairs without honoraria.

In 1845, as we have said, he came to Costa Rica and established his residence at Heredia, the city in which he exercised his profession of pharmacist and physician, and where he distinguished himself, not only by his knowledge, but also by his kindly and charitable character. He contributed not a little to the intellectual development of Heredia by the interest he displayed in the foundation and maintenance of the Colegio de Enseñanza de San Agustín and by his contributions to *La Aurora*, the first weekly published in that city. A physician of the people for many years, a surgeon in the army in the national campaign, a member of the *protomedicato*<sup>22</sup>

of the republic, the señor Meza, after a life devoted to the welfare of his fellows, died in Heredia in November, 1879. He was the first pharmacist that came to Costa Rica, and he was admitted to practice on January 3, 1846.<sup>23</sup>

Accompanied by Attorney don Julián Volio and by don Juan José Ulloa, who studied law in Guatemala, Doctor don Lorenzo Montúfar reached the country on April 21, 1850. A month after he took up his residence in the capital, the señor Montúfar was elected a member of the court of justice, and he began the publication of *El Observador*, a newspaper devoted to juridical subjects. He was at once appointed drafter, in collaboration with Julián Volio, of the organic law of tribunals. He was made professor of natural law in the university in 1852. Afterward, for family reasons, he went back to his country. When he returned to Costa Rica, he was assigned the portfolio of secretary of foreign relations and public instruction by President Juan Rafael Mora in 1855. Two years later, as the result of events that occurred in the national campaign, he was intrusted with a delicate mission to the government of El Salvador. On the fall of Mora's government, the señor Montúfar left the country for the United States of America.

After a brief stay in the great republic of the north, he returned to Costa Rica in 1861, but the political situation of the country was not favorable to him. He was therefore obliged to set forth on a new journey, and he went to El Salvador. There he secured an appointment to a diplomatic mission to the government of the United States. Later he was sent to Europe by the government of El Salvador, and in February of the same year he came to our country again. In 1865 he formed a part of the Consejo Íntimo appointed by President José María Castro. In the following year he undertook a journalistic enterprise, founding *El Mensual Josefino*,

to, the attainments of those that desired to practise medicine, and with granting the necessary licenses for the exercise of the profession. It also served at times as a consulting body.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>23</sup>Lorenzo Montúfar: *Memorias autobiográficas*, Guatemala, 1898.

<sup>21</sup>Máximo Soto Hall: *Un vistazo sobre Costa Rica en el siglo XIX*, San José, Costa Rica, 1900, page 271.

<sup>22</sup>A tribunal composed of the *protomédicos* and examiners, charged with investigating, and certifying

which he afterward changed to a fortnightly. At that time Montúfar remained in Costa Rica until 1868, when new political occurrences forced him to abandon the country and repair once more to El Salvador. There he accepted a diplomatic mission to the government of Perú. In 1870 he returned to our country again. During the government established on April 27, 1870, he accepted the secretaryship of foreign relations and public instruction, a position he continued to fill in the administration of General Guardia, with the addition of the portfolio of war and marine in 1872. During his occupancy of this ministry he prevented the entrance of the Jesuits and he published three works against the Society of Jesús. He also served at that time on several diplomatic missions and committees abroad.

He represented our country in the conferences of Amapala in 1871, and a few weeks later he was instructed to go to London to arrange for the negotiation of a loan. After his retirement from the ministry, he was intrusted with a new mission to Europe in 1873. He returned to San José in 1874, and he was offered and he accepted another mission, on this occasion to the government of Guatemala. In April of that year, while he was again in Costa Rica, he devoted himself to the exercise of his profession; he also accepted the rectorship of the university and conducted classes in international law. The señor Montúfar had been rector of the university in 1865 and of the Instituto Nacional in 1875.<sup>24</sup>

The teaching function of the señor Montúfar was not wholly limited to the classes that he conducted in the university, for in his capacity as minister of public instruction he established the chair of political economy in our university in 1856. In 1871 he sent out an important circular, although without any practical result, on overcoming illiteracy. His work of greatest didactic influence in our country was the *Reseña histórica de Centro América*, of which the last volume, which refers to the national campaign, has been most esteemed. Among his publications are,

besides: *Historia patria; Economía política; Derecho de gentes y leyes de guerra; El general Montúfar; El syllabus; Memorias autobiográficas*; and a great number of pamphlets, discourses and newspaper articles, some of which are of great historical value.

The señor Montúfar had studied in the Universidad de San Carlos. In April, 1841, he received the degree of bachelor of philosophy, and three years later, that of bachelor of laws; and he was admitted to the bar in 1848. Among his publications on law is his *Apuntamientos sobre graduación de acreedores*. To his initiative was due the creation of the chairs of political economy and public law in the universidad de Guatemala. He conducted classes in law in El Salvador in 1849, and he also exercised his profession there.

In his country Doctor Montúfar held several political positions of importance, and he was the candidate of the liberal party for the presidency in 1892. He led a life of great intellectual and political activity. This illustrious Central American died at an advanced age in 1898.

Political events in Guatemala during the government of don Justo Rufino Barrios drove to our country one of the most distinguished members of the intellectual circle of that nation: don Rafael Machado Jáuregui. He came to Costa Rica in 1873, he was admitted to the bar in September, 1874, and he exercised his profession here with success. He taught classes in literature in the short-lived Colegio de Santo Tomás in 1873. He was also a professor in the university and in the Instituto Nacional and he crowned his career as an educator by serving as secretary of public instruction in 1876. He collaborated with Doctor José María Céspedes in drafting the statutes of the bar association.

Doctor Machado exercised not a little influence on the literary and juridical culture of our country. Of his career as a journalist there remain not a few survivals in articles published in newspapers, as well as in certain poetical compositions, published in *La Lira Costarricense*. He was on the staff of *El Foro*, the editor of the newspaper *Costa Rica*, a contributor to *Costa Rica Ilustrada* and the joint founder with don

<sup>24</sup>*El Foro*, San José, Costa Rica, August 15, 1906.

Pío Viquez of *El Heraldo de Costa Rica*. He was also the director of the Imprenta Nacional, president of the bar association and prosecuting attorney.

This illustrious Central American was born in Guatemala on April 20, 1832. He pursued his secondary studies at the Universidad de San Carlos, where he obtained the degree of bachelor of philosophy on August 19, 1846. Engaging in the study of law in the same university, he obtained, three years later, the degree of bachelor of civil law, and in May, 1850, that of canonical law. In June, 1853, he completed his studies in law and he was admitted to practice in the courts of Guatemala. In his native land he was a member of the Sociedad Económica de Amigos del País, one of the most famous centers of culture of the period, while at the same time he occupied other positions until the political events to which we have already alluded compelled him to abandon his country and to adopt ours as his second mother.<sup>35</sup>

Besides the influence that Guatemala exercised on our culture through the illustrious Guatemalans we have already mentioned, it made itself felt through young Costa-Ricans that studied in the Universidad de San Carlos.<sup>36</sup>

The university of Guatemala, in respect of the study of law, was in advance of our university, and hence the training of the lawyers graduated there was necessarily superior to that which could be acquired in our country.

The influence of the Universidad de San Carlos on our juridical culture may be said to have terminated in 1875. In respect of the study of medicine, European and North American institutions were preferred to the university in Guatemala after 1860. In 1863 the first Costa-Rican young men went to the United States for the study of the medical sciences. They were don Vicente Castro, don Juan J. Flores and don Francisco Segrada. In

1868, don Carlos Durán and don Daniel Núñez went to England to pursue similar studies.

In religious culture also, our country was influenced by Guatemala. Certain priests, such as the señor don Anselmo Llorente and others, had already pursued their ecclesiastical studies there. The introduction of the religious orders being permitted, in 1875 came the first Jesuits, among whom were the Guatemalan priests the señores don Luis España, professor of languages, and don Nicolás Cáceres, professor of literature, who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most distinguished sacred orators that have ever come to this country. From Guatemala came also Professors don Luis Javier Muñoz and don Pablo Catalán. All these priests did not fail to make their influence felt, not only on religious culture, but also on literary and philosophical studies and the dead languages.

From Guatemala came to Alajuela in 1878 the sisters of our Lady of Bethlehem, to direct a college for young ladies in this city. The college was opened in March of that year, but it was closed by the government on July 30, 1885, because the mother-superior did not submit to the legal requirements of the regulations of August 4, 1881. This institution, like all institutions of that kind, although of slight scientific value in their teachings, unquestionably exerted some influence on artistic culture: music, painting, drawing, sewing, et cetera.

With the religious contributions of the members of the Society of Jesus and of the sisters of our Lady of Bethlehem, we close the discussion of the influence of Guatemala on our education.

The influence of the republics of El Salvador and Honduras has been very slight on our educational development. Among the Hondurans we cite merely don Alvaro Contreras and don José Mendieta Aguirre,<sup>37</sup> who engaged in teaching, the former as a professor in the university, and

<sup>35</sup>*El Foro*, San José, Costa Rica, August 15, 1906.

<sup>36</sup>We omit here a considerable list of physicians and lawyers introduced at this point by the author, inasmuch as most of them have already been mentioned and as they would not interest the foreign reader.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>37</sup>The señor Alvaro Contreras directed a weekly publication called *El Debate* in August, 1869, and the señor Mendieta Aguirre was a contributor to the important review *Anales de la Sociedad Científica y Literaria de Costa Rica*.

the latter as a professor in the short-lived Colegio de Santo Tomás (1873). In the realm of religious culture ought to be mentioned the Jesuit Professor don Luis Antonio Gamero, born in Danlí (*departamento* of El Paraíso, Honduras), who, during his professorship in the Colegio de Cartago, exercised a very wholesome influence on the musical culture of the young.

Few also have been the professors born in El Salvador that have occupied chairs in our educational establishments. Apart from the señores Doctor don Rafael Zaldívar, don Alberto Masferrer and don Alonso Reyes Guerra, we do not find in the historical culture of the country other names worthy to be mentioned. Doctor Zaldívar was a professor in the ephemeral school of medicine of the university; and the señores Masferrer and Reyes Guerra exercised certain teaching functions in the Liceo de Costa Rica and the Colegio Superior de Señoritas.

The scientific and, above all, the pedagogical literature produced in the neighboring Central American republics has been so slight that it has exerted but little intellectual influence on us. Perhaps the only works of a didactic character that we could cite would be the historical works of the Guatemalan Salazar, Montúfar, Marure, Milla and Batres, and those of the Nicaraguan Gámez and Ayón.

## VIII

### GENERAL FACTORS THAT CONTRIBUTED TO THE PROGRESS OF THE COUNTRY

**I**N CONSIDERING the intellectual development that took place after 1870 we ought to remember that in the evolution of our country the determining factors were multiplied in proportion as the activities of the Costa-Ricans attained greater development. It may be affirmed that during the last fifty years all the positive factors of progress, with their reciprocal influences, have constituted truly dynamic causes in the development of the national culture.

A more profound study of these factors, which is not the object of the present work, would enable us to comprehend the forces

that have transformed our environment and determined our educational atmosphere. The evolution of the culture of peoples, like that of all social phenomena, is conditioned by ethnical elements and by the manifold influences of the environment in which it develops.

The individual receives at birth, as his patrimony, a totality of congenital tendencies that determine his physical, moral and intellectual aptitudes, on the perfecting of which depends the greater development of his culture. These tendencies are modified in turn by the influence of innumerable physical and social factors that constantly affect the individual and shape his evolution.

The natural surroundings, called also physical environment and cosmical environment, are determined by climatic conditions, the structure and characteristics of the soil and such particulars as may favor man in meeting his material need of self-preservation and reproduction.

The social environment consists of the customs, beliefs, social habits and institutions that constitute the collective existence of society, which constitutes the environment in which the mental development of the individual is formed. Hence the culture in the individual seems to be conditioned by the collective mentality of the society in which he evolves.

As a correlative of the biological principle that corresponds to the necessity of living and of reproduction—the motive of every activity in the individual—appears the economic phenomenon that constitutes a transcendent factor in the evolution of the culture of peoples, if it be taken into account that this motive is the one which, in the first place, directs their activities: activities that spring from the biological phenomenon which, in passing from organic evolution to social evolution, produces the economic phenomenon, thus establishing biológico-economic correlation. The economic factors are the purely biological needs, in themselves material needs, which respond to the principle of the preservation of life; they constitute the motive of all individual and collective action and determine the evolution of the individual and of human societies.



Hence the economic conditions of peoples dominate the others that coexist with them, thus constituting the substructure of social phenomena. They constitute, in the main, the propulsive and attractive element of social evolution and determine the tendencies of the different political, religious, moral and intellectual institutions in general, all considered as the social superstructure.

A comprehension of the economic life of our country is the key to an understanding of the evolutionary processes of our development in education. In Costa Rica the national production is the internal economic factor, and the external factor is our commercial relations with foreign countries, the acquisition of money by means of loans to the government and to individuals, and the attraction of foreign capital to develop the exportation of the products of agriculture and industries.

An immediate consequence of that economic activity of the country was the development of means of communication which, in turn, facilitated the introduction of foreign culture. The construction of railways and the establishment of postal and telegraphic communications, steamship lines and wireless stations, may be deemed auxiliary factors in the development of our culture.

In 1871 the government made a contract with Mr. Henry Meiggs for the construction of a railway between Puerto Limón, on the Atlantic, and the city of Alajuela. In 1872 the work was begun, a start being made with the sections of the interior of the country in order to connect the cities of the central plateau. Later a contract was made with Mr. Minor C. Keith to continue the line to Carrillo, on the left bank of the Río Sucio, whence it was to be extended to join the central line at Cartago. This section was completed in 1881.

By a new contract, concluded in 1884 with the same Mr. Keith, work was begun on the line between Siquirres and Cartago, and in this manner the road was joined to the central section, begun in March, 1872, until the whole line between Limón and Alajuela was completed in 1891. On December 7 of this year the first locomotive

from the region of the Atlantic reached San José.

Afterward branches were constructed to different places along the Atlantic to facilitate access to the estates of this region.

The railway to Limón ought to be considered one of the most potent aids in the development of the national culture. This important enterprise has facilitated immigration, the access of Costa-Ricans to the outside world and the importation of valuable human elements for the development of our intellectual life.

Although to a slighter extent, influence has been exerted in the same direction as in the case of the earlier one by the Punta Arenas railway: an undertaking begun in pursuance of the contract concluded in 1897 with Mr. John L. Casement, who carried the line as far as Orotina. It was afterward continued to Punta Arenas, its terminus, by means of a new contract made with Mr. Warren Knowlton, a contractor, who completed the construction of it during the administration of don Cleto González Víquez.

In connection with the railway lines, and constituting on its part a means for the transmission of foreign culture, were the steamship lines established for the transportation of our products to Europe and the United States and for the importation of articles of foreign manufacture.

Cable and telegraph lines ought also to be considered as means for the introduction of foreign culture. The postal service, with more or less defects, has acquired greater importance and expeditiousness with the construction of railways to the ports, and the entrance of Costa Rica into the Universal Postal Union.

The establishment of telegraph lines, complemented later by the cable service, has been one of the greatest means of expediting communications in our country and with other countries. It has been a source of pride to Costa Rica that she was the first republic of Central America to establish a telegraph service. In 1857, under the administration of don Juan Rafael Mora, the first steps were taken toward its establishment; in 1866 the task of installing it was taken up again, but it

was not carried into effect until 1869, with the first line, between Punta Arenas and Cartago, as a result of a contract concluded with Lymanor Rey, an enterprise that passed later into the government service. In 1881 telegraphic service was established between Cartago and Limón.

In 1891 the government had concluded a contract with the señor Leopoldo Rojas for the establishment of a telephone system. Nevertheless, this important utility did not become a reality until April, 1894, when public telephone service was established in the capital, and a few months later in Cartago, Heredia and Alajuela, by a contract that the Secretaría de Fomento concluded with don Francisco Mendiola Boza, on April 12, 1893. Official telephone service had already been established in Santa Fe in 1886 between the main offices of the government.

The cable service is under the control of the Central and South American Cable company.<sup>38</sup> The cable service, although defective, has contributed greatly, not only to the development of our commercial life, but also to our culture, in daily contact with the principal events of the world. The United Fruit company installed the first wireless station at Limón in 1907, and in 1906 the first station in the interior was installed as an experiment in the Escuela Normal of Costa Rica.

The information received by the United Fruit company, supplied to the press, has favored the public with the most important news of events throughout the world. The wireless station of the Escuela Normal was destroyed in February, 1917, during the so-called administration of the Tinocos.

Side by side with the economic factor

<sup>38</sup>Properly, the Central and South American Telegraph company: this company has been absorbed by, and is a part of, the All America Cables, Incorporated.—THE EDITOR.

as a determinant of culture stands the political factor. The idea of government—which, from the sociological point of view, is but a socialization of the functions of man for self-preservation—acquires in collective action a means of defense and development, in the interest of which man himself establishes institutions of a social and political character. These institutions—whose chief aims are to assure respect for the life and property of individuals and to provide measures for the protection and development of economic activities—agriculture, industry and commerce—for the regulation of these activities by means of proper laws and regulations, and, finally, for the stimulation of all the intellectual agencies of the country—constitute positive factors in the educational development of peoples.

The external political factor—which concerns our international life, the wise management of our diplomatic relations, the attraction of immigrants and esteem of the foreigner as the bringer of culture—had a share in our intellectual progress.

The factors already mentioned, more or less accentuated at certain times, more or less appreciated by our administrations and our private citizens, have favored the development of our culture by transforming our surroundings and thus determining our educational environment, the fundamental basis of the progress of the country.

We have sought hitherto to sketch the factors that have entered into the national culture during the first two-thirds of the last century for the single purpose of interpreting our educational environment during different periods; but, as our object has not been merely to study *Costa-Rican sociology*, we shall take up later the recent influences exerted by foreign nations on our educational activities and on the scientific development of Costa Rica.



# THE OUTCOME OF A WAGER

BY

"RONQUILLO"

A dinner party of young men; random conversation; inevitably, desultory discussion of marriage; an opinion regarding it is advanced, and, naturally, opposed; the upholder of the influence of suggestion and proximity on the potential "contracting parties" offers to support his theory with a wager; he agrees to bring about the marriage of a couple to be selected by his companions; the wager is accepted and the choice of persons is made: the result is interesting, and, strange to say—after centuries of quest for the unusual—surprising.—THE EDITOR.

## I

**B**ETWEEN a marriage for pure love, of which people are wont to speak in novels," said Carlos Olmedo, one of those present during that after-dinner chat, "and a marriage for money, there is an infinite number of degrees and shades, as is revealed by the facts of every-day life."

"Such as, for example? . . ." inquired another of the diners.

"Such as, for example," continued Carlos, "the marriage of a man that marries because he thinks it proper to do so and picks out a woman without either much affection or much pecuniary interest; the marriage of the woman that seeks in her husband a stay and support, that she may not be left alone in the world; that of so many that marry out of an ill considered sympathy, which, in reality, is not love; and that of so many others."

"This is very true," remarked Alberto; "but it is a long way between what you have just said and what you said a little while ago: that in most cases men and women marry only because of a mere inclination toward matrimony and that they tie up with the first person they happen on within certain general requirements."

"I stand by what I have said," replied Carlos; "it is sufficient to say to a man, 'Such and such a woman likes you,' and to a woman, 'This man has had his eyes on you,' for them to develop an immediate predisposition and get started down the inclined plane that descends toward matrimony."

"Man, that is to entertain a very poor

idea of human feelings," said Manuel Rengifo, another of the diners, "and a worse one still of matrimony. If everything were thus, the task of the match-makers would be easy, and they are neither so many nor are they always fortunate."

"However, it is easy to put any one to the test," answered Carlos.

"Would you be kind enough to demonstrate to us practically the truth of your assertion?"

"Of course, and I would even accept a bet on this subject—granted a marriageable man and a marriageable woman—to engage to lead them rapidly to the altar, but on two conditions."

"Ah! you are already beginning to make conditions!"

"Only such as are necessary, and you that are present shall be the judges of them. In the first place, the persons are to be really marriageable; there must exist no incompatibility due to family dislike, a clashing of interests or any other cause whatsoever."

"That is a very reasonable condition; and the second?"

"That each of you shall give me his word of honor to do absolutely nothing to hamper my action."

"Very natural, also; and on these conditions you are ready to make the wager?"

"Certainly, and we shall fix the amount immediately."

"Accepted," said the other five.

"I propose," said Manuel, "a dinner for all present. If you win, Carlos, we shall give you a dinner among us all, and a splendid dinner at that, and you will have the right to invite to it six other friends of

yours; and if you lose, you will have to pay, and each of us six will have the right to invite a friend."

"Agreed; and now let us select the victims . . . or the fortunate ones: you yourselves will have to designate them, but you must suggest persons that I know, for if you do not, the task will be a great deal more difficult."

"Very good," said Manuel; "let us begin with the bridegroom."

After thinking for some moments, he added:

"Eduardo Romero: he is twenty-eight years old; he has a good steady job and a very fair income; he is of a good family and he is a fine fellow, with no great virtues and no great defects."

"Yes; he will do well for the bridegroom," said several: "there is nothing against him. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Yes;" replied Carlos; "I know him and I am even somewhat in his confidence. He is a good lad. I accept him. Now to the bride."

Those present began to propose different ladies, but they were rejected one after another, because of this or that objection and because, in all sincerity, no one wished to increase the difficulty of the problem.

"I have her!" said Alberto.

"Who is she?"

"Laurita Olivar."

"Javier Acuña's little widow?"

"The same."

"But man!" exclaimed Carlos, "Laura is my cousin."

"All the better then: her kinship will give you a certain hold on her and thus the undertaking will be all the easier for you."

"But she is a widow!"

"And do you consider that little widow a bad morsel! Twenty-four years old, good looking, of irreproachable conduct and without children or many relatives!"

"But you know that a widow is less sought after than a young girl."

"That depends on the widow; and if her state is a difficulty, on the other hand, your relationship with her will make your task easier."

"Unless," remarked Manuel, "you have

your own eye on your cousin and ~~therefor~~ are making objections."

"By no means; and as a proof of it, I accept her. Now give me a reasonable time."

"For two persons that are free to act, a month is sufficient."

"No;" replied Carlos, "it is too little."

"Let us decide on two months."

"Very well; two months."

"Then," added Manuel, "you wager that within two months Eduardo Romero will have married Laura Olivar, the widow of Acuña?"

"Yes; I accept the conditions and the wager."

"Let us see, however," remarked Alberto; "may there not already be some affair between Laura and Eduardo, and may we not be letting ourselves in for something?"

"I am sure there is not," replied Manuel; "they know each other by sight, as all of us that live in a small city know one another; but nothing more."

"And I also testify," rejoined Carlos, "that there does not even exist a speaking acquaintanceship between my cousin and Eduardo."

"To work then."

"On with the dance!"

## II

HOWEVER, before describing how young Carlos Olmedo attacked the enterprise, our readers ought to be made acquainted with the victims, or whatever they were, of that matrimonial conspiracy and that wager, arranged with so little conscience and morality.

Laura Olivar belonged to a good family of that city of twenty thousand inhabitants, and she was a pretty and attractive woman. Her father had died after he had seen her married to Javier Acuña, who had been what is deemed a good match; she had married at the age of nineteen, but after two years of wedded life, she had the misfortune to be left a widow. An attack of influenza, followed by pneumonia, carried off her husband, whom she really loved.

Immediately after her husband's death, Laura had returned to her mother's side to

continue to live with her; and there, in seclusion and silence, she sincerely mourned her husband and led an irreproachable life.

Young Acuña, who equally reciprocated his wife's affection, had made a will a few days before his death and in it he left to his wife all his property, which was not much, it is true: a small house and some securities; with all of which Laura had what was necessary to live in relative comfort, but not to lead a life of luxury, by a great deal. She went out little, accompanied by her mother; and, although she had been a widow for three years, she was not seen in public save when she would go to take a walk in the plaza of the city, which she did infrequently, and never on festive occasions, even private ones.

Laura was Carlos Olmedo's cousin, but a cousin in the second degree only, a relationship that does not amount to much in towns, except when it is a case of persons that live very near one another, for then kinship assumes importance and is strengthened by affection.

Carlos, however, was a man that spent little time in that city, as he preferred to live in Santiago, and only for brief stays had he returned to his native city. Recently he had spent a longer period there than was his wont; and not out of affection for his family and his native town, but because he was drawn by regard for an uncle of his and of Laura's, who was approaching his last hour, and who possessed a fortune that was not to be despised, of two hundred thousand or more *pesos*, according to the well informed. The uncle died, however, and solemnly disappointed his niece and his nephew; for in his will, apart from certain pious bequests and legacies of slight importance to his only niece and nephew, Laura and Carlos, he left all his property to his friend don Antonio Correa, a man of wealth on his own account; and the will added, after making Antonio the heir: "With instruction to carry out the provisions that I have transmitted to him privately and regarding which no one has a right to ask him for an accounting."

Carlos had passed a bad moment over his uncle's will, but he took possession of the two thousand *pesos* of the legacy, and he barely put on mourning for his relative.

This disappointment gave a darker tone to his skepticism, in which he went so far as to deny affection in matrimony and as not to believe in sentiments.

In spite of his youth—he was thirty-four years old—Carlos was a cold man, not bad, but selfish. However, many persons thought that a sincere affection would perhaps cure those defects and would cause a good heart to beat where none appeared to exist.

As to the young Romero selected as material for the matrimonial wager, he was a young man of twenty-eight, as was said on the occasion of the dinner, of good family, of a very fair figure and even attractive, with few relatives, without parents and with two sisters. He held a position that brought him in seven hundred *pesos* a month, which was not a trifle in that small city; and with his salary and a little house that he and his sisters had inherited from their parents, the three lived modestly and constituted one of those families that all respect in a small town, but that do not fill a large place in society. They were invited to festivities, but it was well known that they never attended.

He met his obligations well enough, and everybody treated him with consideration; but he was not sought after anywhere. On the other hand, he was not received coldly anywhere. Socially he was "one of the many."

"He would not make a bad husband, with his good qualities," certain mothers were wont to remark: . . . "but he has nothing but his salary and the little house."

"One of the many," was the general expression; but those that said this were incapable of observing that one needs really great qualities to enable him to lead an irreproachable life in modest retirement; to meet all his obligations squarely; to be kind at home; and to wend his silent way "neither envious nor envied." As his true worth was not evident on the surface, they denied it and said of him: "One of the many, but always correct and always a perfect little gentleman."

Such was the bridegroom selected for the little widow, and such the bride picked out for young Romero.

In reality, the two were perfectly eligible, and in this respect there were no obstacles in the way of the affair. Now, would it be possible to harmonize those two wills and lead them to matrimony?

## 111

THE night that followed the one of the wager, Carlos Olmedo went to his cousin Laura's, where he was received with the intimacy to which his relationship gave him a right.

"It is a long time since you have let us have a look at you about here, cousin," remarked Laura, who continued to work at her sewing.

"I have remained away out of mere ill humor."

"Ill humor? And why?"

"Do you not think the cause sufficient, Laurita: the disappointment caused us by our uncle and his famous will? It is, in reality, a 'story of a rich uncle.'"

"Well, believe me, that as to myself, there has been no great disillusionment: I have lived a life of such seclusion, I have been so much alone, and we saw so little of each other, that I am not surprised at his neglect."

"But, after all, he was an uncle, a near relative; and if he did not wish to leave me anything because I am a man and can earn my living without asking anything of anybody, he ought to have thought of you, Laurita; but to leave that pittance to you, a widow, with hardly enough to live on!"

"With the life that we lead, we need no more; and if our uncle did not remember us, what are we to do about it?"

"Which does not alter the fact that our uncle's fortune would have come in very well for you. Thus there would have been more probability—observe well, I do not say 'probability,' but 'more probability'—of your contracting a new marriage."

"Marry again!" exclaimed Laura, smiling with pleasure; "but I am not thinking of any such thing, Carlos! The very idea!"

"But it is natural that you should think of it."

"But why is it natural, man alive!"

"Because you are young; you are

twenty-four years old; you are very attractive and winsome; and because, during your married life and in your widowhood, you have proved that you possess qualities and virtues that are somewhat rare."

"Carlos, Carlitos, be careful, or I shall think you are courting me! . . . Are you, by any chance, seeking my hand?"

Carlos, on his part, burst into merry laughter. "In truth, cousin, I might do so with good reason and . . . I should not be lacking in the desire, but, frankly, I have no such thought in mind. I spoke of your good qualities and your attractiveness, because I feel thus and out of regard for your future; some day—may God prevent it—you may lose your mother, and you may be left alone in the world."

"May God will that this shall be as late as possible! and not even as a supposition would I think of such a thing! Therefore I assure you, with all frankness, that the idea of a second marriage has never occurred to me."

"I do not doubt it, my dear cousin; you can never have thought of it, I am sure, but. . . ."

"But what? . . . Come now; you have something up your sleeve; your reticence indicates it, and I have suspected something for a good while. Out with it, out with it, man! What is it?"

"About some one that would like to rescue you from your state of widowhood."

"Ah! a suitor! . . . Let us have done! The subject no longer interests me. And you, when are you going to marry?"

"Do not go to proposing such difficult problems; and don't try to change the subject; however, if you are not interested. . . ."

"Neither much nor little," commented Laura, admirably disguising the curiosity that was pricking her.

"Then, although it may not interest you," added Carlos, piqued in turn by his cousin's indifference, "I shall tell you, now that I have begun. I have seen some one's eyes shine, when you passed by, and then pursue you."

"Curiosity of the men, who will not let a woman pass without staring at her."

"It was something more than curiosity, and I have observed it three or four times,

and then I have heard something like a sigh, following the look."

"What a sensitive gallant he must have been!"

"And he does not seem to have been, in truth; since he is the quietest fellow in town: Eduardo Romero, and no other."

"The 'very correct' Romero? . . . and that lad knows how to stare and sigh? I thought he was as mild and cold as the pipes of drinking water of which he has charge."

"Do not make fun of that young man, cousin."

"I am not making fun in the least. On the contrary, I have a very good opinion of him. In a small town, where the honor of few is respected, nothing bad has ever been said of him."

"Now you are becoming enthusiastic; be careful!"

"But man, you are seeing visions. I say what I have heard, and only to reply to the accusation of making fun of him, which you have attributed to me."

"Well, that 'very correct' and very cold Eduardo Romero is the man of the glances and the sighs; and besides: a few days ago you passed by at a distance, while he and I were in the plaza, and he saw you; and this is what he said: 'There is a girl that would make any man happy,' and he followed you with his eyes until you were lost in the distance."

"How strange, and we have never so much as spoken to each other; not that I do not recognize his merits, without a tremor, however, and I only repeat what I have heard: that he would be 'a good husband for some girl of simple tastes.' Besides, his face gives evidence of a rectitude of character that is none too common among young men. However, Carlos, frankly, my widowhood by no means burdens me."

Laura changed the subject of the conversation, showing no further interest in the topic under discussion; and shortly afterward Carlos took his leave.

#### IV

A FEW days later Carlos fell in with young Romero.

"How fortunate I am to have happened on you at just this moment," he said to

him; "I wished to ask you whether my uncle had paid all his water bills."

"Everything has been paid, Carlos," answered Romero; "your uncle was a very orderly man. Speaking of him, if it be not an indiscretion to mention the subject, how do you explain your uncle's leaving his fortune to an outsider and not to his niece and nephew?"

"Vagaries of an uncle; he lived as a bachelor and he made his will like a bachelor, without remembering his family."

"It is very strange; he ought at least to have remembered the señora Laura, a widow without fortune and so full of virtues and good qualities."

"Are you acquainted with her, Eduardo?"

"No; not at all; this is but general opinion. Her marriage and widowhood are the best testimony to her merits; another, with her youth and her physical charms, would already be out in search of a new husband."

"*Caramba*, Romerito! How enthusiastically you speak of my cousin!"

"Man, for God's sake, do not take offense. I do no more than echo what others say, for I am not acquainted with her. I have only seen her on rare occasions in the street."

He said this with an air of absolute sincerity.

"The eulogy of a person as serious and respectable as you are is not, and can not be, an offense," answered Carlos; "but—let me say to you with frankness—my attention was called to the good opinion you have just expressed of my cousin without knowing her, because it coincided with the fact that last night—to go no further back—she was praising you in the same way, without being acquainted with you."

"Really?"

"Certainly: 'I have often heard it said,' she told me, 'that this young man would be a good husband for some girl of simple tastes.' And she added: 'His face gives evidence of a rectitude of character that is none too common among young men.'"

"Then, my friend, you are almost making me vain, with all this praise and, above all, when it comes from a lady so worth-

of respect. I appreciate it with all my heart."

"And because of this coincidence of your praising each other, and that at a distance, I imagined for a moment that there must exist some friendship . . . and even a bit of a very discreet affair between you."

"Man, do not jest! How could it occur to you that I should be lacking in respect for a lady! If I cherished such sentiments, and if, besides, it were possible that they might be acceptable to such a person as the señora Laura, and if I were in a position to dare to think of such things, I should not have recourse to messages or gossip transmitted by telegraph, but I should go directly to the person interested and I should speak to her with my heart in my hand."

"And why do you not consider yourself in a position to think of such things?"

"The reason is perfectly evident. Suppose I were to fall in love with your cousin or with some other lady of her worth and social position: do you fancy that I should go to ask her to sacrifice her welfare for me, for a fellow with a salary of seven hundred pesos and therefore incapable of offering her ease and comfort. No, señor; this would be well enough for boys, but not for a man of twenty-eight."

"Observe, however, that Laura (and I speak only to continue the discussion) has something of her own to live on, so that the incomes of two modest persons with simple tastes would be united, and thus the two would be the gainers. And if, besides, there existed affection? And if you felt it for a person like my cousin, and if she cherished, as a foundation, a good opinion that would predispose to sympathy and a return of affection?"

"Come now! We are jesting about too serious a subject. I entertain for your cousin, although I do not know her personally, so much esteem and respect that I should not dare to discuss the question of love between her and me."

Then the conversation shifted, and shortly afterward they separated, but Carlos withdrew, thinking to himself:

"I have now planted a spark in both hearts; nothing more is lacking than that it should catch, and for that purpose it is necessary to blow on it a little."

## V

CARLOS continued to blow to help the spark catch.

One day he would meet his cousin; the next, he would fall in with Eduardo in the plaza; then he would go directly to visit his cousin's house; next, Romero's office under the pretext of consulting him regarding his uncle's affairs; and thus he gave himself opportunities to speak to each, to insist on his theme, to converse with each regarding the other, and always artfully and skilfully, that the interest he took in the subject might not appear and in such a manner that the subject would come up naturally and spontaneously, as if by accident and without being dragged into the conversation.

In each of the interviews and conversations he tried with great tact and prudence to add a splinter here and there to make the spark take hold, and he blew on it a little to make it kindle. Readers that are acquainted with Jules Verne's *L'île mystérieuse* will recall the infinite care with which Harbert lighted the only match he found in his pocket, the only means he and his companions had of starting a fire on the desert island, and the minute precautions he took in piling fuel on the little flame of the match, tending it and increasing it until it became a great fire that would warm the bodies of persons stiff with cold. Equal then was the infinite scrupulosity and attention exercised by Carlos Olmedo in nourishing the sparks he had deposited in the hearts of his cousin and Eduardo Romero, and he manifested a similar zeal and care in causing the spark to assume the direction of the fire of love.

In truth he did not lack fuel for his purpose. As the little widow was a person of many good qualities, it was very easy for Carlos to provoke in Romero a phrase in commendation of his cousin, and he immediately set off with this phrase and applied it like a sliver to the spark lighted by him in Laura's heart; and as, on the other hand, young Romero was not lacking in virtues and as there was much to praise in his irreproachable conduct, Carlos, in his conversation with his cousin, easily dropped a phrase of hers in compliment of



Romero, and this phrase was another straw that Carlos carried off to apply to livening up the tiny flame kindled in the young man's heart. Thus, going back and forth, it happened, as was natural, above all, as the affair was conducted with skill, that Romero thought frequently of Laura and he discovered more and more perfections in her every day, and that, on her part, Laura let her thoughts dwell on Eduardo and listened with pleasure to the good reports other persons gave her of him; and so each of the two interested principals assumed importance in the mind of the other.

The diplomat did even more. With all skill, and dexterously concealing his hand, he caused certain persons among his relations—ladies and gentlemen—to speak every little while, and as if by accident, with Laura regarding the merits of the methodical and correct manager of the water-works; and he induced some of his friends to converse with Romero about the excellent qualities of the young lady; and in this manner, insensibly, he formed around them a delicate atmosphere in which each of them frequently breathed the same air as the other; but he took good care that the word "matrimony" should never be uttered. Blowing softly a spark livens it up, but blowing strongly puts it out at once.

While the situation stood thus, a merely casual incident favored Olmedo's plans.

One Sunday, at half after ten in the morning, the people were leaving the parish church after the high mass, and a veritable torrent of men and women thronged the street they were crossing to go into the plaza or to disperse in different directions.

The shouts of many people were suddenly heard: "Look out! Look out! . . . Get out of the way!"

And down the same street along which the crowd was moving came dashing at the top of his speed a runaway horse, heading madly, blindly, for the immense multitude that was leaving the church. The shouts increased, and the startled people fled in terror, some toward the sidewalk in front of the church, others toward the plaza, thus opening as by instinct a way for the danger-

ous brute; but in the very path of the furious horse stood a little boy of five, very poorly dressed, who doubtless had pulled away from his mother's hand.

"The child! . . . Oh, for the love of God! . . . He is going to kill him!" cried several voices, and, indeed, the blinded animal was within a few feet of the child, who was unaware of his danger.

Suddenly, however, two persons darted from the crowd—a woman and a man—and with startling rapidity they gained the middle of the street, caught up the boy and snatched him out of the way; but, although they made haste, the horse reached the man, grazed him, struck him a glancing blow, knocked him down and continued his wild flight.

This occurrence raised new shouts, but the fallen man soon got up and said:

"It is nothing! . . . I am all right."

The multitude applauded the two rescuers enthusiastically.

Only at that moment did the two realize what had occurred, and they at once recognized each other. They were Laura Olivar and Eduardo Romero: she, very pale from emotion; and he, with his face somewhat flushed, but calm and quiet. They bowed to each other slightly, smiling, and Eduardo asked:

"Have you suffered any injury, señora?"

"No, señor; I managed to escape uninjured, and you, señor?"

"I too, señora; the horse was able to reach me as he passed, but the blow is insignificant."

In the meanwhile they were approached by a woman of the people, the mother of the boy, who was weeping and convulsively caressing him, unable to convince herself that he was uninjured.

"My lady, my gentleman," the woman said, weeping, "you have saved my little son. God reward you and make you happy."

Carlos Olmedo had witnessed the scene and he was commenting smilingly to himself:

"Accident is aiding me; the spark has caught and has become a flame. It would be well to bring them together in order that the flame may become a fire and result in matrimony."

## VI

**I**T WAS unnecessary for Carlos to bring them together. The day following the occurrence that has just been related, Romero appeared at the little widow's home.

"Will you pardon me, señora, if I approach you without an introduction?"

"There has been no occasion, señor," she replied, "nor is there any need; for the incident of yesterday, I think, has already made us acquainted."

"It is true, señora, and I congratulate myself on it; but there is something more for which I must beg your pardon. The step I am taking with regard to you would be an act of the most ridiculous presumption or of the most stupid insolence, were it not that I am moved by a consideration that concerns both your tranquillity and mine."

"Indeed, señor? And to what does it relate?"

"To a subject that it would be very difficult to explain if I did not have recourse to the most absolute frankness and sincerity, although at the risk of seeming to you to be unbearably impertinent."

"Therefore speak, señor; for the reputation you enjoy immediately prevents my forming so bad an opinion."

"I proceed then with the affair, señora, without further preamble and relying on your benevolence and the rectitude of your judgment. Some three weeks ago I fell in with your cousin Carlos Olmedo, and in the conversation he spoke of you and he repeated these phrases that you had uttered to him: 'Romero would be a good husband for some girl with simple tastes.' 'Besides, his face gives evidence of a rectitude of character that is none too common among young men.' This opinion is very flattering to me, but there was nothing in it that could affect the heart. During the succeeding days, on five or six occasions, Carlos has repeated, with an insistence that has attracted my attention and that has seemed systematic to me, other phrases of yours of a different character—I would not wound you, señora, but frankness is better than half words—phrases . . . more expressive and such as have come nearer to my heart. All this assumes an

especial value in my eyes, because it comes, not from an outsider, but from a near relative of yours; but malice has triumphed over my presumption, and therefore I have come to you, because I have had the idea that this is a trick of your cousin's, and that he is playing the same part with you also."

Laura sat gazing at her questioner, blushing at times and at times with flashes of anger in her eyes, and when Eduardo had finished speaking, she remained thoughtful for a moment, and then she asked:

"Do you recall, señor, what was the first day on which Carlos spoke to you of me?"

"I recall it very well, señora; it was the twenty-eighth of May, at six o'clock in the afternoon."

"Well then; two days before, the twenty-sixth, at night, Carlos was here, and he spoke of you, and he repeated to me a phrase of yours, which I have not forgotten, either: 'Laura is a girl that would make any man happy,' and afterward, on five or six occasions, he has again repeated phrases and opinions of yours that went a little more directly to my heart, until I have had to give consideration to his conduct, which seemed to me to have a definite purpose."

"Our suspicions are confirmed then, señora."

"Precisely; what Carlos heard from you, he brought to me, and then he carried to you what he had heard me say."

"And there is, consequently, a purpose in all this?"

"Without any doubt; I see it myself now."

"A purpose, señora, that you yourself will readily understand when you learn that the night before Carlos came to your house, on the twenty-fifth of May, he had dinner with several of his friends; and, as I had compared this fact with other facts, it occurred to me to go to the hotel where the dinner was given. At the first question I asked, the waiter that was serving me let the hare out of the bag: I learned, señora, that it was an affair of a wager made by Carlos that he would marry us."

"*Jesús*, what an outrage," exclaimed Laura, genuinely indignant; but an idea at once crossed her mind; she blushed and

then added in another tone: "Pardon me, señor, I say, 'an outrage,' because of the conduct of Carlos and his friends."

"It is conduct that is really unqualifiable, above all, as the person that made the wager is a near relative of yours."

"To plunge into matrimony two persons that are unacquainted with each other, that have never known each other, and thus to expose them to irreparable unhappiness!"

"It is a veritable crime, señora; nevertheless . . . you will permit me to make a remark: the purpose was censurable—there is no doubt of that—but it is clear that it could not be consummated, as it would come to nothing, owing to your good taste; but suppose, señora, that these wiles had awakened in my heart the feelings for which they were designed; would it not have been a misfortune for me to conceive illusions and cherish plans that would have ended, naturally, in painful disillusionment?"

Laura's attention was attracted by the tone in which Eduardo uttered these last words; and, fixing on him her eyes and disguising with a smile a certain glimmer of anxiety deep within, she remarked: "I suppose, señor, that no such thing has occurred?"

"Señora, I am of an age in which the head ought to keep the affairs of the heart in some sort of order."

"That is very well said, but I see that you are now less frank and sincere than you were at the beginning of this interview."

"It must be because it was then a question of a subject that touched you and me very nearly, while this other one . . . how can it be of any interest to you?"

"And why is it not? Why may I not be interested in what affects the one to whom my cousin destined me as a wife and who was yesterday my companion in the rescue of a poor boy?"

Laura accompanied these words with a look that deeply moved Eduardo, who could not repress, in spite of his sincerity, this exclamation:

"Señora, as a favor, do not cause me to glimpse lights that are not for my eyes! While it was an outrage on the part of

Carlos, it would be a cruelty on your part!"

"And would it not be a greater cruelty to ourselves not to continue to the end, with the frankness and sincerity with which we began, but to conceal what each of us feels at this moment?"

"And how can I dare to think of a return of an affection that I have cherished, very deeply concealed, or of offering to one that I so deeply admire . . . the nothingness of my person and my financial position."

"But to what greater happiness can an honest woman of secluded life aspire than that of taking the unstained name of an honorable man, of leaning on a firm arm and of uniting her heart with another heart filled with noble affection?"

"But is this true, Laura? Is it not, perhaps, the continuation of a dream? By what unexpected road has this former dream of my soul come to realization?"

"Has it been for a long time then, Eduardo," asked Laura, extending her hands, "that you have cared for me?"

"For a long time, Laura, for a long time; but it was an illusion that I myself strove to dispel with the true voice of reason and the cold contact of reality; and this, Laura, is like a sudden dawn in the depth of a very dark night."

"And I, my friend, only since yesterday. When we rescued that child, the look that you gave me penetrated to the innermost depths of my soul and awakened in it feelings that I thought would never be again renewed."

They looked at each other for an instant, their hands clasped, their eyes glowing with love and tranquil tenderness.

"Shall we let Carlos win his wager then, Laura?"

"Let him win it, Eduardo, and if it has coincided with our love, let his victory coincide with our happiness."

## VII

FOUR weeks later was celebrated, in private and with no attempt at parade, the marriage of Eduardo Romero and Laura Olivar: "A well mated pair," all said, "and that of persons that deserve to be happy."

A week later Carlos Olmedo's friends paid the wager won by him. They gave him a splendid dinner.

There is an epilogue, however.

At the end of the dinner a servant handed to Carlos a letter that had just been brought for him, and the participants demanded that he read it.

"It is, doubtless, the acceptance of some friend, or another felicitation on your victory."

"Let Manuel Rengifo read it."

"Let me read it! Let me read it!"

Carlos gave the letter to Manuel, and Manuel read aloud what follows:

SEÑOR DON CARLOS ALMEDO

PRESENT

MY ESTEEMED SEÑOR:

I have the honor to send you with this a copy of a letter which, under the same date, I have despatched to your cousin, the señora doña Laura Olivar de Romero, by reference to which you can inform yourself as to the last will of your uncle Andrés Olivar.

I have the honor to salute you and to sign my name as your friend and obedient servant,

ANTONIO CORREA.

The copy ran thus:

SEÑORA DOÑA LAURA OLIVAR DE ROMERO

PRESENT

MY RESPECTED SEÑORA:

At the same time that I send you my courteous and cordial felicitation on your new marriage, I am pleased to communicate to you the last instructions given me by your uncle, don Andrés Olivar, before his death.

As you will see by the certified copy of the will that I send you with this, your uncle made me the residuary legatee of all his property, but he added, in this testamentary clause, the following sentence: "With instruction to carry out the provisions that I have transmitted to him privately and regarding which no one has a right to ask him for an accounting."

Well then; don Andrés explained to me these provisions several times by word of mouth, and, besides, he reiterated them to me in a letter he delivered to me a short time before his death, the original of which I send you, and in it you can read the following paragraphs:

"You know already that I have no other near relatives save my nephew and niece, Carlos Olmedo and Laura Olivar, the widow of Acuña; and to them I desire to leave my fortune, but with certain restrictions, which I leave intrusted to the uprightness of the good friend that you have always been to me.

"If Carlos and Laura come to love each other and to marry, deliver to them all my property—after the bequests and legacies that I indicate in my will—and you will deliver it to them immediately after the celebration of the wedding and as my wedding gift.

"If they do not marry each other, you will proceed in the following manner: if Carlos marries before Laura, according to Laura's wishes and yours, you will give him three-fourths of my estate, and you will give the other fourth to my niece; but if Laura marries before her cousin and with his full consent, and if she marries a person that you deem worthy, deliver to Laura all my property; for, after all, Carlos is a man and he is able to take care of himself."

The rest of your uncle's letter, as you can see, does no more than fully confirm this will.

For my part, I see that the hour has come to carry it into effect, as it has been made public in the city, and as Carlos himself has testified, that your cousin has brought about the marriage by means of a wager, I am convinced that you have married in full conformity with the will of your cousin; and, as, besides, I have observed that you have chosen as your husband a very meritorious young man and one that I know and have esteemed for many years for his great virtues, it is my pleasure to deliver to you the entire fortune of your uncle and my friend don Andrés Olivar, which consists of the good house in which he lived during his lifetime and some hundred and fifty thousand *pesos* in bonds and other securities. In the recorder's office of this city is ready the act of transmission of the property, which you and your husband will have the goodness to sign.

Be so kind, señora, as to accept, along with my congratulations, the very respectful greetings and warm regard of your sincere friend and servant,

ANTONIO CORREA.

When Manuel had concluded the reading of this letter, Carlos fell back in his chair, and two hours later he was rolling with a horrible attack of indigestion.

# A CODE FOR THE JOURNALIST

BY

J. M. QUIRÓS Y PALMA

The simple ethical principles of Journalism, as conceived by a teacher of youth. If they seem old-fashioned, so much the worse for modern journalism.—THE EDITOR.

## I

THOROUGH preparation is required for every kind of profession, and that of journalism—the most universal, complex and responsible of all professions—ought to demand unswerving honor and solid training in literature and science.

## II

PRUDENCE counsels beginners—young and old—to subject themselves to a private apprenticeship, under the direction of experienced teachers, before giving their efforts to the public; and, in general, every writer would prefer the criticism of discreet and impartial friends to the contemptuous smile or the noisy reprobation of society.

## III

BREEDING demands of the journalist much social tact, which should be expressed in Christian charity, disinterested love for his country, respectful and delicate opportuneness, especially when he must advocate views opposed to established opinions or customs.

## IV

I BELIEVE that among a writer's moral qualities, veracity and gentlemanliness are not the least. It is extremely mortifying to be obliged to take back what one has said or to have it proven that one acted with bad faith or employed forbidden weapons, such as misrepresentation, sarcasm or falsehood.

## V

THE pen of a Christian ought never to trace an irreligious, defamatory or obscene

line, under any circumstances or with any pretext. Immoral and excessive language is to be condemned anywhere; and in a public writer, it ought to be punished severely, because of the scandals it occasions all society.

## VI

AS FAR as possible, let us give to our doctrinaire writings that impersonality in their essence that will cause them to appeal to all kinds of readers, without offense to any of them. Let us remember that in the vicious, vice is reprehensible, but that their persons are respectable. Let us imitate the physicians, who fight the disease, but save the patient.

## VII

IN OUR modern democracies the press can pass an opinion on political persons and subjects with a freedom that is worthy and chivalrous. Let it censure as much as it will unworthy acts, ideas and functionaries; but let it respect the authority of the ruler or the superior.

## VIII

WE SHOULD never be guilty of the vulgarity of throwing into the face of a public man—in combating him—his past irregularities, his merely private faults, his physical deformity or his humble origin.

## IX

THE end does not justify the means; therefore let us not try to use forbidden weapons—deceit, calumny, et cetera—to uphold the verdicts of truth or religion. Instead of reflecting credit on them, we thus stupidly compromise the best causes.

## X

IN EVERY polemic we ought to treat our opponents in a courteous manner, avoiding what may reasonably wound or offend them. Journalists have a right to bring out the truth, but not to give utterance to base passions or to exhibit or foster personal hatreds.

## XI

SOME journalists forget that when their manners are uncouth and their style is passionate or insulting, polemics strengthen their adversaries and render them impregnable. A sacred writer has said with truth: "To catch flies a drop of honey is better than many jars of gall."

## XII

EPISTOLARY correspondence and private documents may not be published without the consent of their owners or signers. Journalists to whom are directed letters or communications of a private character may not reproduce them without violating both the law and good manners.

## XIII

IT is therefore very wise, in our correspondence with professional writers, to make our reservation very clear to them or to give them full authority to publish our communications and letters.

## XIV

LET us not shirk any responsibility that devolves upon us as journalists; and if the staff of a newspaper does not make itself responsible for our articles, let us put our signatures to them, or a pseudonym known to a few persons. No author ought to be ashamed of what he writes; therefore let no one be such a coward as to hide the hand that throws the stone.

## XV

LET us be very careful and scrupulous to mention the author and source of any article we may reproduce; otherwise we should sin against literary justice by exhibiting as ours what is another's, and we should expose ourselves to the distressing humiliation endured by every plagiarist that is found out.

## XVI

AS FOR the rest, the finished writer will remember all that is required by politeness in conversation, in letters and in social usage.

His style ought to be correct, his language courteous and his entire article characterized by dignity, elevation and modesty.



# CHÂTEAUBRIAND AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE<sup>1</sup>

BY

H. D. BARBAGELATA

An illustration of the persistence of an outworn idea, prejudice, habit of thought. The often discussed French statesman, steeped in the monarchical ideas that characterized the prerevolutionary Europe of the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth century, would have dictated a policy and a form of government for the recently liberated Hispanic-American peoples . . . had the times, events and military and political leaders been other than they were. Châteaubriand and Bolívar—antipodal figures—symbolize, respectively, the waning of one era and the dawning of another; yet the former was not wholly wedded to the ancient order, and the latter did not thoroughly apprehend and esteem the new order.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN the day of Hispanic-American emancipation was just breaking, a man of literary talent, who enchanted the hours of my childhood with his writings, sought to suppress, by disregarding it, that new era, for ever invariable.

The Vicomte François-René de Châteaubriand, who is to-day the fashion in Paris, where he is discussed and admired, made himself heard in 1822 at the court of Louis XVIII, whom he dragged into war with Spain to render his reign illustrious with the ephemeral victories of a strategico-political maneuver that may be sketched in brief phrases.

His measureless pride as a noble of the old regimen caused him to deem himself the victor in the congress of Verona in the international policy of those whom he himself called the greatest two ministers of the period: Metternich and Canning. He dreamed of impossible combinations; and, as the last refuge of his theories as to the divine right of kings, cast aside by the French revolution, first, and by Hispanic America, later, he conceived the idea of placing at the head of the affairs of the latter scions of the dynastic family that he so much respected. He himself, it was, who assured us that he then thought to address himself to the former colonies in order to say to them:

Do you wish Spain to recognize your independence? Spain and Europe will recognize it

when you shall have elected as a head a king of the blood of your former sovereigns through whom you will continue your liberty in the form of a constitutional monarchy. This form of government suits your climate, your customs and your population, scattered, as it is, over an immense extent of land. The passive resistance of the cabinet of Madrid is powerful. . . . If England, without making war on the United States, had limited herself to not recognizing the latter's independence, would the United States be what she is to-day? . . . Do not slumber under the shelter of a deceptive security; beware of being made drunk by dreaming; your passions will wreck you if you persist in your theories. Flatterers of peoples are as dangerous as flatterers of kings. When they have created for themselves a Utopia, they take not into account either the past or history or facts or customs or character or prejudices: carried away by their own dreams, they prepare not for eventualities, and they make havoc of the most promising future.<sup>2</sup>

Thus thought to speak the dreamer that was following the wrong road in the direction of an ungrateful political fate. A short time afterward, the monarch dismissed him from his ministry (June 6, 1824), leaving him, according to his own confession, "mortally wounded" by the tone of the letter he addressed to him at the time and "by the manner in which he cast him out."

However, the poet continued to believe, down to his last day, that the Europeo-American political world did not change its aspect with his fall, because he was

<sup>2</sup>Châteaubriand: *Œuvres complètes*, volume xii, page 375.

<sup>1</sup>From the book entitled *Para la historia de América*.

conducting wisely "the affairs of Spain," which the jealous Monsieur de Villèle did not permit him to carry to a happy conclusion. No one can doubt the delusion lived in by one that would exclaim vauntingly on the occasion of the easy successes of the Duc d'Angoulême in the Iberian peninsula: "We could assure ourselves that we were as successful in politics as in literature."

While his mind was full of the idea of speaking thus eloquently to the Americans, without remarking that the victorious figure of the great Bolívar was striding the continent—after the interview between the Liberator and the victor in the south, don José de San Martín—Châteaubriand considered it a profitable move to unburden his mind to the Spaniards also, and he addressed them in the following terms:

Your colonies are lost; you will never recover them. Colombia has no more Spaniards, properly so-called, in her territory. She used to call them "Goths;" to-day they have perished or they have been expelled. All the clergy of that republic are American and in favor of independence. In México, measures are being adopted against the natives of the former mother-country. If you are opposed to granting independence to your colonies, they will wrest it in spite of you; the United States has already recognized their independence; the English are on the point of recognizing it in all its plenitude. You, however, have a means of salvation: place *infantes* on the thrones of México and Perú by agreement with the inhabitants of those states; you will win glory by doing so, and you will reap advantage in respect of your debts and in favor of your commerce.

The viscount was not mistaken, doubtless, in counseling the monarchs of Spain to attempt to establish in certain parts of America *infantes* of their crown, those same *infantes* who, perhaps, had been sought for years before with enthusiasm by some of the leaders of the revolution for independence in México and on the Plata, only that by this time things had changed, and the omnipotent Bolívar was ordering, as early as 1821, the ministers that were sent from Bogotá to negotiate peace with the Peninsula to reject rigidly any arrangement that might have as its basis "the proposal of any prince of the

house of Bourbon" as sovereign of Colombia: "for," as he said, "this country must be considered independent of every foreign power and therefore disposed to reject not only the Bourbons, but also any other reigning house of Europe, whether princes, sovereigns or potentates, or any other European house or family."<sup>3</sup>

The truth is that Châteaubriand was ignorant of our recent history and of the intrinsic worth of many of our fighters, whom he regarded no more than raw soldiers, the creatures of circumstances.<sup>4</sup> Certain reports by confidential emissaries of the French government—Rattier de Sauvignan and Monsieur de La Motte—were barely successful in enlightening him as to affairs in America, from the Napoleonic period until the restoration. Besides, by studying his diplomatic correspondence and his acts as a minister, the reader will soon observe that the viscount made little of these reports, always preferring to them the notes, whether confidential or not, of his ambassadors in London and Madrid. Hence it was not within his power to apply the remedy to an evil with which he might have been acquainted, while yet in absolute ignorance of the environment in which he sought to develop his ultraconservative activities. He belonged to the number of those that did not learn or forget anything in exile.

When the French minister beheld his beliefs becoming blurred in a slow twilight, the precursor of an inglorious morrow, another practical man, another true diplomat, proceeding in harmony with an eminently utilitarian century, affirmed the tacit recognition that he had given before of the independence of Hispanic America.

<sup>3</sup>O'Leary: *Memorias*, volume xviii, page 44.—Inasmuch as we are impartial, we must confess that Châteaubriand followed, although inopportunistly, the Americanistic international policy of his compatriot Richelieu and of the Baron de Solle regarding the Plata, as well as that of Pasquier in respect of México.—Consult the archives of the French government: *Ministère des affaires étrangères: Espagne*, 1817, 1818, 1821: documents quoted by the Venezuelan historian don Carlos A. Villanueva in his valuable work entitled *La monarquía en América*.

<sup>4</sup>He restrained, however, his disdain, exclaiming later: "*Morillo venoit d'arriver d'Amérique; il avoit eu la gloire d'être vaincu par Bolívar.*"—Morillo had just been appointed governor of Madrid.—Work quoted, page 24.



George Canning was making ready his battle charger, with which, in his times, shone Vergniaud, the Girondist, by purposely abandoning to his rival beyond the English channel the theories of Fox, Castlereagh and Burke.

This did not prevent him, however, from ordering the consuls he was sending to Hispanic America to "take immediate measures and use all diligence to obtain exact information regarding all the French agents that may be found in the country."

The English statesman was not merely seeking revenge—as some have said—for French intervention in Spain. He recognized that Spain now lacked the strength to oppose the progress of the revolted colonies, and he also knew that his own country needed new markets and new sources from which she would be able to secure the raw material and other products she lacked.

He "called a New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old."<sup>5</sup>

Châteaubriand, in the meanwhile, went ahead without heeding his colleague, the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre, who, after the war with Spain, called his attention to, and expressed an opinion regarding, the difficult situation with which the French merchant marine would have to deal in the event of the possible triumph of the revolted colonies. Perhaps to their discredit, British money, British officers and British soldiers contributed in the northern part of South America to raising the spirits of the natives in whose veins flowed Latin blood—although mixed at times with Indian and even Negro blood—the same people that caused the cultured minister to exclaim in an impolitic but generous phrase:

If on the one hand it would have been madness on the part of France to take up arms against the Americans, it would have been a monstrous inconsistency, on the other, suddenly to recognize illegitimacy in Lima and México after having upheld legitimacy in Madrid.

The French chancellor failed to take into consideration the ten years of quasi-

independent life of the Hispanic-Americans; he believed they were the same peoples who, in 1810, had sent deputies to the *cortes* assembled in Cádiz during the Napoleonic invasion, while forgetting—a circumstance of which he had not been ignorant—that, beginning with 1822, loans that totaled several million pounds sterling had been made by England to the colonies. Moreover, his correspondence in the year 1824 with the Prince de Polignac and with Monsieur de la Ferronnays, ministers of France in London and Saint Petersburg, respectively, shows that he continued to believe himself the "don Preciso"<sup>6</sup> of the court of Louis XVIII, the "man" for the new conference he had in hand for the purpose of bringing about mediation between Spain and America, without concerning himself with England, for ever withdrawn from the Holy Alliance, or with the famous message of the North American president Monroe (December 2, 1823), which, under the threat of war, was, in respect of character of language, a most eloquent admonition to the nations of Europe that still cherished the folly of meddling with the new republics of the south.

To no one, therefore, better than to Châteaubriand himself, could have been applied his phrase that "when men have created for themselves a Utopia, they take not into account either the past or history or facts or customs or character or prejudices."

The victim of his prejudices and habits and the slave of his character, the viscount sought to disunite peoples in order to reunite dynasties, thus severing the intellectual ties—hitherto indissoluble—that existed between France and Hispanic America.

Disregarding history and facts, he failed to take into account that for many years the American had loved the glorious and thoughtful France of the philosophers of the eighteenth century: her errors, her struggles and even her crimes; he did not consider that, while Mariano Moreno, on the Plata, had become a defender of the most advanced economic theories, and

<sup>5</sup>*The Speeches of the Right Honourable George Canning*, London, 1828, volume vi, page 111.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>"Mr. Necessary."—THE EDITOR.

Artigas, the upholder of the most advanced political theories, Mariño, in Bogotá, had translated and popularized *The Rights of Man*; and he did not bear in mind, in short—because he was following a Utopia—that the principles of the Holy Alliance were fundamentally wrong in arguing a “Christian tetrarchy,” rather than a “Catholic ethnarchy,” which, from the Middle Ages, was presided over by the pope, “the vicar of God on earth” to those that regarded him with faith.

While Châteaubriand thus employed his serious hours as a minister of state, Bolívar, the tireless warrior, mingled, with his readings from *Le contrat social* and *L'esprit des lois*, beautiful pages from the author of *Atala* and *Les martyrs*.

After Bolívar, a host of modern crusaders of independence devoured in silence, glow-

ingly, the annals of the French revolution, making light of the vigilance of the naval and military authorities. Only in Perú and in México did internal disturbances permit him to believe in possible kingships: kingships that would not be derived from Spain, where a European writer, Emile Ollivier, recognized that “the influence of Bolívar was most violent.”

Finally, like an awkward boy—who kills the delicate butterfly that he has been pursuing when he catches it in his net—the dreamer of the Bourbon creation, chasing a theory that he adored, became separated more and more, at the risk of prejudicing them, from the liberal doctrines that his own people generously sent beyond the seas to all the winds of heaven, toward the ports of the Pacific and the smiling cities of the Atlantic.



# PERUVIAN TRADITIONS

BY

RICARDO PALMA

No one in the America of Spanish speech—or in that of Portuguese or English, either, in reality—has written like the great Traditionalist: he possessed a rare capacity for discerning and bringing to light interesting odds and ends of information about people and things, and for presenting facts so aromatic with antiquity and so quaintly and enticingly clad that his readers have always found them easy to absorb and retain; and is not this one of the main objects of writing?—THE EDITOR.

## I

### A FAMOUS EXCOMMUNICATION

**T**IMES of religious fanaticism unquestionably were those in which don Andrés Hurtado de Mendoza, Marqués de Cañete and chief of the royal huntsmen, governed these kingdoms of Perú for his majesty don Felipe II. I do not say so, however, because of the abundance of foundations, or because of the sumptuousness of the festivals, or because the wealthy left their fortunes to the converts, thus impoverishing their legitimate heirs, or because, as the conquerors thought, every crime and uncleanness that might rest on the conscience could be washed away by leaving in the hour of death a good legacy for masses; but because the church had taken it on herself to have a hand in everything, and for a mere bagatelle would launch against her neighbor a solemn excommunication that would wind up his affairs in a jiffy.

Although the spectacle of putting the churches in mourning and of blowing out the candles was frequent, our forefathers were more and more impressed by the tremendous ceremonial of the excommunications. In some of my traditional legends I have taken the opportunity to speak more at length regarding excommunications that were pronounced against sacrilegious robbers and the Alcaldes and people of the law, who, in order to lay hold of some lawbreaker, dared to violate the sanctity of the asylum of the church. Yet they are trifles and celestial prattle compared with one of those, that of the first bishop of Lima,

Friar Jerónimo de Loayza, pronounced in 1561. The truth is that his most illustrious lordship was never inclined to an excess of self-restraint in respect of interdicts, censures and other terrifying acts, as is proven by the fact that before the inquisition was established in this part of the moral vineyard, the señor Loayza celebrated three *autos de fe*. Another proof of my assertion is that he threatened with a brickbat from Rome (a name that the Spanish people gave to the excommunication) the very *sursum corda* himself, that is, no less a personage than the viceroy of Perú. Here you have the occurrence.

It is related that when the viceroy, Francisco de Toledo, came from Spain, he brought along as the chaplain of his household and person an ecclesiastic a bit inclined to selfishness, both disputatious and sour, whom the archbishop saw fit to throw into prison, proceed against and sentence to be returned to the mother-country. The viceroy raised a cry to heaven, and he said in a burst of anger, that "if the chaplain was banished, he would not make the journey alone, but accompanied by the friar archbishop." The archbishop heard of it—for there was not lacking a busybody to fly to him with the morsel—and they say that his excellency lowered his sails as soon as he received the news that the archbishop had called a meeting of the theologians, and that, as a result of it, he had knitted his brows and was basting in secret the mourning draperies. The shaveling, abandoned by his backer the viceroy, set off to Spain with his name in the log.

However, the excommunication that has caused me to take up the pen is one of

capital proportions and therefore it merits a separate chapter.

THE decade from 1550 until 1560 was able to give a name to a century in Perú, which we shall call, without hesitation, the century of fowls, bread, wine, oil, and mice. Let us explain.

It is well known, according to tradition, that the Indians christened their chickens with the name of *bualpa*, a syncopation of their last Inca Atahualpa. Father Blas Valera (of Cuzco) said that when the cocks crowed, the Indians believed they were weeping over the death of the Inca; hence they named the cock *bualpa*. The same chronicler relates that for many years they were unable to make the Spanish hens set in Cuzco, although they were successful in this respect in the temperate valleys. As for turkeys, they were brought from México.

Garcilaso, Zárate, Gomara and many historians and chroniclers say that it was at about this time that doña María de Escobar, the wife of the conqueror Diego de Chávez, brought from Spain half an *almud*<sup>1</sup> of wheat, which he distributed at the rate of from twenty to thirty grains to each of his several neighbors. Of the first harvests a few *fanegas*<sup>2</sup> was sent to Chile and other countries of America.

Almost with the introduction of wheat coincided that of the *pericoles* or mice, in a ship that passed to Callao by way of the strait of Magellan. The Indians gave to this plague of destructive immigrants the name of *bucuchas*, which means "sprung from the deep." Fortunately Montenegro the Spaniard had brought out some cats in 1537, and rumor reports that don Diego de Almagro bought one of them from him for six hundred *pesos*. The natives, unable to pronounce clearly the *mizmiq*<sup>3</sup> of the Spaniards, called them *micchitus*.

Here, by way of illustration, let us note that during the first twenty years of the conquest the lowest price for a horse was

four thousand *pesos*; three hundred, for a cow; five hundred, for a donkey; two hundred, for a hog; one hundred, for a goat or sheep; and for a dog they paid fantastic sums. On the eve of the battle of Chusquinga a rich captain offered a soldier ten thousand *pesos* for his horse, a proposal that the owner rejected with indignation, saying: "Although I possess not a *maravedí*, I value my companion above all the treasures of Potosí."

Wine was so scarce that in 1555 it sold at five hundred *pesos* the *arroba*.<sup>4</sup> Francisco Carabantes brought from the Canaries the first slips of the black grape that were planted in Perú. "In the town of Tacaraca in Ica," wrote Córdoba y Urrutia in 1840, "exists to this day a vineyard of black grapes, said with good authority to be one of those set out by Carabantes, which produces even now a very good yield. Climax of human injustice! Drunkards always bless Father Noah, the planter of vineyards, but they waste not a word of gratitude on Carabantes, who was the Noah of our country.

Bread and wine obtained, oil was lacking. Thus thought don Antonio de Ribera in all probability, and when he embarked at Sevilla in 1559, he took good care to carry aboard a hundred olive cuttings.

Don Antonio de Ribera was a person of much repute in Lima, as he possessed a coat of arms on which were painted two wolves, with two wolf cubs, in a field of gold. Married to the widow of Francisco Martín de Alcántara, maternal brother of the Marqués Pizarro, who died at his side defending him, she brought him a rich dowry. He played a great part in the civil wars of the conquerors, and after the rebellion of Girón he went to Spain in 1557 with the appointment of solicitor of Perú.

Ribera was the owner of the spacious garden that we know in Lima as the *Huerta Perdida* ["Lost Garden"]. He had a fortune of three thousand *duros*, acquired by making his *mitayos*<sup>5</sup> sell figs, melons, oranges, cucumbers, peaches and other

<sup>1</sup>A dry measure of varied capacity: equivalent in some places to one *celestín* (4.625 milliliters); and in others, to half a *fanega* (see note 2).—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>The *fanega* is a dry measure which, according to the standard of Castilla, contains twelve *celestines* and is equivalent to 55.5 liters.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>"Pussy," "tabby."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>A weight of 25 Spanish pounds or 11.5 kilograms; as a liquid measure, the capacity varies according to the liquid, province or country.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>The *mitayo* (from *mita*, derived from the Quichua *mitta*, "turn") was an Indian that served his turn at forced labor, usually selected by lot.—THE EDITOR.

fruit unknown until that time in Perú. The first pomegranate produced in Lima was carried in procession on the litter on which was borne the holy sacrament, and it is said that it was of a phenomenal size.

Unfortunately for Ribera, the voyage, filled with mishaps and dangers, lasted nine months, and, in spite of his precautions, he found, on landing, that only three of the cuttings could be used, the rest being good for nothing but to start a fire.

He set about cultivating them with great care, keeping better guard over them than over his bags of *duros*; and this in spite of the fact that his reputation as a miser was colossal; and, in order that they might not escape his vigilance for an instant, he planted the three cuttings in a little garden, closely walled and protected by two huge negroes and a pack of fierce dogs.

Trust, however, in walls such as those of Pekin, in giants such as Polyphemus and in dogs such as Cerberus, and you will be softer than melted ice-cream. The famous cuttings had more lovers than a pretty girl; and it is only too well known that to men that have a passion for what belongs to another, whether a daughter of Eve or something worth while, there is no obstacle that can withstand attack.

One morning don Antonio rose with the dawn. He had been unable to close his eyes throughout the blessed night. He had a foreboding, a presentiment, of some great misfortune.

After crossing himself, his feet thrust into slippers and his body clad in his *capote*,<sup>6</sup> he made his way to the little garden; and his heart gave so great a leap that it almost escaped him through his mouth, along with the good round oath he let fly.

"¡Canario! I have been robbed!"

Then he fell to the ground in a fit.

In truth, one of the three cuttings had disappeared.

That day Ribera crippled half a pack of dogs with a cudgel, and his whip ran wild among the poor slaves; for anger had got the upper hand of his honor.

Tired of applying the cudgel and of investigations, and seeing that his efforts availed nothing, he approached the arch-

bishop, who was his very close friend, and informed him of his great misfortune, beside which all the trials of Job were a cancan and a fandango.

What happened is not a yarn, however, my readers, but very authentic, and the first chronicler whose pages you turn will tell you so.

That day the bells clamored as never before; and, finally, after other imposing ceremonies of the ritual, the very illustrious señor bishop pronounced the great excommunication against the thief that had made off with the cutting.

Nothing came of it all, however.

The thief must have been some unbeliever or *esprit fort*, of the kinds that flourish in this age of gas and steam, the reader will think.

Nevertheless, he is very much mistaken.

In those days an excommunication weighed many tons on the conscience.

THREE years passed, and no glimpse of the cutting.

The truth is that it caused Ribera not a shadow of a loss, for he had the good fortune to see multiplied the olive-trees the thief had left him, and he now had slips to sell and to give away. I suppose the famous olive groves of Camaná, the classic land of olives—and for other things regarding which I prudently keep silent, for I would not go the length of hair pulling with the good people of Camaná—had as their progenitor a scion from the *Huerta Perdida*.

One day there appeared before the archbishop, with letters of recommendation, a gentleman recently arrived from a ship which, proceeding from Valparaíso, had cast anchor in Callao; and under secret of confession he revealed to him that he was the thief of the very celebrated cutting, which he had taken with great caution to his *bacienda* in Chile, and that, in spite of the excommunication, the cutting had taken to the climate and had become a famous olive-tree.

As the truth had come out as a secret of confession, I do not deem myself authorized to put into type the name of the sinner, a scion of a very respectable and well-to-do family of the neighboring republic.

<sup>6</sup>Overcoat with a cape and often with a hood.—THE EDITOR.

All I can tell you, reader, is that the itch of the excommunication had kept our man in constant anguish. The archbishop agreed to lift it from him, but he imposed the penance of restoring the cutting with the same mystery with which he had carried it off.

How did the excommunicate arrange the affair? I can not say more than that one morning when don Antonio was visiting his little garden he found himself in the presence of the pilgrim, and at the foot of it a bag of a thousand *duros*, with an unsigned note, in which he was besought Christianly to bestow his forgiveness, which he granted with all the more pleasure, since the glittering coins had fallen to him as from the clouds.

The Hospital de Santa Ana, the building of which was then undertaken by the archbishop of Loayza, also received a gift of two thousand *pesos*, although no one, with the exception of his illustriousness, knew the name of the donor.

What is certain is that the person that got the best of the affair was don Antonio de Ribera.

In Sevilla the cutting had cost him half a *peseta*.

ON THE death of the *comendador*<sup>7</sup> don Antonio de Ribera, of the order of Santiago, his widow, doña Inés Muñoz, founded in 1573 the Monasterio de la Concepción, on assuming the veil of a nun and donating to it her immense fortune. The portrait of doña Inés Muñoz de Ribera is still to be seen in the presbytery of the church, and over her sepulcher may be read:

*Este cielo animado en breve esfera  
Depósito es de un sol que en él reposa,  
El sol de la gran madre y generosa  
Doña Inés de Muñoz y de Ribera.  
Fué de Ana-Guanca encomendera,  
De don Antonio de Ribera esposa,  
De aquel que tremoló con mano airosa  
Del Alférez Real la real bandera.<sup>8</sup>*

<sup>7</sup>Knight commander of a military order, or a prelate or prefect of a religious house.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>8</sup>This animated heaven in a tiny sphere  
Is the deposit of a sun that in it reposes,  
The sun of the great mother and generous  
Doña Inés de Muñoz y de Ribera.

## II

THREE HISTORICAL QUESTIONS  
REGARDING PIZARRO

DID HE KNOW HOW TO WRITE? WAS HE  
THE MARQUIS OF ATAVILLA? WHAT WAS  
AND WHERE IS HIS BATTLE-FLAG?

## 1

HISTORICAL opinion as to whether Pizarro knew how to read is quite varied and contradictory, and learned chroniclers assert that he did not know that *o* is round. Hence wide currency has been given to the anecdote that when Atahualpa was in the prison of Cajamarca, one of the soldiers that were guarding him wrote on one of Atahualpa's nails the word "God." The prisoner showed the writing to all that visited him; and, finding that all save Pizarro could readily decipher the signs, he, from that moment, entertained a very poor opinion of the leader of the forces that effected the conquest, whom he deemed inferior to the lowest of the Spaniards. Hence malicious and impassioned readers have deduced that don Francisco was wounded in his self-love, and that it was because of this insignificant trifle that he took his revenge on the Inca by having his head cut off.

We find it difficult to believe that one that was of the flower of the Spanish nobility—for he engaged in bull-fighting in the presence of doña Juana the queen and her court, thus acquiring by his gallantry and his dexterity as a *picador* a renown as imperishable as that which, years later, he won by his exploits in Perú—it is difficult to believe, I repeat, that he could have been indolent to the point of not learning the alphabet, all the more so, as Pizarro, although a rude soldier, showed appreciation of, and conferred distinctions on, men of letters.

Besides, in the century of the empire of Carlos V education was not so much neglected as in earlier times. It was no longer held that the ability to read and

She was the owner of Ana-Guanca,  
Wife of don Antonio de Ribera,  
Of him that hoisted with gallant hand  
The royal banner of the Royal Ensign.—THE  
EDITOR.

write was a privilege to be enjoyed only by second sons and friars; and already mirth was beginning to be excited by the formula used by the Catholic sovereigns in the parchment with which they favored the nobles they did the honor to appoint aids of the bedchamber: a title as much desired as, or more than, the garbs of the orders of Santiago, Montesa, Alcántara and Calatrava. One of the most curious phrases, and one that—let what will be said to the contrary—contains much that is offensive to the dignity of man, is the following:

And inasmuch as you (Perico de los Palotes)<sup>1</sup> have proved to us that *you do not know how to read or write and that you are expert in the use of the needle*, we have seen fit to appoint you an aid of our royal bedchamber. . . .

Pedro Sancho and Francisco de Jerez, Pizarro's secretaries, before Antonio Picado<sup>2</sup> filled this position, have left certain accounts of their chief; and from them it is more to be gathered that Pizarro read epistles, than that the suspicion of so supreme an ignorance was correct.

As to Almagro el Viejo,<sup>3</sup> it is an historically substantiated fact that he did not know how to read.

What is indeed beyond all doubt, in my opinion, as it was in that of the illustrious Quintana, is that don Francisco Pizarro did not know how to write, however much the opinion of his contemporaries lacked uniformity on this subject. To prove this assertion, it is sufficient to have before us the joint contract made at Panamá, on March 10, 1525, between the priest Luque, Pizarro and Almagro, which terminates literally thus:

And because the said Captain Francisco Pizarro and Diego de Almagro are unable to write their names, Juan del Panés and Alvaro del Quiro signed for them in the register of this charter.

An historian of the last century said:

<sup>1</sup>A proverbial and indefinite personage: "So-and-So."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>See "The Knights of the Cloak," by Ricardo Palma, in INTER-AMERICA for February, 1920, page 125, for an account of this tricky secretary of Pizarro's and his doleful fate.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>"Almagro the Older," to distinguish him from *Almagro el Mozo* ("Almagro the Younger"): see the article mentioned in note 2.—THE EDITOR.

In the ecclesiastical archives of Lima I have found several grants and instruments signed by the marquis (in a fine handwriting), which I showed to several persons, comparing some of the signatures with others and marveling at the audacity of the calumny with which some of his enemies have tried to besmirch and belittle him, thus revenging themselves on this great captain for their own passions and inheritances.

In opposition to him, Zárate and other historians say that Pizarro knew only how to make two rubrics, and that in the middle of them the secretary placed these words: "Marquis Francisco Pizarro."

The documents of Pizarro's that I have seen in the manuscript section of the library at Lima all have the two rubrics. In some of them is "Franz.<sup>o</sup> Piçarro," and in a very few, "El marqués." In the Archivo Nacional and in the *cabildo* exist also several of these autographs.

To close the discussion of the question as to whether Pizarro could sign his name or not, I decide in the negative, and the following is the most conclusive reason that I can offer in support of my opinion:

In the Archivo General de Indias, established in what was the Casa de Contratación in Sevilla, there are several letters in which, as in the documents we possess at Lima, it may be recognized, even by the worst informed in paleography, that the handwriting of the signature is, at times, the same as that of the penman or amanuensis that wrote the body of the document. "But if doubt should exist," adds a distinguished Bonaerensian writer, don Vicente Quesada, who visited the Archivo de Indias in 1874, "I have seen in a report, in which Pizarro depones as a witness, that the notary certified that, after the deposition was taken, he [Pizarro] marked with the signs he was accustomed to make, while he [the notary] certified in other depositions that the witnesses *signed* them in his presence."

## 2

**D**ON FRANCISCO PIZARRO was neither marquis of Los Atavillos nor marquis of Los Charcas, as he has been variously called by many writers. There is no official document whatsoever to

authenticate this title, nor did Pizarro himself, in the heading of orders and proclamations, use any other title than this: *El marqués*.

In support of our belief, we cite the following words of Gonzalo Pizarro's, when, a prisoner to Gasca, the latter berated him for his rebellion against and ingratitude toward, the king, who had so much distinguished and honored don Francisco:

The favor that his majesty conferred on my brother was merely the title and name of *marquis*, without giving him any estate, else tell me what it was.

The blazon and arms of the marquis of Pizarro were the following: escutcheon mantellé: in the first part, or, a black eagle, columns and water; and, gules, a castle, or, orle with eight wolves, or; in the second part, mantellé, gules, a castle, or, with a coronet; and, argent, a lion, gules, with an *ſ*, and below, argent, a lion, gules; in the lower part, in a field, argent, eleven heads of Indians, the head in the middle coroneted: the entire orle with chains and eight griffins, or; on the crest a marquis's coronet.

In a letter that Carlos V addressed to Pizarro under date of October 10, 1537, is the following reference that strengthens our affirmation:

In the meanwhile I shall call you *marquis*, as I address you, because, since I do not know the name that will be borne by the land that is to be given you in allotment, the latter title is not sent you;

and as, until the arrival of Vaca de Castro, the crown had not determined the lands and vassals that were to constitute the marquisate, it is clear that don Francisco was simply a marquis, or a marquis without a marquisate, as his brother Gonzalo said.

It is known that Pizarro had by doña Angelina, a daughter of Atahualpa's, a child that was baptized with the name of Francisco, who died before he completed fifteen years. By doña Inés Huailas or Yupanqui, a daughter of Manco-Cápac's he had a daughter, doña Francisca, whom he married in Spain, first, to his uncle Hernando and, later, to don Pedro Arias.

By a royal decree, and without his having

married either doña Angelina or doña Inés, Pizarro's children were declared legitimate. If Pizarro had possessed the title of marquis of Los Atavillos, his descendants would have inherited it. It was almost a century afterward, in 1628, that don Juan Fernando Pizarro, a grandson of doña Francisca's, obtained from the king the title of marquis of La Conquista.

Piferrer, in his *Nobiliario español*, says that, according to the genealogists, the lineage of the Pizarros was very ancient and illustrious; that some of this name had distinguished themselves with Pelayo at Covadonga; and that their descendants then took up their residence in Aragón, Navarra and Extremadura; and he concludes by asserting that the arms of the Pizarros were: "escutcheon, or, and a pine with cones, or, accompanied by two wolves, salient, against it, and two slates<sup>4</sup> at the foot of the trunk." These genealogists are the devil and all to invent ancestries and family trees, for the simpletons that believe in the great humbugs!

### 3

AS TO Pizarro's banner, there is also an error that I propose to refute.



After the declaration of Peruvian independence was made in 1821, the *cabildo* of Lima transmitted to Generalissimo don José de San Martín a despatch in which the city made him a present of Pizarro's banner. Shortly before his death at Boulogne, this leader of the American revolution made a will in which he returned to the city of Lima the flag bestowed. In truth, the executors formally delivered the precious relic to our representative in Paris, and the latter charged himself with delivering it in a very handsome box to the government in Perú. This was in the days of the brief administration of General Pezet, and we then had occasion to see the classic banner, deposited in one of the halls of the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores. On the fall of that government, on November 6, 1865, the mob sacked several of the offices of the palace, and the flag disappeared, probably torn

<sup>4</sup>A pun on *pizarra*, the Spanish word for "slate."—THE EDITOR.



to pieces by some rabid demagogue who fancied, perhaps, that he saw in it a proof of the calumnies that were invented at the time by party spirit to overthrow President Pezet, a victor on the fields of Junín and Ayacucho, who was accused by his political enemies of "criminal connivance" with Spain to bring the country again under subjection to the yoke of the mother-country.

Multitudes do not reason or discuss, and the more absurd the pretext, the more readily is it accepted.

The flag that we saw did not bear the arms of Spain, but those that Carlos V bestowed on the city by the royal decree of December 7, 1537. The arms of Lima were: escutcheon in a field, gules, with three royal crowns in a triangle, and above them a star, or, whose lower points touched the crowns. As an orle, in a field, gules, was this motto in letters, or: "*Hoc signum vere regum est*," and, as a crest and device, two black eagles with crowns, or, and a  and a  (the first letters of Juana and Karolus, the monarchs), and above these letters a star, or. The banner was the one that the royal ensign, by oath of heredity, bore in the processions of Corpus Christi and Santa Rosa, the proclamation of sovereignty and other acts of equal solemnity.

The people of Lima were mistaken in calling this banner "Pizarro's banner," and they accepted, without examination, the claim that it was the battle-flag that the Spaniards brought for the conquest; and, passing from generation to generation without being refuted, the error became traditional and historical.

We shall now occupy ourselves with the true banner of Pizarro.

After the execution of Atahualpa, don Francisco Pizarro set out for Cuzco, and we think it was on November 16, 1533, that he made his triumphal entry into the august capital of the Incas.

The flag borne on this occasion by his ensign, Jerónimo Aliaga, was in the form of what the church people call a "gonfalon." On one of its sides, of scarlet colored damask, were embroidered the arms of Carlos V; on the other, which was white, according to some, or yellow, according to others, was painted the apostle

Santiago [James], in the attitude of combat, seated on a white horse, with a shield, a cuirass and a helmet of feathers or plumes, with a red cross displayed on his breast and a sword in his right hand.

When Pizarro left Cuzco (to go to the valley of Jauja and found the city of Lima), he did not march forth to war, and he left his flag or gonfalon deposited in the temple of the sun, now converted into a Christian cathedral. During the civil struggles of the conquerors, neither the followers of Almagro, Gonzalo [Pizarro] and Girón, nor the royalists dared to carry it into battle, and it remained on an altar, like a sacred object. There, in 1825, a month after the battle of Ayacucho, General Sucre found it and bore it away to Bogotá, and the government at once sent it to Bolívar, who transmitted it to the municipality of Caracas, where it is preserved to-day. We are ignorant as to whether three and a half centuries of age will have been sufficient to reduce to tatters the martial emblem of the conquest.

## 111

### THE GROTTO OF WONDERS

A FEW rods from the hamlet of Levitaca, in the province of Chumbivilcas, is a grotto, a true marvel of nature, which is constantly visited by men of science and curious travelers, who leave their names inscribed on the rocks at the entrance. Among them appear those of Castilla, Vinanco, San Ramón and Pezet, former presidents of Perú. Unfortunately it is impossible to pass beyond the first galleries; for any one that might venture a little further would be choked to death by the gases discharged in the interior.

We shall now recount the legend related by the people concerning the Grotto of Wonders.

Maita-Cápac, called the Melancholy, the fourth Inca of Cuzco, after conquering the rebels of Tiahuanaco and extending his empire to the Laguna de Paria, turned toward the coast and effected the conquest of the fertile valleys of Arequipa and Moquegua. To this enterprising monarch there was no obstacle that might not be readily overcome; and in proof of this

the historians say that, in one of his campaigns, when the progress of his army was suddenly arrested by a vast swamp, he employed all his soldiers to build a causeway of stone, three leagues in length and six yards in breadth, of which there are still remains. The Inca deemed it beneath him to take a round-about way to avoid the marsh.

About the year 1180 of the Christian era, Maita-Cápac undertook the conquest of the country of the Chumpihuillcas,<sup>1</sup> who were governed by a young and arrogant prince named Huacari. This prince, at the first news of the invasion, put himself at the head of seven thousand men and started for the banks of the Apurimac, determined to prevent the passage of the enemy.

Maita-Cápac, to whom, as we have said, nothing was impossible, caused to be constructed with all haste a long bridge of willows, after the manner of a suspension bridge, and he passed over with thirty thousand warriors to the opposite bank. The invention of the bridge, the first of its kind seen in America, caused such wonder among the vassals of Huacari and awak-

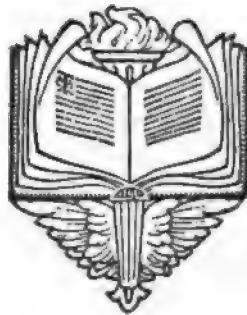
ened in their spirits such superstitious awe that many of them threw down their arms and beat a shameful retreat.

Huacari assembled a council of his lieutenants; became convinced of the uselessness of offering resistance to so considerable a number of enemies; and, scattering the greatly reduced soldiers that remained to him, marched away, followed by his kinsmen and principal chiefs, to shut himself up in his palace. There, delivered up to grief and desperation, they preferred to die of hunger rather than to render vassalage to the conqueror.

The *auquis* or tutelary gods, moved with pity by the immense misfortune of so handsome and virtuous a prince and to reward his patriotism and the loyalty of his captains, converted them into precious stalactites and stalagmites, which are reproduced, day by day, under varied, fantastic and always beautiful crystallizations. In one of the passages or galleries, which is visited to-day without fear of the deadly exhalations, may be seen the pavilion of the Prince Huacari, with his figure in an attitude that the natives interpret as saying to his friends: "Rather death than the shame of servitude."

Such is the legend of the Grotto of Wonders.

<sup>1</sup>The Quichua original from which the Spanish Chumvibilcas, given above as the name of a province, was derived.—THE EDITOR.



# THE SHORT STORY

BY  
HERMAN LIMA

After some discussion of the short story in general, with illustrations from other literatures, the author devotes himself to the Brazilian short story. His list of modern and contemporary writers and his estimate of their productions are not only interesting, but they supply the English-reading public with data not readily obtainable elsewhere.—THE EDITOR.

The story worthy of this name is but the narrative of a fleeting situation in the life of one personage, in his normal environment, alone or in relation with others. Its object is to give in synthesis the description or the drama of a situation, a *passus* of life or a personage.—SYLVIO ROMÉRO, in the Preface to Théo Filho's *Dona dolorosa*.

THE true story is, indeed, nothing more than the simple narrative of an episode that serves to define the psychological aspect of a certain "environment" or individual by showing in a clear and incisive manner the vital forces of nature and of the soul. This does not mean, however, that the simple narrative is in itself a story, for if the story is a description of an episode, it is necessary that it shall also be a logical consequence of other episodes. The mere description of a fact in itself does not therefore constitute a story. So, choosing at random, we take, for example, one of de Maupassant's most perfect stories, *Un lache*.

Returning to the house, the man begins to reflect on the probable consequences of the imminent encounter. By a logical connection of ideas, he imagines that he will probably lose his life, and therefore he has a prevision of himself as cold, inert, dead, as the result of a well directed thrust in the heart. The possibility of this near end terrifies him.

He can not flee, however, without dishonor. All the world is aware of his difficult position. Then, becoming desperate, he flinches. He knows that he will never possess the strength to face his enemy without signs of pusillanimity, so he resolves to save himself from this cruel situation. Close at hand, at the bottom of a drawer, lies a loaded pistol. He grasps it with a start, places it against his forehead and, without more ado, pulls the trigger. Another episode.

Of course, either of these occurrences, by itself, would not constitute the subject for a story. Reproduced thus, they would be hardly more than a police description of a veritable crime, the ordinary notice of an occurrence in society. However, a plot, a *dénouement* or another requisite or preamble being strung together, as they were, they formed a masterly story. The facts were developed in harmony with a determinate plan, from which resulted the psychological revelation of a poltroon, capable of forcing with his own hands the portals of the unknown, when he lacked the strength to face a danger from which he might perhaps have escaped uninjured.

THERE are two kinds of stories, entirely different, that is: universal stories and regional or national stories.

The former, without a setting of their own, which might be laid as readily in China as in France or Australia, are, par excellence, psychological stories, in which are portrayed sentiments, the universal soul alone, as well as certain forces common to nature. The latter are, on the other hand, presentations of certain environments, "in which the national life, rather than the local, and that of man, rather than that of the individual, are studied and estimated."<sup>1</sup>

Save in very especial cases, the latter are the better stories because they weave the thread of the narrative through the

<sup>1</sup>Almachio Diniz: *Da esthetica na literatura comparada*. Digitized by Google

original reproduction of certain typical scenes and landscapes. The original stories of de Maupassant, Daudet, Blasco Ibáñez, Gorky, Fialho d'Almeida, Affonso Arinos, Gustavo Barroso, are pages which, besides being vivid narratives, trace for us from familiar knowledge stretches of country, usages, beliefs, traditions and characteristic personages, unknown to the rest of the world; and it is for this reason that they possess an intense savor of novelty.

In Brazil, a new land, without a civilization of her own, without customs of her own, excepting those of the interior, the only literature that is capable of appealing to the soul must be our regional literature.

Worldly subjects—boudoir and salon intrigues, the vices of great cities, adulteries, crimes of society—we can find at large in any literature; they are therefore trite subjects.

A drama that could take place as properly in a worldly salon as in some spot in the interior, would without doubt gain much by being conveyed to the latter setting, in which the talent of the author would draw the various motives of art from the environment of the landscape, and in which we should be able to see at length reproduced portions of our land and a little of what constitutes our life. We should thus at least have something new, something that would reveal novel aspects to the denizens of cities, wearied with the enervating routine of the metropolis, wherein all is more or less a servile copy of other metropolises. Thus alone shall we be able to produce anything new, capable of affording interest beyond our borders, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the remote countries that we do not weary of imitating.

IN THE story, as in the sonnet, the major charm exists at times only in the dénouement, in the case of the former, or in the key, as in the case of the latter. The longer the reader's imagination is kept waiting for the dénouement of a story, the greater the interest it will arouse and the impression it will make.

Wherein, for example, lies the chief charm of de Maupassant's story *La parure*, unquestionably the most beautiful

piece of this kind of literature? It is not in the perfect study which, in such brief phrases, the author makes of Mathilde, "*une de ces charmantes jeunes-filles, nées, comme par une erreur de destin, dans une famille d'employés,*" nor in the impeccable weaving of the narrative, but in the wholly unforeseen outcome, absolutely different from anything that the most discerning reader might suppose.

By its mere composition, the story is destined to be in prose what the sonnet is in poetry, the fictional literature of the present and of the future.

Tortured by the thousand problems of mercantilism, the man of the twentieth century or of the year 3000 will no longer be able to devote himself to the patriarchal reading of the endless poems and interminable romances that our grandfathers turned off at a dash. To-day, in the period of Hertzian waves, aerial postal service and similar contrivances, we surely can no longer give attention to such works, unless we repair to an inviolable Thebaid.

Machado de Assis said of the story in 1873:

It is a difficult genre, in spite of its apparent facility, and I think that this same appearance of facility injures it, for authors have shunned it, and the public has not given it, I think, all the attention of which it has frequently been worthy.

That the story is a difficult genre there can be no doubt. The same could not be said to-day, however, of the supposed contempt in which it is held by authors or by the public in general, since during the last forty years this kind of literature has undergone a remarkable development. As an evidence we have a legion of noted authors of short stories. In France, for example, the list of celebrated story-writers is long. We have Guy de Maupassant, the most eminent figure in this genre, whose stories—*La parure*, *L'ivrogne*, *Un lache*, *La porte*, *La confession*, *Mademoiselle Perle*, *Une vendetta* and so many more—will always serve as models; Alphonse Daudet, with his *Lettres de mon moulin*, which contains that marvel of style and ingenuous rustic humor: *Les étoiles*; Jean Lorrain, the tormented author of *Crime des riches*,

in which are pages that seem to have been written by Edgar Allan Poe, such as that horrible story of *Vingança de um mascara*;<sup>2</sup> Maurice Level, another creator of dramas filled with irresistible horror, such as the stories, *La puits*, *L'épouvante*, *O papagaio*;<sup>2</sup> *Sous la lumière rouge*, *Un maniaque* and so many others; Michel Provins; Jules Lemaitre; L'Isle-Adam; Tristan Bernard; François Coppée; Paul Margueritte; Camille Mauclair; Georges d'Esparbes, the glorifier of French military heroism; Charles Foley, another sufferer from emotions like Jules Claretie; Abel Hermant; and Henri Lavedan. All these, to speak only of them, are names that would be sufficient to give reputation to the literature of any country. Now, with these and other writers—Anatole France, Émile Zola, Balzac and Flaubert, who, in addition to their perfect romances, wrote admirable stories, such as *Le Christ de l'océan*, *Nais Micoulin*, *Une passion dans le desert* and *La légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier*—we can readily appreciate what a vast contribution of superb writings France has made to the patrimony of the story!

In the Spain of to-day the best known writer is Blasco Ibáñez, the barbarous narrator of violences, in whose work the vigorous race of Iberia burns, sobs and raves with love. His stories—*Noche de bodas* [A Wedding Night] and *La caperuza* [The Hood], for example—are veritable jewels of their type. Two other Spanish story-writers of great worth are the Condesa de Pardo Bazán and Alfonso de Maseras.

The supreme figure of American literature was the infatuated idealist of the *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, Edgar Allan Poe—so perverse in torturing the reader—who hitherto has found a worthy translator only in the insane and diabolical Baudelaire.

The fantastic stories of H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle are

among the best known writings of modern England.

Gabriella Preissova and Stefar Zweig, in Austria; Mathilde Serão, Enrico Corradino, Luigi Capuana, Luigi Tirandello and Salvatore di Giacomo, in Italy; Maurice des Ombiaux, in Belgium; Andersen, in Denmark; and Gómez Carillo and Manuel Ugarte are writers universally known through their stories, translated into all the languages of culture.

In Portugal, the short story has also had good, very good, cultivators, beginning with Eça de Queiroz, who wrote marvelous tales. Who could remain indifferent in the presence of those dazzling pages that constitute *O defunto*, *Perfeição* [Perfection], *José Mathias*, *O suave milagre* [The Bland Miracle] and *Adão e Eva no Paraíso*? Their equals have not been written in the Portuguese language hitherto. Fialho d'Almeida, the tremendous iconoclast of *Os gatos* [The Cats], whose irony is comparable to the blows of a battering-ram, contributed the following excellent books: *Contos* [Stories], *A cidade do vicio* [The City of Vice], *O paiz das uvas* [The Land of Grapes] and *Aves imigradoras* [Migratory Birds], in which are doubtless to be found his best chapters, such as *O antiquario*, *Tres cadaveres*, *A princesinha das rosas* [The Little Princess of the Roses], whose phrasing has the cadence of a ballad; *O corvo* [The Raven], *O roubo no armazem* [The Robbery in the Warehouse], *A ruivá* [The Madder], *Pequeno drama na aldeia* [A Little Drama in the Village], and that extraordinary *Madona do campo santo*, in which graces of style, pomp, phrase and rare brilliancy of form recall the tinkling of crystals, the sweet trills of shepherds' pipes or the melodies of running water. Trindade Coelho was also an excellent Lusitanian story-writer. His book *Os meus amores* [My Amours], a beautiful collection of easy stories, recalls in a certain way the ingenuous and, at the same time, malicious "manner" that was one of Daudet's greatest charms. To João Grave we are indebted for notable stories, grouped under the titles of *Os que amam e os que soffrem* [Those that Love and Those that Suffer] and *Os sacrificados* [The Sacrificed]; Abel Botelho has also a beautiful collection of stories: *Mul-*

<sup>2</sup>Almost all the titles mentioned in this article were translated into Portuguese by the author. Following our practice, we have looked them up and have given them properly, as they were in the originals. In these cases, however, we have been unable to do so, although we have used our best endeavors and have consulted several authorities on modern French literature. Consequently we have given the titles in Portuguese.—THE EDITOR.

*beres da Beira* [Women of the Beira]. We have an admirable production that might be ascribed to Eça: *O solar de Longroiva* [The Manor-House of Longroiva]. Another good Portuguese story-writer is Henrique de Vasconcelos, the eccentric, who, in search of scenes and stories, repairs to London, Naples and Madrid, where he often lingers.

However, the best of all, like Eça and Fialho, is Julio Dantas—the most perfect Lusitanian writer of these times—whose style is a masterpiece of winged grace and extraordinary vigor, a continuous play of corruscating phrases that carry along and enrapture the coldest reader, such as those formidable tales of heroism of the Portuguese patria and those ironical pages of *Mulheres* [Women], *A ouvido de Madame X* [To the Ear of Madame X], *Elles e Ellas* [They (masculine) and They (feminine)], *Como ellas amam* [How They (feminine) Love], *Abelhas doiradas* [Golden Bees] and *Gallos de Apollo* [Cocks of Apollo].

In Brazil the short story has been much and successfully attempted. The number of our good short stories has been remarkable, from the time of Aluizio Azevedo, the first among us to write real stories. Before him appeared Alvares de Azevedo, with *Noite na taverna* [A Night in a Tavern], a strange book in which is greatly to be admired his fantasy, drawn from the same sources as those that served Poe. Alvares de Azevedo belonged, however, to the spirit of a period, and hence he endured but a short time. The same was not true in the case of Aluizio: his books of stories, *Demonios* and *Pegadas* [Footprints], are works of real value, which are read even to-day with equal admiration. The explanation may readily be found in his manly vigor of expression, the vividness of his language and his extraordinary power of evocation, of which there are such admirable proofs in the stories entitled: *Heranças* [Heritages] *Horas mortas* [Dead Hours]; and *Demonios*.

Two great figures among the Brazilian writers of stories are Medeiros e Albuquerque and Julia Lopes de Almeida. They possess the requisites of which de Maupassant furnishes a perfect example: clarity of language, impersonality in the author, who never becomes apparent even in the most

vivid pages, and intensity of romantization. It is sufficient to mention as examples of Medeiros's stories: *Palestra a boras mortas* [Palæstra at Dead Hours], *Noivados tragicos* [Tragic Weddings], *Flor secca* [A Withered Flower], *As calças do raposo* [The Fox's Pantaloons], *Confissão* [Confession], *Um vencido* [A Vanquished One]; and of Julio Lopes: *O filho da caôlba* [The Son of the One-Eyed Woman]. *As rosas* [The Roses], *Patria*, *As historias do commendador* [The Stories of the Commendator], and that barbarous canvas on which she paints with remarkable vividness of tones the revolt of a betrayed soul, and maternal love supplanting the horror of hatred: *Os porcos* [The Swine]. The authoress of *Ancia eterna* is a superb figure of a story-writer. In reading her, not so much as once do we find anything that proclaims the woman: she seems, rather, an impassive, a very impassive, observer that catches, with the sharpness of the photographic plate, the sole, the true, representation of things, to transmit it to us afterward. According to Sylvio Roméro, we have in Brazilian literature no better cultivators of the story than these two writers of a singularly equal art.

Besides Julia Lopes, another woman, Carmen Dolores, has given us magnificent stories. In her book *Um drama na roça* [A Drama in the Clearing] are to be found excellent stories, such as *Nos bastidores* [Behind the Scenes], of a most intense dramatization and very thrilling, the best of the book; *Só a natureza* [Nature Alone], *A mae* [The Mother], *Em vinte e quatro boras* [The Twenty-Four Hours], *O derivativo* [The Derivative], and others.

João Luso, the Portuguese writer formed in Brazil by what he found here of beauty and sentiment, is also a perfect story-writer. Without speaking of his Lusitanian book, *Contos da minha terra* [Stories of My Land], his *Historias da vida* [Stories from Life] is a beautiful collection of tales with good plots well worked out, such as "O homem do sol" [The Man of the Sun], "O 74" [The Seventy-Four], "A 'reverie' de Schumann," merely to mention these.

Another that also cultivated the story with all zeal was Pedro Rabello, the singular author of *A alma alheia* [The Alien

Soul], greatly imbued with the nebulous—and at the same time, although this assertion may seem paradoxical, very clear—style of Machado de Assis. Pedro Rabello gave us a work that ought to figure in the national literature. His story, *Obra completa* [A Complete Work], for example, is an excellent piece, viewed from any point of view.

Coelho Netto, because of his extraordinary fantasy—which at times is also prejudicial to him—and the incomparable richness of his expression, may be counted among our best story-writers. His regional stories are the most beautiful and brilliant that have been written in Brazil down to the present time.

If it were not for the very excesses of his imagination, which in certain ways go so far as to change the true aspect of things, we could not call to mind a more perfect writer.

With his gifts as a superior artist and his facility for romantization, Coelho Netto has presented us with superb pages, such as—enumerating at random—*O bom Jesus da Matta* [The Good Jesus of Matta], *Cega* [The Blind-Snake], *Fertilidade, Casadinha* [The Newly Wed] a jewel of stirring narrative; *Praga* [Affliction], *No rancho* [In the Ranch], *Innocencia*, and many others, only the last two being regional; and among his best ought to be included two other books, both excellent, which are *Jardim das oliveiras* [The Olive Garden] and *Água de juventude* [Water of Youth], besides pages scattered through *Romanceiro Fabulario*, *Apologos* and *Mysterios de Natal*.

As a writer of regional stories we have also, in the front rank, Affonso Arinos, the most serene and true of all that have chosen the interior as their field. It is lamentable that his output has been limited to the book entitled *Pelo sertão* [Through the Interior] alone and to two or three writings collected in the recent volume *Historias e paisagens* [Stories and Landscapes], among which is a masterly story—*Á garupa* [Riding Double]—such as could have been written only by the magnificent narrator of *Assombração* [Astonishment]. What an incomparable collection of gems could be found in a score of pages such as *Pedro Barqueiro*, *Joaquim Mironga*, *Assombramento* and

*Á garupa*! Never, among us, has any one penetrated with more profundity the psychology of the Brazilian backwoodsman. What most attracts attention in Arinos is the fidelity of the observations and the measured and assured tone of the phrases, all without labored embroideries of style or vain show of form.

He is the most national of our men of letters.

Among those that have devoted themselves to regional stories we still have several writers of great merit, such as Viriato Correia, José Verissimo, Alberto Rangel, Simões Lopes Netto, Alcides Maya, Roque Callage, João Fontoura, Hugo de Carvalho Ramos, Veiga Miranda, Xavier Marques, Monteiro Lobato and Mario Sette.

Variato Correia may be called the *primus inter pares* of the new story-writers of Brazil, because no one among us at present cultivates the genre with more propriety. The exactitude of his observations, which suggests Arinos in a certain way; the fluency of language; his splendor and boldness of narration; the unexpectedness of the dénouement: everything in his stories seduces us irresistibly. *O Venancio*, *O drama de Donna Alice*, *Cara a cara* [Face to Face], *O ladrão* [The Robber], *A desfeita* [The Affront], *A desforra* [The Revenge], *Terras malditas* [Lands under a Curse], are almost perfect stories of a singular beauty. What a vibrant and stirring pen wrote that epic of fire and death, in the style of d'Annunzio and Zola, *Terras malditas*, in which one comes on savage stretches of nature convulsed by a strange and frightful drama, such as the hydrophobia of a village from which not even a creature escaped, with the domestic animals, bands of ravaging wild beasts, herds of steers, tremendous in their Dantesque furor, as well as packs of howling dogs changed to demons from hell! In his historical stories palpitate, with the intense life of the moment, all the picturesque figures of the past.

José Verissimo, although he has left only scenes from the Amazonian life, has bequeathed a work capable of enduring through time. *O boto* [The Dolt], *O crime do Tapuio* [The Crime of the Tapuio], *A morte da Vicentina* [The Death of Vi-

centina], even with all the defects of form and language, in which, unfortunately, the writer was prodigal, are regional stories of high rank.

The same may be said of the Amazonian stories of Alberto Rangel, the powerful evoker of *Inferno verde* [Green Hell] and *Sombras n'agua* [Shadows in the Water]. He may not be accused, however, of negligence in language and in phrasing. On the contrary, his work is very chaste; rarely—influenced by Euclides da Cunha—does he permit himself to torture, to complicate, the phraseology in such a way that at times he becomes detestable. Two beautiful books are those—especially the first of them—in which are stories that are real masterpieces of observation and style, such as *Hospitalidade*, a page of perfect psychology, and *Maiby*, a stupendous symbol.

Simões Lopes Netto, João Fontoura, Alcides Maya and Roque Callage are the revealers of the literature of the pampas: a literature quite different from that which is produced in the rest of Brazil. Their stories are a repository of strange and extremely original impressions, types and legends: scenes from taverns and from the open country, fanfaronades and heroisms, people warlike and full of oratory, a rude and musical dialogue, in which are mingled the language of the Iberians and that of the natives: such are the motives and the characteristics of these writings. Of the four authors, it would be difficult to say which occupies the first place.

Simões Lopes Netto—who wrote *Lendas do sul* [Legends of the South] and *Contos gauchescos* [Gauchescque Stories], in which occur pieces such as *No manantial* [In the Fountain], *A salamanca do Janau* [The Sorcery of Janau], *O negrinho do pastoreio* [The Piccaninny of the Sheep-Cote]—is the possessor of a style so picturesque and vivacious that it is the *gaúcho* people themselves that speak to us. João Fontoura produced beautiful stories, such as *Cbiru*, *Caôlho* [The One-Eyed Man], *Caboré* [Half-breed]; while Alcides Maya and Roque Callage have given us the famous pieces entitled *Tápera*,<sup>3</sup> *Xarqueada*, *Velbo*.

<sup>3</sup>Or *tápera*, as it is in Spanish: from the Guarani *tapere*, "uninhabited," "a village that was:" according to Brazilian and Paraguayan usage, a ruinous

*conto* [Old Story], *A vítima*, *Divertidos* [Amused] and *Fim de raça* [End of a Race].

Virgílio Varzea, the Brazilian Pierre Loti, as he has been called, is passionately fond of the Brazilian "environment." His stories are therefore but simple passages, stretches of land and stretches of sea, focalized with their own life, in an incomparable perfection. In respect of him, Pedro do Couto wrote with much discernment: "His types are always dominated by their environment, whose well wrought texture holds them to secondary planes."<sup>4</sup>

Hugo de Carvalho Ramos, the author of *Tropas e boiadas* [Troops and Drovers], is also a good regionalist. Among his stories appear *Gente de gleba* [People of the Glebe], a beautiful production, well wrought out and vivid.

The stories of Valdomiro Silveira, one of the best story-writers of São Paulo, filled with a sweet communicative ingenuity, are well planned and well developed; it is a pity that the author adopts at times the language of the people in the story, which enormously prejudices, as is natural, the artistic effect of the work; and this defect is all the more noticeable since very few of our story-writers have fallen into this style. Almost all adhere more or less closely to what may be deemed the classic model of Arinos: simple, unadorned language, in the same molds as the popular language, when it is the personage that speaks, as it ought to be of course. However, the syntax is perfect and the orthography is correct; and this is an interesting point, one that indeed is worthy of attention. Arinos's *Joaquim Mironga*, *Pedro Barqueiro* and *A garupa* are works of art which, however, we could hear from the mouth of any drover, in front of the camp-fire, under the shed of a ranch, such is the naturalness of the phraseology, the exactness of the language, the propriety of the terms current among the people. Yet this does not imply that they are a collection of barbarisms committed against the language that would be repulsive to a cultured mind. In truth, there is nothing

and abandoned habitation, especially when isolated or in the deep forest.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>*Páginas de crítica.*



more grotesque or lacking in taste than to describe an occurrence, a case, in the prosody of the people. José Verissimo said therefore, referring to Coelho Netto's *Rei negro*:

Another feature that renders the romances of the Senhor Coelho Netto barbaric is his dialogue, made up in the main of the exact speech of the Negroes with whom he occupies himself. This frightful as well as unnecessary transcription in his prosody prejudices the esthetic effect that the author has in view.

In truth, the emotion suffers much from the use of that language of tatters, which is that of our backwoods people, and hence it is incomprehensible that the imaginative author of beautiful stories, such as *A vinha má* [The Barren Vineyard], *O perdão* [The Pardon], *Desespero de amor* [Love's Despair], *As frutas* [The Fruits], should write in such a way.

Veiga Miranda, who gave us *Mau olhado* [Evil Eye], one of our good regional romances, also published *Passaros que fogem* [Birds that Flee], stories in which stand out *O Romão de Januaria* [Romão, Son of Januaria], the best of the book, *Miquitoca*, *Melita* and *Zé divino* [Divine Zé].

Xavier Marques, the author of so many famous books, among which figures that masterpiece of sentiment, the tenderest of all the Brazilian novels, *Joanna e Joel*, published recently his first book of short stories. *A cidade encantada* [The Enchanted City], which gives the title to the book, as well as *Mariquita* and *A noiva do golpbinho* [The Bride of the Elf], are fine pieces.

Strange and reactionary, Monteiro Lobato—whose initial book, *Urupês* [Wild Mushroom], was the best of many that flood the literary market of Brazil during these latter times, as it is also one of the most stirring books of its kind that we possess—occupies to-day an eminent place in the front rank of our story-writers, and his is a rare case in our literature. Appearing unexpectedly, he immediately attracted the attention of the national critics, for what was new, told in a novel style, that he was able to say regarding the people and things of this land of ours. Besides *Urupês*, in which are to be found admirable stories, such as *Boccatorta* [Twisted Mouth], *Choô-pan!* [Piccaninny Choô!], *O estigma* [The Stigma] and

*Matapau*, he published *Negrinha* [Piccaninny] and *Cidades mortas* [Dead Cities]—the latter a collection of inland charges and humorous stories, among which excel *Cabellos compridos* [Long Hairs] and *O espião allemão* [The German Spy]: stories of incomparable verve. *Negrinha* contains only six stories. Of them, *O bugio moqueado* [Smoked Sloth], one of the strongest and most impressive of our entire literature, might have been written by de Maupassant, Viliers or Poe.

Mario Sette, the prolific writer of Pernambuco, whose greatest title to fame is without doubt his romance *Senhora de engenho* [Mistress of a Sugar-Mill], has also produced beautiful stories, such as *Clarinha das rendas* [Little Clara of the Embroideries], a sweet story of ingenuous love, *Espinbos* [Thorns], *Rastos de sangue* [Trail of Blood], *A trança* [The Tresses] and others. His dialogue stories, contained in his last book, *Quem ve caras* [Who Sees Faces], are well wrought pages, full of life and naturalness. All breathe a mild and discreet morality.

In the literature of the short story in Brazil we have still the great figure of a marvelous artist, Gonzaga Duque, the bizarre stylist of *Horto de manguas* [Garden of Sorrows], in which there are pages of so tortured a form that we can find none like them in the literature of our country. *A morte do palhaço* [The Death of the Clown], *Olhos verdes* [Green Eyes], *Sapo!* [Toad!] and *Sob a estola da morte* [Beneath the Stole of Death] are admirable stories, marvelously elaborated, such as could have been written only by Fialho d'Almeida, whom Gonzaga Duque greatly resembles, like our Papi Junior, in dazzling floweriness of style.

João do Rio, the author of several books of sketches, is also the author of books of fantastic stories not likely to please, owing to the peculiar and complicated psychologies exhibited in them. *Dentro da noite* [Under the Shadow of Night], for example, is a collection of narratives well done, unquestionably, filled with personages half mad, neurotic and degenerate, more degenerate even than the lowest mental class. It is sufficient to mention, among them, an individual that sobs at midnight because

he is far from his bride, the bride into whose arms, as a refinement of cruelty, he had not wearied of sticking pins . . . and the idea that he could do so no longer, because, his infamy discovered, he had been cast out, now awakened in him a great desire to die.

Another author of stories thus extravagant, a lover of the exquisite, is Théo Filho. Sylvio Romero said that his stories resemble versions of Gorky's pages. They are episodes that have taken place in Brazil, but they have occurred in the lives of persons in whom resided nothing that is national.

We might also mention as story-writers many others—Lucio de Mendonça, Oscar Lopes, Rodrigo Octavio, Magalhães de Azeredo, Domicio da Gama—some worthy of being considered good artists. However, they are, rather, story-writers by accident. Domicio da Gama—for example, in *Historias curtas*, in which are to be found stories undeniably beautiful, such as *A bacchante* [The Bacchante], *Possessão* [Demoniacal Possession], *Estudo do feio* [A Study of the Ugly (Man)], *Consul!*—is mainly a psychologist, a sagacious observer of sentiments, a story-writer after the manner of Machado de Assis, in short.

Speaking of Machado de Assis, I have not included him among our good cultivators of the story because I consider him in no sense a good story-writer. His stories—if we may call them such—almost in their totality, "are no more than the beginnings of aborted romances, physical and moral aspects torn from books yet to be written, profiles, dispersed pages, that fall far short of attaining to the complete type of this kind of literature." It is not difficult, certainly, to find in the work of the master magnificent stories, true stories, such as *Frei Simão* [Friar Simão] and *A cartomante* [A Reader of the Cards]. They are, however, mere exceptions in his work of selection. If we are seeking the perfect psychologist, we shall have to find him in the very subtle pages of *Quincas Borba*, *Memoirs posthumous de Braz Cubas* [Posthumous Memoirs of Braz Cubas] and *Contos fluminenses* [Fluminense Stories (that is, stories of Rio de Janeiro)]. However, "*l'art du conteur*"—according to Marmont

—"est de reduire l'action à ce qu'elle a d'original et d'interessant;" and to Machado de Assis, the true furbisher of sentiment, action almost did not exist. The author of so many volumes that he termed stories, he could never compare with Medeiros e Albuquerque, for example, as a story-writer. The latter barely touches on the sentiments of his personages, who act and thus determine their psychology without the author's attempting to set forth in detail the state of their minds or hearts; and in respect of the story, which is a simple narrative, synthetic and vivid par excellence, there will be more merit.

In the realm of the humorous story, true fame had not been achieved, until a short time ago, when it was attained by Arthur Azevedo, who knows how to turn out beautiful productions, filled with *verve* and inimitable grace, as in the case of *Uma espiga* [A Head of Grain], a most original story from all points of view.

In this genre, Monteiro Lobato and Humberto de Campos are able to give us today stories worthy of note, such as *O figado indiscreto* [The Indiscreet Liver], *O comprador de fazendas* [The Buyer of Dry-Goods], and *O espião allemão*, of the former; and *Os morangos* [The Strawberries], *O somnambulo* [The Somnambulist] and *A noiva do Donato* [Donato's Bride], of the latter.

Humor, however, is not characteristic of our spirit, and hence humorism rarely becomes a motive of art.

Brazilian literature, especially that of the story, is, above all, dramatic. With our ethnic propensity to sadness, we always prefer a somber narrative, filled with vivid and sanguinary touches, to a scene of mirth.

A proof of this is that our prose artists are always inclined to seek motives for their writings in cases of tragedy.

It is because only through these pens of the élite speaks our melancholy, lascivious and brutal race, the descendants, in a more or less direct line, of exiled Batavians and Lusitanians, sensualists from Africa and the savage sons of this fierce region of America.

In Ceará, unfortunately, the story has not been cultivated hitherto with the attention it merits.

Passing over Thomaz Lopes, who has become an international story-writer, and Rodolpho Theophilo, with *Cundurú*,<sup>5</sup> a volume of stories in which there is, in truth, only one story, the one that gives it its title, a vigorous production, full of life and emotion, only João do Norte—our Gustavo Barroso—ventured duly to explore this branch of literature. *Praia e varzeas* [Beaches and Meadows]—in which certain scenes and types of our littoral and our interior are well portrayed—is a beautiful book wherein are to be found magnificent stories, such as *O pescador* [The Fisherman], *A Luíza do selleiro* [Luíza the Saddler's Daughter] and *Velas brancas* [White Candles], worthy of a place among the best we possess.

Papi Junior produced three very beautiful stories, *A rosa do Curú* [The Rose of the Curú], *Exorcismo* [Exorcism] and *A comunhão dos presos* [The Communion of Prisoners]. This, however, is not his genre. The exuberance of *Gemeos* [Twins] and *O Simas* does not comport with the synthesis required by the story.

Domingos Olympio too wrote some stories, the recollection of which, however, is not preserved, buried as they are in scattered publications. The same occurred with Domingos Bonifacio, José Luiz de Castro, Frota, Possoa and Arthur Theophilo, all authors of good productions in the genre.

It is to be regretted that in a land so full of unsung beauties—a land of legendary

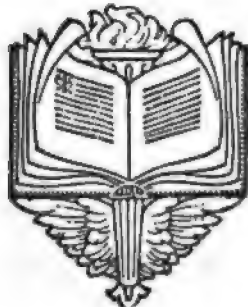
charms and tender idylls of rustics and pungent dramas of love that teem in the chronicles of the interior and live in the mouths of the indigenous survivals—our writers are not disposed to record scrupulously, as they ought, all the multiple aspects of this sacred glebe, in which Hagar suffers in the desert, Veronese lovers lisp things of the sky, personages from *Don Quixote* blaze, the despairs of Othello, disheveled and mad with love, the green fronds of the *carnaubas*<sup>6</sup> shed the Vergilian sweetness of peace, limpid and gentle rivers flow, singing and fleeing through the attractive lands whereon extend stretches of romantic blue water, whence issues, on clear nuptial nights, lovingly, and tempting the passers-by, the nymph of these shores, the mysterious and fatal water-mother.

Let it not be said then that we have nothing to put into the story. We are almost lacking in those that devote themselves to cultivating, as an art and a sentiment, this fruitful genre, while utilizing, like a conscientious miner, the inexhaustible wealth offered by the opulent bosom of tradition.

To whom is destined this glorious task, hitherto despised by all those that could have furthered it, such as Antonio Salles, Papi Junior, Adolpho Caminha, Franklin Tavora, Rodolpho Theophilo and so many others, who were certainly not lacking in genius, but only in interest in and liking for the subject?

<sup>5</sup>The name of a Brazilian fruit.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>Groves of *carnaubas*.—THE EDITOR.



# IDEALS OF AN INTERNATIONAL POLICY<sup>1</sup>

BY

CÉSAR DÍAZ CISNEROS

Using the dominant thoughts of a leading Argentine writer on social, political and economic subjects as a point of departure, the author discusses the relation between national democracy and international democracy and between national policy and international policy; he emphasizes the importance of immigration as a means of solving economic and political difficulties; he advocates a generous spirit of Americanism in thinking of and dealing with interamerican problems; and he lays stress on the necessity of communications between interiors and littorals and among the American nations.—THE EDITOR.

LET us examine the chief factors, favorable and unfavorable, in the realization of the ideal of a great international policy that will conduce to the union of free peoples.

There could be no better opportunity than the present one to pay homage to the memory of the illustrious and generous thinker with whose name this hall has been christened as an act of tardy justice. In recalling here the thought of Alberdi, I—who have evoked it so often with no sign of grateful recognition on the part of the new generations—feel that I am nearer still to his august shade, which is doubtless moving to-day with the immortals through Elysium beneath the sacred myrtles.

This homage will consist of no vain words of mine. I shall revive his own thought, for the author of *El crimen de la guerra* can, better than any other, enlighten us regarding the great ideal of solidarity toward which have bent, from the remote past, the steps of the historic caravan. He said—and give heed to the magnificent amplitude and brilliancy of these ideas—

That nations may form one people and be governed by common laws, it is neither necessary that they shall themselves constitute a federation nor that they shall have similar rulers in each state. That society already exists by the natural law that has created the society of each nation. Its ties are made closer every day by the very strength of the necessity felt by the nations of drawing nearer together in order that each of them may be richer, happier, stronger, freer. In proportion as

space disappears before the miraculous power of steam and electricity; as the welfare of peoples shall be rendered solidary through the operation of the international instrumentality that we term commerce, which relates, links and unites one nation with another better than would be done by all the diplomacy of the world, the nations are drawn one to another as if they formed a single patria. Every international railway is as effective as ten alliances; every foreign loan signifies a frontier suppressed. The three Atlantic cables have abolished and buried the Monroe doctrine without the slightest ceremony.

The press—that is, the light that the nations cast upon one another, above all as to what concerns their daily destinies, and without whose aid every nation loses her way and ceases to know where she is and where she is going; the press, illuminated by liberty, that is, by the participation of the peoples in the determination of their own destinies—renders possible the formation of an international and general public opinion that will supply the government needed by the world people. . . . The great phase of modern democracy is international democracy; the advent of the world into the government of the world; the sovereignty of the world people as the guaranty of national sovereignty. . . . In proportion as man develops and becomes capable of generalizing, he perceives that his own, his definitive country, worthy of him, is the good round earth, and that the sun never sets on the dominion of the definitive man.

These noble words were written in 1870, some months before the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, which prevented the competition organized by the International and Permanent League of Peace in Paris, in order to attend which Alberdi wrote his work.

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered in the Alberdi hall of the Facultad de Ciencias Jurídicas y Sociales of La Plata [Argentina].

It will be observed therefore how Alberdi identified the sovereignty of the world people with the direct participation of the peoples in the determination of their own destinies.

The truth is that the first great problem that must be solved is the perfecting of democracy. It would be vain for us to attempt to unite organisms that are not sufficiently perfect, sufficiently prepared, to be capable of effecting a union, of engaging in that spontaneous coöperation, which is demanded by life in common. Adepts in the law of nations recognize that this law depends on, and sustains an intimate relation to, the internal law of each state. In truth, we are unable to distinguish between external and internal law, save in a superficial manner, because the former is the expression or product of the whole body of the internal law of states, and the respective levels always maintain the same relation. During the period of feudalism, the law of nations did not exist in any strict sense. Indeed, it became defined with the rise of modern states. On the one hand, it is well to recognize that, in a general way, down to the French revolution, international policy was determined almost exclusively by the interests of the reigning families, the clergy and the nobility. On the other, international policy, after the French revolution and the restoration, was determined by the interests of the plutocracy. This plutocracy was the first stage of democracy, which, as a rule, has not yet passed beyond this stage.

The same thing occurred in antiquity among the Arian peoples of Asia and Europe. The social revolutions that overthrew the religious organization of the *gens*, that is, the most ancient patriarchy, replaced the aristocracies with the rich plebeians. The age-long strife between the aristocracy and the plebe followed an earlier struggle between royalty and aristocracy, and it was, in turn, followed by a third form of struggle, that between the rich and the poor, which preceded the definitive transformation of pagan society through the operation of Christianity and the invasion of the barbarians. The three great revolutions that took place in ancient

society gradually prepared the way for the broadening of democracy.

Although other factors have played a part in modern times, the truth is that a series of social changes, sudden or slow, will continue to shape democracy as they shaped it in the past. Those that suppose that each dawn is a definitive day, that each sunset is an everlasting night, are greatly mistaken. Days and nights, actions and reactions, advances and recessions of society, succeed one another like the vibrations of tense chords, like the pulsations of the sea, like the periodic sidereal revolutions.

However, democracy will continue to gain in the ebb and flow, in the fluctuations, of its changes; and this will constitute its evolution. Let us not close our eyes to this progressive movement. In spite of 1914, I believe in evolution, I believe in social betterment.

You will not be surprised then that I affirm, after having indicated, as the first great purpose of international politics, the formation of the social organism of the world, which contains biologically, even if implicitly, the germ of the perpetual peace that was dreamed of by Saint-Pierre, Bentham, Kant, Volney and Alberdi; that I affirm, as I said, as the second great ideal, subordinate to the first, the perfecting, the broadening, of democracy, which is the sovereignty of all for the achievement of the equal welfare of all, the fusion of the social classes in a single free people, worthy to dominate life.

Slave peoples detest and despise one another. Free peoples love one another because they recognize their dignity; they draw together and they coöperate in common undertakings. To free a people from poverty and ignorance is to lift it into international solidarity. To remake the economic structure of nations is to adapt them to a community of existence, is to prepare the way for a superorganic evolution.

To free peoples of internal barriers is to free them of economic frontiers. A nation that makes herself great, that enriches herself, summons all men to work. A nation that isolates and impoverishes herself closes her doors to them.

When I allude to the wealth of nations,

I do so in the broad sense of Adam Smith: it ought not to be confounded with the enrichment of the parasitic social classes side by side with the poverty of the people. The wealth of nations is the welfare of the producers. It will attain to its maximum expression when all the people shall become productive. Then, indeed, it will be impossible to distinguish in any respect between the association of nations and the international association of all the workers of the earth, that is, the world people.

Then, indeed, the vastest culture with which history has been acquainted, a culture replete with goodness and fraternity, will shed its perfume over the whole earth, changed into an immense garden.

**T**HESE then ought to be the great ideals, the mediate ideals of the law of nations; but while they are becoming achievable, we must begin with others, more within the reach of the present means, which, although modest in comparison with the former, are, nevertheless, such as are capable of arousing the passion of men of good will and clear intelligence.

The firmest and deepest international policy is political economy. When interests unite men, they are not easily separated by caprice or passion. When nations bring about an economic interdependence, it is difficult for them to become stirred up and to threaten.

Well then: as if to accentuate economic interdependence, America and Europe are in a position to be reciprocally useful; and I ought here to accept the distinction formulated by Cimbali, between the policy of the expansion of governments and the spontaneous policy of the expansion of peoples. The former is dangerous, violent, barbarous; the latter is beneficent, pacific, civilizing. Cimbali understood in Europe, just as Alberdi understood in America, the great importance to civilization of the economic phenomenon of spontaneous migrations. The views of that valiant publicist corroborate those of Alberdi by demonstrating that the advantage of migrations accrues both to the countries from which they go and the countries to which they set out. The words of the man that suffered persecution for having ex-

posed the falsehoods of the old law of nations should be pointed out to the respectful consideration of the young. He said, in his lecture of 1905, in which he severely attacked the colonial policy of the European powers:

The imperialists constantly assert that the occupation of foreign territories is necessary in order that the citizens that constitute the excess of population of the older countries may settle in them. Peoples, on the contrary, always observe that, if there are states in which the inhabitants, because they are in reality increasing excessively and continuously, must emigrate to other countries in order to live and to better their own condition, there are also other states in which, owing to the scarcity of the inhabitants, the governments themselves see fit to invite and attract the toiling masses of other nations, giving them lands and work and assuring them a relative well-being that it would be folly to expect in their own country.

I am pleased now to point out how Cimbali's conception of international policy coincides implicitly with the one I have set forth, although arrived at in another way, that is, considered as an understanding, an action, exercised by society, even without the intervention of governments. This author says: "While occupying myself with what I call 'the system of colonial policy of the peoples' and while showing that if colonization carries with it advantages, these advantages are only possible in the exercise of a free and spontaneous popular movement toward colonization, I have spoken indirectly of what I call 'the governmental system of colonial policy. . . .'" "Peoples exclaim: 'Why should we go to countries where the inhabitants do not like us, to live there contrary to their will, with a gun always in one's hand'—Morocco again serves as a case in point—'wasting all our strength on the continuous construction of defensive works, with the result that our labors can not be assiduous and their fruits will lack the requisite security? Is it not a thousand times better to make our way to countries where the governments, desiring us and inviting us, appreciate our labor and respect the product of it and thus contribute to the prosperity and security of our industries and our estates? . . .'" "In America,"

he added, "one of these states is Argentina. The Argentine republic, indeed, is one of the vastest and richest countries in the world, and it needs laborers. The soil is prodigiously fertile, and there are thousands of hectares that are unproductive for want of cultivation. The government fosters colonization by every means, offering to immigrants all kinds of facilities in order that in a short time they may become the owners of the lands they cultivate and thus enjoy a state of well-being perhaps unexpected."

Fifty years before, at a time when the echo of the cannon of Caseros<sup>2</sup> was still heard, Alberdi wrote, in his immortal *Bases*.<sup>3</sup>

We need a law that shall demand for civilization the soil that we retain in a desert state, owing to our backwardness. This law of the spread of the human species is fulfilled inevitably, either by the peaceful means of civilization, without violence, or by the conquest of the sword; but it never occurs that the more advanced and populous nations permit themselves to be choked by an excess of population throughout any long period, in the presence of a world that lacks inhabitants and abounds in riches. México has already had a taste of the violent conquest with which we shall all be threatened during a more or less remote future and from which we can escape by granting spontaneously to civilization the enjoyment of this soil, from the larger part of which we have kept it excluded by an injustice that can come to no good end. . . . The welfare of both worlds may be conciliated at one and the same time; and by a policy and adequate provisions the states of the other continent ought to tend to send us through peaceable immigrations the population that we ought to attract by a like policy and similar provisions. This is the cardinal and summary law of the development of civilization on this continent.

These are words that ought to be inscribed over the doorways of our schools. Here then we have a broad highway to the international policy of America. This law of the spread of humanity, this political

force that resides in the emigration of the peoples of Europe toward America, tends to form the association of nations, the unity of the world people, better than all the conventions of governments. America and Europe have been united in a true sense by this migration throughout more than a century. Can you compare, even remotely, the process of universal life, the indestructible force of peoples, the uniting of these countries with Europe by the bonds of interest, sentiment and intelligence, with the artificial efforts of the governments that sought to organize the society of nations in 1919? The great covenant of the league of nations, adopted by such a number of the states of Europe, America and Asia as has never been witnessed in the history of the law of nations, is, nevertheless, a pale and feeble achievement, compared with the league of peoples constituted by the work of centuries of international effort, labor and maternity: an association of peoples, effected by the sacred transfusion of the blood that generates life; the first stammering of the universal being that is to be constituted some day by the nations of the earth.

It would be a sad mistake to conclude that this natural law has declined in efficacy; that the necessity of which it is the expression has disappeared. Although South America is much more thickly populated than it was half a century ago, a great part of her fertile regions is still desert. Besides—and this is fundamental—even the regions populated and brought under cultivation possess a minimum density of population. Hence there exists a double task for the realization of the third of the ideals on which the international policy ought to be based, that is, the ideal of obeying the law of the expansion and fusion of races, a path that leads to the first ideals, already indicated: the outgrowing of present democracy and the constitution of the society of the world.

THE double task of realizing the third ideal of the international policy, that is, the populating of the American continent, the system of which will be able to serve as an example for the populating of other continents in the future, consists

<sup>2</sup>A battle, fought between the party of patriotism and reconstruction and the tyrant Rosas in 1852, in which Rosas was definitively overthrown.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>The full title is *Bases y puntos de partida para la organización política de la República Argentina*.—THE EDITOR.

therefore in increasing the density of the minimum population in the regions now tilled and in populating the great desert regions. We may consider them as the fourth and fifth ideals of the international policy. The first is more a program of internal political economy. The second is more an interamerican economic policy as we shall see. Here, however, I ought to recall the view already set forth, that in a strict sense we can not make a sharp distinction between external and internal policy. We have recognized this in maintaining that a general association of nations, truly constituted, can only be founded on the life in common of free peoples, that is, of peoples in which democracy has been developed in all its plenitude. Well then; it is unnecessary to refer to the great transformations in order to prove the existence of the law of the propagation of facts among nations. Every reform of any significance in one state tends to reproduce itself in other states, because modern civilization is one, and it seeks its level everywhere. It is thus that the internal policy becomes external, and the latter reacts on the former modifying it in turn, so much so that it is impossible scientifically to accept a separation of them.

The immediate program of an internal economic policy, the one that is more within the reach of existing means, especially in America, ought to contribute to populating the territory, the basis of the greatness of our nations, by guaranteeing better living conditions for the working classes, particularly in the country, through recourse to the colonization of the public lands and the great private estates.

For what international policy conducive to the fusion of peoples can be founded on intestine strife among the men of each state? What organism can be robust in external action, if it is undermined by internal disease? Let us restore health to the national organisms, if we wish to prepare them to bring about the health, the equilibrium, of the world.

THE other task that relates to the foreign policy, the fifth ideal that may be indicated, is to obey the law as to the

civilization of America by populating the unsettled territories. We shall see why this enterprise is more of an interamerican economic policy. In South America exist countries that are almost wholly unsettled, such as Bolivia and Paraguay, for example, which can not and ought not to be abandoned in their isolation. What must be done to relate them more closely with the international community? Evidently to multiply their means of communication with the littoral of the continent. Here then we have, indicated by the sure hand of necessity, the direction of true Pan Americanism.

I have heard voices that condemn certain American peoples because of their localistic and petty spirit and their imperviousness to the active European spirit. It is explicable that some sentiments of this kind might be developed among peoples separated from the rest of the world by walls of stone, impenetrable forests, deserts of sand, where even vegetation perishes, or swampy and unwholesome lands inhospitable to man. We can understand how difficult it is to work in torrid and enervating climates.

As for ourselves, however, far from condemning populations that have not had the good fortune to belong to that medium zone which, both in respect of societies and of climates, is the most propitious to human happiness, it is our duty to contribute to rescuing them from a disadvantageous position.

Now, the railway is the arm of steel to aid them. The Argentine republic is in an advantageous position to carry on the great work of international vinculation, which, in bringing the peoples of America nearer together, will at the same time bring them nearer to the center of culture and civilization, which is Europe. The transandine railway is, as it were, a daily embrace between two peoples. In America therefore to populate unsettled territories is equivalent to constituting nations. Some American states do not merit such a name, because of their poverty; it is necessary to reconstruct them. An immense civilization may be developed in the center of America: a civilization which, without prejudice to establishing itself on the principles of the



only civilization toward which all the peoples move, possesses its own genius, its original characteristics, as evidence that the union of all the peoples of the earth in a harmonized organism would not mean, in the slightest degree, monotony in the characteristics of its different portions, but, on the contrary, the infinite variety that nature engenders.

An intercontinental railway, such as the one projected by the First Pan American Conference, which met in Washington in 1889, would be at present an achievement out of proportion to the needs of the American territory. The serious objective would be to construct the railway lines necessary to supply the central regions with easy communication with the littoral, that is, doors of ingress and egress for men and things. Buenos Aires is not interested in communicating with New York by a land route, when the maritime route is more advantageous. In another sense, it is not of importance to Catamarca to be in communication with the Chaco, but it is of importance that the two regions should be in communication with the littoral, in spite of their being so remote from it. In short, an American intercontinental railway ought not to be a cause without effect. It will some time be the spontaneous outcome of vigorous railway systems, when they shall be constructed in all the countries of America.

Mentioning gigantic means of communication, it is interesting to recall that in 1824 Rivadavia conceived the plan of a great canal that would unite the Plata with the foot of the Andes.

**I** DESIRE to consider a sixth kind of ideals on which the international policy may be based. They are the ideals that are considered properly within the domain of the international policy. They relate to questions that you may probably have believed that I would discuss at the beginning of this address and that perhaps you have been surprised at not hearing, and, even now, that I have relegated them to the last place. I refer to the acts of diplomacy: the conclusion of treaties, understandings, common actions, et cetera. Before explaining the reason for the order

adopted, I ought to recall that, apart from treaties of peace, amity, commerce, navigation, et cetera, which regulate the respective relations between states, treaties of alliance are the result of latent war, which is called "armed peace," and those of arbitration demonstrate a better disposition on the part of the nations to maintain true peace.

The effort of America in behalf of obligatory arbitration has gone further than that of Europe. This is the vigorous ideal that America has substituted for the generous illusion of a confederation of nations, which inspired the congress of Panamá, called by Bolívar in 1826, and that of Lima in 1847. It was the Washington congress of 1889 that proclaimed obligatory arbitration for all such American questions—present and future—as would not affect national independence; recommended the same plan to the European nations; and eliminated the principle of conquest from American public law; and it was due to misunderstandings among the South American states that this great plan suffered an eclipse in the México conference of 1901, which, after heated debates, could do no more than vote in favor of facultative arbitration, thus adhering to the Hague conference of 1899.

It is not my purpose to enumerate the European attempts at, and projects of, arbitration. I shall bring to your attention merely that in the House of Commons, the Swiss diet, the Italian chamber of deputies and the Belgian parliament, resolutions were adopted in favor of general arbitration between the years 1873 and 1875: a movement of opinion provoked by the war of 1870. The same occurred in the Hague conferences of 1899 and 1907; but a majority was not secured in favor of obligatory arbitration. The institution that ought to have adopted it on principle was the league of nations, yet, nevertheless, the mechanism of arbitration, in that covenant of the leading nations of the world, leaves it its facultative character.

However, no one can overlook the fact that arbitration has been productive in America. How could we fail to recall here the peaceful solution of the long and painful dispute between Chile and Argen-

tina? The two nations, when they saved themselves from butchery and ruin, buried their hostile sentiments for ever. I wish to point out a glorious proof of this truth. There exists among us a more sentimental embassy than the official embassies: it is a group of Chilean students, who have come to study with the Argentine youth, who have already been received with open arms, and for whom I request, from this honorable chair, the fraternal coöperation alike of the authorities and of the university people.

From every point of view is offered, especially to the diplomacy of the Plata at the present time, a mission as ample and honorable—in respect of the interests of America and Europe, as well as those of mankind—as any perhaps that has ever existed at any other moment of history. Well conceived and nobly applied, it may aid in leading these countries to very lofty destinies. We are going to enter into political relations—more intimate than any sustained hitherto—with the great countries of the northern hemisphere, on the one hand, and with the small countries of South America, on the other. It will be necessary to respond intelligently to the new requirements imposed by the close economic, political and moral union heralded by the civilized peoples with the conclusion of the first quarter of the century. It is impossible to outline here the great lines of action to be derived from an examination of the facts, but on its success will depend in a large measure the decadence or the greatness of southern America.

Permit me to express again the ardent hope, drawn from my heart, that I voiced two years ago: my hope for the peace of America. I expressed it then with pessimism. A conflict on the Pacific seemed inevitable. To-day I must be an optimist, as that fearful crisis, the threatening cloud on the American horizon, is going to disappear, it seems.

I say to-day, as I said then: We wish for America the smiling future longed for by the former strugglers for her emancipation. They nourished in their hearts the immortal flame of American sentiment, one and indivisible, which caused them to shed their blood and close their eyes, suffering

and heroic, far from the lands in which they were born and the arms within which life offered them its tenderness. All of them were impelled to sacrifice by the ideal of a common felicity, which consisted, in their opinion, even if they were soldiers, in peace and work, in the liberty and equality of all men.

In spite of skeptical ignorance, the dream of those ancient patriots will be a reality. The gods of Hellas will take up their abode in the forests of America, her rivers of silver and her illimitable plains, and they will awaken slumbering echoes in her mysterious heart.

I HAVE pointed out, in the first place, that the general laws of living beings govern social movements; that since societies are organisms they tend to form a sole organism, which would permit an infinite development in coöperation, invaluable for the perfecting of the existence of mankind; that this superorganism is in process of formation, and there are reliable proofs of it; that jurists call this phenomenon, although without explaining it biologically, a union of civilized states, a confederation of nations, a world people, while conceiving of it differently.

Having set forth these sociological bases—for it is impossible to study them fundamentally in this lecture—and having pointed out that we ought not to accept the vulgar or the restricted sense of "policy," but that we ought to understand by it the intelligent direction of the social organism by its own consciousness, with or without the intervention of governments, I proceeded afterward to define and classify the ideals of the international policy.

To that end I began with the remotest, vastest and deepest: the constitution of the universal society. Then, subordinate to this supreme end, we found another that is inherent in it: the outgrowing of present democracy by the change of the economic structure of nations. Gradually shortening the radius of the ideal, we discovered another, nearer and more immediate, and it is coöperation with the natural law of emigrations from Europe to America, which is essential to all the future unification of society.

From the American point of view now, two other ideals at the service of those already mentioned and more within reach of our means of action are: the betterment of the national economy, especially the regimen of lands and correlative economic reforms; and a union and coördination of the American states by economic forces. Finally, another ideal, also immediate, is the one that bears on relations and acts with which the law of nations is commonly concerned; that is: the international policy, properly so-called, applied to the peaceful solution of disputes, and even—within it—general and obligatory arbitration.

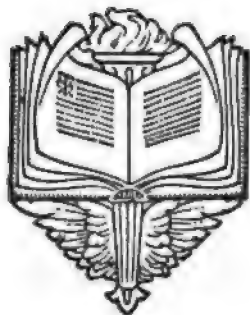
You will see that, in the several radii that I have traced, in the effort to define the ideals of the international policy, these ideals may be classified in different categories. On the other hand, I have considered the last of the series precisely the one with which the law of nations has been most deeply preoccupied, because it is the least profound.

The application of the ideals is action itself. It is incumbent on the men that possess the collective powers necessary to

realizing them. Our mission as university men can not go beyond their demarcation; but even this task is productive, because we are unable to take up the march without knowing where we are going.

When the mind begins to conceive of the beauty of later ideals, however remote they may seem; when it comprehends that the circle of limited ideals moves at the impulse of other vaster ones; when it is able to refuse them all in the irresistible tendency of life to broaden and perfect its processes; when it sees how, face to face with these ideals, the violent present reality, which brings us as much shadow as *they* bring us light, is stirred to anger; when the infinite complexity of all the movements that constitute evolution is understood, then and only then does the mind, before the magnificent suggestiveness of the panoramas of the future, begin to penetrate the universal consciousness in order to feel its identity with the great whole.

Only then have we a right to consider ourselves citizens of the world by realizing the oneness of the ideal with life.



# THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA

A REPLY TO DON GILBERTO SILVA HERRERA

BY

ELOY G. GONZÁLEZ

A reply to the article entitled "The Dissolution of Greater Colombia," published in the April number of INTER-AMERICA, which we publish, at the request of the author, in the interest of historical verity, as he conceives, and in order that the reader may judge between two conflicting tendencies and methods, according to our opinion.—THE EDITOR.

TASKS that could not be postponed and continued ill health have prevented my acknowledging to you the receipt of number 2,377 of *Gil Blas* of Bogotá, with a courteous autographed dedication, dated at that capital, on December 2, 1922, but which reached me by the urban post of Caracas with a Venezuelan postage stamp. This circumstance I explain by recognizing that this copy of the newspaper mentioned—as well as several copies of the same number, which have been received by academicians and journalists of this city—came addressed to some person that resides here, for due distribution.

With a difference of a few hours I received your courteous letter, dated also at Bogotá, on December 10, in which you were good enough to inform me that you were sending a paper on Greater Colombia that might perhaps interest me, with the request that I comment on it "in a daily of this capital," inasmuch as "this paper deals with Venezuelan history."

Only now have I the time necessary to enable me to accede to your request, while at the same time discharging my obligation to historical truth in respect of the points to which you refer. You will have the goodness to pardon me, if I conclude, legitimately, I think, from what you affirm, that your deductions are to be ascribed to the realm of candor or childishness, to the inevitable surprise of the general opinion and of the historical sense; for, indeed, not only do there exist discrepancies between you and the historians, but—

what is still more serious and interesting—discrepancies between you and the documents you invoke, and discrepancies between the beginning and the end of certain paragraphs, all due to a curious effort to defend the indefensible, for which purpose it has seemed necessary to you to have recourse to mutilated phrases and parts of documents, whose whole character and intent you render metaphorical in order to give a semblance of truth to what is no more than a striking sophism.

To save time and to clarify the laborious commentary that you desire me to make on a profusion of details and affirmations hitherto unsubstantiated in any document, I shall proceed to divide your general thesis in particular theses:

1. Bolívar proposed to dissolve Greater Colombia from *before the events of 1826*.

2. For this purpose Bolívar began to flatter the petty ambitions of his lieutenants—Santa Cruz, Gamarra, La Fuente, Padilla, Briceño Méndez and Marshal Sucre—all of whom let themselves be seduced, *with the exception of General Santander, who was the only one that withstood the flattery*.

3. The Liberator's fear of General Santander, to combat whom in Nueva Granada he needed to arm Bolivia, Perú, El Ecuador and Venezuela, or to dissolve Greater Colombia.

Do you not observe immediately that the mere enunciation of the divisions of your paper are in themselves a refutation? And as you proceed to support your views with documents, there does not remain to you even the Augustinian doctrine of faith: "*Credo quia absurdum.*"

You take up the subject:

Bolívar was already the president of Colombia and Perú, *but he could exercise no decisive influence save over the country in which he resided.* Month after month he awaited the replies of the government at Bogotá to his solicitations which, on several occasions, such as that of the invasion of Brazil, were unheeded. When he should withdraw from Perú, he would have to surrender the exercise of supreme power.

Have you never read, never heard, never thought, what name is given to the none too honorable sentiment that counseled the government at Bogotá to disregard the solicitations of the Liberator, the same sentiment, which it is difficult to qualify to-day, because of which the Liberator waited "month after month" for the authorization to hasten to the call of oppressed Perú and to proceed from the territory of Colombia to the soil of that republic, once more brought under subjection; the same sentiment, in no sense worthy, that robbed him, on the eve of the decisive battle of the struggle for the liberation of a continent, of the command of the army that General Sucre led to Ayacucho? Have you not observed that General Santander was not the only *man of the law*—"to be up to some devilry," as he himself wrote<sup>1</sup>—but that the Liberator had the prudence, the patience and the submissiveness to law, "to wait month after month" as president of Colombia, at the same time that he was, not president, but dictator of Perú, and in the latter city he could do—without subjection to the law—whatsoever might seem wise, legal and necessary to him.

You continue:

To rule the Incas, the Caribs and the Chibchas without hindrance: such was his thought at that time. His ears were flattered by the insinuations of the politicians of Lima, that he should found an empire along the Andes, as far as the domains of Doctor Francia. Unrepublican ideas had been proposed by the lips of Bolívar. The monarchical machinations of the Limans coincided with those of Páez, Mariño and other influential Venezuelans, who desired to terminate their dependence on Bogotá and become arbiters in the affairs of their own country. . . . The Liberator hastened to refuse the courtesies

of Páez and his friends, because he demanded for himself a greater glory than that of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon. Yet he had to behold with melancholy the vanishing of an empire over territories whose hundredth part was vaster than the patrimony of the twelve tribes and at last he precipitated himself on the plan of an empire, exclaiming: *Imperator I shall be and a more potent one than Charlemagne, but I shall keep far from me the disdain that characterized the Iturbides of the New World; I shall be a Bonaparte, first consul, more powerful than the tyrant of the hundred crowns of the Tuileries; the empire of the Andes shall be called the confederation of the Andes . . . in respect of the year 1825, in which Bolívar, egged on by the Peruvians and Venezuelans to replace Fernando VII in all his attributes, might have become a king, an emperor or a grand lama; for peoples and armies followed him with blind devotion. . . .* Political considerations moved him to refuse the empire; he was engaged in winning the friendship of the Río de la Plata and of Chile in order to attract them to his policy; México, the countries of the south and even Brazil herself saw in the empire of the Andes a voracious and formidable neighbor that would have to be exterminated for the sake of the tranquillity of the continent.

In what I have copied are eight emphatic affirmations or imputations, more or less grave, to confirm which you make the first "reference" of your paper to a footnote, thus: "*Archivo Santander.*"<sup>2</sup> Permit me to remind you that, of what is being published of the archives of Santander, I have on my table *fifteen volumes*, of three hundred and eighty-five pages each, which come to 5,775 pages, and you assign to your readers no small task by having suppressed in your foot-note the reference to the volumes and pages in which are to be found the documents to support these categorical assertions.

There are, besides, the discrepancies—and even the contradictions—to which I have alluded. You say that, while Bolívar was already "president of Colombia and Perú," he could not exercise any "*decisive influence save over the country in which he resided,*" and in the course of the same argument you affirm that "*peoples and armies followed him with blind devotion.*"

<sup>1</sup>Bogotá, December 6, 1823.—O'Leary: *Correspondencia*, volume iii, page 131.

<sup>2</sup>In the translation, which appeared in the April number of INTER-AMERICA, this reference is note 4.—THE EDITOR.

What conclusion are we to draw? You say that the Limans and Páez and Mariño and other influential Venezuelans were scheming for the monarchy, because they "desired" to be the "arbiters in the affairs of their own country," but how could they have been such under a monarch? You say that he "hastened to refuse the courtesies of Páez and his friends, because he demanded for himself a greater glory than that of Julius Caesar or Napoleon," and you go on to say that he beheld "with melancholy the vanishing of an empire." However, if he *refused it*, how was he to "behold with melancholy" *that it had vanished*? You say that he wished to be *more potent* than Charlemagne, *more powerful* than Napoleon, because he wished to be *first consul*. . . . Do you believe ingenuously, however, that Bolívar could have become foolish enough to utter so enormous an absurdity? . . . Do you not see how you are at odds with yourself when you deny at the end of a paragraph what you affirm at its beginning? Do you not recall, when you reread what you wrote, the trite phrase with which our professors of the classics restrained the flood of our class-room perplexities: *Totum revolutum*? . . . The whole trouble was that you prepared in advance a container of preconceived form and dimensions and then exerted yourself to fill it with contents that could neither be held within those dimensions nor be compressed within that form.

It is with a similar argument—long, prolix, contradictory and *sui generis*—that you seek to convince the world that "Bolívar decided to divide Greater Colombia before the rebellion of Valencia;" that is, from 1825 on, when he was working for the American confederation. . . . Permit me to point out to you that you have a very singular idea of *dividing*.

In order to accomplish this purpose, you say that he began by flattering his lieutenants (division 2), promising "General Santa Cruz the rulership over the state of Northern Perú; to Gamarra, that of Southern Perú; and to La Fuente, that of Bolivia. As to Colombia, Páez was to obtain Venezuela; Nueva Granada was to go to Padilla or Montilla; and Quito, to

Briceño Méndez;" that "Marshal Sucre expressed jealousy that the Colombians, who had ridden the Andes to free Perú, should be willing to become subjects of the Limans;" but that "at length, *after Bolívar had offered him also the hereditary vice-presidency*" (at the same time that he was offering it to Santander, *to flatter him*), "*he worked earnestly to render the federation attractive in Bolivia*;" and that the *only one* that resisted these flatteries was Santander.

Have you thought, deeply and loyally, on the life and deeds and moral loftiness and consistency of Sucre, the Mariscal de Ayacucho, before making an affirmation which, in the trying days of 1828–1830, Santander or Obando or López or Barriga or the executors of Berruecos did not dare to think of making, because of its offensiveness? Therefore Santander, the *man of September*, withstood a flattery that the *man of Ayacucho* could not resist.

You say further on (division 3), however: "The only serious obstacle to Bolívar's plan was the attitude of General Santander;" and "the Liberator needed a powerful base whence to dominate Santander and he could find none better than . . . *the support of Venezuela, Quito and Perú*" to "*bind Nueva Granada*." This is equivalent to saying that, in order to reduce to naught a vice-president, impotent in the presence of the head of a department like Páez, "combated by Urdaneta, Bermúdez, Montilla, Briceño Méndez," et cetera, the Liberator needed to be supported by the strength and public opinion of *three nations*. This means to say, in chaste Spanish, that *Bolívar was afraid of Santander*.

It was my first intention to adhere to Dante's counsel—"to guard myself and think"—but, reflecting, I have concluded that if the fear that the Liberator entertained of Santander was the just and natural fear that every man—honest man, be it understood, loyal man, from the humanized Jesus Christ—feels and ought to feel at the approach of a Judas, you have more than abundant reason in the history of Colombia and in documents to justify yourself.

To comply with your request, expressed

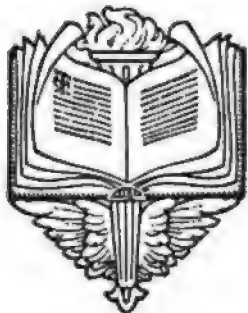
in your letter of December 10 of last year, I have brought this painful commentary thus far; because, at the end of each of the twenty-five columns of the daily that contains your article, I could not fail to recall the case of the good gentleman who, when he was washing his feet, placed alternately in the tub of water the one he had washed, while he was drying the other,

to conclude by asking himself: "but, in short, how many feet have I in reality?"

While I am hoping that you will recover your serenity, I return to you the last sentence of your letter: "In the hope of becoming your friend, I am your sincere admirer,"

ELOY C. GONZÁLEZ.

Caracas, March 27, 1923.



# ECUADORIAN SKETCHES

BY

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS

I. The Silver Cannon.—II. House Signs.—III. The Monk and the Rustic.

I

## THE SILVER CANNON

**I** DO not recall in which of the South American republics took place the occurrence that I am about to describe; but, as they are almost all alike, considered politically, let me say, parodying the French, that *l'endroit ne fait rien à la chasse*.

The protagonist of the story is one of those great personages that spring up and rise to the lofty regions of power as the result of the violent political convulsions that are so common in these countries and that do so much to discredit them.

The gentleman of whom I am speaking had the advantage, over many magnates of a similar kind, of possessing a great store of experience and a fair amount of philosophy.

He was wont to see things much farther away than his nose and he weighed them in the balance of a judgment in no wise usual.

It is said that on a certain day he was sent by one of his numerous admirers a beautiful gift as a proof of particular affection and of sincere recognition of his merits.

The gift consisted of a little silver cannon, beautifully wrought and worthy, as a work of art, of the burin of Benvenuto Cellini. It was a desk ornament, and it was intended to serve as a paper-weight.

As to the personage, when he saw the present he gave a start and pretended to be greatly surprised. His familiars were astonished at this strange attitude and they asked him, vying in solicitude, the cause of his perturbation.

"Why shouldn't I be disturbed," he replied, "when I am convinced that this cannon is loaded?"

"Is your excellency jesting?"

"No; I am not jesting; I say and I repeat that the cannon is loaded."

"Doesn't your excellency observe, however, that it is a solid piece of silver, that it has merely the external form of a cannon, and, consequently, that it can not be loaded?"

"Nevertheless, it is loaded!" asserted the magnate.

The favorites looked into one another's faces without knowing to what to attribute this singular aberration of their master and they decided not to contradict him.

In the meantime he took the cannon by the carriage and with great precaution placed it on the top of his desk with the mouth away from him, removing all the fragile articles that were in front of it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "here we have this piece of artillery emplaced, and it now remains to us only to see how and when it is going off."

From that time he did not cease to warn all those that approached him to be very careful about the cannon.

"How?" the incredulous asked him; "is this toy dangerous?"

"Yes, señor; it is loaded!"

"But it can not be so!"

"But it is!"

And as he did not seem to be jesting, for he kept his face as straight as usual, some began to believe that his lordship was a little addled, and not a few of his flatterers, of the kind that blindly accept all sorts of absurdities—provided they emanate from their superiors—began to asseverate, on their own account, that the cannon was really loaded.

"But the barrel is solid," argued several; "where can the explosive be contained?"

"This solidity is only apparent," explained the courtiers; "inside there is a



chamber that must contain a fair quantity of melinite."

"And what object—if not a criminal one—could this dangerous invention have?"

"Uhm!"

What is true is that so much was said about the little cannon that even the incredulous avoided passing in front of it, but all went around behind the table in order not to stand in the way of the trajectory of the projectile, in case the piece should go off.

One day his lordship received a small and carefully addressed letter, which contained in the upper left hand corner of the envelope, the word: "Private."

At the first lines that the great executive read he rose to his feet, placed the letter on the silver cannon and exclaimed with all the force of his lungs: "Poom!!!"

The parasites, surprised, left their seats and gathered about the functionary to learn what was the meaning of that stupendous oral detonation.

"What!" he said: "did you not hear it? The cannon has just fired!"

"Señor? . . ."

"Yes. It was loaded, as I said it was; and the proof is that I have here a letter from the one that made me the present, in which he requests condonement in an affair of accounts. Could any one wish to hear a better cannon-shot?"

The bystanders were in doubt as to whether they should take the thing seriously or in jest.

"These little silver cannon," continued the executive, "although they are but simple toys, are always loaded when they are given to rulers, and sooner or later they go off. I say the same of any other kinds of gifts, manifestations, panegyrics, homages, et cetera, et cetera; all are loaded and have their ulterior design."

He then turned a gaze filled with malice on his hearers and again placing the letter of the petitioner on the toy cannon, he repeated: "Poom!!!!"

The satellites disappeared as if by enchantment, and there remained not one of them in the reception room.

"Hello!" muttered the powerful man, "and they said that the cannon would not shoot!"

HOW does the story strike other men that vegetate in the same position in the world?

Does it not occur to them that they perhaps are somewhat lacking in the experience and philosophy possessed by the executive of long ago? How many are there not, indeed, that let themselves be hoaxed by their satellites and that receive their obsequiousness, their applause, their discourses, their panegyrics and manifestations of all kinds as eloquent proofs of attachment to their persons and as tributes to their merits, believing, maybe in good faith, in their popularity, when all these are but silver cannon aimed at the public treasury?

## II

### HOUSE SIGNS

ANY one unacquainted with our local foibles might fancy it is the easiest thing in the world to get the direction of a house here and reach it with facility, as one does anywhere else.

It is not so, however. Here one has to walk off a bit of his adipose, if there is no one to guide him to exactly the place to which he wishes to go.

"Where do you live?"

To this very simple inquiry a precise reply is never given.

"I live out in the direction of the Astillero, near a wood-yard."

"What number?"

"There is no number."

"Then?"

"Are you acquainted with the house of don Simeón Estilita [Saint Simeon Stylites], which is on the other side of the Avenida Olmedo?"

"No."

"And that of the señora Julieta de Romeo, mother-in-law of Paul and Virginia?"

"Nor it, either."

"Very large and painted blue."

"What? The señora?"

"No; the house."

"Ah!"

"Under it is a shoemaker's shop, and in front, in the arcade, is tied a rooster, which belongs to the shoemaker, red in general, with his breast all bare and his tail inflamed."

"The shoemaker?"

"The cock."

"Well, it is impossible for me to reach there with such directions."

"You start as if you were on the way to San Alejo, until you see Father Chiriboga seated in his arm-chair in front of the door of the convent. Keep on to the corner, turn to the right, go straight ahead two squares, bear to the left and enter an alley they call Callejón de los Diablos. . . ."

"Then I am going to the infernal regions? . . ."

"No; around the corner is a pile of street sweepings, afterward a Chinese restaurant, just beyond a dead dog, and, above, my habitation."

"So you live over the dead dog?"

"Don't jest! The dog is lying in the middle of the street, and I live over the señora, the owner of the house, who dwells beneath with her husband."

"Good; I shall try to come to see you if I can secure the thread of Ariadne to guide me through that labyrinth, or the star of Bethlehem to light my way."

THE devil! Where am I anyhow? This must be the Callejón de los Diablos! I seem to be on the right road. Let us ask this citizeness.

"Señora, will you be so good as to inform me whether the señor Dionisio Areopagita lives in this neighborhood?"

"What?"

"I say: Does don Dionisio Areopagita live about here?"

"Which?"

"A person that bears that name and that must live in this vicinity."

"I do not belong here; I am from Cangrejito."

"Is it not possible that you perhaps have confused Cangrejito with the dead *perrito*<sup>2</sup> they say is to be found somewhere about here?"

"Then I can not explain."

"But I do not ask you to explain, but to give me the direction of the house."

"Well, I do not know."

"Then let us have done!" These women

when they begin with their "wells" are the death of one!

THANK God! I see yonder a shoemaker's shop with a cock tied in front.

"Good morning, master!"

"What do you wish?"

"Is this your cock?"

"Yes."

"He is not red, however, but white; nor has he a plucked breast. This must be another shoemaker, I mean another cock, is it not, master?"

"What?"

"Do you know don Dionisio Areopagita, who lives around here?"

"Yes, señor!"

"Blessed be thy mouth! Yet he had told me that this cock was red, with a bare breast. . . ."

"That was the other one, which is now deceased, because he died on me, and this is one I bought to-day, all white."

"Ah, and don Dionisio? . . ."

"This morning he stumbled, and they almost put out one of his eyes."

"What are you saying, man?"

"But he only got hurt in the comb."

"In the comb! What has a comb to do with my friend don Dionisio?"

"That of the cock."

"Come now! You will drive me crazy. Tell me, please, where does don Dionisio live?"

"Keep straight ahead until you come to a bakery where they sell bread and afterward you pass by a *chichería*,<sup>3</sup> which has a red flag in front, and around the corner is a restaurant."

"There, there, a Chinese restaurant?"

"The same."

"Where they sell meals?"

"Exactly. And in front you will see. . . ."

"A dead dog?"

"A fat lady. And there you climb up. . . ."

"Do you say that lady is a ladder?"

"She is the owner of the house; but do

<sup>3</sup>A place where *chicha* is made or sold: *chicha* is a fermented drink made, in El Ecuador, Perú and some other countries, of sprouted and ground, or merely ground, maize, and, in Chile, as a rule, of grapes.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>"Little dog: we have retained the Spanish to show the play on the sound of the words *Cangrejito*, little crab, and *perrito*.—THE EDITOR.

not ask anything of her, but give her a wide berth, for she has a very bad temper."

"I am going there."

"Keep your eyes open, because there is a dog."

"But if the dog, as they say, is dead in the middle of the street . . ."

"The one I am telling you about is a bitch and very fierce, which, to judge by appearances, is going to have pups."

"So-long, master!"

"As long as you please!"

**I**F IT had not been that I was about to reach the goal, I should have gone back, never to return to these regions; and all for the want of regular numbers on the houses!<sup>4</sup>

I now begin to get a whiff of fried fish, opium and filth. I could swear that I am near the restaurant. Indeed, there in front is an emaciated Chinaman cooking. I am on the right road. Then I turn off.

Odor of a dead animal! Faugh! It must be the dog.

There is the dead body; but what do I see! It is a cat. What if I have gone wrong!

But suppose I see the fat woman.

There is one, but she is thin. Can the unhappy creature have fallen away so much since yesterday?

Let me ask.

"Tell me, as a favor, my friend: aren't you the lady that was somewhat inclined to plumpness and very respectable, whom I have always seen in this arcade?"

"No, señor; that is my aunt, who lives here and is now pulling molasses candy in the shop across the way."

"Yes; she is the one about whom I am speaking; for she pulled candy."

"But not for sale!"

"All the better. I did not come to buy your aunt, even if she does pull candy."

But there is the rascal.

I fancy I have at least reached a safe port! "Dionisio!"

"Ah!"

"How? Are you there?"

"Come, dear friend; I was awaiting you. With the signs that I gave you. . . ."

"Yes; with them any one could have reached the other world!"

### III

#### THE MONK AND THE RUSTIC

**W**HO has not heard of the Trappist monks? The Trappists are servants of God that belong to the most austere of the known religious orders.

Let it be sufficient to say that devout women have not been able to found a similar order for themselves,<sup>5</sup> in spite of the fact that they are inclined to seek the most severe kind when they feel a vocation for the nun's state.

Are you ignorant, perchance, as to why the wives of the Lord find the Trappist rules beyond their strength?

"Of course," some will say to me, "it is because the Trappists dress in frieze."

No; not on your life, I respond.

Is it because the Trappists let their beards grow, and because women, even if they wish, can not imitate them?

Nor this, either.

Is it because the Trappists themselves hollow out their own sepulchers?

Nothing of the sort.

What there is in the rules of the Trappists that is beyond the strength of the sex is that the monks take a vow of silence and pass their lives without opening their lips: an impossibility for the daughters of Eve.

They are capable of taking the most terrible vows and of fulfilling them with an exemplary fortitude of spirit; but the vow to keep the tongue still, not to speak, to remain silent for even as much as an hour: this women can not keep, however holy they may be.

Enough of this digression, however; let us attend to the subject, because time is short and space not very long.

You must know that on the day to which

<sup>4</sup>The author's sketch is based throughout on popular misconceptions of the Trappist monks. An illustration is seen in his assertion that there is no similar order for women, probably because in El Ecuador he was unacquainted with the order, although such an order—the Trappistine—was founded in 1827 and mainly confined to France.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>A few days after this article was published, the municipality ordered the names of the streets to be put up and the houses to be numbered, thus satisfying this need in the best possible manner.

I am going to allude one of the most severe monks of the Trappist order was taking a walk in the court of the monastery.

Horrible maceration was depicted on his countenance; his lack-luster eyes had almost disappeared within the deep blue orbits; his beard was thick and matted; his step was slow and hesitating; and his only dress consisted of a threadbare tunic of frieze girdled at the waist with a piece of rope.

At the stroke of the bell he approached the waiting-room of the monastery and, rapping softly on the stone railing with a bronze Christ, he exclaimed with a voice that seemed to come from the other world:

"Brothers, die we must!"

"We already know it!" responded several voices within, in the same sepulchral tone.

These are the only words that the Trappists exchange among themselves every twenty-four hours at the stroke of the Angelus.

This doleful warning had just resounded through the somber vaults of the cloister when there was heard in the neighborhood, as if to form a contrast, a well timbered and magnificent voice that was singing with the popular intonation the *Morongo*:

*Ay, que gusto; yo tengo una chica,  
Que, cuando en mis labios sus labios aplica;  
Ay, que dulces me saben los besos  
Que, llenos de fuego, me quedan impresos!*<sup>6</sup>

When the monk heard this profane song, he crossed himself devoutly, doubtless to put himself beyond the reach of evil temptations.

Then appeared, a few steps from the sacred house, a good looking young fellow in the dress of a rustic, who was returning from his country labors with his shovel on his shoulder and his face the picture of merriment.

As he passed near the monk, he stopped and, removing his hat, he said to him:

"Good afternoon, brother!"

The monk inclined his head.

"It has been a fine day, brother. I have done a good day's work! The ground is

damp with the sweat with which this brow has watered it."

The monk again bowed his head.

"The earth is grateful and generous," continued the laborer; "all the care that one bestows on her she repays with increase. You ought to see what bunches are ripening on the vines and what a fine golden color the heads of wheat are turning!"

The monk made a sign of approval.

"But, ah!" exclaimed the young man, "I was forgetting that you gentlemen do not answer with the mouth. *¡Caramba!* but it must be a restraint, this affair of making one's self dumb, just for pleasure!"

The monk wrinkled his brows.

"And they tell me," continued the countryman, "that you folks eat nothing but garden-truck and rye bread. Is it true?"

With his head the monk made an affirmative sign.

"Then, brother, anybody can see that it does not do much for you. I, although I am poor, have a well filled dish and a rib of pork that is awaiting me, as well as . . . and a full bottle, eh!"

"But, tell me, is it true that you folks sleep on stones?"

A new affirmative.

"I, although poor, have my soft little cot, where I sleep like a prince. And is it true that you pass the blessed night doing penance?"

An affirmative sign.

"Well, I pass it having a good time with a little girl that is as brown as a bun."

The monk wrinkled his brows and fingered the pedestal of the crucifix.

The indiscreet young man continued:

"Is it true that you yourselves dig your own graves?"

An affirmative sign.

"And also that you do not wear any shirts?"

A negative sign.

The laborer stopped asking questions and stood in astonishment, looking at the monk.

The monk seemed to be pleased with the admiration he had awakened in the rustic. His error did not last long, however, for the young man shot him a last glance, mingled with reproach, and burst out with this sincere exclamation:

<sup>6</sup>Ah, what delight; I have a little girl,  
Who, to my lips her lips she applies;  
Ah, how sweet is the taste of the kisses  
Which, full of fire, cling to my lips!—THE EDITOR.

"*¡Caramba!* What barbarities you folks are guilty of . . . just to keep from working!"

Then he turned on his heels and continued on his way, taking up his song:

*¡Ay qué bella! ¡Ay qué bella!*  
*¡Pues no hay otra tan linda como ella!*<sup>7</sup>

LET us leave the poor Trappists in peace, since, after all, it makes no difference to anybody whether they speak or whether they do not speak, whether they do penance or whether they do not do penance, whether they sleep or whether they do not sleep, whether they eat or whether they do not eat.

There is another order, which I shall term rather, a band, of useless people that produce nothing, and it is the one that gets the best share at the banquet of the budget.

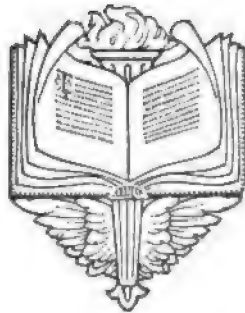
<sup>7</sup>Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!  
For there is no other so beautiful as she!—THE EDITOR.

"What do they do," I say to myself; "what good are they, what service do they render?"

All that is known is that they call themselves patriots, restorers, regenerators, redeemers, reformers, et cetera; and they say that they are the guardians of institutions, that they march in the vanguard of progress, that they render valuable services to the country, that they keep watch over the public interests, that if it were not for them we should live in sheer barbarism and that they are the beneficent fairies and the tutelary angels of the republic.

With these sham claims they occupy the best positions, collect the richest incomes, enjoy all the perquisites, have their fingers in every affair, lord it over all the humble, hold the upper hand over all the independents and live in the odor of sanctity.

"*¡Caramba!*" I exclaim like the rustic of the story; "what do these pouter pigeons not invent to keep from working!"





# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## Contents:

PLOW DEEPLY - - - - -	EMILIO FRERS	333
<i>La Nación, Buenos Aires, March 12, 1923</i>		
CHILE: ECONOMIC RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT - -	GUILLERMO VARAS C.	338
<i>From the work entitled Curso de instrucción cívica, II año (economía política), Santiago, Chile, 1922</i>		
REVISING AMERICAN DIPLOMACY - - -	GUSTAVO ALEMÁN BOLAÑOS	355
<i>Excelsior, Guatemala, Guatemala, January 27, 1923</i>		
GABRIELA MISTRAL - - - - -	JULIO MERCADO	357
<i>Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, June, 1923</i>		
ECUADORIAN SKETCHES (Conclusion) - - - -	JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS	361
<i>Rayos catódicos y fuegos fatuos, Guayaquil, El Ecuador, 1911</i>		
THE INSTITUTO PEDAGÓGICO OF CHILE - - - -	FELIPE ANGUIA	374
<i>Revista del Centro de Estudiantes del Instituto Nacional del Profesorado Secundario, Buenos Aires, Argentina, March-April, 1922</i>		
INTERAMERICAN COÖPERATION - - -	COSME DE LA TORRIENTE	377
<i>A pamphlet published in Habana, Cuba, 1923</i>		
ESTHETIC EDUCATION - - - - -	ALEJANDRO ANDRADE COELLO	393
<i>Estudios, Panamá, Panamá, September and October, 1922</i>		

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NUMBER 6

# BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

EMILIO FRERS was born in Buenos Aires on November 9, 1854; he was educated in the schools of that city and in the Universidad de Buenos Aires, from which he received his degree of doctor of laws in 1879. He did not practise his profession, however; he early turned his attention to agriculture and cattle raising, in which, by the introduction of new methods of cultivation and of foreign breeds of cattle, he achieved success. He served his country and her institutions in a number of public capacities: in 1893 he was the president of the Sociedad Rural Argentina; in 1898 he was appointed minister of agriculture; in 1907 he was made chairman of the national commission for the revision of the tariff and the customs regulations; in 1910 he was president of the Exposición Internacional de Agricultura, held in connection with the centenary of independence; in 1912 he was elected president of the Museo Social Argentino, of which he was one of the founders; from 1912 until 1916 he was a member of the Cámara de Diputados. He founded a number of agricultural, banking and educational institutions and he played an important part in the development of the resources of his country. He died about the end of June of this year. His complete works were published in Buenos Aires in 1918-1922, as follows: *Cuestiones agrarias*, volumes I and II; *Cuestiones económicas*, volume III; *Estudios jurídicos*, volume IV; *En la administración pública*, volumes V and VI; *Temas diversos*, volumes VII and VIII.

JULIO MERCADO was born in Colombia in 1884; he was educated there and at the College of the City of New York and Columbia University; during the last ten years he has been a teacher of Spanish in

the Commercial High School of Brooklyn and the editor of the publications of the Instituto de las Españas of New York; he is the author of text-books and of a volume of verse entitled *Del camino*.

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS: see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1923, Biographical Data, page 266, and "The Silver Cannon," "House Signs" and "The Monk and the Rustic," June, 1923, pages 324-329.

COSME DE LA TORRIENTE was born in Matanzas, Cuba, on June 27, 1872; he was educated at the Instituto de Matanzas and the Universidad de la Habana; he studied law in the university until 1895, when he joined the revolution of February 24 of that year; he took part in the war that led to Cuban independence in 1898, after attaining to the rank of colonel. On the conclusion of the peace he obtained the degree of licentiate in law. He was appointed secretary of the civil government and acting governor of the province of Habana by General Ludlow, the first military governor of Habana after the withdrawal of the Spaniards. Since then he has served as secretary, chargé d'affaires and minister at Madrid. During recent years he has devoted himself to the practice of his profession, while at the same time playing a prominent part in civic and political movements. He is a member of many learned societies, and the French republic has conferred on him the decoration of an officer of the Légion d'Honneur.

ALEJANDRO ANDRADE COELLO is a leading Ecuadorian man of letters and journalist; at times he has taken part in public administration.



# Inter-America

AUGUST, 1923

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI



NUMBER 6

## PLOW DEEPLY

BY

EMILIO FRERS

A former minister of agriculture and civic leader of ripe experience uses an aphorism drawn from knowledge of the soil to drive home a rule of thoroughness. He applies the aphorism to social and economic organization and procedure. Men, institutions, states, must be one thing or another, he holds, and he wisely concludes: "The moment is coming in which it will be necessary for all parties to realize that they must choose between the two great principles: the principle of authority and the principle of liberty; and it seems to me that in this country, where nothing is done outside of the political field, the moment is also coming in which a new party must arise, sprung from the very womb of the people, which will be able to thrust in deeply the plow of Martín Gil, in order to break up the earth and give fruitfulness to law, justice and truth under the shelter of the modern principles of liberty, as opposed to an authoritarian socialism or an absorbent communism."—THE EDITOR.

**M**ARTÍN GIL, the learned Argentine heliologue, has just given a sage bit of advice to the farmers of the country. "Deep plowing," he has told them, "is the cure for drought. This seems a simple thing; it is, nevertheless, like the affair of Columbus and the egg."

"Plow deeply," is the great agricultural aphorism; but it is also the great precept that Martín Gil ought to repeat to all those of the country that engage in agriculture and cattle raising, as well as to those that cultivate anything else; for no ground yields rich and abundant harvests if men confine themselves to clearing it and plowing it superficially; to scratching the crust of the earth, so to speak.

In the soil of the economic and political sciences, exactly the same thing takes place as in the agricultural realm. Cerebral moisture is exhausted vainly in ill prepared soils, and the fruits of the intelligence wither and die or they turn out to be deformed or puny. Deep plowing is as

necessary in the sciences, in philosophy or in legislation as in the wheat-field.

Well then: if our legislatures had plowed deeply in the vast soil of the political and social sciences, they would have discovered and supported with greater vigor the economic truths that are the essence of political science. After they had plowed deeply, they would have discovered that, in the economic realm, as in all other realms, people do not do what they wish, but what they can, and that what they are able to do does not always produce the fruits that are desired, simply because man, the plower or legislator, does not master all the economic factors that nature affords.

It is because they have not plowed to sufficient depth that the fathers of the country have not discovered this other egg of Columbus, that is, that one can not be a half socialist or a half liberal and a half reglementarian, for one must always choose between two systems: the system of liberty and that of the principle of authority, the

former characterized by the most ample freedom of individual action, and the latter by the greater, the almost unlimited, participation of the state. The former leaves to the free play of moral or economic interests the exalted task of securing equilibrium and harmony in the relations of men, communities or peoples. The latter involves the interference of the coercive power of political authority in everything and for everything to some extent. The former is characteristic of the individualistic schools, whose doctrinaire exaggerations have provoked more than one revolution; the latter is the one adopted of necessity by state socialism, the type that is winning to-day, with the school of Karl Marx and also with all its exaggerations, until it reaches maximalism or Russian bolshevism.

The two systems exclude each other, however. If one decides in favor of the system of liberty, it is necessary to take it in all its amplitude, with all its logical consequences, without prejudice to its adaptation to times and circumstances, through the progressive evolution that includes all the vindications legitimated by science and experience. If, on the other hand, the system of socialistic reglementarianism be chosen, it must be developed in an identical manner, in all its latitude. In the latter case, the law has to do what ought to be done by the free gravitation of things under the other system; the authority of the state must preside over and govern the conduct of men, even in its smallest details, and force them to do or not to do, with no consideration whatsoever of their own tastes, inclinations or interests, and it can not pause in its course, else it will fail.

The *laissez-faire* of the old liberalism has already been cast aside, and no one defends it as an absolute or invariable principle; but it is necessary to ascertain where and under what conditions the social principle of coercion may be efficient and what may be the results of its application. I called attention to this fact in 1920, when the honorable Signore Tittoni (the former head of the Italian government) proposed a kind of universal communism by which Italy and other nations were to be supplied obligatorily with the raw materials they

might lack by the nations that produced or possessed them. "Events make light," I said at that time, "of all the reglementarian apparatus, always ridiculous, because always ineffective and utopian. The social strength represented by the authorities can only display a 'negative' force. It would be possible to compel men not to produce, not to circulate, not to buy or sell; but until the whole world shall be organized under the régime of communistic production—by force—the 'positive' power of forcing them to produce will never exist." It is here that failure occurs in all the schools that appeal to the principle of authority and fall into state reglementarianism by participating in the circulation and distribution of the articles of consumption or by attempting to regulate prices or prohibit importation or exportation, trusts, monopolies or the other legitimate or illegitimate means of which universal commerce avails itself to increase its earnings.<sup>1</sup> It is not a question of learning whether such means are in harmony or not with the principles of morality and law, but of finding a means of preventing their action, without causing greater damage to the community than that which it is sought to prevent.

The truth is that facts are either inevitable, or that if they can not be remedied in a permanent way by the régime of liberty, they can be remedied all the less by an incomplete reglementarian interference. Our legislators and propagandists would already have seen this long ago, if they had followed the wise counsel of Martín Gil; if, because there was an electoral platform or one used simply for political purposes, they had not confined themselves to making mere superficial scratches in the fertile fields of Argentine social economy, urban or rural. If they had plowed deeply, they would indeed have persuaded themselves that it can not be done by maintaining an equilibrium on the slack rope of doctrinaire principles, and they would have to define themselves, that is, they would have to decide in favor of one or the other system: to be either liberals or socialists, in truth.

<sup>1</sup>See J. León Suárez, in *Revista Argentina de Derecho Internacional*, Buenos Aires, number 2.

The whole world is now being wrought up, more or less apparently, over the interests of the working proletariat or the misnamed working classes, over the modest employees or the small artisans, that is, over all that part of the population that may not call itself rich; and all the world appeals therefore to what is near at hand and better known, that is, the socialistic or reglementarian régime, even at the risk of ending up in bolshevism. All the world has more than sufficient grounds for desiring to soften the fate of the needy, the poor or the modest, of whatsoever social class they may be, but all the world does not know what effects will spring from the measures advocated. It is necessary therefore to warn, if you will, public opinion.

In this article I must confine myself to developing my thesis with a brief commentary on what is occurring in the case of the urban and rural rent laws, which constitute a notable example of its correctness.

Two or three years ago houses were very scarce in Buenos Aires. The reason was very simple: Monsieur de la Palisse has already given it. There were too few houses for all the people that were looking for them and there were too many people for so few houses. The only possible remedy seemed to consist in reducing the number of people or in increasing the number of houses in order to equalize the supply and the demand. As it is impossible to accomplish the former, there remains only the second term of the dilemma as a possible economic solution; that is, to increase the production of houses, to speak in terms of political economy. Under the régime of freedom, the state would foster it by appealing to all the known means. It would lay heavy taxes on idle real estate or grounds with less than capacity construction, while it would, in turn, reduce those that burden construction itself or the materials essential to construction, including excessive customs duties; it would facilitate building credits and would award bonuses, incentives or special advantages for the same purpose in such a manner that it would diminish the cost of the production of houses, or augment the returns that result from it; it would multiply the number of houses and increase the

supply of them, thus lowering cost in proportion, with great satisfaction to the population that needs them.

The socialist system, on the other hand, would follow another course. In harmony with its principles, it would adopt what is sound; the law would assume charge of individual rights; it would cause the state to replace private action, thus getting rid of proprietors; it would order houses built with the resources of the state and rent them at a price that would suit the needy population, charging the community with the cost of production, that is, of construction, and the expense of administration, with no view to the pecuniary advantage of the undertaking; it would form, in short, one of the great trusts of the state that constitute the necessary and definitive ideal of socialism.

With one or the other of these two systems, however greatly opposed they may be to each other in respect of their means, the desideratum of reducing rentals would probably be achieved. I say "probably" because it is well known that both have failed more than once in their efforts; but they are at least based on principles that involve the greatest probability of success.

On the other hand, our reformers adopted a joint system, which ought, in reality, to be called a bastard system, because they preserved the individualistic régime of house production characteristic of the system of freedom; but, to cure its abuses, they applied the socialistic system of legal interference. It is an inconsistency that appears at once in the law of city rentals when it leaves the proprietors of the soil at liberty to construct or not to construct houses, while imposing on the owners of houses the obligation to maintain at an invariable price their "merchandise" for a given term, fixes the minimum size of the location and establishes for them a maximum return.

It is not pertinent to discuss the juridical aspects of these provisions. It is, however, necessary to show that it is a question of more or less serious limitations of the liberty of disposing of private property. Nor is the present the moment to condemn the iniquities, abuses and extortions committed by landlords when circumstances

permit them to carry the frying-pan by the handle, that is, when the demand for houses is greater than the supply. These iniquities and extortions are usually reciprocal; they are in a certain way the very essence of trade—which has no heart—and it is useless to combat them from the sentimental point of view. What remains to be seen is whether the Argentine legislator has hit upon the necessary formula for preventing them and for protecting the public from their pernicious consequences.

What then will be the effects of the reglementarian laws of urban and rural rentals? In my judgment, they will do no more than contribute to render houses dearer rather than to cheapen them; they will prove a boomerang. In the most favorable of cases they will be inefficacious. I have not at hand the respective statistics, but the public voice is beginning to be the most thorough demonstration of their unwisdom. The public voice, indeed, makes it clear that rentals in Buenos Aires are kept at the same level as formerly throughout the whole urban center and that in many quarters they have increased more or less considerably. The scarcity of houses, especially of modest and cheap houses, is more and more perceptible. The landlords of to-day are raising an outcry for the abolishment of the law that prevents their raising rentals, and this is easy to explain; but those that can enjoy this advantage are in the minority. On the other hand, the rest of the population that is interested in the question of rents, that is, the majority, will suffer the counter-effect of the increased shortage.

The explanation of the phenomenon is very simple. The restrictions imposed by the laws already mentioned, which deal with the freedom of proprietors and landlords, necessarily produce a general decrease of the supply of residences. Many persons decline to let them in the usual manner, or they discover a way to defeat the purposes of the law by adopting all kinds of devices to get around the restrictions imposed by it. On the other hand, a considerable falling off in the construction of houses has resulted as a natural consequence of the decrease in returns and the greater risks involved in the business of

letting; and as the number of the population grows by natural increase and by immigration, the demand for houses increases in proportion, and the disequilibrium in comparison with the supply is becoming more and more marked and distressing.

With slight differences, the same is occurring in the case of rural rents. There are many landowners that refuse to rent their lands in fractions less than the three hundred hectares fixed by the respective law. They prefer to cultivate them on their own account or to devote them exclusively to cattle raising. The truth is that, in some of the markedly agricultural zones of the littoral, the supply of land for rent has diminished extraordinarily, and the prices have risen in the proportion of twenty, thirty and fifty per cent., when everything was leading to the belief that prices would decline as a consequence of the excessive production, which would naturally cause the selling off of cattle and the curtailment of pastoral enterprises now going on as the result of the unfortunate crisis through which they are passing.

Here enters the advice of Martín Gil! Our legislators ought to plow more deeply the fields they have taken it on themselves to cultivate. If they did so, they would become convinced that, in order really to improve the condition of the farmers and the tenants, there is no other alternative than that of making the law communistic by transferring to the state the ownership and administration of the arable land, thus constituting it the sole and sovereign landlord, or by permitting owners to come to an understanding with tenants in an absolutely free manner. A choice must be made between the two methods: either the socialist system as a whole, which might, unquestionably, relieve the tenants temporarily; or the system of individual freedom, which also might answer the same purpose. The first would line us up with Russia; the latter, with England, the United States and all the great democracies. At all events, however, we must be able to plow deeply and firmly, if we would choose.

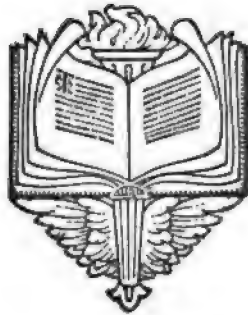
Unfortunately, in our country, there is no party that supports with decision and

energy the policy of economic freedom, which is the pedestal of all liberty.

Doctrinary vacillation and a lack of practical definiteness are characteristic of our policy. A hypocritical and temporizing sycophancy dominates the field of all the parties: conservative, radical or so-called liberal; and all the world, even Catholic clericalism, is engaged in making idolatrous genuflections before the images of Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle or their present testamentary executives, while accepting, under pretext of progressiveness, socialistic or communistic ideas at variance with the ideals of freedom, as if the political régime of liberty could not achieve all the redemptive postulates and adapt itself to all the exigencies of modern times, in defense of the loftiest ideals of justice toward the world of labor and toward workers of every class, without renouncing its principles. Hence it is that

our policy is a Babel. All is confusion <sup>ma</sup> ideas, doctrines and systems. There are no definite orientations; there are no sure and firm wills; there are no clear-cut attitudes, but only a wretched personalistic policy of greed.

The moment is coming in which it will be necessary for all the parties to realize that they must choose between the two great principles: the principle of authority and the principle of liberty; and it seems to me that in this country, where nothing is done outside of the political field, the moment is also coming in which a new party must arise, sprung from the very womb of the people, which will be able to thrust in deeply the plow of Martín Gil, in order to break up the earth and give fruitfulness to law, justice and truth under the shelter of the modern principles of liberty, as opposed to an authoritarian socialism or an absorbent communism.



# CHILE<sup>1</sup>

## ECONOMIC RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT

BY

GUILLERMO VARAS C.

I. Introduction: situation, area, configuration and physical aspects.—II. The three climatic and economic zones: the northern zone; the central zone; the southern zone.—III. Agriculture.—IV. Mining.—V. Metallurgy.—VI. Manufacturing industries.—VII. Transportation and communications.—VIII. Railways: nitrate and mining.—IX. Commerce.

### I

#### INTRODUCTION: SITUATION, AREA, CONFIGURATION AND PHYSICAL ASPECTS

**SITUATION.** Chile, situated along the western coast of South America, between the Cordillera de los Andes and the Pacific Ocean, consists of a long strip of land that extends from latitude  $17^{\circ} 57'$  (Río Sama) to  $55^{\circ} 59'$  south (cape Horn).<sup>1</sup> Her territory has a length of 4,225 kilometers from north to south, a breadth of from 170 to 350 kilometers from east to west and a total area of 757,327 square kilometers.

**Nature as a factor.** In studying the economic resources and development of Chile, we must begin by glancing at the geographical configuration of her territory, her climate, her fauna and flora, since these details constitute the factor of *nature*, the rôle of which is decisive in the production of wealth.

**The two great cordilleras.** Chile is traversed, from north to south, by two chains of mountains: the Cordillera de los Andes and the Cordillera de la Costa, which contain incalculable treasures of metallic ores, especially of copper.

Between these two cordilleras stretch numerous ramifications that unite them, and between these ramifications lie small valleys. An illustration of such ramifications is the ridge of Chacabuco, which extends between Aconcagua and Santiago.

From this ramification is developed,

toward the center of the country, between the two cordilleras, what is called "the great central valley," which constitutes, as we shall see further on, the basis of our agricultural wealth, owing to the character of its soil and the numerous rivers that water it.

This central valley has an approximate length of 935 kilometers from north to south, a mean breadth of approximately 50 kilometers and a total area of about 46,500 square kilometers.

**The economic importance of the cordilleras.** Of the two cordilleras, which form what might be regarded as the skeleton of the country, the Cordillera de los Andes is the more important, politically and economically. This cordillera is the natural boundary that separates Chile from Bolivia and from Argentina; in this cordillera rise the principal rivers that water our fields; and it contains the most important deposits of metallic ores. In spite of its remarkable regularity, it presents here and there gaps that make commercial transit possible. Popular fancy has applied to these gaps the name of "dry ports."

The Cordillera de la Costa, which is of an older geological formation than the Cordillera de los Andes, lacks both the latter's regular continuity and its altitude, and the openings that characterize it afford easy egress to the rivers that descend from the Cordillera de los Andes.

**Climate.** As the territory of Chile extends from the intertropical regions to cape Horn, it encounters almost all the meteorological phenomena; hence her climate varies greatly, both according to latitude and according to altitude, it de-

<sup>1</sup>A chapter taken from the Chilean text-book entitled *Curso de instrucción cívica, II año (economía política)*, según el programa aprobado por el Consejo de Instrucción Pública, by Guillermo Varas C., Santiago, Chile, 1922.—THE EDITOR.

pending in the latter respect on whether it be that of the littoral, that of the center or that of the Andine region. In the *coast* region, the atmosphere is cool and humid; in the *center*, it is somewhat dry and hot [in summer]; and in the *Andine* region, it is dry and cold. The cold Humboldt stream that washes our shores has the effect of making the temperature generally mild.

**The natural divisions of the territory.** The physical aspects of the country, which account for the variation in products, enable us to divide it into several zones: the mineral zone; the mineral and agricultural zone; the agricultural zone; and the forest and fisheries zone.

It is divided also, according to the supply of water it receives, into four zones: *arid*, *semiarid*, *subhumid* and *humid*. The first is the zone in which the scarcity of rain is such that agricultural production is impossible, as in the north; the utilization of the second zone for agricultural purposes is only partial, owing to the slightness of the rainfall; the subhumid zone receives a greater rainfall and its agricultural production is fair; and, last of all, the humid zone is characterized by an abundance of rainfall in the different seasons of the year.

## II

### THE THREE CLIMATIC AND ECONOMIC ZONES

**FINALLY**, a more comprehensive division is the one that distributes the country in three different economic zones. Each of these three zones—northern, central and southern—consists of a region that yields characteristic products.

#### THE NORTHERN ZONE

**Area.** This zone has an area of 320,290 square kilometers. It comprises the territory comprehended between latitude 17° 15' and 33° south and it embraces the provinces of Tacna, Arica, Tarapacá, Antofagasta, Atacama, Coquimbo and a part of Aconcagua.

It is characterized, in the main, by its dry climate and its wealth of minerals, especially saltpeter and copper.

**Tacna and Arica.** In the province of Tacna are found deposits of iron, copper and lead, and in the valleys that surround

the city of Tacna, such as those of Sama and Locumba, are cultivated vegetables, fruits, grapes—from which raisins are prepared, and wine, cognac and *pisco*<sup>2</sup> manufactured—coca, coffee, cacao, tobacco, et cetera.

The economic future of Tacna, in respect of its natural productions, will depend on the introduction of sugar-cane, an enterprise in which a Chilean company is engaged, with the patronage of the government, and it is thought that it can supply the national demand.

The economic future of Tacna will depend still more, however, on its *transit commerce* with the regions of northern and central Bolivia through the port of Arica, united with Tacna and with the Bolivian capital by railways.

**Tarapacá.** The productions of the province of Tarapacá are rich and varied. Along the coast are distributed deposits of guano, such as the rich *covaderas*<sup>3</sup> of Chiquinatas, Patache, Pabellón de Pica, Punta de Lobos, Guanillos and Chipana. In the sierras of the coast that extend between the shores and the great Pampa de Tamarugal are situated the rich historic silver mines of Huantajaya and Santa Rosa and the copper mines of Chanavaya and Paiquiri and the mining center of Alto del Molle. Limestone, alum rock and common salt also abound.

However, the principal wealth of Tarapacá consists of its *nitrate region*, which extends, in this province, east of the Cordillera de la Costa, between latitude 19° 15' and 21° 20' south, along longitude 70° west.

The saltpeter of this region is to be found mingled with nitrate of potash, common salt, gypsum, iodide of potash, iodide of sodium and, at times, magnesium hydrate.

East of this region is the Pampa de Tamarugal—an immense, arid plain—which produces little. There are, however, besides the iodic salts and some deposits of

<sup>2</sup>A clear, strong alcoholic liquor, not unlike cognac, made from grapes. Although manufactured to some extent in Chile, it is produced more considerably in Perú. It is said to have originated in the latter country, in the port of Pisco, whence it took its name.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>Used in Chile, Perú and Bolivia to designate a place where guano is found deposited.—THE EDITOR.

oxide of iron near Challacollo, some borate mines that are now being worked, which constitute an appreciable source of wealth, and certain peat-bogs, which supplied fuel to the first developers of the nitrate industry.

The agricultural productions are negligible, owing to the quality of the soil, which is, in general, salitrous, and to the lack of water.

**Antofagasta.** The products of Antofagasta are similar to those of Tarapacá. It owes its development to saltpeter, iodine and borax, and to its rich copper mines, such as Chuquicamata, and its silver mines, such as Caracoles, where silver was discovered in 1870. The valuable saltpeter deposits of Santa Luisa, Taltal, Del Toco, Antofagasta and Aguas Blancas; the mining centers of Tocopilla, Caracoles, Sierra Gorda, Santa María, El Desesperado, Cerro Gordo, Guanaco, Tumbes, Chacinal de la Sierra, Luca, Pulacayo, Playa Blanca, et cetera, together with the borate mines and the gypsum deposits of Antofagasta and Mejillones, constitute the great mineral wealth of this province.

The agricultural productions are insignificant, owing to the nature of the soil and the scarcity of water. Nevertheless, recent explorations demonstrate the possibility of supplying considerable stretches of territory with subterranean water.

**Atacama.** *Mining is the principal industry of the province of Atacama*, although we should not overlook its agricultural products, the development of which, during recent years, has been perceptible, above all in Vallenar.

The mining centers—Doña Inés Chica, Tres Puntas, La Florida, Pueblo Hundido, in Chañaral; those of Chañarillo, Cerro Blanco, Puquios, Morado, et cetera, in Copiapó; Pan de Azúcar, Plancija, Peña Blanca, in Freirina; and El Jove, Pastos Largos, in Vallenar; and the borate mines and marble quarries, above all, in the last mentioned *departamento*, give an idea of the mineral production of this province.

**Coquimbo.** The province of Coquimbo is one of the richest of Chile in mines, in commerce and in agricultural productions. It contains deposits of gold, silver, iron, sulphur and copper, although those of the

last of these metals are of the greatest importance, owing to their abundance and their high grade.

The agricultural productions are varied. Among them, fruits and dried forage hold the first place. The annual yield of raisins is approximately 2,000,000 kilograms, mainly produced in the valley of Elqui.

The mining centers—to mention only the best known—of Tofo, Totoralillo, Higuera, Andacollo, Pelicano, La Compañía, Tambillo, El Peñón, Altazas, Punitaqui, Tamaya, Panulcillo, Los Zapos and Esquivel, together with some gypsum mines, especially those of the *departamento* of Illapel, constitute the mineral wealth of this province.

#### THE CENTRAL ZONE

**Area.** This zone has an area of 87,272 square kilometers and it comprises the provinces of Aconcagua, Valparaíso, Santiago, O'Higgins, Colchagua, Curicó, Talca, Linares, Maule, Ñuble and Concepción, that is, the territory from latitude 33° to 38° south. Its climate is temperate; its productions are agricultural. The scarcity of rain during the summer [December, January and February] interferes somewhat with agriculture. Artificial irrigation, although not so necessary, as in the northern zone, is, nevertheless, indispensable to compensate for the slight rainfall of the summer.

**Aconcagua.** In the province of Aconcagua, agriculture and mining, especially the former, are the chief sources of wealth. Among the agricultural products, particular importance is attached to the cultivation of grapes, from which are obtained the best brandies, wines and other similar products. The ground is especially suited to agriculture. As to the mining industry, it is developed in the *departamentos* of Petorca, Putaendo and Los Andes. The chief mining centers are Catemu, Mineral de Bronce, Los Maquis and the deposits of Cabildo and Río Colorado.

**Valparaíso.** Commerce is the principal source of wealth of this province. Agricultural production is limited mainly to the *departamentos* of Quillota, Limache and Casablanca; the first two are famous for



the benignity of their climate and the abundance of their varied and exquisite fruits. Something is obtained from the mining industry, but in small proportions. The industrial production is considerable, and we shall refer to it when we discuss the industries in detail.

**Santiago.** Commerce, agriculture, the industries and mining constitute the economic wealth of the province of Santiago, which is also the leading railway center of the country.

The principal mining center is that of Condes, 40 kilometers east of Santiago, which is rich in copper, lead and silver mines. In Tiltill, Lampa, Batuco, Pudahuel, Caleu, San Pedro Nolasco and El Volcán, in the *departamento* of La Victoria, and in the gold regions of Alhué, in the *departamento* of Melipilla, are to be found the most important mining centers of the province.

**O'Higgins.** The province of O'Higgins is one of the most important agricultural regions of the country; the soil is of incomparable excellence and abundantly watered, and the climate is particularly well adapted to farming.

Its leading products are wheat, beans, corn, potatoes, vegetables, fruits, cattle and wines.

The mineral wealth is considerable, not so much owing to the number of mines as to the extent of the products of those that are being worked: Peralillo, in the *departamento* of Valdivia; and Machalí, Rinconada Grande and Rinconada Chica, Leona, El Teniente, owned and worked by the Braden Copper Company of the United States, and La Gloria, in the *departamento* of Cachapoal.

**Colchagua.** The province of Colchagua is, like that of O'Higgins, one of the most important of the republic, in respect of abundance of agricultural products and cattle. Its mineral production and its industrial production are inconsiderable.

**Curicó.** The agricultural regions of the province of Curicó consist of two sections: the eastern belt, which lies between the Cordillera de los Andes and the Cordillera de la Costa; and the western, which extends from the latter to the ocean. In the former, owing to the quality of the soil and the

proper distribution of the waters, the production is abundant, especially of cereals, fruits and cattle. In the western belt, which is crossed by numerous chains of hills, between which are formed narrow and irregular valleys, grain is grown and sheep are raised. With the improvement of the roads and the extension of the railway that runs from Curicó to the coast, this region is destined to become very important.

**Talca.** The province of Talca may be divided in the same way as that of Curicó. It is distinguished for the production of grains, woods, fruit, cattle and, especially, wines.

In the central region of the province, which consists of the *departamentos* of Lontué and Talca, the land is level and very well watered. In this part, especially in Lontué, are large and productive vineyards. Wine-growing is one of the leading occupations of the province.

The mining centers are few and unimportant.

**Linares.** It may be said that agriculture is the chief and almost the only industry of the province of Linares. The main feature of it is viticulture. The mineral deposits are few and inconsiderable.

**Maule.** The same may be said of the province of Maule, the wine industry of which is the most important. It supplies wines and musts of a good quality and in considerable quantities. It contains also some mines and gold washings, such as those of Nivirilo, Curanipe and Pocillas, but they are relatively of slight importance.

**Ñuble.** As a prolongation of the central valley, the chief source of wealth of the province of Ñuble is agriculture. It yields cereals, cattle, flax, timber and wines. The products of manufacture are becoming more important every day, especially those of the tanneries, breweries and mills, which are well organized. Little mining is done.

**Concepción.** We study finally, among the provinces of the central zone, the production of the province of Concepción. Agriculture, viticulture, manufacturing and mining constitute the leading industries of this province. Among the chief products of industry may be mentioned wine; woolen fabrics, manufactured in Tomé; sugar and

pottery, in Pinco; bricks, in Coronel; and bottles, pottery and common and vitrified bricks, in Lota. The coal mines of Lirquén, Lota and Coronel are the sources of mineral wealth.

#### THE SOUTHERN ZONE

**Area.** This zone, with an area of 349,765 square kilometers, includes all the Chilean territory below latitude 38° south, and it is characterized by a cold climate and rainy weather, abundance of forests and the production of cereals and potatoes. It comprises a part of the province of Concepción and the provinces of Arauco, Bío-Bío, Malleco, Cautín, Valdivia, Llanquihue, Chiloé and the territory of Magallanes.

In certain parts of this zone the rains are excessive, and this excessive precipitation, naturally, prejudices agricultural production. The southern part of the zone is covered with impenetrable forests, which will constitute a source of extraordinary wealth.

**Arauco.** Until recently, cattle raising, coal mining and agriculture constituted, in the order indicated, the principal industries of the province. It unquestionably occupies the first place as a producer of coal.

The leading mining region is that of Curanilahue, in which are several mines worked by the Compañía de Arauco; other mines are those of Lebu, Millaneco and Esperanza.

We should not fail to mention the excellent hard woods that are taken out, such as *rauli*,<sup>4</sup> laurel, *pellin* oak<sup>5</sup> and, especially, *lingue*,<sup>6</sup> excellent for use in the manufacture of furniture.

**Bío-Bío.** Agriculture is almost the only industry of this province, and wheat is its principal product.

In Nacimiento are a few coal beds, but

they are of less importance than those of the provinces already discussed.

**Malleco.** Timber, the cereals and cattle are the leading products of this province.

**Cautín.** This province is characterized by vast and fertile territories covered with immense forests, which will be sources of great wealth. Facilities for transportation and the application of capital will bring it to the front. Among the agricultural products, in addition to the cereals, may be mentioned beans, vetches and potatoes. Beef cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and mules are produced in considerable quantities.

In the *departamento* of Imperial are to be found certain carboniferous deposits of not a little importance.

Industrial production, which we shall discuss later, has assumed great importance in Temuco, the capital of the province, a fact that will assure the position of this city in the future and will make it one of the leading manufacturing centers of southern Chile.

**Valdivia.** Agriculture, in the first place, and then the elaboration of woods of all kinds and of leather, the preparation of the bark of the *lingue* for tanning, the distillation of rum and the manufacture of the best beer made in Chile, may serve as exponents of the productions of the province of Valdivia.

The timber products—of the *lingue*, *luma*,<sup>7</sup> larch, oak and laurel, to mention only the best known—are quite varied and highly esteemed.

Northwest of Correal there are deposits of magnesium of a high grade, and a little farther north, along the coast, carboniferous deposits of slight importance. In Panquipulli there are some copper deposits, and in Madre de Dios, in the commune of San José, extensive gold washings, of more than 60 square kilometers, which have been worked since the colonial period.

**Llanquihue.** The products of the province of Llanquihue are similar to those of Valdivia in respect of agriculture and the elaboration of woods, and it is maintained

<sup>4</sup>From the Araucanian *ruylin*: it is a species of oak, *Fagus procera*, a tree that attains the height of fifty meters.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>From the Araucanian *pellin* ("heart" of the oak or of other trees).—THE EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup>An Araucanian word: a tall, leafy tree of the family of the *Laurineæ*, with a smooth, ash-colored bark; the wood is white or reddish, flexible, fibrous and very durable, and hence it is much used for masts, yards, beams, yokes and furniture, although it does not take a high polish, owing to its fibrous texture; its scientific name is *Persea lingue*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>7</sup>A Chilean tree—*Myrtus luma*, Molina—that grows from El Itata southward and usually attains a height of 30 meters. Its fruit is mixed with the drink *chicha* to give it a better flavor. Its wood is hard and heavy and hence very tough; it is used for cart axles and felloes, the tips of plows, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

that there are even more abundant forests in Llanquihue than in Valdivia.

The definitive settlement of questions relative to landed property and the solution of the problem of national colonization will greatly stimulate the economic progress of this province.

**Chiloé.** What has been said regarding the provinces of Valdivia and Llanquihue applies in general to the [insular] province of Chiloé, but it is especially noted for the production of potatoes, highly esteemed by the farmers of the interior of the country as seed. This province has a great future in store through the development of its fisheries and oyster-beds.

The economic future of Chiloé will depend on its communications with the rest of the country and with the regions about the strait of Magellan by cutting the isthmus of Ofqui, which will permit channel traffic by small craft between the island and Punta Arenas.

**Magallanes [Magellan].** The great cattle wealth of the country centers in Magallanes, which contains lands unsurpassable for cattle raising. The region consists of a succession of rolling hills that descend gently toward the east and toward the shores of the strait, covered with grass and furrowed by numerous brooks: a region well adapted to sheep raising. All the pampas of the mainland and of Tierra del Fuego are taken up as *haciendas* devoted to sheep raising. It is estimated that they contain more than a million head of sheep and that there is grazing for more than ten times this number.

To sheep raising should be added the production of timber, trade in skins, which is not inconsiderable, and some gold washings; and we shall have a general idea of the products of this region, which is destined to have, in spite of its remoteness, a splendid economic future.

### III

#### AGRICULTURE

**AGRICULTURAL divisions.** In respect of agriculture, the country may be divided not only into the three zones already discussed, from north to south but also diagonally, from west to east.

In this latter direction also it is possible to observe three zones of a different agricultural value: the zone of the Cordillera de la Costa, which consists mainly of lands of *secano*;<sup>8</sup> that of the center, in the central valley principally between Santiago and Concepción, which is the richest; and that of the Cordillera de los Andes, where are to be found the great forests.

**The importance of agriculture in Chile.** Agriculture occupies an important place in Chile. It should be remarked at once that half the inhabitants live in the country, in spite of the universal tendency that carries men to the cities, attracted by the urban industries. The census of 1885 indicated that 66 per cent. of the population lived in the country; in 1895, 61 per cent.; in 1907, 57 per cent.; and to-day, 50 per cent.

As to the value of our agricultural products, the official data are as follows:

	<i>Pesos</i> <sup>9</sup>
In 1910	429,000,000
In 1916	517,000,000
In 1919	719,000,000

If we add to these totals the sums derived from the sale of vegetables, poultry, milk, cheese, butter, et cetera, which are consumed daily and which are not listed in the statistical bulletins, it may be said that the estimates that place the annual agricultural production at not less than 1,000,000,000 *pesos* are not excessive; and there are those that place it at 1,500,000,000 *pesos*, not without reason.

**Agricultural products: classified statistics.** The following table, which corresponds to 1918, gives us an approximate idea of the variety and quantity of the agricultural products.

<i>Articles</i>	<i>Metric tons</i> <sup>10</sup>
Wheat	629,230
Rye	4,464
Barley	71,931
Oats	46,108
Maize	36,723

<sup>8</sup>According to Chilean usage, unirrigated tilled ground that depends on rain-water for its moisture.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>In 1910 the Chilean *peso* was worth about 25 cents; in 1916, about 20 cents; at present it is worth about 13 cents.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>10</sup>The metric ton is equivalent to 2,204.66 pounds.—THE EDITOR.

Beans	69,314
Vetches	14,582
Chick-peas	1,823
Lentils	2,884
Potatoes	262,358
Forage (dry and baled)	295,590
Leaf tobacco	3,142
Wool	15,358
Wines (hectoliters)	1,555,543

Cattle raising has undergone a great development by the crossing of the common breeds of the country with selected stock from Europe.

The milk, cheese and butter industry has been perfected with the processes of conservation and condensation, which make it possible for these articles to be sold in the mining centers of the north and even for them to be exported.

The number of head of animals produced in 1918 was:

Beef cattle	2,225,323
Sheep	4,434,115
Horses and mules	411,477
Goats	451,941
Hogs	326,337

The agricultural production not only meets the requirements of domestic consumption, but it supplies an excess for exportation that amounted in 1919 to:

	<i>Gold pesos</i> <sup>11</sup>
Wheat	7,983,839
Barley	7,281,610
Beans	5,788,324
Wool	21,829,351
Refrigerated meat	8,685,007
Nuts	2,829,069
Total	54,397,200

This total, calculated at the low rate of the *peso* in 1922,<sup>12</sup> would produce more than two hundred millions. If we desire still another datum to enable us to appreciate the importance of agriculture, let us compare the total value of city and country properties, which is as follows:

<sup>11</sup>The value of the "gold *peso*," the ideal monetary unit of Chile, is 18 pence, or, at the former and normal value of the pound, about 35.5 cents, United States money.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>12</sup>In 1922, the paper *peso* was worth approximately 10 cents.—THE EDITOR.

	<i>Pesos</i>
City property	3,533,023,366
Rural property	3,902,261,900

### The future of agricultural production.

The area of the national territory is approximately 750,000 square kilometers,<sup>13</sup> of which 420,000 are deserts, waste lands, glaciers, et cetera. The remaining 320,000 square kilometers may be placed in two categories: 220,000 square kilometers of natural hay lands and mountains capable of utilization during certain periods of the year only, and 100,000 square kilometers that may be cultivated normally at all times, or 10,000,000 hectares with a mild climate.

We shall consider the last figure only. Of these 10,000,000 hectares, there are at present under cultivation 1,318,000 hectares, thus:

	<i>Hectares</i>
Tilled land	790,000
Artificial hay lands	508,000
Land devoted to arboriculture and viticulture	120,000
Total	1,318,000

If this quantity of land now supplies food for 4,000,000 inhabitants and can still export more than a hundred millions' worth of products, it is not too venturesome to affirm, as a distinguished writer on agriculture has said, that when the other available lands are exploited, Chile will be capable of supporting a population eight times greater than that of to-day and of exporting products of a much greater value than that of saltpeter at its peak. Add, besides, a reduction of imports by the increase of the domestic production of raw materials that are to-day brought into the country, such as sugar, oils, et cetera, and we shall have an approximate estimate of what we can hope for from agriculture.

**The means of fostering agriculture.** In order to achieve these results, it is necessary to provide means for artificial irrigation. Owing to the proximity of the Cordillera de los Andes to the sea, our rivers are short and rapid, but the territory,

<sup>13</sup>In a pamphlet entitled *Chile: an Economic Survey*, Santiago, 1922, distributed by the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, the area of Chile is given as 752,572 square kilometers.—THE EDITOR.

traversed in many places by small valleys and ramifications of the mountains, lends itself admirably to the extension of the natural restraints, the accumulation of great reservoirs and the construction of sluices for the irrigation of many regions.

The artificially irrigated area consists at present of 1,030,000 hectares, and works are being constructed that will increase it by 60,000 hectares. The statistics show that 4,000,000 hectares are capable of irrigation. This being the case, we should more than duplicate the present irrigated area, according to the señor Subercaseaux,<sup>14</sup> which would constitute a colossal improvement. The artificial irrigation of the country is one of the national problems.

Something has been done in this respect: in the north, the waters of the river Huasco have been dammed; in the central region have been constructed canals that have cost millions of pesos, such as those of Maipo, San Carlos, El Carmen and Ochagavía. At present the canals of Maule, Mauco, Melado and Laja, which water approximately 125,000 hectares, are being built.

In addition to irrigation, the fostering of agriculture could be pushed by increasing and perfecting the methods of cultivation, by facilitating the sale of machinery and of agricultural products and by establishing in each zone a complete agricultural service that would enable the farmers to select their seeds rapidly and opportunely, to test soils and fertilizers, to fight the diseases of plants and animals, to choose the most efficient machinery and implements and, in general, to utilize all the methods that may contribute to progress in farming and cattle raising.

A powerful stimulus to agricultural development would be the construction of highways and bridges; the facilitating of credit on farm liens; the establishment of rural coöperative societies and banks, which would improve the conditions of the small property and the small rural credit, a social legislation that would take into

consideration the peculiar conditions in which farm work is developed: very different from city work; the industrial use of the raw materials derived from agriculture, such as the preparation of conserves, ices, et cetera; the adjustment of railway rates to foster the transportation of food products, woods, fertilizers and agricultural machinery; and, finally, the southern zone demands, for its agricultural prosperity, the constitution and guaranteeing of government and private property, to-day mainly abandoned by labor and capital, owing to uncertainty as to its ownership.

We may not forget, either, the action of the state, which has already placed import duties on foreign products, while granting concessions of lands to national and foreign settlers, placing bounties on exports, exempting agricultural products from certain duties, fostering agricultural expositions and improving instruction in agriculture.

**Agricultural departments.** There exist in the country certain important departments that contribute to the fostering of agriculture: the Inspección General de Bosques, Pesca y Caza [General Inspection of Forests, Fish and Game], established in 1903; the Estación Agronómica, in 1887; the Estación Etnológica; the Estación de Patología Vegetal; the Servicio de Sanidad Animal; the Instituto Central Meteorológico y Geofísico; the Propaganda del Salitre; the regional agricultural offices; the Sociedad Nacional de Agricultura, established in 1867, which publishes a review and holds annual expositions; the Sociedad Agronómica de Chile, founded in 1910; the Sociedad Nacional de Viticultores; the Sociedad Agrícola del Norte, founded in La Serena in 1907; the Cooperativa Agrícola y Ganadera de Osorno [the Osorno Farm and Cattle Coöperative Society]; the Cooperativa del Fomento Agrícola de Temuco [the Temuco Coöperative Society for the Fostering of Agriculture], founded in 1919; and others of less importance.

**Inquilinaje.**<sup>15</sup> To conclude this part, it remains for us to discuss this system, in

<sup>14</sup>We assume that the allusion is to don Guillermo Subercaseaux, the Chilean civil engineer and economist: for an article by him, entitled "The Origin of the Hispanic-American *Peso*," see INTER-AMERICA for April, 1923, pages 206-209.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>It has been necessary to preserve the Spanish word in this case, since it may not be translated by "peonage," "cropping" or "farming on shares:" the author's comments explain the word satisfactorily.—THE EDITOR.

which the country laborer is obliged to work within the *fundo*<sup>16</sup> where he lives and in which, at one and the same time, he becomes the owner of animals and implements and cultivates the land set apart for him on his own account. This system ought not to be confused with the one that is vulgarly called "cropping" or "tenant" among us: a system by which the land is let out for cultivation and by which the returns are divided equally between the owner of the land and the person that cultivates it.

*Inquilinaje* is a patriarchal régime that was established by the Spanish colonists. Properly applied, it is not opposed to the freedom of laborers to associate themselves with others in the interest of their moral and economic betterment, according to the peculiar conditions of agricultural enterprises, which depend more on nature than on the contracts and plans of men.

As to the merits of this system in comparison with that of the free operative that works in the factory, we cite the opinion of the distinguished writer whose ideas we have borrowed in this respect. It is as follows:

In the factory, the laborer receives the whole of his wages in money. In the *fundos*, he receives his wages almost wholly in kind.

Go to the factory and ask the laborer whether aught of what he beholds on any hand belongs to him. He will tell you that nothing of it all belongs to him. Those motors, those machines, those tools, those manufactured articles that fill the place, belong to the establishment. He receives every week a sum of money for his labor, and that is the only bond that exists between him and the manufactory. Under such circumstances, his tendency, as is natural, is to remain in the factory the shortest time possible, while trying to secure the best possible pay with the least possible effort.

Go, on the other hand, to the *fundo* and ask the *inquilino*<sup>17</sup> whether aught that is in the *fundo* where he resides belongs to him, and he will show you his cow and point you to his garden, his wheat-field and his *chacra*.<sup>18</sup> I have visited *fundos* where 30 per cent. of the live stock belonged to the *inquilinos*. I have known *inquilinos* in *haciendas* along the coast, where land is worth little, who sow eight *cua-*

*dras*<sup>19</sup> of wheat on their own account and harvest two hundred bags, with a value, at the present price, of more than 8,000 *pesos*: a sum that the governor of a *departamento* does not earn in Chile. The amounts saved by the people, as a consequence of *inquilinaje*, are much greater than the accumulations to be found in the vaults of the savings-banks. Nevertheless, into the labor agreement or contract of the inhabitant of the country, there usually enters a ridiculous sum in money: from fifty *centavos* to a *peso*, as the day's wages of the *inquilino* or *personero*.<sup>20</sup> The rest he receives in house, lands and food.

What has been the result of this system?

What has the countryman been able to do with his savings, if they are so considerable?

We can learn with great exactitude by consulting the statistics.

The 97,794 agricultural properties in Chile are listed thus:

Less than 5 hectares	48,568
From 6 to 20 hectares	30,295
From 21 to 50 hectares	11,852
More than 200 hectares	7,079

About 93 per cent. of the owners of the agricultural lands of Chile are small proprietors, considering as such those that possess less than 50 hectares.

This tendency to the subdivision of property has been observed throughout the country, and I consider it a consequence of *inquilinaje*. Should we have obtained otherwise this enormous percentage of small proprietors, if our country regions had been under the régime of "free labor," according to which the laborer would not be rooted in the soil and whose high wages would be paid only in money?

Any one that is acquainted with the habits of our people—nomad and wasteful—must agree that the system of *inquilinaje* is the only one that could have assured the future of the families of the laborers.

<sup>17</sup>The adjective and personal substantive from which was derived the abstract noun *inquilinaje*, already described.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>18</sup>A Quichua word taken over into Spanish and used widely throughout South America: a country place, with its respective residences of a more or less rustic type. This word has passed beyond the bounds of the American countries settled by the Spaniards and is in common use in Brazil, with the form slightly changed—*chacara*—but with the same meaning.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>19</sup>The *cuadra* is a linear or square measure, in common use in Chile: a square *cuadra* is equivalent to 73,788 ares, in the metric system, or to 1.823 acres.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>20</sup>The substitute provided by the *inquilino*, in case he should be absent or engaged in some personal occupation.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>16</sup>Equivalent to the Castilian *hacienda* or the Argentine *estancia*: according to Chilean usage, a country estate.—THE EDITOR.

This régime has enabled the farm laborer to take root in a spot, to acquire habits of thrift, to become experienced in the management of his affairs, to feel the benefits of possession and, finally, to make himself a proprietor, thus becoming the most solid foundation of social tranquillity in the country.

## IV

## MINING

**IMPORTANCE of the mining industry in the past.** Mining was once the country's principal source of income and the leading factor in her development. Her mines of gold, silver, iron and manganese, and, especially, of copper, were famous. In the production of the last mentioned metal, she won for herself the first place in the markets of the world. Add to this product nitrate, coal, guano, borate, gypsum, et cetera, and we shall have a general idea of the part played by mining in the national economy.

**The present state of mining in Chile.** There has been talk of a decline in mineral production. We ought, rather, to speak of the lack of capital, of credit, of means for the development of the mining industry. The mineral wealth has not become exhausted, by any means; it remains intact, as is natural in the case of a young country like ours.

Regarding this particular, a writer says that:

The present state of things is simply the transition from the old method of mining—wonderful, as it was—which produced fortunes in a day, to a less rich but more abundant output, which is the result of extraction and benefiting with the improved machinery and the economic methods that give to mining a sure and stable foundation by making it industrial.

**Mineral production.** The following data give us an idea as to the development of mining.

In 1918, there were 48,808 mining properties, with a superficial area of 664,776 hectares.

The region of the mines of copper, silver and other metals extends from Taltal (latitude 25° 30' south) to the slopes of Chacabuco (latitude 33° south), but the most important—the copper mines of Chu-

quicamata and El Teniente, for instance—are not within that region.

About the middle of 1850 the exploitation of this region was intense and it constituted the principal source of national wealth. It attained its greatest development in 1880, when Chile became the first copper-producing country of the world.

After that year, the industry suffered a decline, which reached its lowest point between 1902 and 1905.

Happily, the European war caused an unexpected revival in this industry, so that the production rose from 42,263 tons in 1913 to 76,288 in 1916, and Chile took the third place in the world, after the United States and Japan, as a producer of copper.

The close of the war again affected this industry. Nevertheless, its future is brighter than ever, owing to the great demand for this metal, which will be required for the reconstruction of the merchant marine of the world, the development of the industries, et cetera.

It is the duty of the government to foster this industry, not to burden exportation until its development shall have become solid, and to furnish capital, with the security of the mines, in order that the industrials may supply themselves with the machinery that will cheapen production.

Copper occupies the first place among the Chilean mineral products; afterward come gold, silver and iron. Molybdenum and tungsten are also produced, but not yet in large quantities. The production of the principal mineral products was, in 1918:

<i>Minerals</i>	<i>Weights</i>	<i>Values in gold pesos</i>
Saltpetre (tons)	2,859,303	500,378,025
Copper	106,813	132,765,586
Coal	1,516,524	106,156,680
Sulphur	19,557	3,129,120
Borate	6,603	1,320,600
Lime	105,743	1,586,145
Common salt	54,536	1,908,760
Guano	15,000	600,000
Clay	15,360	230,400
Iodine (kilograms)	1,078,760	17,864,266
Silver	47,231	3,752,883
Gold	1,938	2,178,764
Sundry products		380,523
<b>Total</b>		<b>772,251,752</b>

In the same year, there were thirteen establishments engaged in benefiting copper. In the study of the three zones of production into which we divide the country, we indicated some of the principal mining centers of the different provinces. The limited character of this book, as prescribed by the university program, does not permit us to give a complete enumeration of the different mining centers.

**Saltpeter.** The great natural wealth of Chile consists of saltpeter, which, as we have said, is found in the provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta.

We have already indicated the chemical composition of saltpeter. The analysis of its components gives the following result:

Nitrate of soda	650
Sulphate of soda	030
Chloride of sodium	290
Iodide of sodium	006
Shells and sand	024
Total	1,000

**The importance of saltpeter.** Saltpeter is a natural fertilizer par excellence, and its applications extend not only to agriculture, but to other uses, such as explosives, disinfectants, et cetera. The demand for saltpeter comes from Europe and especially from Germany. After the scientific investigation of the possibilities of agriculture, the conclusion has been reached that by means of this fertilizer it is possible to pass readily from extensive to intensive cultivation.

The exploitation of saltpeter began in 1860. The first exports, according to the statistics of the times, were meager.

**The output of saltpeter.** The following data will give an approximate idea of the importance of this industry: in 1918 there were 125 saltpeter establishments, which elaborated 23,540,247 tons of *caliche*,<sup>21</sup> with an average proportion of 17.89 per cent. of nitrate of sodium.

The nationality and production in metric tons of these establishments were the following in 1918:

Nationality	Number of establishments	Tons	Quotas
Chilean	60	1,435,607	50.21
British	43	1,028,238	36.96
Slav	7	168,204	5.88
Peruvian	7	78,291	2.74
Spanish	3	51,681	1.81
North American	2	77,876	2.72
German	2	17,940	0.63
Others	1	1,466	0.05
Totals	125	2,859,303	100.00
Persons employed		56,981	
Coal consumed (tons)		391,613	
Petroleum (tons)		445,890	

**The future of saltpeter.** Besides the circumstances that affect this industry today, we ought to point out the menace of the artificial or synthetic nitrate that is manufactured in Germany and the United States. Those countries, and particularly Germany, with a wise prevision of their needs, patronize this new industry, and it is not venturesome to affirm that they will obtain complete success. If at present the quality of this nitrate is not superior or even equal to ours and if the cost of its production is high, no one can deny that, with the passing of the years, the foreign manufacturers may overcome these disadvantages.

The competition therefore of artificial nitrate, the loss of the German market, the acute crisis that affects the whole world, the continuous disturbances at the works by criminally subversive propaganda, the scarcity of fuel, the increase of wages, the heavy export duties, et cetera, all unite to render the position of this industry more and more difficult.

**Means of fostering the nitrate industry.** The state, which receives a revenue from duties on exports of nitrates, ought to come to the aid of the industry by supplying it with railways that will free it from the monopoly of private enterprises, by furnishing it with port facilities that will lessen the cost of embarkation and disembarkation, by removing the absurd duty that burdens the importation of the bags that serve as containers of saltpeter, by computing the export duty, not on the basis of specific weight, but on the basis of

<sup>21</sup>A word of uncertain origin and varied meanings: as used here, it is the rough mass from which the various salts are extracted, and it sustains the same relation to these salts that "ore" bears to the pure metal or metals extracted from it.—THE EDITOR.



the cost of production, by stimulating the invention of procedures for benefiting the *caliche*, by increasing credit and by lending money to the industrials on the security of the saltpeter elaborated or of their saltpeter beds or machinery themselves.

As will be readily understood, the social problem is of great moment in the development of this industry in a region where more than 50,000 laborers are employed. The state ought to try to solve the difficulty, because, in addition to its discharging its social mission, it is to its own interest. The industrials, on their part, have established a welfare department, a dependency of the Asociación de Productores de Salitre.

**Borax and guano.** The production of borax follows that of saltpeter in importance. The first person to exploit it was Mr. George Smith. This substance contains water, chloride of sodium, sulphate of soda, borate of soda, borate of lime and earthy materials.

As to the production of guano, the following data may be given:

It has been extracted from the islands that lie along the coast, such as those of Iquique, Lagartos, Aicemas, Pica, Punta de Lobos, Chipana. The *covaderas* of white guano are the best.

**Coal: the importance of the Chilean product.** The importance of Chilean coal is recognized, both for its quality and for its quantity, which is capable of being exploited, not only to meet the national consumption, but also for exportation in considerable proportions. It is estimated that the annual domestic consumption of coal amounts to 2,500,000 tons.

The deposits of mineral coal occupy an exploited territory of 980 square kilometers and they extend over a mineral strip, 90 kilometers long and 11 wide, that lies in the provinces of Concepción and Arauco.

In 1840 was begun the working of these deposits, which lie along the coast itself, and some of the work is carried on below the level of the sea, as in the case of the mines of Lota and Coronel, which are the oldest and which have been sunk to a depth of from 1200 to 1400 meters.

Serious investigations made in this region disclose the existence of carboniferous

layers that total 1,872,000,000 tons. About 50,000,000 tons has already been extracted.

The mines of Lirquén, in the province of Concepción; those of Lota and Coronel, on the bay of Arauco at the foot of the Cordillera de Nahuelbuta; the Compañía de los Ríos de Curanilahue y Arauco Limitada; the Compañía Schwager, in Coronel; the Buen Retiro, of the Compañía Lota y Coronel; and that of Lebu, at the mouth of the river, are the most important enterprises. In Valdivia, as we have already said elsewhere, there is a coal mine called Millahuillén.

The Chilean coal belongs to the category of the lignites of the Tertiary period, and in quality it is comparable to the best coals of Australia. The mean yield is computed at 360 cubic meters of gas per ton, with 4,500 calories per cubic meter.

**The future of the coal industry.** In view of her territorial peculiarities, Chile will cease to be an agricultural country and will become, in the course of time, an industrial country; and, in order to reach this goal, she must prepare her motive power both by utilizing her "white coal" (that is, her waterfalls) and her black coal (that is, her carboniferous deposits).

In the first place, it is imperative to provide this region with good communications and outlets; hence it is necessary to construct a railway from Cañete, Los Sauces and Traiguén to Púa, and from this point to Curacautín, whence it could be extended through Lonquimay to Neuquén in Argentina. As may be seen, the region that may be placed in communication with the port of Lebu is immense and it presents great advantages, not only to the coal industry, but also to agriculture.

In order directly to favor this industry, which is national in the sense that it affects the economy of the whole country, the state ought to aid it by fostering the introduction of hydro-electric motor power to cheapen the fuel required by the mines themselves; by facilitating the transportation of coal in order to bring down the price; by placing a small duty on foreign coal and briquets; by promoting new enterprises; by recourse to the *denouncement of coal deposits*, or, in lieu of it, to the law that holds coal to be the property of the state,

which might grant concessions of it to individuals under certain conditions; by developing credit with mortgages on the mines; and by establishing a bank of coal credit.

## V

## METALLURGY

**WE TREAT** of this industry, the principal exponent of which is iron-working, because of the close relation it sustains to iron.

Chile possesses rich deposits of iron in the provinces of Atacama, Coquimbo and elsewhere. In addition to the raw material, the iron-working industry has at hand inexhaustible forests, which supply all the fuel necessary.

Iron and steel have occupied a high place among the exports; in normal years they have reached 40,000,000 gold pesos.

In 1904 was formed the Sociedad "Altos Hornos de Corral," with the aid of the state, which consisted of a guaranty of the interest, exemption from customs duties, bounties on production, concessions of lands, et cetera.

After a failure and a period of quiescence, this enterprise has again started its fires with the hope of better results. As a solution of the problem of this industry, much is said in favor of the use of the *electric oven* system, which has produced such good results in the United States.

The iron industry ought to count on the hearty support of the state, since, owing to its importance, it is one of the industries that of themselves raise the economic level of a country. As long as we consume foreign iron and steel in the construction of ships, machinery, tools, et cetera, we shall not obtain our economic independence.

## VI

## MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES

**MANUFACTURES.** The national industry felt the impulse to production during the war, owing to the lack of European supplies. The 7,895 manufactories, with 3,754 motors and 79,553 employees and operatives, which, according to the statistics, were utilized in 1919, possessed

a capital of 714,309,019 paper pesos,<sup>22</sup> they consumed 525,048,307 pesos' worth of raw materials and 24,181,728 pesos' worth of fuel, and the value of the products was 922,738,092 pesos.

The country produces food-stuffs, alcohol, spirituous and fermented liquors, cotton, wool and silk textiles, glass, cement, iron products, copper, lead, marble, paper, pasteboard and cardboard, leather, foot wear, chemical and pharmaceutical articles, vehicles, ships, pottery, chinaware, confectations of all kinds, et cetera.

**The industrial future of Chile.** Chile possesses the following factors that favor her industrial development: (1) a mild climate; (2) a vigorous and intelligent stock; (3) abundant deposits of workable minerals and of combustibles; (4) the hydraulic power afforded by our torrential rivers; (5) the great natural waterway supplied by the sea from end to end of the republic, which facilitates communications, in the economic sense.

**The minor industries of Chile: alcohol and alcoholic and other drinks.** Under this head should be mentioned *mineral waters*: those of Apoquindo, Jahuel, Cauquenes, Panimávida, Chillán, Tolcuaca and El Volcán, and such as are produced in our laboratories.

In respect of *alcohol*: we have 21 distilleries of industrial alcohol and 239 distilleries of agricultural alcohol, with a total production of 4,798,381 liters. *Champagne* has recently become a product of great importance to Chile. The *beer* industry is represented by 42 breweries, the most important of which have been merged in the Compañía de Cervecerías Unidas. The manufacture of *grape juice* is developing rapidly. *Liquors*—cognac, rum, *pisco*, et cetera—and wines, regarding which we have already spoken, are produced in large quantities and they are of excellent quality.

The national beverage industry merely awaits, in order to replace foreign beverages, a customs duty on the latter; the present duties ought to be raised considerably.

**Pottery, chinaware and glass.** There

<sup>22</sup>The value of the paper peso in 1919 fluctuated between 24 and 18 cents.—THE EDITOR.

are certain small establishments engaged in the manufacture of pottery—in Santiago and Penco, the Fábrica Nacional de Vidrios—and the seven establishments that devote themselves to the manufacture of mirrors and window-glass.

The window-glass industry ought to be protected by customs duties on similar foreign products.

**Foods and their preparation.** For the preparation of foods we have 160 mills, 410 bakeries, 11 sugar refineries, 41 manufactories of macaroni, et cetera, 60 manufactories of conserves, sweetmeats, tinned meats, vegetables, et cetera.

**Light, heat and fuel.** There are several establishments that produce briquets, charcoal, coke, acetylene, illuminating gas and electricity. Mineral coal has already been discussed.

**Shipyards.** We have 22 establishments engaged in ship-building, the most important of which are in Valdivia, Constitución, Linao and Talcahuano. The extensive dry-dock for the repair of war vessels is at Talcahuano.

**Manufactories of clothing.** We have increased the number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of shoes, sandals, shirts, neckties, mattresses, corsets, artificial flowers, caps and hoods, waterproofs, canvas, "notions," umbrellas parasols, hats, et cetera. The only protection needed by this branch is a properly adjusted tariff. Our production ought to meet the requirements of the national consumption.

**Woods.** We have numerous industries that utilize the wealth and variety of our forests. The sawmills and lumber-yards prepare their elaborated woods in an excellent manner.

**Building materials.** The country is well supplied with lime-kilns and cement works. At El Melón is produced a cement superior to the imported brands. There are also excellent manufactories of composition bricks, fire-bricks, terra-cotta piping, artificial stone, plaster of Paris, as well as thriving marble works.

**Textiles.** There are manufactories of twine, as in Aconcagua; of linen, as in Llanquihue; and of woolen, silk and cotton cloths, et cetera.

Chile produces 15,000,000 kilograms of wool, practically all of which is exported. The national consumption of woolen goods could be supplied by the national production, and there would still be a surplus of almost 5,000,000 kilograms of wool.

**Sundry metal industries.** We have flourishing manufactories of wire, piping, bronzes, drainage tubes, nails and tins, galvanized iron, ornaments, et cetera.

**Unclassified industries.** Among the unclassified industries may be mentioned tanneries, establishments for dressing leather, shoe manufactories, manufactories of chemicals and tobacco factories.

## VII

### TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATIONS

**NATURAL ways: the sea.** Nature has favored the country, along all the extent of her territory, with the best of highways: the sea.

Hence this section is of great importance in the discussion of Chilean resources and their development. Indeed, even as early as 1813, the law of "the privilege of national cabotage" was established. In 1829, the organizing genius of Portales conceived another law designed to foster seafaring among the Chileans. In 1864, the privilege of engaging in coastwise shipping was extended to foreign vessels, with the consequent decline of our merchant marine. Happily, in the month of January of the present year of 1922 was enacted a law that restricts cabotage to Chilean vessels.

**Maritime traffic.** According to the official statistics of 1920, our merchant marine contained 139 vessels, with a tonnage of 37,810.

The principal national shipping enterprise is the Compañía Sud Americana de Vapores; after it come the Brown y Blanchard, the González Soffa, the Borques and other companies of less importance.

The maritime movement in 1920 reached a total of 2,776 vessels, with a tonnage of 7,330,337, that arrived at our ports; and 2,213, with a tonnage of 5,421,626, that departed from our ports.

With the fostering of the merchant marine is related the construction of good ports. As a rule Chilean ports lack natural

shelter, especially those of the central and southern zones—Constitución, Valdivia and others—owing to the slight depth of the water of the rivers that empty at these ports and the bars that are formed at their mouths.

The maritime traffic of the northern zone centers at the ports of Coquimbo, Antofagasta, Iquique and Arica; in the central zone, at Valparaíso and San Antonio; in the southern zone, at Talcahuano and Valdivia.

**Competition between land and water ways.** Attention ought to be called to the competition that nature has established in the case of our country between land and water ways. Both ways run parallel with the coast and they dispute for the supremacy of the traffic.

The maritime way, owing to the lack of vessels, bad ports, the difficulty of loading and unloading, has been inferior to the land ways, although logically this ought not to be the case, since the water way is cheaper, owing to the greater capacity of vessels as compared with railway trains and to freedom from expenses of construction, the maintenance of roadways, et cetera.

**The development of the merchant marine.** Our navigation policy ought to include the favoring of the merchant marine and the construction of vessels. The law of December 27, 1911, was designed to form, by means of a tax on tonnage, a special fund to be devoted to the construction of national vessels. The bill of 1911 granted a bounty of fifty *centavos*<sup>22</sup> gold for every thousand miles run during the year: a bounty that was to decrease afterward. The new cabotage law just enacted, the creation of the Caja de Crédito Naval, and exemption from taxes on materials used in vessels constructed in the country, are other means of giving effective aid to our marine.

In short, the construction of vessels and the stimulation of shipping ought to be fostered. Our merchant marine ought to be protected against foreign competition.

The law of 1917 and the recently enacted one, which is an advance on the earlier law,

are the most effective steps taken for the fostering of our marine. Indeed, the earlier law, in addition to limiting cabotage to Chilean vessels, placed an annual tax on tonnage. This tax varies according to the nature of the vessel: steamship, sailing ship or a ship propelled by wind and steam. This tax will increase during the successive years until it reaches the sum fixed by law. The law also provides for the gradual withdrawal of foreign vessels that engage in our maritime commerce, while at the same time avoiding the disturbances of the immediate application of the national privilege of cabotage; it will stimulate Chilean seamanship from the moment in which it shall be required that at least half of the crews on our vessels shall be Chilean.

**Natural ways: rivers.** Little importance is to be attached to river ways in Chile, as there are few navigable streams, since, owing to the lie of the country, they are short, shallow and rapid. The following rivers are navigable for distances not greater than fifty kilometers by vessels of slight draft: Imperial, Toltén, Valdivia, Calle-Calle, Bueno, Rahue and Maullín, all in the south; and Bío-Bío and Maule, which are the largest, in the center.

The utilization of the water of these rivers for irrigation and motive power is diminishing the supply, and this is one of the causes of the decline and the almost entire abandonment of this kind of traffic.

**Lake navigation.** Lake navigation is less than that of the rivers, owing to the smallness of the lakes and to their slight economic value.

All the lakes are in the southern zone. Llanquihue, with an extent of 790 square kilometers, is the most important of the Chilean lakes. It has two ports: Puerto Varas and Puerto Octay. The other lakes worthy of mention are Todos los Santos, Rupanco, Puyehue, Rauco, Riñihue and Villarrica.

**Artificial ways: roads.** The configuration of the country renders the construction of roads absolutely necessary, even in the face of the serious natural difficulties, in a mountainous country like ours. Both for political reasons—for purposes of national defense—and economic reasons—for the transportation of our products—roads are

<sup>22</sup>About 18 cents.—THE EDITOR.

of first importance, as they possess advantages over railways, in spite of the slowness of the traffic they serve, owing to their capacity for ramification, the relatively low cost of their maintenance and the large proportion of regional and local traffic.

In 1920, we had 35,274 kilometers of roads. Many of these roads are connected with one another. Thus they form a system that already has its centers in the productive zones or in the important cities.

The law of 1842, which, until a short time ago, constituted our legislation on highways, was superseded by that of March 5, 1920, which obliges the municipalities to pay into the national treasury a third of the revenues of their road tax; establishes departmental and communal boards charged with the location of roads according to a duly conceived plan; and classifies the roads and provides for their upkeep.

**Artificial ways: railways.** In Chile, the most important railways belong to the government and they are operated under its direction.

To give an idea of our railways, we offer the following data, which correspond to the year 1920:

	Kilometers
State railways	13,391
Privately owned railways	1,060
<b>Total</b>	<b>14,451</b>
Number of passengers transported on the state railways	16,682,980
Number of passengers transported on the privately owned railways	2,332,515
<b>Total</b>	<b>19,015,495</b>
Number of tons of freight moved by the state railways	4,594,558
Number of tons of freight moved by privately owned railways	4,698,348
<b>Total</b>	<b>9,292,906</b>
Capital of the state railways	Gold pesos 400,136,207
Capital of privately owned railways	237,126,880
<b>Total</b>	<b>637,263,087</b>

Number of paid employees and hands on state railways	24,935
Number of paid employees and hands on privately owned railways	9,222
<b>Total</b>	<b>34,157</b>

## VIII

### RAILWAYS: NITRATE AND MINING

**NITRATE railways: the first group.** This group consists of 250 kilometers of railways, from Pisagua to Lagunas, with four branches, running to Junín, Caleta Buena, Iquique and Patillos. The concession for this line is owned by the Nitrate Railways Company.<sup>24</sup>

**The second group.** This group consists of the Antofagasta railway, which runs in the direction of Pampa Alta and which has branches to Boquete, Mejillones, Chuquicamata and other points with a total kilometrage of 800. To this group belongs also the line from Caleta Coloso to Aguas Blancas.

**The third group.** The railway from Taltal to the interior: a combination of 300 kilometers.

**The fourth group.** This group consists of a line that goes from Tocopilla in the direction of Toco, with several branches, and a kilometrage of 152.

**Mining railways: the first South American railway.** The first railway built in South America was the one from Caldera to Copiapó, with a length of 81 kilometers. Afterward, were constructed the railway to Coquimbo, Serena, Ovalle and Rivadavia, with a total length of 192 kilometers; later, the one from Carri to El Bajo, with several branches and a kilometrage of 182; that of Tongoy, which runs to the mines of Tamaya, 57 kilometers long; that of Chañaral, of more than 100 kilometers; the one from Huasco to Vallenar, 50 kilometers; and that of Los Vilos, 58 kilometers long.

**The Ferrocarril Central.** In 1852, construction was begun on the railway between Santiago and Valparaíso; three years later, on the one between Santiago and Talca; afterward, in 1868, the latter railway was

<sup>24</sup>The name of the company is in English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

extended to Curicó, then to Chillán and Talcahuano. Subsequently, this line was carried to Puerto Montt.

The system of the Ferrocarril Central has branches that run to the cordillera and the coast.<sup>25</sup>

The Ferrocarril Central and its branches join the Ferrocarril Longitudinal and its branches, which in turn are connected with the railway that taps the carboniferous zone.

The state railways are subject to the law of January 26, 1914, which created a council of administration, with full authority to make up the annual budget of the enterprise and to approve the rules and regulations that were to govern the service, tariffs, freights, itinerary, stations, employees, salaries, wages, et cetera.

It established a general management, composed of the heads of the departments of lines and works, transportation, traction and shops, and it divided the system into sections. This law gave to the railways an autonomous administration under the supervision of the Ministerio de Ferrocarriles.

**Promotive measures.** In conclusion,

<sup>25</sup>Following this paragraph, several paragraphs, in which different railway lines are enumerated, have been omitted.—THE EDITOR.

we mention the measures that have been adopted for the promotion of the construction of private railways:

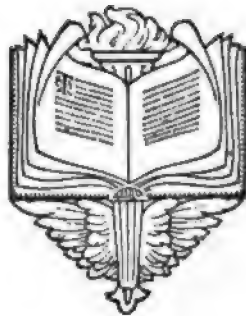
1. A law that authorized the construction of railways.
2. A law that covered materials of construction.
3. A railway construction law, with national guaranties.
4. A law for the issuance of railway bonds.

## IX

### COMMERCE

**IMPORTS and exports.** According to the statistics, both the import and the export commerce continue to increase. In 1918, our imports amounted to 436,074,059 *pesos*; our exports, to 763,622,572.<sup>26</sup> In 1921 the statistics showed a decrease of exports, owing to the lack of demand for salt-peter.

<sup>26</sup>The author in this case has failed to indicate the character of the *pesos* in which these sums are given. If the *pesos* of the statistics were paper *pesos*, the ordinary circulating medium, the equivalent in United States money would be \$78,493,330 and \$137,452,062, respectively; if they were gold *pesos*, the equivalents in United States money would be \$154,806,290 and \$271,086,013.—THE EDITOR.



# REVISING AMERICAN DIPLOMACY<sup>1</sup>

BY

GUSTAVO ALEMÁN BOLAÑOS

Suggestions as to the simplification and standardizing of diplomatic nomenclature, dress and usage and as to passports throughout America, which seem to us to be so reasonable that we publish them, although the occasion to which they were especially addressed, that of the Fifth Pan American Conference, has passed.—THE EDITOR,

IT SEEMS to us that the subject of a multiuniform organization of diplomacy in America might well fall within the province of a Pan American—or rather, as we have already said, a continental—congress. We have in mind the superficial aspects—what pertains merely to etiquette and nomenclature—for the precepts, the rules, are fixed, as they are fundamental and juridical, and the most moral of them all is the one that prescribes open diplomacy.

**Nomenclature.** Is not the present nomenclature perhaps undemocratic and inconsistent? It has come down from earlier times, from the outworn ages. The word “ambassador,” for example, suggests the idea of an absolute sovereign. “Chargé d’affaires” has a somewhat commercial ring. “Envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary:” is this not a very long and complicated title? Then too we have “minister resident:” but all diplomats reside, they must reside, although temporarily, in the places of their posts.

It would be better to call the diplomats simply and solely *ministers*, and the generic offices *legations*. Since nations are equal—fictionally—there would be an equality of category, and the minister of the United States would have the same standing, say, as the minister of Uruguay. In the different countries to which they might be accredited, the different ministers would take precedence according to length of service in the country in question, or simply according to the alphabetical order of the nations represented, or perhaps the geographical order, from north to south.

Of course there could be, for administra-

tive purposes, legations of the first, second and third class, which would correspond to the posts of ambassador, minister and chargé d’affaires. The first would presuppose several secretaries and attachés; the second, one subaltern; the third would be unipersonal. All, however, would be ministers, and we should have democracy, that is, equality, among individuals of an identical politico-social rank, profession, et cetera. It is to be understood that we are writing for and about democratic countries. Of course, if there exist kingdoms in America, then let us continue the old nomenclature!

**Dress.** It should be said at once that we favor the idea of the United States of North America as to the simplicity of the diplomatic dress. No representative of the United States to any foreign government uses any other dress than the elegant morning or evening coat. The ministers of the United States may not even receive decorations. This is how democratic the Yankees are! Is it not a contradiction, perhaps, that the simple diplomat that wears a morning coat should be called “ambassador?” Antinomy!

Passing now to the countries of the south, their political agents wear, are wont to wear—some by official precept—a feathered uniform—as if they were savages of central Africa or gaudy birds of the tropics—a sword that is in no sense necessary and is only in the way, and other fripperies, not to mention the medals, crosses and orders that make men ridiculous. Could not the use of the morning or evening coat be established as the uniform diplomatic dress by a continental congress? Thus would other nations, other peoples, as well as Central America, be freed from the picturesque spectacle that is not infrequently

<sup>1</sup>This article will be published also in *El Mercurio* of Chile, in *La Nación* of Buenos Aires and in *El Diario del Plata* of Montevideo.

presented by certain *zambo*<sup>2</sup> ministers who dress themselves out like Mazarins, Metternichs, Cavours and Talleyrands.

**The oral part.** Another thing: we might get rid of formal speeches, which are a bore and accomplish nothing. The modern diplomacy of Europe suppresses these discourses: we have an example in France. In Chile, the minister of Bolivia has just been received without any speechmaking. As a rule, the composition of such pieces, which will come to nothing, occasions difficulty. No one ever says anything of greater importance than the banal, conventional words of mere etiquette. It would be better to utter sincere words of good fellowship in private, rather than those public paragraphades, which, saying little, say nothing, and at times express the contrary.

**Other questions.** It would be well, for example, to adopt uniform regulations as to passports, the visaing of documents, et cetera. There exist vexatious differences and arbitrariness in the collection of the fees charged by the legations and consulates. Could not the same thing be done in this respect as in that of the rates of the Universal Postal Union or of the postal rates of the United States? Could there not be established a uniform type of passport, or could it not be replaced by a pass-book (*carnet*) of identification, in the principal languages, with a photograph, references, et cetera? In it, on the extra pages, could be extended the passports, or, rather, the visas. Something of this kind has already been planned. To have traveled since the outbreak of the European war is to be acquainted with the thousand and one burdensome details of the situation.

We offer all these ideas to those that

have it in their power to cause them to prosper and especially to our respected friend and master, Doctor don Alejandro Álvarez, the notable internationalist of South America (and I have been greatly honored with his respected friendship and his lessons); our companion in journalism, Doctor don José Luis Murature, the illustrious former minister of foreign relations of Argentina, a man of influence as a publicist (a companion, for he has called us "colleague" in an autograph letter that we cherish); our eminent acquaintance, Doctor don Juan Antonio Buero, former chancellor of Uruguay and highly interested in international subjects; the courteous and deferential Doctor Leo S. Rowe, director-general of the Pan American Union in Washington, who has always distinguished us with his gracious letters.

May these ideas reach them and also the chancelleries of the American republics. If they are valueless, the waste-paper basket will be near at hand; if they are sound, there is an hour in which to render them practical. Thus America, which is now beginning to have her own international law, will be revolutionary America, an innovating continent that will leave the Old World behind and will send to the dirt-heap the trappings of an antiquated diplomacy: the medals, crosses, et cetera, et cetera, and everything that smacks, in a certain sense, of absolutism, and in another, of a silly aristocracy. Besides, in this way everything would be simplified, "standardized," to employ the English word.

**The hour.** The hour is that of the Fifth Pan American Conference, to be held in Santiago, Chile. Although these points have not been included in the program, as they are purely formulary, they could come up for discussion, that is, for approval. The delegates that may read this have the floor!

<sup>2</sup>In this sense, an adjective used to denote the result of a cross between a Negro and an American Indian.  
—THE EDITOR.





# GABRIELA MISTRAL

BY

JULIO MERCADO

The Chilean poet of the hour, judged by an admirer and a student of her works.—THE EDITOR.

TO SAY that Gabriela Mistral is a poet in reality is to say very little. To assert that she is a good poet is to say what is just, but not everything. The fact that many Hispanic reviews have published and have reproduced her verses and that some houses have requested her poems for publication in a book is valid evidence that her fame is spreading throughout the world. Her name is known even in the Anglo-American countries: school-teachers of English speech engaged in teaching Spanish and Spanish literature in the schools and universities of the United States admire her work. The Instituto de las Españas of New York has published the complete works of this poet in a volume of more than two hundred and fifty pages. From all this it may be deduced that Gabriela Mistral has a literary personality that may not be overlooked; she is indeed a dawning glory that will occupy a place beside the purest Hispanic literary glories of the present century.

It is true that she does not possess Darío's cosmopolitanism, his admirable *tecnic* or the multiplicity of his genius; she lacks the solidity and the symbolic power of Antonio Machado; and she does not possess the amiable superficiality or the metrical richness of Manuel Machado; she is wanting in the exuberance and ornamentation of Chocano; and her poetic crown lacks the delicate sparkle of Neruo's mystical jewelry; but, nevertheless, she is of the same aristocratic strain as all of them.

It is not to be hoped, however, that this poet will become really popular. In her works are to be found certain rude sincerities that will doubtless prick the finicalness and prudishness of men and women. The hypocritical and the envious will never pardon her great moral worth or her great

sincerity, qualities that stand out in her work.

Those that have so long awaited the appearance of the true poet of the America of Spanish speech will be again disappointed, without a doubt. No; Gabriela Mistral can never be the poet of America, nor is it to be thought that she has ever aspired to such a title. It is high time that all the world should learn that Hispanic America does not possess one poet, but many poets, some of whom enjoy a merited fame.

It is proper to inquire here: Are poets the true mouthpieces of the people among whom they are born, educated and live? Perhaps the poets of a people bound together by the same desire for political freedom might be; but it will never fall to the lot of the true lyric poet to possess the sad glory of being the mouthpiece of his people. In the same countries of Hispanic America in which politics is most intriguing and base, in which partizan hatred flourishes most, in which *caciquismo*<sup>1</sup> sets its foot of iron on a society wherein social life smacks more of the tribe than of organized society, in which individual efforts are bent to monopolizing power or money: exactly there may be found poets more or less good that rise above the meanness of the environment and sing with serenity or lyric fervor eternal beauty or their own craving for ideality or their own sorrows, which are in no sense the sorrows of the people. It should be borne in mind that sorrow, although universal, does not equalize men. That this might be true, it would be necessary that all should have an identical sensorium. By no means could the lyric

<sup>1</sup>The abstract noun corresponding to the personal substantive *cacique*, "partizan leader;" *caciquismo* is therefore the system of partizan leadership, "bossism," self-appointed autocracy.—THE EDITOR.

poet ever be the mouthpiece of his people: at most he might be their advocate, but never their representative.

In this sense, Gabriela Mistral does not represent Chile, her native land. With what a tragic tone she pitilessly attacks the lack of faith of the society in which she lives; with what exactitude does she make a diagnosis of the evil that besets the people and puts them in the pillory of her indignation, which she expresses in harsh words, and, instead of sparing them, she delivers them to the eternal condemnation of a passion that verges on fanaticism.

In her criticism of men as they are, she has been wanting in that gentle spiritual tolerance for the lack of which she has sinned much and has at length been purified by her own sorrows. The sorrows of the Chilean poet are those that always go hand in hand with life without disturbing it. She expresses them in verses—sad, pitying, almost religious at times—but with the religiosity of shallow although clear waters, a characteristic of the good souls of women: a religiosity that remains on a level with the earth and goes not to the very vitals of life. We are not speaking here of faith; religiosity is something different, although faith and religiosity touch at many points and have their foundation equally in the attitude of the sentimental soul toward the mysteries of life. Faith is rather a state of ecstasy, the passive delivering up of itself; the ecstasy of the spirit, of the soul and of the emotions, all at the same time; but religiosity is that inner, ever active force of which Eucken speaks, which works like a stream of subterranean waters that fertilizes everything on the surface and continuously renews life at its roots.

She experiences, however, spells of great religiosity that changes into tenderness shed without measure over the uncomprehended sorrows of the people; but she does not illuminate all things like the light of the sun; rather, like the rays of the sun that pass through a photographic lens, her clarity falls only on objects placed within the focus of her consciousness. Things distant or too near, sorrows not felt by her and joys never experienced, remain aloof in the shadow.

In her heart—"always poured out, but never emptied," according to her own words—there is a favored spot for childhood. The part of her work devoted to children is a little garden of delicate, infantile roses. She loves children as they are: a gracious gift of God's. She pets them, tells them stories to make them laugh, lavishes her pity on those that need it, and she even tries to laugh and weep with them, putting herself on their level. It is natural, however, that there should be in these little poems more of a teacher's preoccupation than of a mother's divination. She does not let children stay by themselves in their world, living their own lives, plucking in their own childish gardens, but she often leads them by the hand, lovingly, it is true, through places unknown to them and along paths trodden by grown up people. With a symbolism of high degree, but not understood by them, fortunately, she tries at times to put into their adorable little heads the doleful wisdom of the mature. There is in this much of the affectionateness of the Spanish mother, who, from a desire to spare her children future sorrows, causes them to miss the joys of the present by disclosing to them the hardships of life. The northern races envelop childhood in the light of dawn and let children live their complete childhood, without the knowledge of the bitter realities of each day, in the hope that when they grow up they will be able to lay their hands on the natural resources of initiative to enable them to face the vicissitudes of existence. It is a truth known of men that the shocks of destiny can by no means be avoided: each must fight his own battles and lose or gain his victories unaided. Children, however, have an indisputable right to the shelter that will assure them of a thorough childhood. Gabriela Mistral, who feels a profound love for children, as may be seen in the verses she dedicates to them, lends her friendly shelter to that happy age, and she even succeeds at times in surrounding it with a true environment of childhood. What has been accomplished by her in this field is indeed worthy of eulogy, and she ought to be proud of it, as well as to know also that no great poet of the Spanish language has given utterance to more ten-

der accents of solicitude. Because of their structure and of the intention with which they are laden, these poems of childhood go to the reader's heart, although they are lacking in that quality of plenitude which is to be noted in the poems in which she squeezes out the hidden sap of her life.

Each, according to the manner of his being, reacts in a determinate manner in contact with the world. The verses of the Chilean poet show that she reacts with the quiver of a hurt child. As appears in her work, they are not mental reactions that occur tardily after experiencing what is agreeable or disagreeable. It should be said here that she has the merit of imparting to her poetry her most intimate sensations, and when we read her verses, we seem to be able to distinguish behind each phrase the movements that accompany the emotion felt. Contact with painful things causes her verses to flow freshly like the juice from the rock; they seem to have come forth spontaneously from her lips during the supreme moment of emotion and to have assumed form on paper as the last word was pronounced. It is thus that ingenuous and impulsive souls work. After all has been said, this is doubtless Gabriela Mistral's supreme glory: her poetry is the spontaneous expression of genuine experience; it therefore possesses warmth of life and it is saturated with human feeling; hence also her sincerity with herself, which is the primitive sincerity, prior to all else.

Men are indebted to her for the serene words she drops in her moments of repose, as likewise for the flowers of good will that grow in her fields watered with tears. It is difficult, however, for one to overlook the feeling of despair that flows through her verses like waters that flood with tranquillity; for there are no violences in her gestures, no rebelliousness in her reactions to the fatalities to which mortals are subject. Her poetry is sad, serenely sad. Her conception of life, however, seems one-sided. It is true that her lips part every now and then to give way to a smile, and she even laughs occasionally, but her laughter is still-born; it does not run through the whole scale of joy. Even in her words of hope there is a touch of sad-

ness. She lacks the impassiveness and the subtle irony under which Anatole France takes refuge in order not to feel, perhaps, the sorrows of life, nor in her human equipment is there to be found the humorism with which Dickens redeemed his bourgeois sentimentalism and made his most common and ordinary personages attractive and interesting. Her humanity is stark naked, with no protective armor whatsoever. It is not a question of faith, because she has much faith; but her preceptive faith, if indeed it unquestionably, consoles her, can not render her invulnerable. She receives squarely all blows and even the lightest fillips, and she therefore lets escape her at every step of her work the spasms of pain and even purely reflex movements. There is no breeze of the sierra that brings on its wings the smell of the fields; no pure mountain air that enters lungs that crave oxygen and refreshes the soul of the weary reader with the abundance of sorrows that revive his own. The only redemptive element that raises her work to the lofty ranges of literature is the moral courage with which this poet discloses the spiritual avenues of her inner city, to show the wounds of the poet's soul, and the sincerity with which all is given to art, without reservations or shiftings. To this it ought to be added that, although her language is almost elementary and her style at times peculiar, and although she retains certain mannerisms of the school, nevertheless, all that constitutes the essence of her work emphasizes this moral courage and this sincerity, and all this suffices to cement the fame of a poet.

Readers imbued with a petulant and superficial optimism that disposes of all the problems of the human life with a simple movement of the hand will perhaps view with an ill grace the pessimism that may be noted in the work of the Chilean poet. It is impossible to deny that there are pessimisms that ought to be rejected, such, for instance, as the pessimism that is sealed hermetically in the well known formula of the extreme pessimists: that the worst of ills is to have been born. No human being can remain a stranger to this truth, as deep and pungent as life itself;

but we must agree that it does not get anybody anywhere, since it solves nothing. Whether we like it or not, voluntarily or involuntarily, we are here on earth, and the main thing is to decide what we ought to do with our lives.

It is superfluous to say that her pessimism is not of this kind. On the other hand, such pessimism as characterizes her is not the chief product of her manufactory, but a by-product. Rightly considered hers ought not to be called pessimism, but, rather, discontent with things as they seem in life; and it is natural for Gabriela Mistral to be both a teacher and a poet. The teacher's calling, to those that are not true artists by profession, is the only refuge that can be sought by meditative and sincere souls that refuse to accept certain values created by civilization. Her discontent goes hand in hand with the hopelessness of which I have already spoken. Both have a reason for being, because her pessimism, if such she harbors, is that of every serious soul that delves into itself and into others, into things and into situations. It is to be seen with pleasure that her pessimism does not cause her to lose the sense of relation entirely. Therefore the objects and men illuminated by her poetry occupy the place that belongs to them in time and space. To express it all in a single phrase: her pessimism ceases with organic life, for the Chilean poet cherishes the hope that this short span of time of our pilgrimage through the world may be but an infinitesimal part of the totality of life.

It would be well to inquire whether the claim of a literary work to immortality could also be won by the inclusion in it of the element of actuality, in the sense that the work shall be concerned in the main with vital questions and with the men and things of the day. The worship of contemporaneity is the principal substance of which the works of modern poets are composed; but we know not to a certainty

whether this element of modernity is sufficient in itself to increase or diminish the merit of a literary work. This point has not been solved, but we know that the works that have achieved immortality give to posterity a complete synthesis of a race: a marvel accomplished by the great poets because they take a people in the plenitude of an historical moment and present its permanent qualities in an almost perfect picture. The poets of to-day also seek the permanent, although along other paths; and if, indeed, they are less comprehensive and less great, they have the quality of being more interesting and more human, because they are nearer to our humanity in feelings and ideas. It matters not whether these sentiments and these ideas take deep root in some, while in others the roots spread merely along the surface: what is important is that modern poets understand the contemporary soul and appeal to it.

For this reason, powerful in itself, Gabriela Mistral is a poet we understand and admire, and her verses will live as long as the present *state of being* of readers continues. It is to be hoped, however, that she will favor us with another book in which she will say everything about which she has kept silent hitherto: a book that will serve as a continuation of her labors of sincerity already begun in the published poems, which will surely bring solace to the world. We that have read her book with interest can not rest content that she should leave her work incomplete, however much it may be necessary to seek new plenitudes in an unfathomed silence. She is well aware that when one has published his intimate thoughts, he does not belong to himself, but to all those that have quaffed with delight the fountain of his poesy. She owes it equally to herself; for she ought not to permit to be lost to herself the vein that she herself has discovered in her soul: a vein whose gold she has begun to bestow on others with a bountiful hand.



# ECUADORIAN SKETCHES

BY

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS

(Conclusion)

IV. Lights and Shadows.—V. Postal Cards.—VI. The Original and the Copy.—VII. The Terrible Breakfast.—VIII. Hawk Lard.—IX. The Greased Fig.—X. How to Ummarry.—XI. The Odyssey of an Alderman.

## IV

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

THE door of my room was thrust violently open, as if impelled by a catapult, and my friend Cosme entered like a projectile.

"Hello!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "What bug has bitten you now?"

"An enchanting bug," he replied. "I assure you that I am the happiest of men: the petted child of fortune, the nephew of glory, the uncle of good luck, the father-in-law of happiness, the first cousin of. . . ."

"But, what the! . . . Did you draw a prize in the lottery?"

"No; but it amounts to the same thing; I have fallen in love."

"With a woman, perhaps?"

"You have guessed it, yet almost not a woman, comparatively speaking, but an archangel of the feminine sex, and, as you may well imagine, I adore her as a Chinaman loves his idol!"

"As to the idol, I can say nothing, but as to the Chinaman, the truth is I can say that I behold you with a silly face such as I have never seen you with before."

"Do not tease, man! Fancy a maiden of sixteen Aprils, white as ermine, smiling, fair, tall, elegant, gracious, innocent, pure, clean, round, square . . . ¡cáspita! I don't know what I am saying!"

"What is her name?"

"Consuelo."

"Then she must be a daughter of doña Consolatrix Afflictorum."

"No, man; she is a daughter of heaven and of love, a sister of the angels and the

seraphim . . . oh, how shall I express it!"

"Where did you happen on her?"

"At a ball; may it be ever blessed and glorious! From the moment I saw her, in her blue dress and white slippers, with heavenly stockings, I felt a prick over my heart. It was probably Cupid's arrow that pierced me. Ever since that instant I haven't known what was happening to me; it has knocked me silly."

"I see it has."

"Only suppose she is engaged, I thought; and the idea filled me with jealousy. I felt worse than Othello, and capable of committing a thousand crimes, but, thinking better of it, I decided to dance."

"Very well thought."

"Advancing with a hesitating step toward the fair girl with blue eyes, I invited her to dance a *chilena*,<sup>8</sup> the first strains of which were coming from the *bandores*."<sup>9</sup>

"How atrocious!"

"Ah, my friend, my legs trembled when

<sup>8</sup>The *chilena* (*danza chilena*) is the same as *zamacueca* or *cueca*—the shortened form is more used at present—or as the Peruvian *marinera*: the *zamacueca* is defined by the dictionary of the Academy as: "A grotesque dance used in Chile, Perú and other parts of America, commonly among the Indians, *zambos* and *chuchumecos*; music and song to which it is danced." A *zambo* is a cross between an Indian and a Negro, and the word *chuchumeco* is a corruption of *chichimeca*, the name of a tribe of Indians formerly established at Texcoco, México, and by extension both these words are applied in contempt to certain low types of men and women in many parts of America. The definition of the dictionary of the Academy could hardly be more incorrect: the *zamacueca* or *cueca* is not grotesque; it is a lively and elegant dance engaged in by civilized people of all classes, in many of the South American countries, usually by one couple at a time, surrounded and urged on by the spectators.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>The word *bандор* is apparently a local form of *bandurria* or *bandola*, stringed instruments of the guitar and mandolin type.—THE EDITOR.

I found myself beside her, breathing the intoxicating perfume of her body! I can not tell you what figures I danced, nor if they were the ones in general use; I can only say that I permitted myself to make the most daring passes, urged on by the spectators, who would say: 'Now, at her!' She, the graceful girl, provocative and shy, slipped through my fingers when I approached her clicking my teeth. It was a delirium!"

"Almost an act of cannibalism."

"Afterward, panting, bathed in perspiration and with a parched throat, I began to think of a flowery speech with which to declare my love. For that is how I am: impulsive."

"And she said, 'Yes?'"

"She has not yet! I led her first to the balcony, under pretext of breathing the pure air, and then . . . ah, my friend!"

"You were more eloquent than Demosthenes."

"On the contrary, I became an ass. All the beautiful phrases I had prepared vanished absolutely. I tried to speak and could not. A lump came in my throat, and I was so flurried that I was ready to let my tongue hang out like a tired dog. She looked at me with surprise, as if to say:

"'And what can be the matter with this dumb fellow?'"

"I heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed: 'What a fine night.'"

"'Yes,' she said, 'the night is beautiful and fresh.'"

"Just at that moment approached us one of those bores that make the rounds of other people's houses genially inviting everybody to have a drink, that they themselves may drink. He asked me if I had read the official addresses delivered at the opening of the railway to Quito. I do not know why I did not quarter the intruder, coming to me with his prattle of addresses at such a moment, which was what the philosophers would call 'psychological!'"

"'What have I to do with those addresses?' I replied. 'And the lady of the house is trying to find you. You had better look her up.'"

"It was a lie, of course; but the animal believed me and started off at a trot. Then, old chap, I opened my mouth, fell on my knees and told her everything with tears in my eyes."

"Is it possible?"

"Her cheeks colored, and she smiled in an ineffable manner."

"Ah, Jack,<sup>10</sup> how happy we are! If you could only see Consuelo! You can not imagine how this woman consoles me."

"She could console me too."

"You would have to pass over my dead body."

"Then I shall spare your life."

"I am going now to look for a *mimosa pudica*."<sup>11</sup>

"What kind of animal is that?"

"It is a rare flower that she has asked me for. Everything she asks of me I get for her immediately. The other day I paid ten *sucres*<sup>12</sup> for a tame *gallareta*<sup>13</sup> she wished to have. Also she has charged me to secure for her a melancholy *perico ligero*<sup>14</sup> and a *paloma cuculi*."<sup>15</sup>

"You might have a word with Noah to see whether you could not get him to supply you with an ark containing all the animals."

"Ah! but she doesn't deny me anything, either. Everything I ask of her she grants me. I have here a lock of her fair hair, a button from one of her boots and one of her garters, which I treasure as relics."

"And when is the wedding to be?"

"During the first quarter of the crescent moon. My future mother-in-law says it is not wise to marry when the moon is waning, as the moon is then losing all its power."

"I wish you great happiness."

"I shall be happy, I am sure; for this little girl promises so much that I am losing

<sup>10</sup>Thus in the original. It will be remembered that the author uses as one of his pseudonyms "Jack the Ripper."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup>Sensitive *mimosa*.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>12</sup>The *sucre* is a silver coin, the monetary unit of El Ecuador, nominally equivalent to one dollar: derived from the name of the great Venezuelan patriot and general, don Antonio José de Sucre.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>13</sup>A kind of crane.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>14</sup>A species of sloth of tropical America.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>15</sup>A kind of dove.—THE EDITOR.

my head with such affection! I must be going, however, as she is already waiting for me. On the way I shall see whether I can find her the *mimosa pudica* and the melancholy *perico ligero*. Good-by, Jack!"

"I wish you happiness!"

THIS life is a hell, my dear Jack."  
"Why, Cosme?"

"My wife has turned out to be a harpy, a hydra . . . the devil and all!"

"How is that?"

"Do you remember the angelic Consuelo about whom I ran on so much when I was her lover?"

"Yes."

"Well, the marriage has turned out to be a domestic epidemic. I was blind. I have never seen a woman fuller of the plagues of Egypt. I am cooked, friend Jack, and I come to ask your advice."

"Man, the only thing I can counsel you to do is to suck your fingers."

"Have you nothing more to say to me? See how I am on the verge of blowing out my brains! . . ."

"No, Cosme; do not blow your brains out; only think how the same thing happens to many persons in politics. Politics is to many, I repeat, what Consuelo was to you during the period of your courtship; when they think they are about to receive the reward of their loyalty and their effort, they see a change of countenance that leaves them with a disillusionment and three-quarters of a nose."

"And is there no remedy for this, my dear friend?"

"There is one; but it can not be put into practice: to pull down the world and make it over again, corrected and augmented."

## V

### POSTAL CARDS

AMONG the plagues of minor degree from which Guayaquil suffers periodically are to be mentioned mosquitos in the winter<sup>16</sup> and crickets in the summer; but, in proportion as we are becoming civilized, the plagues also are increasing, and we

now have another, which is equal to all the rest of them: that of *postal cards*.

This "minor plague" has spread among the girls of this city, and it is playing havoc with the national literature.

There has never been a more contagious hobby than that of postal cards nor one that has found in the female sex a more favorable means for its propagation and development.

Why is it—may God protect me!—that the girls have not taken up something better, such as the cultivation of flowers, which is so delicate and beautiful a pastime; why did they not make collections of canaries or perfumes or medals, et cetera; and why have they decided in favor of postal cards? How horrible!

I dreamed the other night that I was dead; and, as was natural, in view of the multitude of my sins, I was not received into heaven, and I had to go straight down to hell, where I found the devil quite nettled over the miracle of the Virgin of Winks.

"What do you wish here?" he asked.

"What I should ask for," I replied, "on entering your black mansion, and to beg of you, in the name of your grandmother, to treat me with some consideration."

"There is no consideration here," he remarked, "and all the less so when I have my nose out of joint and I have got indigestion from a hash of melted lead and cartridges of dynamite that I ate this morning."

"Please, don Satanás!"

"Prepare yourself to suffer the most tremendous punishment that human eyes have ever beheld."

"Do not make me suffer, señor Lucifer; are you perhaps going to bathe me in boiling oil!"

"Do you wish this, as a favor?"

"Most illustrious and most reverend devil! I know then what awaits me: you are going to roast me before a slow fire on the infernal grill."

"That would be too much happiness for you. Something else is in store for you!"

"Carved? Plucked to pieces with pin-cers? Ground between two hot cylinders?"

"Poof! Who is thinking about warm cloths!"

<sup>16</sup>The rainy season, the only winter experienced at sea-level in the American tropics.—THE EDITOR.

"Boiled in the caldrons of Pedro Botoero?"

"No."

"Flayed, sliced, beaten, hammered, pierced, divided, cut and ripped up like the treacherous bat?"

"No."

"Then, Doctor Evil Enemy, relieve me at once from the horrible uncertainty in which I am placed!"

The devil made a sign, and there appeared several hundred devils bringing small parcels on their backs.

"There is your torture," said his Nibs, lashing his flanks with his tail: "those parcels that my secretaries are bringing are postal cards, and your punishment is going to consist in writing on them. . . . Do you understand?"

"But, señor! . . ."

"Here there are no buts, and one does what one is ordered to do. Get busy, Jack the Ripper!"

"And? . . ."

"In prose and verse."

There was no other remedy than to resign myself; I bent my back and began to write postal cards on a barrel of pitch.

As soon as I finished one, they gave me another and another and another . . . a sea! The torture seemed horrible, and I began to utter frightful cries.

The lesser devils multiplied about me and passed me more postal cards.

When I stopped for a moment, in search of a rime, my torturers shouted all at once, and I looked with envy at the other more fortunate sinners that were being roasted on a spit.

In vain I cried out to them to give me a bath of melted lead. No one seemed inclined to pay any attention to me: what they wished was postals, and when the parcels were exhausted, the cursed devils went off and brought more.

I began to weep like a Magdalen; there was a moment in which I let out so loud a whimper that I awoke.

"Blessed be God!" I exclaimed. "What a relief! It has all been a dream; I do not have to write postal cards. Oh, ecstasy!"

I think others have had the same nightmare as I; for when they see a postal card,

their hair stands on end; and it is because postal cards rain on those that are engaged in spoiling paper as manna rained on the children of Israel.

To write one it is pleasure, I do not deny, and even two! Who does not do it! Three! In an idle moment the least gifted person writes them. Four! On a Sunday, five! ten! twenty! fifty! Ah! . . .

Why ever were postal cards invented!

Boileau said that Apollo invented the sonnet for the despair of poets. That is not so: what was invented for the despair of poets—and for those that are not poets—was the postal card!

Are you out of humor? Are you ill? Are you suffering from some sorrow? Just wait a moment.

The door-bell rings.

Who is it?

A messenger that is bringing you a postal card that you may write something on it, in the name of some beautiful and charming señorita.

What can one do! Although one has the same ability for versifying as a millstone, it is necessary to tune one's lyre and sing, although it be but a bleat.

The day will arrive, if God does not remedy things, when people will behold this scene:

"The señorita says that she has learned that the señor So-and-So is ill, and please, how is he?"

"Tell her that he has been dying since last night, and that perhaps he will not live until dawn."

"And she also asks that he be so kind as to send her this postal card for her album."

"But he is dying."

"Yes, I know; she told me that it must be in verse."

The dying man, who overhears this dialogue, thinks they are bringing him the holy oil, and he prepares to receive it with true evangelical unction: but as soon as they say it is a postal card they are sending him, he breathes a sigh and faints.

The family begins to utter heartrending cries, but amid the lamentations are heard the sharp voice of a minion, who has come to offer greetings in the name of another señorita and to deliver a postal card. . . .

"But he can not be seen," they tell him.



"Why?"

"Because he is dead."

"Ah!"

And the servant exclaims to himself: "I wonder if they wish me to carry the postal card to the cemetery."

For all the plagues, I see there has been discovered some remedy. For smallpox there is vaccine; for the bubonic plague, Yersin's serum and Haffkine's lymph; for rabies, Pasteur's liquid; and so on successively. Can there not be discovered some serum against postal cards?

## VI

### THE ORIGINAL AND THE COPY

"DO YOU know, little one," said don Simplicio to his beloved consort, "that I have a great surprise prepared for to-morrow, which is the anniversary of our marriage?"

"Truly, dove of my soul?"

"Yes, my love."

"Ah, Simplicio."

"Ah, Barbara."

"It will be twenty-five full years to-morrow since we swore eternal love at the foot of the altar."

"Do you remember?"

"You were dressed in brown, with a top-hat and a silk necktie."

"And you, my life?"

"I was in white, as was natural, with a veil of floating muslin, and I wore on my forehead the symbolic wreath of orange blossoms."

"Very beautiful."

"Do you remember that purest of all kisses we gave each other behind the door, before the arrival of the priest?"

"Those things are never forgotten, little one."

"Twenty-five years have passed, and it seems to me but yesterday."

"You were pale."

"And you were blushing like a carnation."

"How frightened I was then!"

"And why, Barbarita!"

"Because innocence is wont to be ingenuously afraid."

"Well, I was not at all afraid, I assure you."

"Of course not! Men are all alike."

"Barbarita!"

"Simplicio!"

"Do you remember when the priest took our vows?"

"Don't I? I thought I should faint when I pronounced the word 'yes!' How hard it is for a maiden to say 'yes' in the midst of so many people!"

"But, my child, if the church authorizes it!"

"Nevertheless, everything is given a malicious turn, and they confuse one with all kinds of jests."

"Ha, ha, ha!" My friends also worked a joke on me; but I was ready for them and I had turned the tables on them."

"Ah, Simplicio! What times they were!"

"Do you remember when your mother drank a glass of champagne at the last moment and gave me a hug?"

"Poor mamma!"

"The señora was a little drunk, without offense to her memory, be it said, and while she was taking off your veil, she said in my ear:

"I have also passed through these experiences, my dear Simplicio! Ah, if the dear departed—may he rest in glory—were living!"

"Silence, man; do not recall those foibles of mother's!"

"But, child, the señora was within her rights!"

"Nevertheless. . . ."

"Afterward I seated myself on that green sofa that was burned on the sixteenth of July."

"I remember."

"And then we began to sigh. I remember that I wished to say something to you, but I felt a lump in my throat that would not let me speak."

"The same thing was happening to me, Simplicio."

"I wished to please you in some way; but I have never felt so stupid in my life."

"It is because the act was very serious, my love."

"Do you remember when I leaned my head on your alabaster shoulder?"

"Enough, my son, enough, our neighbor can hear us."

"And what does it matter? She also must recall her wedding!"

"But, come now! What is the surprise that you have prepared?"

"Do you wish to see it?"

"At once."

"Here you have it, little life of mine. It is your portrait, painted in oil . . . by your dear little husband."

Don Simplicio presented the picture to his wife.

"Ah, how horrible!"

"Why, my heart?"

"Because it has the face of a sick lamb."

"But, my beauty, that is your face!"

"Is it possible, Simplicio? Do you mean to say that this fright looks like me? Where do I get a nose as flat as that and those long ears and that mouth with four corners?"

"But, creature of my soul, it is all an exact copy of the original."

"What a fool you are, Simplicio! I never thought you would do me such an ill turn! Give me the picture that I may smash it over your head."

"But, Barbara, do not be barbarous!"

"Here, piece of cork; take that for painting such frights of me!" Poom!

AND our reporter, who was witnessing the scene, exclaimed in his hood:

"Such are the wages of the journalist: when he depicts the defects of the authorities, however faithful the portrait, the originals declare themselves offended and wish to break the pictures over his head."

"Nevertheless, they are all alike, as Galileo might say."

## VII

### THE TERRIBLE BREAKFAST

A TRIFLE of four centuries ago there lived near the garden of Gethsemane a Benedictine monk that was a marvel of patience and a model of sanctity.

The patriarch Job would have been as nothing beside this admirable monk, who was named Hildebrand.

Once he was surprised and taken prisoner by Bedouin robbers while praying at the foot of an olive-tree.

By way of prologue, they stripped him of his flowing garments; then they gave him five hundred blows on the soles of his feet; next they clipped his ears; and finally they left him hanging by his hair to the highest branch of a cedar.

The poor man did not breathe a complaint during his martyrdom. On the contrary, when his torturers were leaving, he said to them humbly: "Thanks, brothers! but *that* would have been worse!" He had kissed the hand of the captain of the band a little before they suspended him.

A caravan of Armenians freed him from his torment, and the account of the occurrence was noised abroad from mouth to mouth all through Palestine and Turkey, and everywhere people wondered at the boundless patience of the holy man.

The patriarch of Constantinople, who was passing the hermitage once, stopped his camel at the entrance and had the monk called.

"Give me some water, sluggard," the patriarch said to him with offensive haughtiness, in order to test his much lauded resignation.

The monk entered his hermitage and returned with a jar of crystalline water.

The visitor quenched his thirst; then he dashed the jar against a boulder and broke it into a thousand pieces.

"Thanks, brother!" exclaimed the monk. "But *that* would have been worse!"

The patriarch, marveling at that immense and exemplary equanimity, was minded to carry the test further, so he cuffed him roundly, calling him a dog of a Jew.

Hildebrand remained unmoved, and as soon as the pain let him speak, he exclaimed, full of tenderness:

"Thanks, brother! but *that* would have been worse!"

When the patriarch made a move to withdraw, the hermit ran at once to kiss his hand.

The patriarch, stirred by that noble manifestation of tried goodness, threw himself into the arms of the monk and begged his pardon.

"Then, as he was departing, he asked him in the most tender and effusive manner:

"In short, tell me, father, what do you do to enable you to have so much patience? Is it a providential gift or is it the effort of an admirable will?"

"Did you not hear me say: 'But *that* would have been worse?'" said the monk.

"In truth! What do you mean by 'that?'"

"'That' is a toad that I eat on an empty stomach every morning."

"A toad?"

"Yes."

"What a barbarity! And why do you eat it?"

"In order to endure with patience the weaknesses of our neighbors and in general all the vicissitudes of life."

"Humph! And is it not repugnant to you, father?"

"That is the point, señor; such is the horror I experience in breakfasting on that animal, so ugly, so watery and purulent, that I seem to be about to throw up my insides when I taste it."

"Humph! But this is frightfully repulsive."

"Exactly; it is monstrous, but when I swallow the abominable mess, there are no further pains or discomforts for me in life. Everything that can occur to me during the day is as nothing compared with the frightful breakfast; and this is the reason why I have so much patience, and I think, always, in my worse sufferings that *that*, the toad, is worse."

The patriarch opened his mouth wide and departed, without knowing which to admire most, the patience or the stomach of the original hermit.

WELL then; here ends the tradition, translated literally from the Hebrew text, and it only remains for me to add that it would not be bad to imitate the monk.

There are so many things to disturb one's patience that the frightful breakfast of the monk Hildebrand is becoming necessary in order to make one's self proof against the ills of this wretched life.

At present we are besieged by the bubonic plague in the south; famine is announced in the interior; poverty prevails throughout the country; the saber flashes; taxes are increasing; creditors are multi-

plying; the railway is eating us alive. . . . What of it!

We are going to run out of patience, and our only recourse is to appeal to the heroic remedy of the monk Hildebrand: to gulp down the batrachian and face all the calamities, especially those of us that can not boast of official favor and are outside of the budget.

## VIII

### HAWK LARD

EVERYBODY knows that cock-fights are more popular in South America than bull-fights are in Spain.

At least here, in El Ecuador, there is no popular festivity that is not solemnized by a cock-fight.

There are devotees that care more for their game-cocks than they do for their sons. They carry them around constantly in their arms, as mothers do their children, and if they do not nurse them at their breasts, it is because the fowls object; but this is the only respect in which they fall short.

They say that to a mother there is no such thing as an ugly child; to the cock-fighter there is no such thing as an ugly cock, either.

I have seen horrible cocks and even indecent ones, if you will, from having lost their feathers in battle: I have seen them with their heads bare, red, bloody and congested; with their feet swollen, their tails purple, their eyes violet-colored, their crests torn and their bills dripping with viscous humors. . . . I say no more, out of respect for the poor reader that peruses these lines; but let the imagination supply the inadequacy of my words.

"What is this creature good for?" I have asked myself many times in the presence of one of these specimens. However, before I have answered myself, I have seen the cock-fighter come with paternal solicitude, take up the shapeless fowl, press him tenderly against his breast, staying his blood, drinking his tears and rubbing his swollen members with rum.

"Oh, my God!" I have had to exclaim, "it would have been better if they had never been born!"

On a certain occasion there appeared in the pit of Guayaquil—that famous one that used to be in the Calle de la Gallera, before the fire of 1896—a fellow addicted to cock-fighting. He brought in several cocks; bad cocks, however, in the opinion of the initiated, cocks without tumors or scars or mucosities. . . .

All had feathers—something inadmissible in fighting-cocks—and they had combs—which is a barbarism among the classics—and they spread their wings to the pullets, which is a practice absolutely outlawed in the art of fighting. Assuredly that man was some unfortunate that had heard the cocks crow without knowing where.

He turned them loose in the pit, made heavy bets with the best cock-fighters of Ciudad Vieja and of the Astillero and he gave the experts on the subject much to laugh over and much to think about.

"He is crazy!" said some. "He is drunk!" said others. However, the fellow was neither crazy nor drunk. He knew what he was doing.

The upshot of it was that when the best of the cocks of the others entered the fight with the worst of his, the fine cock turned tail and was off like an arrow.

They were brought together again; alcohol was blown on the cock that had fled; a pepper plaster was placed at the root of his tail to stir him up a little; but all to no effect!

The fowl set off as if the very devil were after him when his opponent approached.

The owner of the defeated cock was beside himself. His cock had never run away. How was it that he made off in such a cowardly manner in the presence of so uncouth an adversary! All the cock-fighters were astounded.

The judge of the cocks had to put on his spectacles, because the case was very complicated and threatened to keep him awake for a long time.

Once more they brought the cocks face to face; that is, bill to bill.

The worthless cock remained in his own territory, ready to accept the combat; but the good one, the so-called "dry red pepper," the "five hundred *sucre* beauty,"

as his owner called him, took to his heels at the first onslaught, clucking like a hen.

Nobody could explain the phenomenon: a fine cock put to flight by an adversary of the "twelve *reales* kind." What the devil could be the matter?

There was, however, a cock-fighter, who, not being able to be present at the colosseum, because his wife was very ill, passed by in quest of the holy oil for his wife, but on the way he was told of what was taking place, and he did not wish to miss the spectacle. "I have just got to see this," he said; "first the cock, which is the important thing! . . ."

All the doctors of the chu . . . I mean of the cock-pit . . . were in debate, when up spoke a youngster, the son of the owner of the ordinary cock, which he, for the chastisement of his sins, had with him, and he said:

"I know why the fine cock runs away!"

"Why?" they all asked.

"Because my father's cock has hawk lard under his wings."

"Cursed boy!" He is still tingling from the tip of the toe applied to him by the author of his being.

The explanation was clear enough to everybody.

Since the hawk is the terror of barnyard fowls, as all the world knows, it had occurred to that fellow to extract the lard of one of those birds of prey and to anoint the wings of his nondescript cocks with it. When the others approached them, however brave they were, and smelled the hawk lard, they got out of the way, fearing the presence and attack of their terrible enemy. This was why the fine cock fled from the smell of his rival.

Then the judge, blazing with anger, said: "Henceforth every cock that appears in the pit shall have his wings smelled first of all."

Thus it was arranged.

WHEN you, dear readers, see those cocks that challenge everybody in the political arena and observe that no one dares to approach them, do not believe that it is because they are cocks of real merit. . . . It is because they have

hawk lard, or political pull, under their wings.

You understand me, do you not?

## IX

### THE GREASED PIG

I DO not know whether people, in any other civilized country besides ours, know what a greased pig is.

If, by chance, they do not know, as is natural, I offer a brief explanation, in order that all may understand the subject of which I am about to treat.

In the popular festivities of my country, it is our custom to indulge in many cruelties, and the barbarity of the greased pig has a place among them.

An animal of this species is caught, his hair is carefully scraped off, or rather, he is shaved with a razor, until the unhappy creature stands in his bare skin. Of course this is only done in honor of some saint, the patron of the town or village, as an act of worship and for the greater solemnity of the occasion. Hence it is not unusual to see, in the invitations issued to the faithful by the syndics of certain guilds, a note conceived in the following terms:

*Note.*—There will be fireworks, horse-races, and bag races, cock-fights, the decapitation of fowls, and greased pigs.

This is the same as saying to the devotees that if they do not come out of devotion, they will at least do so for the diversion, and in this way pilgrimages are organized.

I appeal to Saint Peter and Saint Paul, who will see to it that I do not prevaricate.

I return to my pig, however.

When the poor hog is well shaved in such a manner that not a single hair will be left visible, along comes the executioner, or the one that answers the same purpose, and anoints him with melted tallow from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail.

When the operation is concluded, it may now be justly said that the pig is greased.

In this deplorable condition he is taken to a lot, where a wild crowd awaits him.

He is then given three good smacks, to inform the crowd, and to the last blow is added a kick, administered to the pig to give him a start in the arena.

The crowd roars with delight and off it

scrambles after the pig to the cry of: "He that can hold him gets him!"

If it is difficult to catch one of these animals in his natural state, the reader can well imagine how much more so it is when the pig is shaved and greased.

This then is the reason of the outcry of the multitude. All wish to catch him and squeeze him to death, but the pig slips, thanks to the tallow, between the fingers of his pursuers, and no one is able to get a grip on him.

With the smooth slippery skin and the quickened instinct for self-preservation, the poor victim runs round and round the lot and he always gets away when a powerful hand falls on him.

I fancy that in these terrible moments the pig must be saying to himself:

"Blessed be tallow!"

The gazing public is being diverted in the meanwhile, and it delights in the thumps received by the pig . . . and also in the defeats suffered by the enemy.

The pig, frightened almost out of his wits, and the crowd, panting, the spectacle is prolonged for many hours, with an uncertain result, until at length the multitude makes the capture or the victim escapes.

The battle is cowardly, of course—all against one and one against all—but so are many struggles in life.

If the pig wins, the spectators applaud the pig, and if the crowd wins, they applaud the crowd. This is the way with the public.

I AM a humble journalist, as you see. I have heard much talk about the liberty of the press, although I do not have the honor to be acquainted with any such liberty; consequently I do not trust it. If I ever incur the anger of the government, and if official pursuit is set on me, what I shall do is to *grease myself*—without being offended by the comparison—and try to keep them from catching me.

I advise all my colleagues to do the same.

## X

### HOW TO UNMARRY

YES, sir; it was an exceptional town, called Quichendona, which had the worst possible reputation, owing to the

perverse character of its inhabitants. No one could live in peace there, for strife was the normal state of its quarrelsome residents. There was not so much as one happily married couple, even during the period of the honeymoon, which is usually serene. As soon as couples were married, they started a devil of a row, and on the following day the bride appeared with a black eye, and the groom with his face turned into a map by the work and grace of the better half's nails.

"What a misfortune!" exclaimed the *cura*,<sup>8</sup> deeply grieved. "There is not a woman here that is satisfied with her husband, or a husband that can get along with his wife."

"Yes," rejoined the *alcalde*; "it is a perpetual cat and dog fight."

"But who are to blame: the women or the men?"

"The women, señor *cura*; there can be no doubt."

"Easy there," cut in the housekeeper of the *cura*; "the poor women are not to blame; the men are the rascals."

"Hold your tongue, doña Lechuza,<sup>9</sup> for you are in the presence of the chief authority," said the *alcalde*.

"And why do you call me 'Lechuza,' blockhead?"

"Now you see, señor *cura*! These women are the very devil! She has qualified me as a blockhead, the brazen. . . ."

"Go to . . . blacking shoes!"

"Don't push me to extremes, doña Lechuza!"

"Moderation," exclaimed the *cura*, interposing; "the peace of the Lord be upon you: *pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*."

"Amen," said the housekeeper, withdrawing.

"I know not what to do," added the *cura*, turning to the *alcalde*; "I have more than forty complaints of wives that have no mind to live with their husbands."

"And I," said the *alcalde*, "am unable to check the disorderliness that is occurring in every family."

"This is a hell!"

"Preach to them, señor *cura*, and see

whether they will not calm down a bit; speak to them of Saint Joseph, who was the most complaisant of husbands and did not become jealous of the Holy Spirit; tell them of Saint Monica, who let herself be sacrificed by her own husband; set before them the example of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Saint Joachim and Saint Anna."

"No, señor *alcalde*; those are things of the past. I am going to do something quite different."

"What?"

"I am going to unmarry the ill mated couples."

"To unmarry?"

"Exactly. Beginning with to-morrow, I shall unmarry all those that desire to sever the marriage ties."

"But how are you going to do that, if marriage by the church is indissoluble?"

"Of course it is indissoluble."

"Then what are you thinking of doing?"

"Of unmarrying every one that is tired of conjugal life."

"I do not understand."

"Well, you will see!"

The *alcalde* left the house of the *cura* in perplexity, saying to himself: "Either the doctor has gone crazy, or I am a blockhead, as doña Lechuza called me."

At high mass on the following morning, which was that of a feast day, the *cura* made a talk to his parishioners, in which he announced that he had just received a bull from his holiness the pope that authorized him to unmarry husbands and wives that might not be satisfied with their situation and that desired to return to a state of single blessedness.

The congregation was astounded to hear these words.

"This very especial grace," added the *cura*, "was granted by the council of Trent, provided it be accorded to prevent some injury to society—*ad evitanda escandala*, as the fathers of the church would say—but it has been kept secret until the present hour, because of not being absolutely necessary, as it is in this unhappy village, where not a couple lives as God ordains."

Some of the married women breathed deep sighs, and not a few of the husbands twisted their mustaches fiercely to disguise their emotion.

<sup>8</sup>Parish priest.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>Madame Owl.—THE EDITOR.

"So therefore," continued the *cura*. "those that wish to unmarry will have the goodness to repair to the church, to-day at two in the afternoon, to proceed with the act according to the ceremonial prescribed by the council of Trent. In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

The congregation left the church before the conclusion of the mass, because the women were dying to discuss the affair; and in the very court of the sanctuary they let their tongues wag until they produced a perfect Babel.

The men, standing on the corners, were shaking with laughter.

"Are you going to get unmarried?" the women asked one another in confidence.

"Yes;" they all replied; "we have got to unmarry; matrimony is a slavery; and then we must prove to our husbands that we are in no way dependent on them."

"It is settled therefore; we are going to unmarry! Thus we shall be free of their impertinences, their jealousies and other things."

"I therefore," exclaimed a confirmed old maid, "have led a great life, by keeping clear of marriage, in spite of the good offers I have had."

"That is a lie," whispered a recently married young woman in the ear of another; "the fright hasn't been able to get a husband because of that mustache of hers and her bundle of bones she carries about. Nobody has cared to run afoul of her acute angles."

At two in the afternoon the church was crowded with people. More than two hundred couples were going to unmarry.

The *cura* advanced, clad in an ample choir cape and carrying in one hand the ritual and in the other the hyssop for the holy water.

The first pair was called. There was a moment of hesitation, followed by symptoms of repentance on the part of each, and a desire for reconciliation; but, in order not to furnish sport for laughter, they gathered courage and knelt at the chancel, as the *cura* had provided.

The priest read a long chapter in Latin, which no one understood; moistened the hyssop in the little basin that the sacristan

presented to him; and, when he had sprinkled the holy water on the husband and wife that were about to cease to be such, he brought down a furious blow on the husband's head with the ponderous hyssop of silver.

The unfortunate rubbed his smarting head and disguised his displeasure as well as he could, believing the blow to have been an accident. Then the *cura* again wet the hyssop, and this time he brought it down on the woman's head, causing her to utter a startling scream.

The spectators were choking with laughter.

The *cura*, undisturbed, wet the hyssop again, and applied it forthwith to the heads of the two that were about to be separated.

"But what is this?" exclaimed the husband. "You are going to break our heads. Is this a part of the ceremony, señor *cura*?"

"Precisely."

"Does it last long?"

"It will last until the head of one of you shall be broken; and the one that still lives will at the same time be unmarried—a widow or a widower—which is the same thing."

"Is that the way it is done?"

"My children, it could not be otherwise. Only by virtue of hyssop blows can a marriage be dissolved."

The couples that heard this explanation trooped out of the church; and from that time on they never spoke again of unmarrying, and they calmed down so much in the future that the *cura*, in his conversation with the *alcalde*, did not cease to praise the efficacy of the hyssop.

Apply this remedy to quarrels between the church and the state, which are similar to those of the couples that ply the cudgel. It would be well for them to be separated, I doubt not; but also a blow with a hyssop, delivered in season, is wont to alter a situation radically, as the *cura* of Quiquendona demonstrated.

## XI

### THE ODYSSEY OF AN ALDERMAN

I AM a close friend of a member of the municipal council, and, as a man, I love him like a brother, but I look at him

askance as an alderman. I can do nothing with him.

I belong, unfortunately, to the very numerous class that is entirely disregarded by the *ayuntamiento*, and I am justly resentful, both in behalf of the community and of myself.

In order that justice may prevail, as it ought to, I have decided to punish my good friend for all the crimes of the very illustrious corporation. Somebody must pay the fiddler, and I have fixed on him because he is of a peaceful disposition, and I can thus exercise justice with impunity. When I meet him on the street, I hasten toward him with a smiling countenance and I give him two or three good slaps in his lumbar regions. The poor fellow loses his breath, but he really thinks that I do it out of affection.

It is not the case, however. The truth is that I also suffer when I pound him thus, because of my great affection for him; but it is necessary, however much it grieve me, to punish the municipality, even if only in the person of a specimen of the species. Of the wolf, a hair.<sup>10</sup>

At times he tries to rebel, as I hurt him not a little; but I put on so amiable a face that I at once disarm him, and he ends by inquiring about my health, as if a member of the municipal council of this *cantón* has the right to ask as to the health of residents, when there is no one here that enjoys any such thing, owing to the municipality's negligence.

I—not to aggravate him directly—tell him that I am well; but I try at the same time to step on one of his corns, thus to wreak as far as possible the vengeance of the public.

The other day I found him in the Parque Bolívar; and, after punishing him according to custom, I invited him to honor my home with his presence.

He declined very courteously, saying that he had to attend a session of the council.

"What does it matter?" I replied; "suppose the required quorum should be lacking on account of your absence, this

happens every day; and, besides, it would be no great loss."

He again excused himself, doubtless suspecting what I was preparing for him; but I resorted to a method, more infallible than the pope; and, showing the whites of my eyes and drawing down the corners of my mouth, I said:

"You are right; the rich ought not to go to the homes of the poor. It would be too great a favor. . . ."

The effect was instantaneous. He thought I was wounded by my humble position and he decided to go in order not to awaken my resentment.

"Is your house very far?" he asked me cunningly.

"No;" I said to him "a short distance, just a little jaunt."

The innocent fellow swallowed it. . . . It was just a little jaunt of two kilometers. "Let us be going then."

I gave him a cigarette to infuse confidence, and we set out: he, very merry; and I, with the severity of the cat that has the mouse between its claws.

From the Avenida Olmedo onward, his countenance became overcast. The streets were almost impassable; there abounded vast, navigable lagoons: mud puddles that would have been the happy resort of pigs; and every kind of miasma.

He took it all in with bulging eyes; and I, walking at his side, made insinuations in good taste.

"These streets are horrible," he said.

"Oh, but it is because of the rain, my son. In summer they are better."<sup>11</sup>

"And why do you live so far away?"

"Because my house is remote."

"But you told me it was around the corner!"

"Because there are so many corners."

By this time we had reached a marsh. There was a plank on which to cross, but it was a treacherous plank. I was already only too well acquainted with it, and it knew me. How many times I had passed over it! The first and the second time I did not know where its center of gravity was, and it treated me to a mud bath, be-

<sup>10</sup>A Spanish proverb, the meaning of which is that we take from the mighty or the mean just what we can get.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>11</sup>In Guayaquil, the "winter" is simply the season of rains, and the "summer" is merely the dry season.—THE EDITOR.



cause I had innocently caused it to lose its equilibrium. Afterward I studied its weak side, and then it could do nothing to me. Then it continued to behave well toward me, like a fierce dog that will not bite acquaintances.

My poor councilman went in front, ignorant of the risks of the plank; and I followed, mute as a statue, that he might fall into the trap.

When the psychological moment arrived, I began to be sorry and I was about to warn him, but the devil pulled my ear in a friendly way and said to me:

"Leave him alone!" And I did.

*¡Cataplum!* He stepped on nothing . . . and what I had foreseen happened.

With his face dripping with perspiration and his hair glued to his forehead, this good friend turned toward me an anguished face and said to me:

"I can go no further!"

"Forward," I exclaimed in an imperative voice, and he advanced, or, rather, I took the lead, under pretext of showing him the way, and we began to make our way across the lagoon on a row of sparse and slippery stones.

It was enough to make one die of laughter to see him jump from stone to stone, with his face paler than death. He leaned on

his umbrella as heavily as the article would stand. Thus was formed a tripod that looked like the support of a round table.

At the most dangerous spot of the journey I detained him on a flat stone, to demonstrate that I was a consummate Stylites, and I began to preach him a sermon on the duties of the municipality.

"O councilman," I said to him, "you ought to save this neighborhood, whose unhappy history I am going to relate to you, from the creation of the world down to our days. Hear me, renowned councilman, and you will understand that. . . ."

"I am going to fall into this pestilential hole; my legs are already trembling."

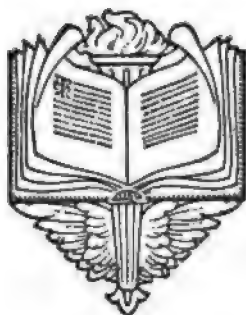
"No, my friend; learn the law of statics, and you will not fall."

"But my legs are giving way."

"Remember the Vicomte de Folle Aveine, when he passed over the pilasters of the bridge of Cocarnau."

He would listen to nothing more; he made off the best he could in retreat and disappeared, with his hair on end and his fists clenched, to return to the center of the city. The representative of the council was deserting me, leaving the thread of my discourse suspended in the air.

Then I addressed the frogs of the neighboring pond, and I preached them a long and eloquent sermon on public health.



# THE INSTITUTO PEDAGÓGICO OF CHILE

BY

FELIPE ANGUITA

A description of one of the most comprehensive and thorough schools of education of America, an institution that has played an important part, not only in training Chilean professors and teachers, but also those of many of the other American countries.—THE EDITOR.

WE WENT to pass our last vacation in the charming country beyond the cordillera, and at the same time that we carried to our comrades of Chile the greetings of the students of our institute we sought to inform ourselves regarding the organization and progress of the Instituto Pedagógico, in general similar to ours.

As the time was inauspicious—the educational establishments were closed for the vacation—we could not observe the functioning of the Instituto Pedagógico. We were able, however, to obtain certain data from our companions and the professors, who accompanied and attended us with the greatest deference during our visit. What we are about to publish is the result of questions we asked of our transcordilleran friends and of information we obtained from the *Memorias* of the ministry of public instruction.<sup>1</sup>

THE Instituto Pedagógico of the Universidad de Chile, founded in 1889, occupies a spacious building, half a square deep and half a square wide, on the corner of the Alameda de las Delicias and San Miguel. Facing the Alameda, it is three stories high, and it is one story high in the rear.

The front of the building is occupied by the laboratories of biology, physics and

chemistry, where practical work is carried on; in the center are the ample halls of the classes in Latin, French, English, German, Spanish, mathematics, a good library, the salon of the professors and the offices.

In the building at the rear, which adjoins the Liceo de Aplicación [school of practice or "model school"], are the sections of history and geography, the manual training hall, the library of books in English, et cetera.

Although the Instituto Pedagógico occupies ample quarters, they are too small for the increasing number of students in attendance. The enrollment during recent years was as follows:

YEAR	MEN	WOMEN	TOTAL
1913 . . . . .	155	161	316
1915 . . . . .	271	251	522
1917 . . . . .	267	316	583
1919 . . . . .	379	482	861

In spite of the great number enrolled, the graduates have been few, as the following figures show:

	1917	1918	1919
In Spanish . . . . .	13	16	27
In French . . . . .	4	5	10
In English . . . . .	4	4	10
In German . . . . .	1	1	4
In mathematics and physics . . . . .	8	6	5
In biological sciences and chemistry . . . . .	6	13	6
In history and geography . . . . .	3	18	9
TOTALS . . . . .	39	63	71

It may be remarked that more than half of these graduates were women.

Down to 1919 the Instituto Pedagógico had trained six hundred and fifteen profes-

<sup>1</sup>As the author seems not to have had an opportunity to inform himself thoroughly regarding the Instituto Pedagógico and, consequently, has omitted important details and fallen into not a few errors, we have taken the liberty of amending his article in several respects.—THE EDITOR.

sors of secondary instruction, called there "professors of the state," which is an average of more than twenty graduates a year.

The mean annual cost for each student is about three hundred Chilean *pesos*.<sup>2</sup>

To enter the Instituto Pedagógico it is necessary to be a "bachelor in humanities," although normal-school teachers are admitted without any restrictions, but, instead of receiving the title of "professor of the state," they are given certificates of competency; or, if they wish the university to grant them diplomas as "professors of the state," they must pass examinations in "humanities" in order to obtain the degree of bachelor.

The management of the establishment is intrusted to a director, appointed by the minister of public instruction from a group of three professors proposed by the Consejo de Instrucción Pública.

Professorships are filled thus: the Consejo de Instrucción Pública presents three candidates, and the minister appoints one of them.

The institute consists of the following sections: sciences (biological sciences and chemistry); mathematics (mathematics and physics); history (history and geography); Spanish, French, English and German. The studies of specialization cover three years in the different sections, except in those of mathematics and sciences. The total duration of the studies is four years.

In general, the subjects and plans of studies are similar to those of our institute. In the course in mathematics, which is taken conjointly with physics, the plan lacks the important subjects of projective and descriptive geometry, although in the fourth year they study differential equations, which we do not study, for lack of time.

The class hours are from eight until twelve and from fourteen until sixteen.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup>The Chilean *peso* is worth to-day about ten cents; in 1916 it was worth about twenty cents, and between that year and 1889, the year of the founding of the Instituto Pedagógico, its value varied from twenty cents upward to "eighteen pence."—THE EDITOR.

<sup>3</sup>The author, of course, writes from the Argentine point of view, fourteen and sixteen being two and four in the afternoon. The people are still somewhat mystified by the method, introduced some years ago

The subjects that we group under the name of "general courses," in Argentina, are somewhat different in the Instituto Pedagógico of Chile, as they are not only augmented by the inclusion of "civic instruction," but they are also much more intensive than they are as pursued by us. In the second year are studied psychology and logic (three hours a week); in the third year, the history of pedagogy (two hours), psychology and philosophy (three hours); and in the fourth year, history and philosophy (three hours), pedagogy (two hours) and civic instruction (two hours).

To the study of pedagogy and the auxiliary sciences, especially psychology, is imparted an experimental character. For the purpose, there is a laboratory of experimental psychology, founded in 1908. The studies carried on in this laboratory are of three kinds:

1. The physical development of children, sensibility in its different manifestations, memory, attention, interest, weariness induced by school work, et cetera. The data noted are to serve as a basis for the making up of programs and methods of education rigidly adapted to the normal progress of students.

2. A second group of investigations has as its object the determination of the individual differences that exist between students of the same age, in order that the teacher may thus be in a position to adapt his methods to the individuality of each student.

3. In the third place, experimental investigations are made as to the efficacy of the different methods of learning, especially as to the influence exerted by the activities of the students themselves on the retention of subjects in the mind.

The students of the third and fourth years must engage in two experimental studies a year and must present the respective outlines, in writing, regarding them.

In the different courses and subjects, monographs are compulsory.

The students of the third year must

by the government, of making a day consist of one period of twenty-four hours, instead of two periods of twelve hours each, with the cumbersome ante-meridian and postmeridian of tradition.—THE EDITOR.

attend, as observers, at least forty-two sessions of classes in the Liceo de Aplicación and they must make a résumé of the points covered in each class and note the criticisms suggested to them by it, in order to deliver them to the professor of pedagogy at the end of the year.

In the general courses there are two examinations: one conducted at the end of the first half, and the other at the close of the school year.

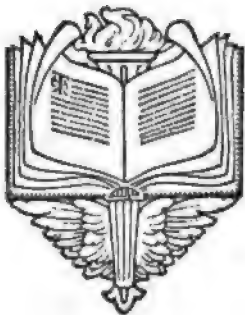
When they have passed their examinations in all the subjects, the fourth year students must prepare an original thesis regarding some point of their studies in which they are specializing: a requirement which, being fulfilled, enables the student to obtain from the university the title of "professor of the state."

In the classification of the examinations, which are held by a committee of three professors, one of whom shall be the professor of the branch in which the examination is held, a curious procedure is followed, one that is also employed in the primary schools, in the *liceos* and in the faculty of law.

The result of each examination is announced by three balls—red, white or black—placed in a box, one by each professor. Preparatory to the examination each

professor is supplied with a red ball, a white ball and a black ball. Each professor's estimate of the result is indicated by the color of the ball he places in the box. If the student finds three black balls in the box presented to him after the professors have expressed their opinion by the use of the balls, he knows that he has failed to pass; if he finds two black balls and a white ball, he learns that his examination has not been wholly bad, but also that he has failed to pass; if he finds two white balls and one black ball, he may consider his examination "fair," and he knows that he has passed; three white balls tell him that his examination has been good; two white balls and a red ball, that it has been good with one vote of distinction; one white ball and two red balls inform him that he is entitled to distinction; and three red balls, that he has excelled in his examination.

This method of announcing the result of examinations was formerly used in the Instituto Pedagógico, but it has been replaced by one in which the three red balls are represented by *D's* (*distinguido*, "distinguished"); the three white balls, by *A's* (*aprobado*, "approved"); and the black balls by *R's* (*reprobado*, "rejected").



# INTERAMERICAN COÖPERATION

BY

COSME DE LA TORRIENTE

A plea for coöperation between the United States and Cuba based on a complete understanding and on just and fair dealings: presented in a temperate, respectful and intelligent manner that will be more effective than volumes of hostile hyperbole, exaggeration and diatribe.—THE EDITOR.

**I**NTERNATIONAL coöperation is the subject of the admirable address of our eminent secretary of state, Colonel Carlos Manuel de Céspedes y Quesada, to which we have just listened. Doctor Céspedes has told us how Cuba is contributing to it and he has said "that international coöperation is the expression of the good will that exists between two or more nations for the solution of problems of common interest." He then added:

International coöperation, as I understand it, can be effective, in all its beneficent amplitude, only between equal entities. The principle of the equality of nations is its essential foundation, and their equality is based, in turn, on mutual respect, however different may be the military strength or the territorial or economic importance of the nations that join in undertakings of international coöperation.

These words have led me to believe that, in the study of coöperation between nations, no more interesting theme can be discovered than that of relations between the republic of Cuba and the United States of America; and this is a subject to which, now and always, our association—not called the Sociedad Cubana de Derecho Internacional in vain—ought to devote its efforts!

## CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES

**T**HERE will never be any effective coöperation between Cuba and other nations, if coöperation between our nation and the one that ought to be, in response to the impulses of our hearts and our convictions, our best friend, is interrupted or rendered difficult.

The relations between Cuba and the United States of America—for which provision was made by the permanent treaty, signed May 22, 1903, and among the articles of which were copied literally the first

seven articles of the appendix that the constituent convention added to the constitution, and in which was reproduced in turn the text of the so-called Platt amendment, the acceptance of which was imposed by the military governor of Cuba in the name of the United States, as a prerequisite to the evacuation of our territory and the recognition of our independence—caused many persons to think, during the first days of the establishment of the Cuban republic, that our international life would be very distressing and that these particular relations accepted by the constituent congress would occasion many difficulties in the international existence of the new nation.

Happily the good will and the nobility of the most of the American statesmen and the great sympathy of the American people for the Cuban people, as well as the ability and intelligence of the majority of our rulers and diplomats and the sincere regard for and gratitude toward the nation which, in very difficult days, gave of the blood of her sons and poured out her treasures to aid in freeing us from our former mother-country, have been able, throughout the years, to prevent or to settle difficulties between the two nations and have aided, year after year, the republic of Cuba to impart solidity to her freedom, her independence and her sovereignty. Thus she has been able to take part, with more and more efficiency, in the life of international relations by coöperating with other sovereign states in everything that has been asked of us or to which we have deemed it expedient to lend our assistance

## CUBA AND THE INTERNATIONAL LIFE

**T**HE second Hague conference, in which we were represented by Bustamante, Sanguily and Quesada; the Pan American conferences, in which González Lanuza,

Montoro, Quesada, Gonzalo Pérez, García Velez and Carbonell took part; the peace conference in Paris that produced the treaty of Versailles, in which Bustamante participated; the later conferences, in which we were represented by Arístedes de Agüero, Armenteros and Carrera Jústiz; the three assemblies of the league of nations, in the last two of which I participated as the chairman of the Cuban delegation, and in the second of which we obtained the highest honor achieved by Cuba in international life—the election of Doctor Bustamante as a member of the Permanent International Court of Justice, the only Hispanic-American thus honored—and the consideration and applause, of which, because of their labors in the third assembly, the Cuban delegates have been the object; and the Present Pan American conference in Santiago, Chile, where our representatives are placing the name of Cuba in a very high position, demonstrate quite clearly that the Cuban people are perfectly capable of international coöperation, as befits them, in view of the historical prestige which, during fifty years of constant strife to obtain their independence, they achieved in the face of the largest armies that ever crossed the Atlantic to impose or to maintain in the free lands of America the sovereignty of a great European power. In behalf of that freedom died hundreds of thousands of the best sons of the two races that populate our land: races fused in the hero of heroes, the brave among the brave, Lieutenant-General Antonio Maceo, pierced by bullets at the gates of Habana, on the battle-field of Punta Brava, when the sun of independence was already appearing on the horizon.

It has been possible for Cuba to coöperate internationally on the occasions to which I have referred and on many others that hardly need to be mentioned. For instance, she has been recognized on the board of governors of the Pan American Union, of which our present secretary of state was a member during his years as our envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Washington. Not for even a single moment has our nation ceased to esteem herself or to be esteemed an entity equal internationally to the other powers

with which she has had to do. Without this feeling, there would not have existed that mutual respect which takes no account of largeness or smallness, wealth or poverty, or any other condition save that of juridical equality: that equality without which there could never be any coöperation between stronger and weaker nations.

#### THE CONSTITUENT CONVENTION

WHEN the delegates of the people of Cuba, assembled in a constituent convention to draft and adopt the fundamental law of their organization as an independent and sovereign state and to establish a government capable of fulfilling international obligations, maintaining order, assuring liberty and justice and providing for the general welfare, agreed on and adopted, February 21, 1901—while invoking the favor of God—the constitution that now governs us, in a hundred and fifteen clauses and seven temporary provisions, and determined the measures necessary to enable Cuba to take her place among the nations of the earth in view of the recognition they had given her; and when the constituent members considered the method of making provision for, and of coming to an agreement with the government of the United States of America in those days in regard to, the relations that should exist between it and that of Cuba—for which the convention had also been called—the congress of the United States adopted on March 2, 1901, as an amendment to the budget law of her army, a resolution that seriously affected us.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE PLATT AMENDMENT

THIS amendment was proposed by the senator from Connecticut, Orville H. Platt, the chairman of the committee on Cuban relations; and it conferred international celebrity on him by uniting his name for ever with our history.

After more than twenty years from the time in which it was written, many persons are still striving, both in the United States and in Cuba, to interpret the Platt amendment in a sense contrary to that of its author and to that of the American secretary of war at the time, the great internationalist Elihu Root.

The amendment has been attributed to Mr. Root; and it is evident that Mr. Platt consulted him, as may be deduced from a private letter of the latter's of January 1, 1904, in which he said, referring to the amendment:

The original draft was my own. It was changed from time to time somewhat in language, but not in spirit, in consultations both with the republicans of the committee, President McKinley and Secretary Root. A final consultation between myself and Senator Spooner put the document in its complete form.<sup>1</sup>

Order number 301 of the general staff of the division of Cuba, dated June 25, 1900 arranged for the convocation of a constituent assembly. It began thus:

Whereas the congress of the United States by its joint resolution of April 20, 1898, declared:

"That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent;

"That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."<sup>2</sup>

As may be seen, the constituent convention was called precisely to ratify the famous joint resolution, which determined, in its first and fourth paragraphs, what was mentioned in order number 301; in the second paragraph, demanded that Spain withdraw from Cuba; and, in the third, instructed the president of the United States to utilize all the military and naval forces under his command to carry out these resolutions.

#### TEXT OF THE AMENDMENT

ON MARCH 7, 1901, in a communication of the military governor's, dated the second of that month, information was given to the constituent convention regarding the Platt amendment. This amendment ran:

<sup>1</sup>A letter to Charles Hopkins Clark, January 1, 1904, in *An Old-Fashioned Senator: Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut*, New York and London, 1910, page 344.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>2</sup>*Senate Documents*, fifty-eighth congress, second session, document 312: "The Establishment of Free Government in Cuba," pages 7 and 8.—THE EDITOR.

That in fulfilment of the declaration contained in the joint resolution approved April twentieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, entitled "For the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the president of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect," the president is hereby authorized to "leave the government and control of the island of Cuba to its people" so soon as a government shall have been established in said island under a constitution which, either as a part thereof or in an ordinance appended thereto, shall define the future relations of the United States with Cuba, substantially as follows:

I. That the government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island.

II. That said government shall not assume or contract any public debt, to pay the interest upon which, and to make reasonable sinking fund provision for the ultimate discharge of which, the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate.

III. That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the government of Cuba.

V. That the government of Cuba will execute, and, as far as necessary, extend, the plans already devised, or other plans to be mutually agreed upon, for the sanitation of the cities of the island, to the end that a recurrence of epidemic and infectious diseases may be prevented, thereby assuring protection to the people and commerce of Cuba, as well as the commerce of the southern ports of the United States and the people residing therein.

VI. That the Isle of Pines shall be omitted from the proposed constitutional boundaries of Cuba, the title thereto being left to future adjustment by treaty.

VII. That to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, and to protect the people thereof, as well as for its own defense, the government of Cuba will sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling or naval stations at certain specified points, to be agreed upon with the president of the United States.

VIII. That by way of further assurance the government of Cuba will embody the foregoing provision in a permanent treaty with the United States.<sup>3</sup>

#### PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S DEFINITION

TO A majority of the delegates to the constituent convention it seemed wholly impossible to accept the precepts of the amendment of the senator from Connecticut, and especially the third, sixth and seventh clauses. Doubtless to tranquillize the patriotism of those Cubans, the military governor, Leonard Wood, addressed a new communication to the president of the convention, Doctor Domingo Méndez Capote, on April 3, in which he said to him,

Inasmuch as many doubts have arisen among the members of the convention regarding the intervention referred to in the third paragraph of the Platt amendment,<sup>4</sup>

and in order that the delegates might be informed as to the opinion of the president of the United States, he transmitted to them the cable message he had received from Secretary of War Root, the text of which was:

You are authorized to state officially that in view of the president the intervention described in the third clause of the Platt amendment is not synonymous with intermeddling or interference with the affairs of the Cuban government, but the formal action of the government of the United States, based upon just and substantial grounds, for the preservation of Cuban independence and the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty, and adequate for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba

imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States.<sup>5</sup>

#### THE COMMITTEE THAT WENT TO WASHINGTON

ON THE thirteenth of the same month, the convention, not satisfied with the explanations that had been given it and greatly disturbed by the situation that was being created, voted to send to Washington a committee of its members, composed of Doctors Méndez Capote, as chairman, Diego Tamayo and González Llorente and Generals Pedro E. Betancourt and Rafael Portuondo. The object of the committee was:

to acquaint itself with the views and purposes of the government of the United States as to all the particulars that refer to the establishment of relations of a definitive character in the political and economic realm between Cuba and the United States and to discuss with the government itself the bases of an agreement as to the measures to be proposed to the convention for its final resolution.

The committee conferred several times in Washington, on the subject that had occasioned the trip, with Secretary of War Root and also with the president of the republic, with different members of congress, and, among others, with Senator Platt himself; and when it returned to Habana, it presented, on May 6, a report to the constituent convention. In this report were included the notes which, with the permission of Secretary Root, were taken as to the result of the interviews held with him as the representative of the president of the republic; and this report, which, since then, has been examined and commented on several times, must be deemed a document of extraordinary value, for in its pages appear, faithfully reproduced, the opinions that led the convention to agree that the celebrated clauses should be incorporated in an appendix to our fundamental charter. These opinions were the ones that induced the acceptance of those clauses, among which figure some that disturbed the patriotic spirit of the delegates to the constituent convention

<sup>3</sup>*Senate Documents*, fifty-eighth congress, second session, document 312: "The Establishment of Free Government in Cuba," pages 11 and 12.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup>Unable to locate the English original of the communication referred to, we have had to translate this passage from the Spanish.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>5</sup>*Senate Documents*, fifty-eighth congress, second session, document 312: "The Establishment of Free Government in Cuba," page 12.—THE EDITOR.



and which are now once again perturbing the feelings of all the Cubans that live in the land washed by the blood of the legions stirred, under the spell of Carlos Manuel de Céspedes and José Martí, to render our island independent and sovereign: clauses which—if they continue to be interpreted as it has been attempted to interpret them in our day—please God, in his great mercy, they may be prevented from disturbing also the souls of those that in battles, in dungeons, in bonds, in exile, in cities and in the country, died for the cause of the country throughout the course of the last century.

#### WHY THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE AMENDMENT WERE ACCEPTED

**W**HY did the convention decide definitely, on June 12, 1901, to add to the constitution it had voted the eight clauses that had been adopted previously by the congress of the United States and sanctioned by President McKinley?

After a careful reading of all the documents and the acts of the constituent convention that bear on relations between the United States of America and Cuba, and after deep meditation on different particulars relative to them, one arrives at the conclusion that the delegates, when they heard the report presented to them by their committee already mentioned, as well as Secretary Root's letter of May 31, addressed to Military Governor Wood and transmitted by him on June 8 to the president of the convention, Méndez Capote, became convinced that there was no other solution than to accept, plainly and simply, the request of the government of the United States that Senator Platt's amendment be incorporated in the appendix to the constitution. When—on May 28, 1901—approval was given, by a vote of fifteen to fourteen, to the report of May 24 of another committee, appointed to express an opinion as to the amendment now being discussed, and in which it was practically accepted, and when, later, after learning of the contents of Secretary Root's letter to the military governor, on June 12, 1901, a new report in which the clauses of the amendment were accepted literally as they were added to the constitution, it may be

asserted, without any doubt, that what decided the vote of the majority was the general information brought from Washington by the committee that had been sent there and which was presented on May 6 to the convention, which began to examine it in its secret session of the following day.

After the passing of twenty-one years, when we reflect on the different opinions that agitated the patriotism of the members of the constituent convention; when we meditate on the reasons that then existed for voting in favor of or against the adoption of the amendment; when we remember the magnificent attitude, which would be sufficient to make him immortal in our history, of Delegate Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, marquis of Santa Lucía, president of the republic in arms during the revolution of Yara and again president during the new revolution of Baire and Ibarra, the bitterest enemy of the adoption of the amendment, who, in the session of June 11, proposed that the document of the military governor that contained it, to which we have already referred, should be returned to that authority—a motion that was rejected, with the sole vote of its author in its favor—then one's mind is appalled by the immensity of the historical responsibilities that confronted all those great sons of Cuba, who were called on to decide as to the immediate establishment of the Cuban republic or as to the indefinite postponement of her constitution.

#### THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

**T**HE report of the committee that went to Washington and what was essential in the contents of that document, as to the conferences held with Secretary Root in the name and as the representative of the president of the United States of America, McKinley, in the judgment of this modest soldier of the army of freedom that is speaking to you, exonerates from all responsibility those that sealed the approval of the amendment with their votes, since to the text of the latter were added clear and conclusive interpretations, which banished all distrust that in the future its letter and its spirit might be distorted.

#### SECRETARY ROOT DEFINED THE FIRST AND SECOND CLAUSES

**T**O THE remarks of the chairman of the committee as to the first and second clauses of the amendment, Secretary Root had replied that:

It is a question of purely internal constitutional limitations, which were asked of the Cubans by the American congress, following the methods employed by the constitution of the United States in limiting the power possessed by the congress and putting beyond it certain faculties that might jeopardize independence; that the limitations requested were of the same constitutional character as those established by the American constitution; that they referred to Cuba alone, and that they would be applied exclusively by Cuba and the Cubans.<sup>6</sup>

After so simple and conclusive an explanation, it is inconceivable that any one should be able to undertake, in an especial manner by appeal to the second clause, as we shall see further on in this paper, to demand in the name of the United States the right to make a microscopic search of even the most sequestered nooks of the public departments of the republic; and there could have existed no fear on the part of the members of the convention, when they accepted these clauses, as the second implies what had already been established by articles 59, 93 and 105 of the constitution.

#### FORMER SECRETARY OF WAR ROOT DEFINED THE THIRD CLAUSE

**T**HE secretary of war, confining himself to the third clause of the amendment, said:

The United States has in no wise benefited, and this fact ought to be understood by all the Cuban people. The United States does not desire or intend to interfere with the government of Cuba. There is no benefit to be gained and no glory to be won there, and the United States is beginning to withdraw her troops. Let the Cubans be thoroughly convinced that the object of this clause is solely and exclusively the welfare of Cuba. This clause is an extension of the Monroe doctrine: a doctrine that does not possess an international force recognized by all the nations. The Cubans accept the Monroe

doctrine, and the third clause is the Monroe doctrine, but with international force. By virtue of it, the European nations will not dispute the intervention of the United States in defense of the independence of Cuba. The first and third bases prevent the United States from seeming to be aggressive when she shall appear before the other nations as a defender of Cuban independence.<sup>6</sup>

He continued later:

The letter to General Wood and the telegram that refer to this clause clearly indicate that the clause mentioned is not synonymous with intermeddling or interference in any way with the affairs of the Cuban government. In respect of the sixth clause [it should be the seventh], in spite of the coaling stations, the United States will be as remote from the government of Cuba as she would be without them. She will intervene in the affairs of Cuba only in case of great disturbances, similar to those that occurred in 1898, and with the sole and exclusive object of preserving the independence of Cuba. Recourse will be had to intervention to prevent foreign attacks on the independence of the Cuban republic, or when there shall exist a genuine state of anarchy within the republic.<sup>6</sup>

Regarding the same third clause, Mr. Root said in another conference: "The United States declared in the treaty of Paris, and always, that her intervention in the affairs of Cuba will be merely and solely to preserve her independence; that any other explanation would limit the fundamental conception to the prejudice of Cuban sovereignty;" that "intervention would be always and in every case in behalf of such independence, even when provoked by a substantial failure in the purpose of the Cubans in establishing their government;" that "the third clause limits and also obliges the United States herself to respect and guard the independence of Cuba;" that "The United States could not threaten the sovereignty and independence of Cuba without disregarding a law that she herself had enacted and doing outrage to the treaties that she herself had sanctioned;" that "intervention would always have as its object the preservation of independence, that it would be exercised whenever such independence might be threatened, and that by a formal action

and never by the caprice of any authority. Before proceeding to intervention, the American executive would exhaust all the means afforded by diplomacy or else he would obey the mandate of the congress."<sup>6</sup>

When the chairman of the committee explained that, if the United States believed she had the right to intervene and possessed the power to effect intervention, it would be useless to ask for our consent, the secretary replied that "the expression of this consent renders it easier for the United States to carry out her announced purpose with respect to the other nations."<sup>7</sup> When Doctor Méndez Capote urged that this consent would avail nothing if the United States did not possess sufficient strength to carry its object into effect, since in international questions force is the *ultima ratio*, the secretary replied that this was "only a partial truth and that if force is the *ultima ratio*, it is also true that it does not always inform and inspire international law; for if the legitimacy of certain rights were not respected, nations such as Switzerland, Belgium and Holland would have ceased to exist;" and "hence it is necessary to respect certain rights, which are the sole strength of the small, in order not to seem to be the enemies of mankind. A small state entrenched behind rights recognized by all is a small state that possesses a strength that all the great states respect. And besides the strength on which the United States can rely, she seeks the strength of the plenitude of law to interpose, with force and with law, against any attack on the independence of Cuba. The United States proposes to arrange with Cuba a treaty that will in itself tend to prevent the need of intervention in behalf of the independence of Cuba, but she desires that, in case intervention should become necessary, this intervention shall be disputed by no one."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup>Apparently no record of these informal conferences exist in English. We have made diligent search, in publications and in the departments in Washington, and we have consulted Mr. Root, without being able to learn of any records kept by representatives of the United States. The quotations from the report made in this article seem to have been drawn from informal Cuban sources. As we have been unable to discover any English originals, we have had to translate the passages from the Spanish, to our regret and contrary to our custom.—THE EDITOR.

#### PLATT FIXES THE SCOPE OF THE AMENDMENT

AS TO all the other clauses of the amendment, the explanations given by Senator Root ought not, logically, to have awakened doubt or distrust of any kind in the minds of the majority of the members of the committee that went to Washington; and for their greater tranquillity, the secretary of war addressed a letter to Senator Platt, as the person of greatest authority in the case, to explain to him the committee's main objections to the third clause, and he supplied the Cuban delegates with a copy of the reply given by the author of the amendment on April 26. Senator Platt expressed himself thus in that document:

I have received your communication of to-day in which you say that the members of the Cuban constitutional convention fear the provisions relative to intervention. The amendment was carefully drafted with a view to avoid any possible claim that its acceptance by the Cuban constitutional convention would result in the establishment of a protectorate or suzerainty, or in any way interfere with the independence of Cuba, and speaking for myself, it seems impossible that any such construction can be placed upon that clause. I think that the amendment must be considered as a whole and it must be evident upon its reading that its well defined purpose is to secure and safeguard Cuban independence and to establish at the outset a definite understanding of the friendly disposition of the United States toward the Cuban people, and its expressed intention to assist them, if necessary, in the maintenance of such independence.<sup>7</sup>

#### CONFIDENCE IN AMERICAN LOYALTY

IT IS necessary to think that, when the committee returned to Cuba and all its members, with the exception of General Portuondo, voted, together with many other delegates, for the adoption of the Platt amendment, it must have been because they were in the same state of mind as they were when, in celebrating the first interview with Secretary Root, the chairman, Méndez Capote, concluded by affirming

that the journey of the committee indicated the

<sup>7</sup>L. A. Coolidge: *An Old-Fashioned Senator: Orville H. Platt of Connecticut*, page 344.

confidence it had in the upright purpose of the American government and the hope that it cherished, of reaching an understanding that would render it at once clear that there would never exist even the slightest pretext to cause the people of Cuba to entertain at any time toward the United States any other sentiment than that of the closest friendship and most cordial fraternity; that we were convinced that our country needed, as a condition essential to life, that the close political and economic relations that existed between her and the United States should be vivified by our regard and intensified by our gratitude: a condition in the achievement of which we have confidence, since the United States had shed the blood of her sons and had spent the treasure of her vaults merely to constitute in Cuba a free and happy people, thus making her own the cause of Cuban independence, which had constituted the aspiration of three generations of Cubans and had cost us fifty years of struggle, martyrdom and sacrifice.

#### THE CUBAN REPUBLIC AND THE PERMANENT TREATY

WHEN the constitution, with its appendix, was promulgated on May 20, 1902, the president of the republic, don Tomás Estrada Palma, assumed office, and on that day the international personality of the Cuban republic came into being as a sovereign and independent state. What had been throughout long years the dream and longing of the Cubans, what had cost us so many tears and so much blood and ruin and misery, had been won at last by the tenacity with which, through half a century and several revolutions the people of Cuba had struggled until they won their independence, with the powerful aid of the great neighboring nation.

A short time later was signed the permanent treaty, on May 23, 1903, between the republic of Cuba and the United States of America. Ratifications were exchanged in the city of Washington on July 1, 1904. Thus this international convention—which will remain in force until the two nations shall agree to alter it—replaced the law of the United States of America denominated “the Platt amendment,” which the constitutional convention added to our constitution. Thus was fulfilled the eighth clause of the amendment and of the appendix to our constitution.

#### CUBA HAS CARRIED OUT THE PERMANENT TREATY: ARTICLE VII

ON FEBRUARY 16 and 17, 1903, the president of Cuba and the president of the United States, Estrada Palma and Roosevelt, concluded a convention as to coaling and naval stations; and another, on July 2 following, to amplify the earlier one. On December 10 of the same year possession was given to the United States of America of the portions of land and water rented to that nation for the establishment of the naval station of Guantánamo. By these conventions, the seventh clause of the amendment and appendix was carried into effect. Later on negotiations were begun to the effect that the United States should not establish another naval station at Bahía Honda and that she might extend somewhat the territories of the station of Guantánamo; but the negotiation has not yet been concluded definitively.

#### THE AMERICAN SENATE AND ARTICLE VI

AS MAY be seen, Cuba fulfilled the obligations she assumed when the constitutional convention voted in favor of the appendix already cited so many times; and therefore she had a right to expect that the American senate would approve the treaty of February 23, 1903, in recognition of our sovereignty over the Isla de Pinos: an island which, from its discovery, had never ceased to be a part of Cuba, an integral part of the province of Habana, before we had even dreamed of becoming independent, and which the Cubans will never cease to recognize as a portion of their territory. What we had hoped for did not take place. The treaty failed because it was not ratified within the seven months in which the ratifications were to have been exchanged. Negotiations were then begun, on March 2, 1904, between our never to be forgotten minister, Gonzalo de Quesada, and Secretary John Hay, for a new treaty that would entirely reproduce the earlier one, but without fixing a period for the ratification, in order to avoid a new failure. On June 4 following it was approved by our senate, but the senate of the United States of America, in spite of the favorable report of its commit-

tee on foreign relations, has not yet given its approval, even nineteen years after it was signed, and although it set forth in its stipulations that the United States would renounce her claim to the Isla de Pinos in consideration of concessions of naval and coaling stations to be granted by Cuba.

#### CUBA WILL NEVER FAIL TO FULFIL ARTICLE I

**I**N THE course of the years during which the Cuban republic has existed, she has always faithfully fulfilled the obligation that she assumed in the first article of the permanent treaty, and it may be roundly affirmed that she will never fail to fulfil it. Inasmuch as the Cubans are ardent in the maintenance of their independence, achieved after countless sacrifices, they will never conclude any treaty that would diminish it; nor will they permit—unless their extermination should occur previously—any foreign power to take possession of, or acquire jurisdiction over, any portion of the national territory.

#### CUBA IS CARRYING OUT ARTICLE II

**N**EVER, in pursuance of the prohibition contained in the second article, has the government of Cuba assumed or contracted any debt for the payment of interest or for the final amortization of which, after meeting the current expenses of the government, the ordinary revenues of the nation would be inadequate; and if, during the economic disaster that enveloped the world after the great European war, Cuba fell behind for a few months in the payment of certain sums for the amortization of and interest on the public debt, she was able quickly to meet these obligations, and the holders—in good faith—of her bonds have never ceased to be disposed to confide in the unfailing reliability that our republic has exhibited in respect of her creditors.

#### CUBA IS FULFILLING ARTICLE IV

**T**HE stipulations of article IV have been carried out faithfully at every moment; and all the acts accomplished by the United States in Cuba during the military occupation have been regarded as valid, and the rights legally acquired in

virtue of them have been upheld and protected.

#### CUBA IS CARRYING OUT ARTICLE V

**T**HE obligations that might be looked upon as of a sanitary character, covered by the fifth article, have been and are being observed in so rigid a manner that the average annual mortality in Cuba is far lower than that of any state of the American Union; and we have frequently had occasion here to take measures to protect ourselves against epidemic or infectious diseases that have appeared in the United States.

#### CUBA AND ARTICLE III OF THE PERMANENT TREATY

**L**ET it be observed then that the permanent treaty has always been fulfilled by Cuba, in all of its articles, in respect of the duties imposed by it without giving to the United States any right whatsoever to intervene. As to the third article, which concedes this right of intervention, Cuba has complied with it tactfully and prudently; and when the revolution of August, 1906, which caused the resignation of President Estrada Palma and all the members of his administration, left the republic without an executive, and the legislature—by an oversight never sufficiently regretted—failed to provide a presidential substitute, the Cuban people were willing, in conformity with their international obligation, that the United States of America should intervene and assume charge of the administration until a new executive should be elected. In the same way, that part of the Cuban people who, in February, 1917, had risen in arms against the constituted government because they conceived that their constitutional rights had been violated, returned to their homes when the government of the United States gave its moral support to President Menocal. They understood, doubtless, that it was a question of the second of the three cases which, according to this third article of the permanent treaty, permitted the United States to exercise the right of intervention. It is proper to recall here that Mr. Bacon, who was sent with Mr. Taft to Cuba during the revolution against

Estrada Palma, presented, years later, to the American senate a bill in respect of the right granted by this article. He declared, on May 7, 1913, that he was one of those who thought that this right had been exercised in a most unfortunate manner and with most unfortunate results.

#### THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA AND HER INTERNATIONAL OBLIGATIONS

THAT Cuba has fulfilled every one of her international obligations is demonstrated by the excellent relations she maintains with all the powers and the good treatment that foreign persons and interests have received in our country; and it is also proven by the attentions and honors and considerations that have been bestowed on representatives of the republic in diplomatic missions, congresses and conferences. An example of this is the election, which I have already mentioned, of Doctor Bustamante as a member of the Permanent Court of International Justice, and in the appreciation that has been shown the republic in the league of nations—that vigorous organization in which fifty-two powers participate—and in the present Pan American Conference.<sup>8</sup>

#### THE RIGHT TO INTERVENE, ACCORDING TO JAMES BROWN SCOTT

YOU will recall that so renowned an authority as our illustrious friend, the president of the American Institute of International Law, James Brown Scott, in the inaugural address he delivered at the meeting of the institute held in Habana on January 22, 1917, said:

May I dwell for a moment on the Platt amendment and upon the official interpretation of it given by its author, Mr. Root, when secretary of war and representing the United States. The Platt amendment gives the United States a right to intervene in Cuba for the protection of the independence, not for the destruction of the independence, of Cuba, thus creating a legal right as distinguished from a political pretension. The amendment enumerates the conditions in which and because of which this right of intervention may be exercised. But in order that there might be no doubt as to the meaning

to be attached to the right of intervention and its exercise, Mr. Root, as secretary of war and as representing the United States, interpreted the third article of the Platt amendment, and this interpretation was by his direction laid before the Cuban constitutional convention, so that, in adopting the Platt amendment, it should be adopted in the same sense by both countries; that is to say, the sense which Mr. Root attached to it in his telegram to General Wood, then military governor, and by him laid before the constitutional convention, which adopted the amendment and annexed it to the constitution. The Platt amendment creates the right; Mr. Root's interpretation defines the right and limits its scope, and as both countries must have understood the right and its exercise as defined and limited by Secretary Root, speaking for the United States, it necessarily follows that, without violating its good faith, neither country can be forced to accept another and a different interpretation of this right. As I conceive it, the Platt amendment not only guarantees the independence of Cuba, but it also renders its guarantee effective. The United States deemed it wise, indeed necessary, to remove from foreign countries all pretexts for intervention in the domestic concerns of Cuba. In obtaining the right from and in behalf of Cuba, the United States expressly defined the right, limited its scope, and stated the conditions of its exercise.<sup>9</sup>

#### CROWDER AND ELECTORAL LEGISLATION

AFTER the pacification of the republic subsequent to the revolution of February, 1917, was accomplished, Enoch H. Crowder—whether mistakenly, in order to remove from the measures that were being taken in Washington against the government of President Menocal all pretext or whether because it was believed necessary in good faith to alter the electoral legislation that had prevailed thitherto, which was prepared during the second American intervention by the consulting committee, composed of a minority of American and a majority of Cuban lawyers and presided over by General Crowder, at the time colonel and judge advocate—came to Cuba on an invitation extended, it is true, through our minister, Céspedes, and given by the president of the republic, in the early months of 1919, to devote him-

<sup>8</sup>The Fifth Pan American Conference, held in Santiago, Chile, in the spring of 1923.—THE EDITOR.

<sup>9</sup>James Brown Scott: *The Recommendations of Habana Concerning International Organization*, New York, 1917, page 13.—THE EDITOR.

self to the study of reforms that ought to be recommended in respect of electoral legislation. As no evidence whatsoever existed at the time that his mission would possess any other character than a purely scientific one, that is, that of an expert in the subject regarding which knowledge was being sought, there was no objection to the formation of the committee of senators and representatives which, with the collaboration of the illustrious personage, prepared a bill that embodied the electoral code. This bill was submitted to the congress, it was approved by an overwhelming majority and it received the praise of the country in general.

General Crowder withdrew after the examination and adoption of the regulations for the taking of the census and some other measures that the congress deemed necessary as a means of making it possible to hold the next presidential election without difficulty. I myself, who had the honor to be a member of the committee of senators and representatives, induced the congress to vote in favor of a resolution to express to him our gratitude for his good services.

#### THE RATHBONE MISSION: ITS GLOOMY REPORTS

THE terrible economic crisis that forced the government of the republic to declare a moratorium on October 10, 1920, and the menace of general ruin caused by the unexpected decline in the price of sugar, the failure of almost all the banks organized in the country and the paralyzation of trade with the outside world, again gave rise to a request for the aid of an American expert. This time Mr. Arthur Rathbone was the expert, recommended as such by the department of state at Washington, I have been informed. I was returning from Europe at the time, and as I passed through the United States, I heard that this gentleman was on his way to Habana. I deemed his being summoned a mistake. Perhaps his government also soon came to the same conclusion, for, twelve or fifteen days later, Mr. Rathbone had departed, after making a report of no importance whatsoever to the president on December 17, but the truth is that, when this expert returned to

the American federal capital, he painted the situation of Cuba in very gloomy colors, and he probably suggested also, as the only panacea, the placing of a very large loan.

#### THE PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE ARRIVES ON THE BATTLESHIP "MINNESOTA"

THERE was discussion in Cuba and also in the United States of the elections held on November 1, 1920, for the renewal of the constitutional powers of our republic. Months in advance had begun the long process of the reorganization of parties, the designation of candidates, the formation of the electoral lists, and therefore the practical application of the brand-new electoral code; and one good day, when the new year was dawning, it was made public in Habana that President Wilson was sending General Crowder to Cuba to aid in seeking a solution of the economic crisis under which the country was groaning. President Menocal then demanded that he should be informed why General Crowder was being sent and in what capacity he was coming. The reply was that he was being sent for the purpose just indicated and in the capacity of a personal representative of the president; and so, shortly afterward, Major-General Enoch H. Crowder reached Habana on board the battleship *Minnesota* of the navy of the United States of America.

#### THE ECONOMIC CRISIS AND THE CUBAN CONGRESS

IN THE meanwhile, neither sparing nor remiss, the congress of the republic was studying and seeking solutions of the economic crisis, and when General Crowder, after visiting the presidential palace, became worn out by American bankers and merchants, who sought nothing more than the immediate termination of the moratorium that had been decreed by the executive power—although this would have brought about the general failure of the banks, merchants, planters, tenants and industrials of the country—it was discovered that there already existed in the executive branch of the government plans, regarding which the president of the re-

public was being consulted, to lift the moratorium without violence, to provide for the resumption of payments and the reorganization and liquidation of the banks that had failed, and to study and prepare, with the assistance of the leading business corporations, through a committee of which both they and the executive power and the branches of congress should be represented, a plan for a definitive banking legislation.

It ought to be recognized—and I must declare it, because of the active part I then took in all these affairs—that General Crowder strove as far as possible, in view of his instructions and his peculiar rôle, to aid and to facilitate the arduous work of the executive and legislative branches of the republic, principally by replying, through his reports to Washington, to other reports very prejudicial to Cuba.

When the three laws relative to economic problems that had been formulated by congress were at length promulgated in the *Gaceta Oficial*, it seemed logical that Crowder's mission would terminate, since every plan to place a loan had been abandoned; but political strife, the practical application of the electoral code in the elections that were held in November and the complementary ones of March, 1921, caused General Crowder to be retained in Habana or to be sent there again, for one reason or another. Then occurred something as curious as, while he was getting ready to depart—at the beginning of the term of President Zayas and at the request of the retiring Cuban secretary of state—his being ordered by the new administration of President Harding to remain in Cuba and to give to President Zayas the benefit of his knowledge. It is unnecessary to recall at the present time, in this session, all that painful incident, which was without precedent.

#### AN EFFORT TO DISTORT THE MEANING OF THE TREATY

FROM then until the present time, an effort has been made arbitrarily to distort the meaning of some of the clauses of the permanent treaty; and this is what we are going to show at once, free of all fear, solely with a view to trying to prevent

a disturbance of relations between Cuba and the United States and to cause them to be for ever what they were in the past, that is, those of close cordiality and coöperation, as is proper between two peoples that have so many reasons for preserving a good and loyal friendship while they exist on the earth and are the lords and masters of their respective territories.

#### THE LOAN AS A SOURCE OF INTERVENTION

IN THE days in which the administration of President Zayas began, it was maintained by many people—citizens and foreigners—that the only way to solve successfully the problems of the crisis that still continued in the sugar industry, of the scarcity of money in the banks and of the condition of the national treasury, caused by the great falling off in the revenues of the state, owing to the bad situation of the country in general, consisted in the national government's arranging for a heavy loan. There was even talk of two loans—one of them internal and the other foreign—of more than a hundred million dollars. Behold, the source of the greatest difficulties that have arisen since that time!

There were not wanting those that sought to pry into even the most secret corner of the national offices in the effort to investigate everything that might affect public and private wealth, nearly or remotely, in order to ascertain whether it would be possible to place the loan; and of this same error the special mission was guilty, in manifest opposition to the spirit and letter of article 11 of the permanent treaty and to the interpretation, always conclusive, that Secretary Root had given to that stipulation when it was claimed that the Cuban constituent convention accepted it along with the other clauses of the famous Platt amendment.

Whenever our republic, from her birth until the present moment, has attempted to place a loan, she has confined herself to offering to those that were interested in it the data necessary to show that she was fulfilling the conditions of article 11 and the constitutional precepts, still stricter even than it, while at the same time the government at Washington was supplied



with the necessary antecedents, that it might be thoroughly informed as to whether the conditions of the often mentioned articles of the permanent treaty were being fulfilled. It did not happen thus on the last occasion, however. It is public knowledge that the personal representative of the president of the United States of America made such strange requests and demanded such curious information, always related to the projected loan, that the patriotic spirit of the many Cubans that are interested in these questions—and it may even be said of that of all our people, who love, and are devoted to, their sovereignty and independence—became seriously alarmed.

#### AN INACCEPTABLE INTERPRETATION

**I**T WAS then that [such sensational rumors were published in the newspapers of this capital to the effect that the senate of the republic conceived it to be its duty to send a committee to visit the president, in order to inform itself of what was occurring; and it was then also that the members of this committee, with surprise and grief, were able to examine, in the presence of the president, that correspondence of which there has been so much talk: the correspondence that was addressed to him by the personal representative of President Harding.

Yet, however great were our surprise and displeasure, nothing was equal to the gravity assumed by the fact that all that documentation was closely related to a note in which the personal representative transmitted to the señor president another note from the department of state of the United States in which, in the course of many arguments, an effort was made to demonstrate the close union that existed between the second and third articles of the permanent treaty, in order thus to try, by joining the one to the other, to cause to be recognized the right of his government to have, through this special mission of his to our president, free and unrestricted access to all the sources of information that he might need, including even the power to make the investigations he might deem necessary in the realm of the operations of the government.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF THE SENATE

**I**N SPITE of the information that the senate obtained through its committee on this occasion, that the president of the republic rejected the new interpretations that it was being sought to give to the articles mentioned of the permanent treaty, the upper chamber, on the initiative of our very illustrious compatriot the señor Wifredo Fernández, and after examining, and thinking over, the plan in secret sessions, adopted, in the open session of June 20 of last year, four resolutions, the last two of which are as follows:

Third. When the Platt amendment was considered by the constituent convention, it was accepted in view of the interpretation given it by the military governor of the island, in the name of the president of the United States, in his letter of April 2, 1901, that "it was not synonymous with intermeddling or interference with the affairs of the Cuban government."<sup>10</sup> The senate declared that it is the desire of the people of Cuba that the action of the government of the United States in our internal affairs shall be in harmony with the spirit and the letter of the Platt amendment as it appears in the interpretation to which allusion has been made.

Fourth. The senate declares that the people of Cuba cherish the supreme aspiration that the relations between the two governments shall always be maintained in a manner compatible with the sentiments of regard that the Cubans feel toward the United States, to which we desire to continue bound by the historic ties of gratitude.

#### CUBA AGAINST FISCAL INTERFERENCE

**A**FTER long vicissitudes, the congress voted definitively for a law that authorized the placing of a loan for only fifty million dollars; and doubtless because of the tenacity with which the executive power, many of the distinguished members of both chambers, the business firms and some of our great newspapers combated the idea that Cuba should accept any sort of American supervision over the income of the Cuban exchequer—a supervision that a functionary of the United States recommended or attempted to recommend,

<sup>10</sup>James Brown Scott: *The Recommendations of Habana Concerning International Organization*, New York, 1917, page 12.—THE EDITOR.

according to what was published opportunely—doubtless because of this tenacity, it was that this absurd effort, in reality, equivalent to fiscal intermeddling, was abandoned. It must be concluded that President Harding did not accept these suggestions, which clearly violated the permanent treaty.

The very advantageous terms to the republic on which the loan was placed a short time ago—terms such as had never been obtained by any other nation since before the great European war—have demonstrated, first, the credit of Cuba in the United States and throughout the world; and, second, that this credit did not need to be strengthened by a violation on the part of the United States of the permanent treaty and by a dishonorable submission to that violation on the part of the people of Cuba, represented by their executive and legislative powers, which would have destroyed our international personality.

#### CONCLUSION OF THE SPECIAL MISSION

**S**HORTLY after the loan was negotiated and effected, the special mission with which, during the last years of the administration of President Wilson and the first years of that of President Harding, General Crowder was intrusted in Cuba, was concluded. When the American legation in our country was elevated to the rank of embassy, General Crowder was appointed ambassador. The ambassador of the United States of America, an experienced jurist, will be the first to recognize that the permanent treaty may only be used in conformity with its letter and its spirit and with the authentic interpretation of it that was given it on an appropriate occasion by the government of the United States through the medium of Secretary Root.

#### THE PROPER COURSE

**E**VERYTHING that signifies departure from this course of conduct will produce countless disturbances in the relations between the people that have always been the best of friends and that are anxious to be able to continue to be so among the members of the international community. Every departure from the

proper course will force Cuba to have to do what was said a short time ago by the president of the American Institute of International Law, James Brown Scott, among other eminent internationalists, in a paper on "The Isle of Pines," as may be seen in the following words:

It was apparently the intention of Cuba and of the United States that the provisions of the Platt amendment should state and define the relations between the two republics in such a way that neither of them could, without the consent of the other, modify the obligations created by the amendment; that Cuba could not lessen them without the consent of the United States, and that the United States could not enlarge them without the consent of Cuba; that each of the contracting parties to the treaty could interpret it for itself, but that neither could impose its interpretation upon the other; that differences of interpretation should be reconciled through diplomatic channels, and that in case of a failure to reach an agreement by this method, resort should be had to arbitration, as is the custom between independent and self-respecting nations. Great is the strength of the United States; great should be its generosity toward the lesser nation. *No-blesse oblige*.<sup>11</sup>

It is proper to mention that Doctor James Scott is a person closely identified with Mr. Elihu Root and intimately associated with the department of state.

#### CUBAN OPINION

**W**HAT is thought about these subjects that relate to the permanent treaty by men of the greatest authority in our country may be learned by those that preserve and are willing to finger again the pages of the *Día*, a newspaper of this capital, which, in April and May of last year, published their opinions. They may differ as to words, estimates and proceedings, but the truth is that the illustrious Cubans that bear the names of Antonio Sánchez de Bustamante, Manuel Sanguily, Fernando Freyre de Andrade, Enrique José Varona, Domingo Méndez Capote, Fernando Sánchez de Fuentes, Juan J. Maza y Artola, Diego Tamayo, Antonio Gonzalo Pérez, Eusebio Hernández, Ge-

<sup>11</sup>James Brown Scott: "The Isle of Pines," in *The American Journal of International Law* for January, 1923, page 102.—THE EDITOR.

rardo Machado, Manuel Mázquez Sterling, Ricardo Dolz, and others regarding whom my memory may have failed me, all, in unison, have voiced an opinion in favor of the sacredness of relations between Cuba and the United States, as they were established by virtue of the antecedents I have presented to you in this meager paper, perhaps at too great length.

It is just to recall other illustrious Cubans also, who, on other occasions, said in a loud voice, in a very loud voice, what they thought regarding these serious and delicate problems; and among those that have discussed them with devotion and brilliancy should be mentioned Evelio Rodríguez Lendián, Aurelio Hevia, Gonzalo de Quesada, José Antonio González Lanuza, Juan Gualberto Gómez, José Varela Zequirá, Leopoldo Cancio, Rafael Martínez Ortiz, Rafael Montoro, Mariano Aremburo, Eliseo Giberga, Carlos de Velazco, José M. Cabarrocas. Among the younger members of our Sociedad Cubana de Derecho Internacional, an untiring group that has made our relations with the United States and the permanent treaty that defines them the object of meditation and notable publications, based on sound juridical standards, I ought to mention here Emilio Roig de Leuchsering, Luis Machado, Luis Marino Pérez and Gustavo Gutiérrez.

The learned Cuban bibliographer, Carlos M. Trelles, has recently published a work, entitled *Estudio de la bibliografía cubana sobre la doctrina de Monroe*, which might be consulted with profit by those that wish for documentation on these subjects.

CUBA IS FREE AND SHE AFFIRMS HER  
SOVEREIGN RIGHTS

AT THE close of his address, our secretary of state repeated to us some words pronounced by the great internationalist, Pascuale Fiore, when, one day in the month of September, 1912, he was making an excursion through the charming region of the Swiss Jura:

Pradier-Fodéré and others say that I exalt myself to the regions of the ideal when I affirm that, in order to establish the equilibrium of the powers of states upon a solid basis, it would be

necessary to found it on this juridical basis: *that every autonomous people, whatever its size or strength, ought to live in all security and in all liberty side by side with the most powerful and formidable nations.* This will happen when the principle of nationality and sovereignty shall be recognized universally. Then there will be no domain of force, because right will reign.

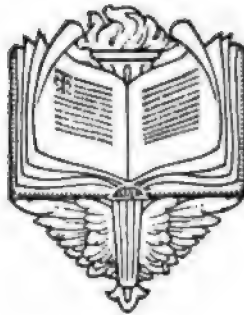
It is to this that the Cuban people aspire. They recognize the great nobility of the country of Washington and Roosevelt, of Lincoln and Harding, because their own independence was due as much to the powerful aid of the United States as to the generations of Cubans that swept the island with fire and blood to liberate it. They are well aware that the American people have always been disposed to maintain the principle—so strongly proclaimed by the great senator of France, Léon Bourgeois, justly called “the grandfather of the league of nations”—that when it is a question of rights and ideas, disparity ceases and the rights of the smaller and weaker powers are of as much importance and weigh as much in the balance as those of the strongest powers.

It was the right of the Cuban people's to have the permanent treaty carried out, as it was concluded, and not according to interpretations that are not those of such great men as McKinley, Platt and Root, who, by their explanations, succeeded in inducing the constituent convention from which the Cuban republic sprang to accept their clauses.

There is no mistake or evil action or crookedness or stupidity or immorality of the public men of Cuba that may not be amended, corrected or punished according to our constitution and our laws. In the last extreme, when neither the congress nor the courts of justice perform their duty—a case that will never occur—there remains to the people the inalienable right of rising against such as tyrannize over, humiliate, degrade or dishonor them. Every bad man, every bad citizen, every bad functionary, will pass; but the republic is permanent, it will subsist for ever; and in order that it may subsist and merit the respect of the other nations, in order that it may endure with immutable life and may always coöperate internationally with the other

free peoples for the achievement of victory in peace, right and justice, it is imperatively necessary that all of us in Cuba, united, shall defend what is the foundation of her very life: the inviolability of our sovereign rights and the permanent treaty that recognizes them, until, as I said in my

address of March 5, 1922, better times shall come in which the governments of the two peoples can, with greater frankness and harmony, negotiate a treaty of alliance that will take the place of the one that to-day governs the relations between the two republics.



# ESTHETIC EDUCATION

BY

ALEJANDRO ANDRADE COELLO

An Ecuadorian man of letters, after emphasizing the importance of art—in whatsoever form—particularly in this age, which he conceives to be materialistic and commercial, illustrates his theme by outlining the efforts of a Uruguayan woman of letters and teacher in behalf of the proper training of children in the sense of the beautiful.—THE EDITOR.

THE illustrious Uruguayan poet, Luisa Luisi, with a temperament trained to the diffusion of beauty, draws from her lyre sweet notes that intone the romance of her deep feeling, revealing states of consciousness thirsting for the infinite. The scale of her lyricism runs parallel with the description of the landscape, through tones of convalescence, nervous equilibrium, the softening quietude of the emotions, sweet psychic joy in the presence of the permeation of life, whose waves develop so many limitless perspectives. She does not seem to be indifferent at eventide to the enchantments of melancholy.

However, we are not going to analyze the poet in the splendor of her varied inspiration. Under another aspect—experimental educational—we shall consider her, in the fervor of her scholarly prose, designed to establish on enduring foundations the fate of childhood in America, where art has not yet become deeply rooted.

As an official theme, profusely illustrated by appeal to the modern esthetes, she contributed to the Second Pan American Child Congress a fine thesis in defense of the cultivation of the spirit. She advocated the establishment of artistic culture in the schools, neglected in so many institutions of the New World, in this period of consuming industrial fever, thirst for gold, absorbing, pitiless vigils, kept exclusively for material comfort. Of course beauty must rest on physical well-being, wealth, progress, which constitute the sure basis of future triumphs, as occurs in the United States. What is censurable is that those of this period should attempt to overlook the other phase of civilization, should quench the sacred fire of souls, to cramp the

esthetic flight, casting Mercury into the air and burying Apollo rather than Minerva.

It is not the fault of the equalitarian tendency of democracy, impugned by the aristocracies of talent; it is the fault of wrong administrative direction, which has not exhausted its resources to convert the school into spiritual refinement and an apostolate of esthetic distinction.

To those that have dulled their aspirations, dreaming is the entertainment of the idle and the weak. Those that have been made dizzy by brutal daily turmoil disdain other refined intoxications. It might be said that pure art is dying, poisoned by the mercantilistic virus.

In the analytic thinking of Luisa Luisi, this century seems to reproach the inheritance that was left it by the preceding one, which cared for the scientific lights, until they smacked of *The Arabian Nights*, without heeding the languor of the unsatisfied soul. If man does not live by bread alone, why the scramble for bread, to the neglect of other things? Hence comforts are a decoration of magic, thanks to science and industry. Electricity works miracles. By the pressing of a button we change the earth into an Aladdinesque enchantment.

Distances are being overcome, space has been reduced, the activities of the machine have been multiplied, life is being prodigiously imitated in the motion picture, nature has been conquered by subjecting her to retouching, and even physical pain is tamed by science.

What does humanity lack? In spite of the surprising thaumaturgies, we should venture to affirm that spiritual work—mocked by human cruelty—is in swaddling bands, and that a titanic effort is required to impart to it a new existence.

Hence the poet remarks hopelessly that:

Amid the satisfaction of its most fantastic desire, gratified by wisdom and genius, the soul feels itself a prisoner to its very pleasures and its very comforts, absent from all that marvel that surrounds it like an enchanted palace, bereft of beauty and thirsting for the ideal.

To think of this vexes, tortures. The social need of art, the foundation of the vivifying humane impulse, grows in proportion as the new generations develop in indifference to the great problems of the spirit, disinterested thought, elevation of views, the lure of altruism; all that requires love, tolerance and sacrifice, on the altar of the embellishment of hearts, arid and hard, misshapen and unfruitful.

Humanity is lacking in the artistic glow that tames the wild beast, files the claws of the tiger and closes the jaws of the wolf. Millions of Russians display an ancestral cruelty that racks the nerves. Art has never pierced their souls. They are unesthetic; therefore they are barbarous. A granite of poesy might humanize their customs.

The classic Francisco A. de Icaza has related that only on one occasion did he see discomposed and angered the mild and skeptical philosopher Campoamor, who jotted down such tender, and to appearances, petty motives in his inexhaustible note-book for his poems. When he was invited to contribute to a review of anemic life, he read the prospectus. In it the ephemeral publication announced that its columns were open to all expressions of the intellect, "without disdaining poetry."

"Imbeciles!" exclaimed Campoamor paradoxically: "Disdain poetry when the worst of verse is worth more than the best of prose!"

What would he have shouted now when poetry has reached so low an ebb, profaned by those that falsify and adulterate it, by putting it forward as a bait for golden gains? "Verse is very unproductive," they repeat in a tone of contempt; it is tolerated as a means of advertising industries and merchandise.

Here lies the evil that will dry up the fountains of human piety and betterment.

Luisa Luisi does not doubt for a moment

the civilizing mission of poetry. Transplanted wisely in the schools, it will change the children into flowers doubly beautiful: in their souls and in their bodies.

As an educator, as a contributor to morality, as a master of language, as an instrument of lofty and disinterested artistic pleasure, poetry demands a privileged place in our scheme of teaching.

In her brief defense, bravely set forth, of artistic education, she draws on Renan, Guyot, Fouillée, Gsell, Gaultier, Boutroux and other philosophers of the beautiful, without neglecting the ancient platonic doctrines on the subject.

In agreement with Hegel, she affirms that art raises us to a higher sphere. "There is something more, however," she adds. "Art is, above everything, generosity. No one better than de Musset, in his admirable verses on the *Nuit d'octobre*, has given such relief to the pain of the artist who, like the pelican, plucks his own flesh and draws his own blood, to deliver them, in the finished work, to the spiritual aptitude of its admirers."

Having proved the social power of art to the point of satiety, she discourses lightly on what might be called "inferior art," which does not contain in itself the property of firing us enthusiastically and nobly "in a sovereign communion with ideality."

With mature judgment, she devotes a few words to the so much disputed theory of morality and art. Above all dialectics rises the supreme intention of the artist to achieve beauty; and, at all events, when we intuit it, when it enters us through the windows of the senses to throb in the heart, we feel regenerated. The sectarian formula of "art for art's sake," the Uruguayan educator thinks may bring about its definitive sterilization. It would be to rob it of human finality and to wrest from it, at length, reality, virtue, goodness and the sincere aroma, which is the subtle perfume that renders human work attractive and durable. If the artist reflects his inspiration and his soul, how can he stand aloof from life? How, while isolating himself from the world and from his environment, will he breathe, as in an exhausted air chamber, the rarefied atmosphere of an

art that is selfish and lacking in consequences?

To those that have a passion for the beautiful there is nothing indifferent: their struggles, their adventures, their vices and virtues, their downfalls and uprisings, render more comprehensive and attractive the art they express. Why do the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius shine more and more? Because we are not unacquainted with his life. Why are the dramas of Shakespeare more sublime? Because we are not indifferent to the training of the actor and author. The distressing biographies of Dante and Cervantes—worthy and serene amid persecutions, misfortunes and poverty—are rays of light that lend more clarity to their works. The moral combat of Montalvo, his iron character, his life of protest against all iniquity, make of his beautiful pages orbs of greater refulgence. The others—the weak and delinquent—subtract particles of admiration from the body of their work, although, isolated, it shines, even if we do not fail on this account—by pardoning, overlooking and forgetting their unworthy deeds—to admire the works of art, which, anointed by the numen, rise from the mire; for their authors become like angels in the moment of esthetic conception. The sublime dynamic is the harmony of production and life.

The talented Luisa Luisi advocates the wise introduction of artistic teaching into the schools of America. The education of the senses in beauty, song, music, drawing, the contemplation of masterpieces and gymnastics are the building stones of the foundation of child culture; and, over it all, as a regal crown: poetry.

Here are some of the important conclusions at which she arrives. Each of them is worthy of long and detailed comment; but, against our will—for we are tempted to devote a volume to them—we synthesize:

Culture ought to be the chief aim of artistic education in South America

Begin with buildings of sober decoration.

Maps, charts, plans, et cetera, are aids to instruction; not adornments for the walls.

Banish from schools everything that may develop bad taste in children, all falsifications of art.

Natural plants and flowers are means within the reach of all to adorn and gladden the *house of the child*.

Light, sunshine, outings, contact with nature, are sources of artistic suggestions.

American school art ought, above all things, to find inspiration in American nature.

Visits to museums, monuments; the cinematograph; detachable lithographs and prints; reproductions of noted paintings; song, declamation, rhythmical gymnastics: all are factors in artistic culture.

Teachers ought to specialize in the diffusion of art, in order that their tasks may not become difficult or burdensome.

The reading-book is an important factor in education in art. In the making of reading-books expressive of an art that shall be lofty and sane and consonant with the childish nature, the collaboration of men of letters and teachers is necessary.

From all that has been said it may be concluded that artistic education in the school can only be imparted by our artists. It ought to begin therefore in the normal school, and thence extend to the secondary school, and finally to the primary school, which will be, at length, the center and beginning of all artistic culture.









# INTER-AMERICA

**T**he purpose of this magazine is to bring to the attention of the American people the political, economic, social, and cultural life of the Latin American countries, and to provide a medium for the expression of the views of the American people on these subjects.

The magazine is published monthly, except in the winter months, when it is published bi-monthly. The subscription price is \$5.00 per annum in advance. Single copies are sold at 50 cents.

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## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

Editorial: The Latin American Situation

Editorial: The Latin American Situation

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Editorial: The Latin American Situation

Editorial: The Latin American Situation

Editorial: The Latin American Situation

Editorial: The Latin American Situation

Editorial: The Latin American Situation

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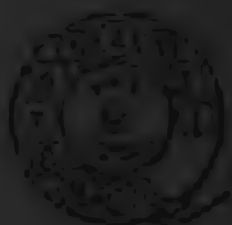
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# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LIVES THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



## CONTENTS

Editorial: The New World	101
Editorial: The New World	102
Editorial: The New World	103
Editorial: The New World	104
Editorial: The New World	105
Editorial: The New World	106
Editorial: The New World	107
Editorial: The New World	108
Editorial: The New World	109
Editorial: The New World	110
Editorial: The New World	111
Editorial: The New World	112
Editorial: The New World	113
Editorial: The New World	114
Editorial: The New World	115
Editorial: The New World	116
Editorial: The New World	117
Editorial: The New World	118
Editorial: The New World	119
Editorial: The New World	120
Editorial: The New World	121
Editorial: The New World	122
Editorial: The New World	123
Editorial: The New World	124
Editorial: The New World	125
Editorial: The New World	126
Editorial: The New World	127
Editorial: The New World	128
Editorial: The New World	129
Editorial: The New World	130
Editorial: The New World	131
Editorial: The New World	132
Editorial: The New World	133
Editorial: The New World	134
Editorial: The New World	135
Editorial: The New World	136
Editorial: The New World	137
Editorial: The New World	138
Editorial: The New World	139
Editorial: The New World	140
Editorial: The New World	141
Editorial: The New World	142
Editorial: The New World	143
Editorial: The New World	144
Editorial: The New World	145
Editorial: The New World	146
Editorial: The New World	147
Editorial: The New World	148
Editorial: The New World	149
Editorial: The New World	150
Editorial: The New World	151
Editorial: The New World	152
Editorial: The New World	153
Editorial: The New World	154
Editorial: The New World	155
Editorial: The New World	156
Editorial: The New World	157
Editorial: The New World	158
Editorial: The New World	159
Editorial: The New World	160
Editorial: The New World	161
Editorial: The New World	162
Editorial: The New World	163
Editorial: The New World	164
Editorial: The New World	165
Editorial: The New World	166
Editorial: The New World	167
Editorial: The New World	168
Editorial: The New World	169
Editorial: The New World	170
Editorial: The New World	171
Editorial: The New World	172
Editorial: The New World	173
Editorial: The New World	174
Editorial: The New World	175
Editorial: The New World	176
Editorial: The New World	177
Editorial: The New World	178
Editorial: The New World	179
Editorial: The New World	180
Editorial: The New World	181
Editorial: The New World	182
Editorial: The New World	183
Editorial: The New World	184
Editorial: The New World	185
Editorial: The New World	186
Editorial: The New World	187
Editorial: The New World	188
Editorial: The New World	189
Editorial: The New World	190
Editorial: The New World	191
Editorial: The New World	192
Editorial: The New World	193
Editorial: The New World	194
Editorial: The New World	195
Editorial: The New World	196
Editorial: The New World	197
Editorial: The New World	198
Editorial: The New World	199
Editorial: The New World	200

# 1974-1975

1. The first part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

2. The second part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

3. The third part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

4. The fourth part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

5. The fifth part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

6. The sixth part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

7. The seventh part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

8. The eighth part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

9. The ninth part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

10. The tenth part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

11. The eleventh part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

12. The twelfth part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

13. The thirteenth part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

14. The fourteenth part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

15. The fifteenth part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

16. The sixteenth part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

17. The seventeenth part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

18. The eighteenth part of the year was spent in the field, collecting data on the new machine.

19. The nineteenth part of the year was spent in the laboratory, working on the design of the new machine.

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# Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LIVES THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW WORLD



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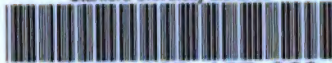
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